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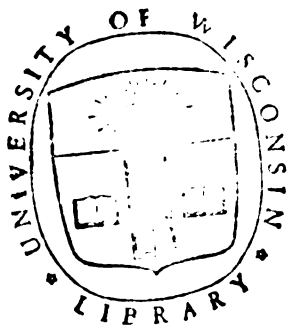
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The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No 1522. Established 1869. 6 July, 1901. Price Threepence.
[*Registered as a Newspaper.*]

The Literary Week.

Owing to the death of Sir Walter Besant, and to the necessity of making fresh arrangements for the publication of the *Author*, that periodical will not be published in August and September. To the current number, which appears in black borders, Mr. George Meredith, President of the Society of Authors, sends the following appreciation of the late Editor of the *Author*:

> Our society has to sustain a heavy blow in the death of Sir Walter Besant; and although vitality breathes from a bright example, such a loss may well seem to us at the moment irreparable. It is hard to speak of him within measure when we consider his devotion to the cause of authors, and the constant good service rendered by him to their material interests. In this he was a valorous, alert, persistent advocate, and it will not be denied by his opponents that he was always urbane, his object being simply to establish a system of fair dealing between the sagacious publishers of books and the inexperienced, often heedless, producers. How unselfishly, with how pure a generosity he gave his valuable time to the previously neglected office of adviser to the more youthful of his profession, may be estimated by a review of his memorable labours in other fields. They were vast and toilsome, yet he never missed an occasion for acting as the young author's voluntary friend in the least sentimental and most sensible manner. He had no thought of trouble or personal loss where the welfare of his fellow-workers was concerned. We have lost in him the very beating heart of our society, and it is by holding his name in grateful remembrance that we may best hope to have something of his energies remaining with us.

Mr. Alfred Sutro has been engaged this week in contradicting certain ridiculous rumours, originating in America, in regard to the health of M. Maeterlinck. One was that he had gone into a Retreat in consequence of his mind being affected. We have Mr. Sutro's authority for stating that M. Maeterlinck is in the enjoyment of excellent health.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Kim*, which is appearing serially in *Cassell's Magazine*, will be published in the autumn. The first English edition will consist of 50,000 copies.

The Bishop of Winchester has issued a circular letter appealing for donations to the proposed memorial to Miss Charlotte M. Yonge. It has been decided that some suitable memorial shall be placed in the village church of Otterbourne, in which Miss Yonge daily worshipped; and further, that in the Cathedral of Winchester, with which her name will always be associated, visitors shall be "appropriately reminded of an authoress whose books are known and loved by thousands both in England and in America." The exact form of the memorial in the cathedral must partly depend upon the money forthcoming in response to this appeal. A carved oak reredos in the restored Lady Chapel, or a stained-glass window near to that which commemorates Jane Austen, has been suggested as appropriate. Donations may be sent to Messrs. Prescott, Dimsdale and Co.'s Bank, Winchester.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson, in a letter from Samoa, in September, 1894, to his cousin, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, in Edinburgh, wrote: "Tell some of your journalistic friends with a good style to popularise old Skene; or say your prayers, and read him for yourself. He was a great historian, and I was his blessed clerk and did not know it, and you will not be in a state of grace about the Picts till you have studied him." Mr. Eneas Mackay, of Stirling, announces a new edition of Skene's *Highlanders of Scotland*. The first edition is out of print, and very scarce.

Mr. John P. Young, managing editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, has sent to the *Times* the following communication with reference to an article in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for June, called "An Unpublished Chapter in the Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," written by Mr. H. W. Bell:

> The part of Mr. Bell's article regarding which I am able to speak with positiveness is that in which he states with some circumstantiality that Robert Louis Stevenson, late in December, 1879, arrived in San Francisco, and in the spring of the following year was "given a job" in the city department of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, which he performed in such an unsatisfactory manner that the item he was assigned to write had to be given to another reporter to put into English suitable to the readers of the paper and the latitude of California; and that later "he continued to write articles for the Sunday edition of the *Chronicle*, but there is no indication that he thought affectionately of them, for he never rescued them from the files." Both these statements are absolutely false. I was managing editor of the *Chronicle* at the time, and personally knew every reporter, whether on the regular staff or doing merely detail work. I also read and accepted all the manuscripts published in the *Chronicle* during the period mentioned, and can assert with positiveness that the *Chronicle* was never honoured by the offer of one from Mr. Stevenson. I do not trust to my memory solely on this point, but have caused the account books of the *Chronicle* to be carefully examined, and no trace of Mr. Stevenson's name can be found in them. Had he worked a single day for the paper, or contributed an article or articles, there would be a record of the fact, for the affairs of the *Chronicle* are methodically managed. To make assurance doubly sure, however, I have questioned the then city editor of the *Chronicle* and others who were on the staff of the paper in 1879 and 1880, and they all unite in saying that there is absolutely no foundation for the statements I am here denying, as they have already been denied in the columns of the *Chronicle*. I wish to add something that should be conclusive on this point. The *Chronicle*, like most journals, tries to make the most of such facts as the connexion of distinguished writers. Does any one suppose for a moment that if Robert Louis Stevenson had been a contributor to the paper that we should not have been proud to dwell on the fact?

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Mr. Elliott Stock's *facsimile* reprint of *The Germ* has the merit of being absolutely faithful to the original. Its four numbers (the last two were entitled *Art and Poetry*) are issued, together with a separate pamphlet preface by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in a neat card-board case. Original copies of *The Germ* are now very scarce and proportionately valuable. As much as £104 has been paid for a set. Mr. W. M. Rossetti is the natural historian of the magazine, inasmuch as he was its editor. The Præraphaelite Brotherhood was founded in 1848, and Mr. Rossetti not only names its members—Holman-Hunt, Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Woolner the sculptor, James Collinson, Frederic George Stephens, and himself—but adds a list of those who were intimate with the members. In 1849 the members first exhibited pictures conceived in the new spirit; and then they bethought themselves of literature. The author of the project

> was Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He alone among the P.R.B.'s had already cultivated the art of writing in verse and in prose to some noticeable extent ("The Blessed Damozel" had been produced before May, 1847), and he was better acquainted than any other member with British and foreign literature. There need be no self-conceit in saying that in these respects I came next to him. Holman-Hunt, Woolner, and Stephens were all reading men (in British literature only) within straiter bounds than Rossetti; not any one of them, I think, had as yet done in writing anything worth mentioning. Millais and Collinson, more especially the former, were men of the brush, not the pen, yet both of them capable of writing with point, and even in verse. By July 13 and 14, 1849, some steps were taken towards discussing the project of a magazine. The price, as at first proposed, was to be sixpence; the title, "Monthly Thoughts in Literature, Poetry, and Art"; each number was to have an etching. Soon afterwards a price of one shilling was decided upon, and two etchings per number: but this latter intention was not carried out.

The name of the magazine was not settled without difficulty, nor was it then adhered to. Among the titles suggested were "The Seed," "The Scroll," "The Harbinger," "The Sower," "The Truth-Seeker," and "The Acorn." Dante Gabriel Rossetti's suggestion was "Thoughts Toward Nature," and this furnished the subtitle. Seven hundred copies of the first number were printed, of which about 200 were sold. Of No. 2 only 500 copies were printed, and the sale was smaller than before. The magazine would then have stopped but for the offer of the printers to produce two more numbers at their own expense. These also fell quite flat. "People would not buy *The Germ*, and would scarcely know of its existence. Its debts exceeded its assets, and a sum of £33, due on Nos. 1 and 2, had to be cleared off by the seven (or eight) proprietors, conscientious against the grain."

The most famous contribution to *The Germ*, by far, was Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel," though it appeared in a form very inferior to that which he afterwards gave to it. *The Germ* text has been published separately, with an exhaustive introduction, by Messrs. Duckworth. Miss Christina M. Rossetti and Coventry Patmore contributed verses. Patmore's little poem, "The Season," should alone have helped the magazine to a larger sale:

> The crocus in the shrewd March morn,
> Thrusts up his saffron spear;
> And April dots the sombre thorn
> With gems, and loveliest cheer.
>
> Then sleep the seasons, full of might;
> While slowly swells the pod,
> And rounds the peach, and in the night
> The mushroom bursts the sod.
>
> The winter comes: the frozen rut
> Is bound with silver bars;
> The white drift heaps against the hut;
> And night is pierced with stars.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti's own most interesting contribution is a careful review of "*The Strayed Reveller; and Other Poems.* By A." The number of copies of Mr. Stock's complete reprint is 700; the price, 10s. 6d. net.

Being a fighter, Mr. Clement K. Shorter is likely to answer the strictures passed upon his biographical treatment of the Brontës in the introduction to Messrs. Downey's new library edition of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*, written by Mr. Temple Scott and Mr. B. W. Willett. These critics name three books which have added important new material to this work. They are Sir T. Wemyss Reid's monograph on Charlotte Brontë, Mr. Francis A. Leyland's *The Brontë Family*, and Mr. Shorter's *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*. Concerning the last-named, the editors express the opinion that Mr. Shorter, "in some instances, simply represents the views of Mr. Nicholls, who is, of course, prejudiced, especially as he did not like Mrs. Gaskell." They add:

> The most flagrant instance of Mr. Shorter's injustice to Mrs. Gaskell is his statement on p. 464—that he had "gathered from Mrs. Gaskell" that Charlotte Brontë's marriage had been an unhappy one, whereas Mrs. Gaskell speaks of it in such terms as "the too short, almost perfect happiness of her nine months of wedded life," and quotes Charlotte's last words, "Oh! I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us; we have been so happy!" Had Mr. Shorter not read Mrs. Gaskell when he wrote thus, or did he deliberately misrepresent her? Either alternative is apt to engender mistrust in him as a biographer, and, as a matter of fact, there are other cases in which he fails to do justice to his predecessors, or to state the case fairly.

It is never right to judge a new paper by its first number save with allowances, and some imaginative sympathy; but even without these Mr. Shorter's new *Tatler* must please. It is a very bright budget of the men and women and things of to-day, and we wish it success. The *Tatler's* dealings with literature are in the personal vein. Like unto this, for example: "Mr. Arthur Humphreys, so well known as the head of the bookselling firm of Hatchards of Piccadilly, and as the publisher of Lord Rosebery's *Napoleon*, has been engaged at Sandringham in arranging the King's private library. His Majesty, although he has suddenly come into possession of the fine library at Windsor, has naturally a genuine affection for the library which he has built up for himself in his Norfolk home, and indeed his interest in his books is really very keen." On the same page, which is headed "The Literary Personalities of the Hour," we have portraits of Mr. A. E. Housman, Mrs. J. C. Woods, author of *Tangled Trinities*, and "Zack." The particulars given of the three Housmans, Alfred Edward, Laurence, and their sister, Miss Clemence Housman, are interesting and useful.

Mr. Andrew D. White, the United States Ambassador to Germany, writes very interestingly, in the July *Idler*, about some recent walks and talks he has had with Tolstoy. He thoroughly believed in Tolstoy's sincerity and genius, but found himself constantly at issue with him in his opinions. Tolstoy spoke with disapprobation of travel, and Mr. White fastens on this, observing: "Of all distinguished men that I have ever met, Tolstoy seems to me most in need of that enlargement of view and healthful modification of opinion which come from observing men, and comparing opinions on different lands and under different conditions. This need has been all the greater because in Russia there is no opportunity to discuss really important questions."

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In Tolstoy, says Mr. White, we see a man who, nourished in and on Russia, is a narrow and fantastic teacher, and

> a man of genius denouncing all science, and commending what he calls "faith"; urging a return to a state of nature, which is simply Rosseau modified by misreadings of the New Testament; repudiating marriage, though himself most happily married, and the father of sixteen children; holding that Æschylus and Dante and Shakespeare were not great in literature, and making of some obscure writer a literary idol; holding that Michael Angelo and Raphael were not great in sculpture and painting, yet insisting on the eminence of sundry unknown artists who have painted brutally; holding that Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, and Hadyn were not great in music, but that some unknown performer, outside any healthful musical evolution, has given us the music of the future; declaring Napoleon to have had no genius, but presenting Kutusoff as a military ideal; loathing science—that organised knowledge which has done more than all else to bring us out of mediæval cruelty into a better world—and extolling a "faith" which has always been the most effective pretext for bloodshed and oppression.
>
> The long, slow, everyday work of developing a better future for his countrymen is to be done by others far less gifted than Tolstoy. His paradoxes will be forgotten; but his devoted life, his noble thoughts, and his lofty ideals will, as centuries roll on, more and more give life and light to the new Russia.

To their edition of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to His Son*, which we notice elsewhere, Mr. Charles Strachey and Miss Annette Calthrop affix a quotation from the letter of March 19, 1750, which we will quote at more length from the text. Writing from London to his son in Italy, Lord Chesterfield says: "When you return here, I am apt to think that you will find something better to do than to run to Mr. Osborne's, at Gray's Inn, to pick up scarce books. Buy good books, and read them; the best books are the commonest, and the last editions are always the best, if the editors are not blockheads, for they may profit of the former."

When Lord Chesterfield found that his son was fond of out-of-the-way books, he tactfully wrote, in the same strain: "I am also very well pleased to hear that you have such a knowledge of, and taste for, curious books, and scarce and valuable tracts. This is a kind of knowledge which very well becomes a man of sound and solid learning, but which only exposes a man of slight and superficial reading; therefore, pray, make the substance and matter of such books your first object, and their title-pages, indexes, letter, and binding but your second."

By the way, there is an example in Mr. Strachey's introduction to the *Letters* of a very deliberate, yet, we cannot help thinking, rather unfortunate choice of a word. Referring to Chesterfield's reputedly "immoral" advice to his son on the subject of women, dissimulation, etc., he says: "I maintain that all the advice contained in the Letters which any unprejudiced, unpriggish person might reasonably call immoral, could easily be contained in a very few lines of this large book; and, speaking for myself, I should call such advice *naughty* rather than *immoral*." For ourselves, we would much rather go on calling Chesterfield's advice immoral, and then indicate the particular shade of immorality which ought to be imputed to him under all the circumstances. "Naughty" suggests frivolity or carelessness. Chesterfield can be charged with neither; the charm and strength of his letters—and they are very charming, and very strong—lies in their sincerity and firmness of intention.

We did not think, in discussing Matthew Arnold's Letters, last week, that we should this week record the death of Mrs. Arnold, to whom many of them were addressed, and by whose permission all of them were printed. Mrs. Arnold died last Saturday, at Pain's Hill Cottage, Cobham, after a long illness. She was Frances Lucy, daughter of the late Sir William Wightman, the Queen's Bench Judge, and was married to Matthew Arnold almost exactly forty years ago. Three children survive her—Mr. R. P. Arnold, an inspector of factories, and two daughters, one of whom is the wife of Mr. F. W. Whitridge, of New York. The younger daughter is the widow of the Hon. Armine Wodehouse, M.P., who died but two months ago.

Those who like curiosities and details of fiction will enjoy a paper in the July *Macmillan* on "The Serving Man in Fiction." The writer has most to say about Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray. We write the names in the order in which they appreciated and sympathised with servants. To Thackeray, it is maintained, servants "are knaves or fools, cunning knaves or contemptible fools. . . . In Thackeray's opinion Sam Weller would have told his master's purposes to Job Trotter, and then the precious pair would have looked how they might make a little for themselves. . . . Servants may consider Thackeray as an open enemy, and Dickens as but half a friend. He, too, hates the menials of the mighty, but he breaks them on the wheel with heavy blows, while Thackeray sets them up like so many St. Sebastians as marks for his arrows. Mr. John Smauker and Mr. Frederick Lightfoot are both mangled objects after the operation. Dickens's declared mission is to show how much good can be in humble folk, but in this, like most missionaries, he more often takes the wrong road. The servants of the poor, those who labour for labourers, are under his protection, and he defends them too much as Serjeant Buzfuz would have done; special pleading is not convincing. Is any one moved to a crusade by the sorrows of 'Guster, or the forlorn state of Sally Brass's slave, the Marchioness? But to censure Dickens's conception of pathos is to mutilate the slain. His life's work was to move English people to laughter—neither the Scotch nor the Irish care for Dickens—and the two characters whom all novel-readers admire and cherish are both servants, Sam Weller and Mark Tapley." But Mr. Andrew Lang is a Scot.

From "The Serving Man in Fiction" it is a rather long step to "The Preternatural in Fiction." This subject is being treated in the *Pilot* by a writer who signs himself M.E.C. His first paper, last week, dealt with Mrs. Oliphant's *Tales of the Seen and Unseen*. The writer opens with a brief and suggestive consideration of Shakespeare's attitude to the preternatural.

In a warmly appreciative article on Mr. Robert Bridges's poetry, in the *Monthly Review*, Mr. Arthur Symons says: "Mr. Meredith, caring mostly for originality, invents for every noun an adjective which has never run in harness with it, and which champs and rears intractably at its side. Mr. Swinburne, preferring what goes smoothly to what comes startlingly from a distance, chooses his epithets for their sound and for their traditional significance, their immediate appeal, sensuous or intellectual. Mr. Bridges obtains his delicate, evasively simple effects by coaxing beautiful, alien words to come together willingly, and take service with him, as if they had been born under his care." But this verbal petting is not enough.

American critics are apparently quite aware of the fact that the "booms" of historical and other novels which are

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now the order of the day in the States have little relation to the permanent advance of American literature. "Perhaps one of these books," says the *New York Times Saturday Review*, "may be bought and read five years from now, possibly ten, just conceivably twenty. But nobody who has watched the rise, decline, and fall of immediately successful books will assign to any a long date. He will rather entertain the presumption, founded on experience, that an immediate success is ephemeral, that it is a matter which concerns bookselling more than literature, that these prodigious successes are really commonplace and insipid and transitory as works of art."

We remarked some weeks ago that Mr. Stephen Gwynn is a deft writer of *vers de société*. That he takes a critical interest in this branch of literature is shown by his article on the subject in the July *New Liberal Review*. Talking, at the outset, of the difficulty of defining *vers de société*, Mr. Gwynn says:

> Will any one say off-hand whether the verses in which Horace invites Virgil to dinner are or are not *vers de société*? For my own part I should incline to exclude them from that class on the ground that the Latin in them differs radically from the polished colloquial tongue which we know in Cicero's Letters. *Vers de société*, as I understand them, use the rhythm of verse, but the dialect of prose, which is more complex and conventional than the dialect of poetry. Of course, the two dialects have much in common: "I love you," "I hate you," are good either in poetry or in prose. But you cannot say in poetry, "I congratulate you on your safe arrival," whereas the very essence of *vers de société* is the dexterous arrangement of such phrases as this one in smooth, running verse, so as to afford a certain piquant incongruity between the matter and the form.

Mr. Gwynn runs over the best writers very pleasantly: Cowper, Praed, Calverley, Mr. Lehmann, Mr. Dobson, Thackeray, Mr. C. L. Graves, Mr. Lang, Mortimer Collins, and others.

Bibliographical.

It is interesting to know that there is still a demand for *Paul Ferroll* and *Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife*, new editions of both of which are promised by Messrs Chatto & Windus. Messrs. Chatto have had the books on their list for some years. I have a *Paul Ferroll* of theirs dated 1881, and a copy of its sequel dated 1882. The firm reissued the former in 1890. The story came out originally in 1855, and is, therefore, non-copyright. The sequel belongs to 1860. An interesting criticism on both will be found in *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign* (1897), written by Miss Adeline Sergeant. Miss Sergeant mentions that it was not until the fourth edition of *Paul Ferroll* was prepared that the concluding chapter, bringing the narrative down to the death of Paul, was added. "It is rather curious," as Miss Sergeant says, "that Mrs. Clive should have written another volume to explain why Paul Ferroll killed his wife"; and it is notable that in this sequel, which is much inferior to its predecessor, she changes the names of all the characters except Paul's wife—which is also rather unaccountable.

I am glad to see *Paul Ferroll* still to the fore, and apparently still in the current repertory of fiction, because I have always regarded it as, in its way, an historical "document." It marks a development in English story-telling. It was, as Miss Sergeant truly calls it, "the precursor of the purely sensational novel, or of what may be called the novel of mystery. . . . It set forth the delights of a mystery, the pleasures of suspense, together with a thrilling picture of 'the strong man in adversity.' . . . It introduced its readers to a new sensation. . . . To find a villain—and a thorough-paced villain, the murderer of his wife—installed in the place of hero, and represented as noble, handsome and gifted, naturally thrilled the readers' minds with a mixture of horror and delight." Mrs. Clive's third novel, *John Greswold* (1864), is now wholly neglected.

The new Professor of English Literature at Owens College has been tolerably prolific as an author. Between 1880 and 1882 he published several prize essays, his first substantial publication being his work on *The Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century* (1886). Then came his book on *The Age of Wordsworth* (1897), and his edition, with introductions and notes, of the works of Shakespeare (1899). His work as editor of the Warwick Library and the Warwick Shakespeare is well remembered. He has always taken a great interest in the drama of all countries, and we owe to him translations into English of the *Brand* (1893) and *Love's Comedy* (1900) of Ibsen. Altogether, a good literary record, and suggestive of things yet to come.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn, who has only recently brought out a little volume of verse, now announces the imminent appearance of a novel from his active pen. If this sort of thing goes on, we shall soon have to compile his bibliography. Unheard of, I believe, in the literary world prior to 1898, Mr. Gwynn published in that year a *Memoir of James Northcote* and a story called *The Repentance of a Private Secretary*. In 1899 he produced three volumes—a study of Tennyson, *The Decay of Sensibility, and Other Essays*, and a description of the *Highways and Byways of Donegal and Antrim*. Mr. Gwynn has certainly made a good deal of literary hay during the last four years.

Paul Bourget in English is a growing quantity. In 1887 Mr. Vizetelly gave us his *Love Crime* and *Cruel Enigma*. In 1889 came his *André Cornelis*, translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. To 1891-92 belongs his *Pastels of Men*, which came to us *viâ* America, and was reproduced in 1899. To 1892 belongs also *A Saint and Others*, Englished by John Gray. The *Love Crime* reappeared in 1893. In 1894 another translation of *A Saint* came from U.S.A. In 1895 we had M. Bourget's *Outre-Mer: Impressions of America*, which reminded us that another *Outre-Mer*, Longfellow, had long ago recorded his impressions of Europe. In 1896 again came *A Living Lie* and *A Tragic Idyl*; in 1898, *Some Portraits of Women*, translated by Mr. William Marchant; and in 1900 *Domestic Dramas*, also Englished by Mr. Marchant. The two last named are American in origin, as is also, I suspect, the Bourget book just issued, *The Disciple*.

Greatly daring, Mr. William Poel is going to give at the Charterhouse a performance of the old "morality," "Every-Man," which Dr. A. W. Ward, I see, regards as "the flower and crown of the literary species to which it belongs." Those who propose to witness the representation may be glad to be reminded that the text of the "morality" is to be found in Hawkins's *Origin of the English Drama*, and also in Hazlitt's *Dodsley*. Extracts from it are given by Mr. Pollard in his *English Miracle Plays*. A sketch of the story is supplied by Dr. Ward in his *English Dramatic Literature*, vol. i., in which may also be seen an account of its literary history. Its full title is "A Treatise, how the hye Fader of Heven sendeth Dethe to somon every creature to come and gyve a counte of theyr lyves in this Worlde."

I was right, it seems, in expressing my belief that Mr. George Radford's article on Falstaff had been included in his *Shylock* volume, and that he was also the author of a book of *Occasional Verses*. I am now reminded that he contributed to the *Johnson Club Papers* (published, like *Shylock*, &c., by Mr. Fisher Unwin) an essay on "Dr. Johnson at Lichfield," and some verses addressed to the editors of that work. Mr. Radford comes of a well-known Plymouth family, and is a solicitor and a L.C.C. He is brother to Mr. Ernest Radford, whose little books of verse are known to all close students of contemporary bardism.

The Bookworm.

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Reviews.

With a J Pen.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. (Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d.)

The English language resembles England in this, that the earth-worms of time have turned over every inch of it, and not a letter, any more than a county, is without its historical strata, relics, and suggestion. A chance column of the *New English Dictionary* is as fertile of fact and romance as a chance village into whose history you may look. Here we have the major number of words borne by that alphabetical light-weight, J. Two things would strike one quickly, even if they were not pointed out by Dr. Murray. One is the large number of words of unknown or obscure origin. Many of these may be set down as onomatopœic. The other is the number of personal proper names which have become common nouns, or have otherwise been saddled with special duties. Take some obscure origins first. Jibe, meaning to accord with, is a rare word nowadays, though Mark Twain has it in his *Screamers*. "The piece you happened to be playing didn't seem to gibe with the general gait of the picture that was passing at the time." Seven years ago the New York *Nation* said, in its review of *Trilby*: "The dislike of Trilby's posing for the 'altogether' doesn't jibe with the author's authoritative declaration that to all artists nothing is so chaste as nudity." Dr. Murray thinks that jibe may be phonetically connected with chime (chime in with). Jib, meaning (of a horse) to stop, or move restively backwards, is another orphan word. Dr. Murray doubts its transference from the gibbing of a sail, nor can any historical connection be traced with OF. and modern dialect French *giber*, to kick. Jiffey, a short space of time, is also a puzzle. The earliest quotation found is in Munchausen: "In six jiffies I found myself and all my retinue at the Rock of Gibralter." Six jiffeys seems slow work, now that "half a jiffey" is commonly said. Jig, a lively dance, has jigged itself into the language without a birth certificate. We do not often see it now in the sense of a piece of sport, a joke, or jesting matter. "An arch, merry trick," is the definition of an eighteenth century vocabularist. Thackeray wrote: "Her jigs and her junketings and her tears"; and Mr. Howells has written, apropos of something: "The die is cast, the jig is up, the fat's in the fire, the milk's spilt." Jig may mean a horse, also a man. The great Bentham wrote: "This Lord and Lady Tracton are the queerest jigs you ever saw." Man's names for man are more curious than flattering. The late Mr. Hamerton wrote a book on Man in Art; someone might write one on Man in Language, and speculate with sad entertainingness on the processes by which man came to look on his brother man as a Johnny; also as a Joker, a Joskin, a Jigger, a Chap, a Card, a Stick, a Buffer, a Shaver, a Blade, a Dog, and what else has been common. As the child of an orphan "jigger" has done well for itself, having struck so many roots into the language that it is now one of the hardiest of verbaceous creepers. Literally, a jigger is one who dances a jig; hence an odd-looking person, a guy. But nautically, a jigger means several things which only elderly seafaring men can be supposed to understand. In mining, fishing, pottery, billiards, and the United States Mint, the word has its uses; and it is slang for a door, a prison-cell, an illicit distillery, and a drink or dram of spirits—all these are jiggers. As a frequentative of the verb jig, jigger is said of a fish struggling on the hook. "He came up slowly and 'jiggered' savagely at the line," writes Mr. Andrew Lang in an angling sketch. Then what are we to make of jigger as an oath? Dr. Murray can but point hither and thither in uncertainty. "Well, I'll be jiggered," one hears him mutter in despair.

Some melancholy reflections might be founded on the sense development of the word jockey; for if an honest man be the noblest work of God, this word proclaims him the rarest. Jockey is but a pet diminutive of John. The normal male child is Little Jock or Jocky. "Hence applicable to any man of the common people; also a lad; an understrapper." Hence, also, by humorous transference, jocky may be a thing. The descent of the word from high to low estate is parabled, as it were, in a well-known scrap of Coleridge's table-talk. "Silence," he remarked, "does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner, some time ago, in company with a man who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with—'Them's the jockies for me!' I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head." Continuing its descent in the human line, jockey became the equivalent of a beggar, or vagabond. A writer of 1685 had: "He turned a vagrant fellow like a Jockie, gaining Meal, Flesh, and Money, by his Charms." Yet earlier than this jockey had come to mean a man who had to do with horses. When Pepys wanted a pair of horses for that fine coach of his, wherewith he dazzled the Hyde Park throngs, he went in search of them accompanied by his friend Hewer, and Hewer's jockey. And Smollett wrote of selling Gil Blas's mule to "a very honest jockey," who, obviously, was not a race-course jockey. Macaulay, in discussing one of Hasting's acts, wrote: "The crime . . . was regarded by them in much the same light in which the selling of an unsound horse is regarded by a Yorkshire jockey." Here we are switched on to the line of cheating in connection with horses, and in other ways. As early as 1683 the word begins to have this sense. In 1740 it is explained, as a verb, by Allen, thus: "To jockey a man is to impose upon, to cheat, to overreach; to deal with anyone, as Jockeys do with all the world. Nor is there a more deceitful race of Men than Jockeys, in their Sale of Horse flesh." Thackeray, it may be remembered, used the word in this way in *Vanity Fair*, when recording Becky Sharp's dealings with one of her friends in Paris. "Rebecca was a good economist, and the price poor Jos Sedley had paid for her two horses was in itself sufficient to keep their little establishment afloat for a year at least. And the way in which she jockied Jos, and which she described with infinite fun, carried up his [her husband's] delight to a pitch of quite insane enthusiasm." Dr. Murray does not, we think, quote Defoe, but there is a passage in his *Tour* which is interesting in that it shows how, even on the race-course, the jockey was not always the professional rider, but was sometimes the sharping owner. In the crowd at Newmarket he points out Sir R—— Fagg, of Sussex,

> of whome Fame says he has the most in him, and the least to show for it, relating to Jockeyship, of any Man there; yet he often carry'd the Prize; his Horses, they said, were all Cheats, how honest soever their Master was; for he scarce ever produc'd a Horse but he look'd like what he was not, and what no Body cou'd expect him to be. . . . I was so sick of the Jockeying Part, that I left the Crowd about the Posts, and pleased myself with observing the Horses.

It should be noted, however, that much earlier than this Evelyn wrote of professional jockies—*i.e.* riders in the modern sense. The sinister overlapping of guileless and guileful connotations is preserved to-day; for while a "jockey" may be above suspicion, "to jockey" still means to act fraudulently or with artifice.

Returning, for a moment, to Johnny, it is interesting to find its present meaning of a uselessly ornamental fellow anticipated by Byron. In the last letter he ever wrote to

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John Murray, dated from Missolonghi, he says: "On Sunday we had the smartest shock of an earthquake which I remember . . . and the whole army discharged their arms, upon the same principle that savages beat drums, or howl, during an eclipse of the moon:—it was a rare scene altogether—if you had but seen the English Johnnies, who had never been out of a cockney workshop before!—or will again if they can help it."

Among other proper names turned to common uses is Jonah, which William Black used as a verb in his novel *Sabina Zembra*: "I seem to Jonah (*i.e.* bring ill-luck to) everything I touch"; and in *Captains Courageous* Mr. Kipling puts this definition into the mouth of a fisherman on the Newfoundland banks: "A Jonah's anything that spoils the luck . . . I've known a splittin'-knife Jonah two trips till we was on to her." Probably many people are unaware of the supposed identity of jorum, a bowl of punch, with Joram in 2 Samuel viii. 9, 10, where we read: "When Toi king of Hamath heard that David had smitten all the host of Hadadezer, then Toi sent Joram his son unto King David, to salute him, and to bless him, because he had fought against Hadadezer, and smitten him. And Joram brought with him vessels of silver, and vessels of gold, and vessels of brass."

Jimp meant at first slim, delicate, and was a lover's word.

> I see thee dancing on the green,
> Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,

sang Burns in rapture, and Barham echoed him in his "Legend of the Knight and Lady":

> Then his left arm he placed
> Round her jimp taper waist.

Hence jimp came to mean scant, bare (of measure). Scott, writing to Lockhart of certain Orkney Islanders, could say: "The manners of these islanders seem primitive and simple, and they are sober, good-humoured, and friendly—but *jimp* honest." Scott underlined the word, in apology for it; but Stevenson, in *Catriona*, wrote promptly—we suppose correctly: "He had jimp said the word"; *i.e.* he had scarcely uttered the word. The derivation of Jilt is obscure. The connection between Jews and the Jew's-harp cannot be traced. Juggins, like Jobson, was a surname, and each name has come to denote a bumpkin or dull-witted fellow. Disraeli named a Lancashire collier Juggins in *Sybil*. "But," says our lexicographer, "it does not appear whether or how far this is the source of the slang term"; some take the latter as a fantastically perverted derivation of 'mug,' greenhorn, found (1861) in Mahew's *London Labour*." Jingo was in 1670 a piece of conjurer's gibberish, nothing more. A conjurer said, "Hey, jingo!" A quarter of a century later Motteux rendered Rabelais' *par Dieu*, as *By Jingo*! in the mouth of Panurge. The origin of the modern political sense is known to everyone, and now we have jingodom, jingoesque, jingoish, jingoism, jingoist, and jingoistic. A jim-jam was formerly only a flim-flam or whim-wham. As late as two years ago the *Daily News* wrote, perilously: "Every regiment has its little jim-jams," *i.e.* fantastic ways, peculiarities. For the plural already meant *delirium-tremens*. Dr. Murray's earliest quotation in this sense being from James Runciman's well-known *Skippers and Shellbacks*: "I'll die on the flags with the jim-jams before I'll wet my lips with it again." Joke appeared only in the second half of the seventeenth century, and is apparently an adaptation of the Latin *jocus*. It was often spelled "joque." In 1813 Southey hit on the happy word jokesmith to describe a manufacturer of jokes. He feared "to give occasion to the jests of newspaper jokesmiths." The word jolly has a very long and interesting history. Coverdale used it appreciatively, not ironically or sportively, when he wrote: "I thought my selfe a iolye fortunate man as well for the nobylite of my kyndred . . . as also for my strayte observying of ye law." A Royal Marine is now, in slang, a jolly. "I'm a Jolly—'Er Majesty's Jolly—Soldier and Sailor, too." All this, and much more, leaves the origin of jolly-boat "uncertain," though it does not leave Dr. Murray without learned conjectures. The same disappointment awaits us when we pass from jury to jury-mast. The letter J seems to have tempted all kinds of coinages and far-fetched constructions. Words like jirble, jigmaree, jiggetting, jinks, job ("of unascertained origin"), jolt ("etymology obscure"), junket ("of somewhat obscure history"), jutty ("a phonetic variant of jetty"), and many other words, might be cited in illustration. We have dabbled in the curiosities, but Dr. Murray properly invites special attention to such important and well-understood words as Judge, Jury, and Just. "The idiomatic uses of the adverb just are singularly protean and elusive."

A New Social Programme.

The Heart of the Empire. Discussions of Problems of Modern City Life in England, with an Essay on Imperialism. (Unwin.)

This book emanates from Cambridge University, and is a praiseworthy attempt to bring back England, now, as the authors think, drunk with an Imperial dream, to a sober consideration of her domestic affairs. It is recognised by thinkers that for once the end of a century and the death of a Queen synchronised also with the end of an era. Old creeds, old politics, old forms of thought, old programmes, have all withered and passed away together. Our authors recognise that an entirely new set of problems await solution in the future. The present disorganisation of the party of progress is no mere accident or result of personal failure, but a sign that the last remainder-biscuits of the old programme are consumed, and the Party has not yet found its natural standpoint amid the new conditions. Platforms still resound with Gladstonian echoes, though the original voice is silent and the work of Gladstone is done. From those who were his lieutenants and disciples it is hopeless to look for the new watchwords; they but follow the traditions he left. And there are less abstract reasons for the indifference to social reform that has come to England. First a great wave of prosperity has passed over the country, and in times of wealth and fatness it is natural to worship the God of Things-as they-are. At the same time the landowner, the "auld enemy" of Liberalism, has been hard hit, and has given way to the *nouveau riche*, so that any repetition of the ancient denunciation falls harmless in the air. The Land Question is atrophied, and so, for other reasons, is Disestablishment. Both were Liberal rallying cries two decades ago. Yet there is as much need as ever for a party of progress, and the band of writers here assembled has attempted to fashion a programme suited to the exigencies of the hour.

To say that they have succeeded would be to ignore the necessary sifting and elimination that alone can bring out the salient points, but they have opened what is certain to become a most interesting discussion. Let us see what their proposals are. Mr. Masterman, a Fellow of Christ's College, leads by showing that the massing together of population in large towns is changing the English character. As long as John Bull remained on the land he was slow, and stolid resolute when put on his mettle, but difficult to rouse. Subsequent events have shown that life in town has developed in him many of those traits that distinguish our neighbours across the Channel: feverishness, excitability, subjection to alternate fits of depression and enthusiasm. The flaming new press, with its eternal emphasis and exaggeration, its feminine

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emotionalism and hysteria, really appears to reflect as well as encourage the temper of the people. Mr. Masterman effectively contrasts "the old silent life of England, close to the ground, vibrating to the lengthy, unhurried processes of nature," with the character of the town-dweller, "stunted, narrow-chested, easily-wearied, yet voluble, excitable, with little ballast, stamina, or endurance, seeking stimulus in drink, in betting, in any unaccustomed conflicts at home or abroad." But he does not escape the danger of treating the question from one point of view, and he does not recognise that the problem of the town is also the problem of the country. An essential of every useful problem must be that it contain a proposal for nursing a rural population. Nor does he, as it appears to us, get quite to the root of the matter as regards the city. As long as "municipal barracks" exist—that is to say, many-storied top-to-bottom houses, where families are reared without the possibility of obtaining adequate exercise or fresh air—the generation cannot but be emaciated, nervous, and decadent. At the same time we recognise the force of his objection to Mr. Balfour's patent scheme for planting workpeople many miles out of town. The time spent in travelling to and fro is a consumption of their scanty leisure. Mr. Masterman must radicalise still further before he finds a solution.

Mr. F. W. Laurance, from Trinity College, takes up the argument, but does not greatly forward it. His excursus on the question of rural housing needs to be garnished with fact. The average rent that a farm labourer can and will pay is eighteenpence a week (see the result of the investigations of the late Mr. Little and Mr. Wilson Fox), and a satisfactory cottage cannot be put up for less than £150, so that here we come to an *impasse*. It is quite futile for him to call on the landlords to do what they are not compelled to and what is not profitable. All they will do in return is to shrug their shoulders, point to their losses through agricultural depression, and ask for Protection. The trend of opinion just now is in favour of making the peasant owner of his house and land, and a shadow of that privilege was actually offered by a Tory Government. In England there are fewer small holdings than in any other country of Europe. Besides, no treatment of the subject is satisfactory that takes no account of the stupid building bye-laws. He writes much and sensibly about the urban aspect of the housing problem, but it needs crystallising into phrases that will strike the imagination of the wayfaring man.

A paper to which we turned with curious interest was Mr. Head's disquisition on "The Church and the People." He writes from the inside, and what impresses one most is his recognition of the fact that with the strength of the nation the Church has completely lost touch. Rich and poor alike view it apathetically, and he laments, not without cause, that its ministry has lost attraction for men of intellect. Yet he dreams of it becoming once more a great religious force in the nation. That may or may not be; but it seems to us that the clergy, bound by old formulas at a time when new truths have been propounded, have lagged hopelessly behind when they should have led, and it will be more than a miracle that causes their re-institution. Mr. Head scarcely takes account of the fact that the best teaching of the day is scientific and positive. Let him imagine one of these apathetic young men "whose falling away he deplores" in church and listening to an exposition of the dogmatic theology still preached. Speaker and hearer think and talk in different languages, and there is no sympathy between them. One can scarcely imagine the re-adjustment that would bring them together. Other chapters of the book equally invite comment, but we desist. Sympathising fully with the object of the writers, we can only hope that their proposals will be frankly discussed.

The House.

The Story of the Stock Exchange: its History and Position. By Charles Duguid. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

No student of London should be destitute of this book, which certainly fulfils the author's hope that it may interest readers who are unconnected with City finance. The present writer's ignorance of Stock Exchange business is that of a boy on a village green, yet Mr. Duguid's pages have held him almost from first to last. Not, perhaps, quite to the last. The descriptions of Stock Exchange enthusiasm after Ladysmith and Mafeking read a little tediously just now, but even these will be ripened by time. Mr. Duguid became the acknowledged historian of the "House" when it was seen how excellent was his contribution to the Stock Exchange Souvenir, issued at the end of the century. His paper is here expanded into a goodly volume of more than 450 pages.

We cannot attempt to summarise the story Mr. Duguid unfolds. He sets forth very clearly the rise of Stockbroking, which, for practical purposes, may be said to have taken place under William and Mary, although stockbrokers had appeared at the end of the seventeenth century, and mercantile brokers very much earlier. The Stock Exchange found its first home in the second Royal Exchange, where the "Stocks Walk" was between the Grocers' and Druggists' Walk and the Italian Walk. At this time, and, actually, till the middle of the last century, stockbrokers could ply their business only under licences from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen. At the end of the seventeenth century the number of licences was limited to a hundred. These members distinguished themselves from outside brokers, who thus early were on the scene, by wearing a silver medal suitably inscribed. Even the favoured hundred were looked down upon by the merchants in the Royal Exchange, and the cleavage grew so wide that at last, in 1698, the stockbrokers left the Royal Exchange in a body. 'Change-alley, close by, with its considerable space and its comfortable coffee-houses, rose into importance in a night. Here, in the first half of the eighteenth century, stock-jobbing became the scandal and danger of British commerce. Bulls, Bears, Rams, and Bubbles were already everyday terms with the crowd which oscillated between Jonathan's and Garraway's. Hither came Members of Parliament, nobility, gentry, authors, to swell the din.

Tricks of all kinds were rife, as when a horseman rode frantically into the City falsely announcing the death of Queen Anne. In 1720 the South Sea Bubble swelled in all its beauty, and burst. Previously, Swift had been a speculator. In the Bubble we meet his fellow-poet, Gay, who at one time stood to gain £20,000 by selling out. He held on, to his ruin. Twenty-eight years later, while 'Change-alley was still weltering through much obloquy, it was burned down. Eighty dwelling-houses and Garraway's and Jonathan's coffee-houses were destroyed. The story of the Stock Exchange is punctuated by fires, but from this one it quickly recovered, and not many years later Horace Walpole remarked that "From the Alley to the House [of Commons] is like a path of ants," so eager were Members of Parliament to speculate. About this time a futile attempt on the part of the leading members of the Stock Exchange to form an inner club at Jonathan's (from which coffee-house they removed a broker by force, and were defeated in the lawsuit that followed) led to the establishment of the first separate building. It ran across the site of the present Peabody statue, behind the Royal Exchange, and became the nucleus—only the nucleus—of Stock Exchange business. Those of our readers who have been inside the Rotunda at the Bank of England, where applications for Consols and Boer war loans, with their deposits and call money, are received, may be surprised to

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learn that this decorous place was once the recognised market for dealings in public funds, and was, therefore, a place of mammonish din and disrepute. The beadle imposed silence at intervals by the use of a deafening rattle. Unscrupulous brokers lay in wait for the simple and unwary, selling them stocks at unfair prices. This state of things lasted, with more or less scandal, until 1834, when an Act of Parliament was obtained to expel the stockbrokers from the Rotunda. They went with an ill-grace, although the new Stock Exchange in Capel-court was at hand.

Mr. Duguid draws very interesting pictures of the early nineteenth-century scenes in Capel-court. In those days members brought their own chops and steaks and had them cooked at the chop-houses, paying a penny for this service, and buying vegetables, bread, and drink. The rules of the Stock Exchange were then crystallising, and in 1803 the first official price list appeared. But queer things still happened. In February, 1814, there was the elaborate De Berenger fraud, in which a bogus courier, his brilliant uniform wet with the salt spray of the Channel, and his pockets full of Napoleons, drove post-haste from Dover, and over London Bridge into the City, with the news that the Allied Armies were in possession of Paris and that Napoleon was slain. The coach disappeared over Blackfriars Bridge. A golden harvest was reaped; but a little later a scarlet regimental coat, cut into small pieces, was fished out of the Thames by a waterman. An investigating committee could not get at the truth. Another side of the Stock Exchange was represented at this time by such distinguished members as Francis Baily, afterwards the astronomer; David Ricardo, the political economist; and Horace Smith, of the *Rejected Addresses*. When Smith and his friend, William Heseltine, who was also a writer, joined the Stock Exchange, they agreed that each would retire when he had made £50,000. They forgot this for years, but when, one day, it occurred to Horace Smith that he had so determined, he exclaimed to his friend: "I've made my sum, and I'm off to-morrow." Heseltine only sneered at an ambition so moderate. Smith retired to Brighton to become a cheerful man of letters. Heseltine heaped up £200,000, lost most of it, and died broken-hearted.

To the Stock Exchange of to-day Mr. Duguid devotes half his book, telling how members do business, how they prosper, fail, eat, play the fool, fight for their country, and do good works. To the last the story deviates into tragic drama. Mr. Duguid thus describes the scene on Saturday, December 29 last, when the Globe group crash was darkening the end of the century:

> On Saturday morning, when business should have been merriment, and members of the Stock Exchange should have been closing their books for the New Year's holiday, gaily wishing each other a happy New Century, the grimmest of scenes was enacted in the House. The very hand of Barker, the waiter, shook like an aspen leaf as amid death-like silence he announced failure after failure, and failure after failure. Early evening papers came flaring out with the sensational story of the failure of four firms on the Stock Exchange. But that was not half nor a third of the tale of the day. Ere the hammer had ceased thirteen Stock Exchange firms, involving no fewer than twenty-nine members of the House, had been declared defaulters, and subsequent failures increased the number. Some of the failed firms had been firms of eminence. One who was declared a defaulter had been a member for nearly half a century, another for thirty-two years, another for twenty-seven years, and two others for twenty years. One had just been given command of a battalion of Volunteers in South Africa where he was serving in the Boer war; two others had been married within the two preceding weeks, one of them actually being on his honeymoon.

Those who see only iniquity in the Stock Exchange will find much in Mr. Duguid's pages to confirm them in their harshest judgments, and they will derive no comfort from his last pages, in which he shows the ever-growing prosperity of the institution. Capel-court is certainly of the earth earthy, but even its censors may learn from this book that it is a growth, not an invention, and that its maze of roots extend, perhaps, beneath their own doorsteps.

Allegories.

Twelve Allegories. By Kathleen Haydn Green. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

This volume is as slender as any that we remember to have met with. The whole of the matter could be printed on less than half-a-dozen pages of the Academy, and yet, such is the ingenuity of printer and publisher, it constitutes a book of, apparently, one hundred and seventeen pages. As an example of what can be done in the way of making one word serve for five, it is decidedly curious and interesting.

Miss Green has chosen a peculiarly difficult form of literary art, and we may say that if she has failed she has failed not more conspicuously than scores of predecessors in the same venture. The "poem in prose" has more than once been the final achievement of a supreme literary artist, as with Turgenev and Baudelaire. Turgenev's allegories seem the simplest thing in the world—the labour of a casual half-hour; but they happen also to be the product of a life-time of experience in the craft of words. Turgenev, one notes, avoided the archaic phraseology which marks the usual poem in prose, and which is probably supposed to give it a poetical quality. Miss Green's trifles would have been better if she had followed his example instead of that of the average artificer. "Nay," "Of a truth," "'Twas," and verbs ending in *eth* do not make poetry in prose, nor do they in the slightest degree help to make it. Miss Green's prose is correct, and fairly neat; sometimes it is pretty; but it is never distinguished. Her fancy is sentimental; it runs in well-trodden ways, with a general tendency towards the sweetly melancholy. Its didactic moods are the least satisfactory. Space enables us to quote one allegory entire; it is a fair sample of the book, but somewhat shorter than its eleven companions:

THE TWO GARDENS.

There was a King who had a Garden that he loved exceedingly well.

And of all his people he chose him two men that were Gardeners to tend his Garden, and he made of it two several portions, and gave to each man one to plant and cherish.

And he left them for a while, for he said: "I will return to see how ye have prospered in your labours."

And the Gardeners toiled each after his manner, till when many days had sped the King drew near again to view his Garden.

And as he passed through the first man's share, behold, it was full clean, and tended well, and free from weeds; but nothing grew there—neither flowering plant, nor tree, nor grape-vine.

And the King said to the Gardener: "How is this—ye have no flower for an offering?"

And he said: "Lo! O King, the Garden is large, and I am but one man for all the labour; and this great while I have striven to rid the land of weeds, so that as yet I have not planted tree nor flower—only the weeds I have uprooted."

And the King replied not but passed on to view the second Garden how it fared.

And he saw it was all filled with weeds and grass, and creeping plants that cumbered all the ground; but in the middle of the Garden was a little space made clear, and therein grew a fair white Lily wondrous tall, that breathed the sweetest perfumes in the air.

And the Gardener said unto the King: "Behold,

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my Lord, where I have toiled and laboured! The Garden is full large, and weeds will grow apace; yet I heeded them not for the sake of this one flower that I might make to thee thereof an offering!"

And the King said: "It is well—the flower is very fair; and how shall it avail to rid the land of weeds if nought be planted in their stead? Lo! thou hast better wrought who hast one perfect flower to show thy Lord amidst these many weeds than he whose toil but leaves a barren garden!"

And the King plucked the white Lily where it grew, and took it home into his palace.

One naturally asks: "Why did the King go and pluck that solitary Lily?"

Last of the Vikings.

Laboremus: a Play in Three Acts. By Björnstjerne Björnson. (Chapman & Hall. 5s.)

When a creative talent has fulfilled the hour of absolute maturity, its imaginative processes usually undergo an excessive refinement; they are over-subtilised, and there is, of course, no corresponding increase of force to give the subtlety and the refinement that almost physical support which they need. Consequently the work of a venerable artist, while it breathes a fragile charm, often fails in conviction. Such is the case with Ibsen, and such is the case with his great compeer, Björnson. *Laboremus* was produced for the first time at Christiania less than a couple of months ago, and we are driven to the conclusion that either dramatic taste in Norway is decidedly less naïve than it is in England, or the play failed intensely in its appeal to the audience. Of dramatic power, *Laboremus* has little or none. It is a story as fanciful as any of Maeterlinck's, wrapped in a cloak of pseudo-realism. There is no true realism in the piece, except a realism of phraseology and *mise-en-scène*. The theme is stated, with full details, at least three times in the play; we give extracts from the statement in the third act:

Borgny: I wanted to tell you something that happened in my own family. A lady, one of the noblest that ever lived, fell very ill. She sat in an easy-chair or lay in bed, and was no longer able to do anything. She could not even play, which she liked best of all; nor was it possible for her to have her daughter with her.

Longfrid: Why could she not have her daughter with her?

Borgny: The disease was contagious. . . . This longing for music and for her daughter rendered her condition worse. The doctors came to the conclusion that she ought, at least, to hear some music. The family lived in the country, but was very rich. So they advertised through a musical agency for an accomplished lady-pianist.

Longfrid: But the disease was contagious!

Borgny: That was why it was so long before any one could be found. At last, however, there was one who ventured.

Longfrid: A skilful one?

Borgny: An extraordinary one. A renowned one, even.

Longfrid: This interests me! Music as a cure! . . . And what was the result!

Borgny: Excellent. She enchanted every one. There was something in her person and in her music, something that hypnotised.

The patient revived; her appetite increased; sleep came; her vital power was quickened, so that the doctors began to have fresh hopes. Far and wide, people spoke of it. The music had really worked wonders.

But there was a "shy man sitting in a corner," the husband. The pianist fell in love with him, and changed her tactics. The patient understood everything:

Longfrid: And said nothing?

Borgny: I should not have done so either; and soon she was no longer able to say anything.

Longfrid: How so?

Borgny: The other one took away her strength, inch by inch, with her wishes, with her eyes, with her music. She even turned the music against her.

Longfrid [*Rising*]: Such a thing I never . . .

Nor we either, except in poetic fiction, where the idea has served its turn many times. A theme so fanciful should have been treated fancifully. It is in vain that Björnson sticks it in the rooms of a modern hotel. The reader cannot possibly be convinced in any realistic way, because his common-sense tells him that the notion is fundamentally absurd. If the reader had merely been asked to accept the idea for what it is, a conceit, he would have been able to comply, with advantage. Björnson seems wilfully to have added to his difficulties. Why should the disease have been contagious? Does it not appear strange that a daughter should abandon her mother while a stranger takes her place? These trifles fatally impair such slender vraisemblance as the idea possesses. We are aware that the story may be said to have a spiritual significance; but, if the operative machinery is made realistic, the spiritual significance cannot begin to signify until the more earthly aspect of the affair has been rendered convincing.

The play commences after the death of the patient. The husband has married the pianist. But that dream is soon shattered, and the pianist next inveigles a musical composer, who, by a coincidence far too facile, is writing an opera on the subject of Undine. Happily for the composer, the daughter of the dead woman supervenes, and gives him a new conception of the Undine. The pianist disappears. "Now you will be able to work," says the composer's uncle. Hence, we presume, the title of the play.

The plot is richly embroidered with the inventions of an opulent fancy—a fancy which seems always inclined towards the "precious"—as, for instance, in the love-scene between the Undine-pianist and her second victim:

Lydia: I thank you for wanting to come to me. You shall not be disappointed. I will create a deep, vast silence around you, as if you were living in a forest, a large forest.

Longfrid: How?

Lydia: In art the essential thing is to be alone, far away from all surroundings.

Longfrid: Naturally.

Lydia: Last time this was not possible. All the time was lost in trying to find out how to be alone. That caused the unrest. Don't you understand?

Longfrid: Perhaps . . . Yes, do you know . .

Lydia: Let us go away, Longfrid. There is no other means. You and I—I and you, and stillness, stillness. No one and nothing else besides. Then you shall see.

This might be an extract from something by Rémy de Gourmont in the *Mercure de France*. Lydia's defence of the Undine-methods is done in the same vein:

Lydia: What I understood was her longing. Her pain in the life she led. Her craving for what she could not reach. Her aspiration after a higher form of life. Her belief that she could reach it by winning the soul of a man, and then by having a share in life through him. . . . A crime? I see no crime in the Undine. The story of the Undine is the great Nature-yearning; the great love for what is above her, for that which delivers, whatever be the obstacles.

This is all very well, but it sounds strangely in "a large, richly-furnished drawing-room." Most of the play is pretty; some of it is beautiful; all of it has a vague distinction. But its fine-drawn, capricious scenes are

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matter for amiable gossip over tea-tables rather than serious discussion. The thing is just good enough to talk about. We can say this without abating our appreciation of the high value of the totality of Björnson's artistic achievement, now extending over some fifty years.

The translation is bad.

Other New Books.

THE LETTERS OF THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON. EDITED BY C. STRACHEY AND A. CALTHROP.

Mr. Strachey, who writes the introduction to this edition, makes a sturdy, and, we think, valid defence of Lord Chesterfield, who has been condemned far more by one or two scraps of easy-going advice to his son than by the body of his Letters or by his life. Dr. Johnson, as everyone knows, fell out with Chesterfield, and naturally his judgments on the peer were most epigrammatic when they were most hostile. It is remembered that he called Chesterfield's morals those of a whore, and his manners those of a dancing-master, while it is forgotten that his later judgments were milder, and even tended to admiration, as when he admitted that Chesterfield's manner was "exquisitely elegant, and he had more knowledge than I expected." Mr. Strachey is justified in thinking that "had circumstances been more propitious, Johnson might possibly have come to regard the Earl as no more objectionable than (say) Jack Wilkes." The glib condemners of Chesterfield have, many of them, not so much as paused to remember that the son to whom he chose to write as one man of the world to another was his illegitimate offspring, and that Chesterfield's whole attitude to his boy was unique. Loving him, undoubtedly, as a father, he chose to sink the father and advise him as an experienced friend. In his later Letters he addressed his son as "My Dear Friend," in order to emphasise his desire to meet him on equal, or, at least, unprejudiced terms. How many fathers would like to adopt, in some measure, Chesterfield's plan, and have not the courage!

The Letters are a slow tragedy of parentage. The father's persistence in advice is really pathetic. His eyes follow his son around Europe, and his letters search him out everywhere. "When I have wrote you a very long letter on any subject, it is no sooner gone but I think I have omitted something in it, which might be of use to you; and then I prepare the supplement for the next post; or else some new subject occurs to me, upon which I fancy I can give you some information, or point out some rules which may be advantageous to you."

His wit is charming in the conclusion of his 103rd letter: "My long and frequent letters, which I send you in great doubt of their success, put me in mind of certain papers, which you have, very lately, and I, formerly, sent up with kites, along the string, which we called messengers; some of them the wind used to blow away, others were torn by the string, and but few of them got up and stuck to the kite. But I will content myself now, as I did then, if some of my present messengers do but stick to you." But they stuck to little purpose. The son never acquired the graces which his father had for thirty years instilled; he failed in Parliament; and after a diplomatic career that galled Chesterfield by its undistinguished decency (the son has been as much libelled as the father) Philip Stanhope, the most counselled man of his age, died at Avignon. By a crowning irony the news of his son's death was brought to Chesterfield by his son's commonplace widow, of whom he had never heard. Yet he received the stranger well, and the two grandsons she presented. Decidedly this edition of Chesterfield's Letters is welcome. Introduction and notes are alike excellent. (Methuen. 2 vols. 6s. each.)

RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF THE TRANSVAAL WAR. BY E. T. COOK.

Mr. E. T. Cook, it is pretty generally known, was editor of the *Daily News* for five years, and retired from that post early in the present year. He is a Radical, but a Radical who believes in the Empire, and the volume which he has just published is almost as much an explanation of his attitude in our relations with the Transvaal as it is a study of the causes which led up to the Transvaal War. Mr. Cook believes that "substantially" Great Britain has been in the right, and the Dutch ex-Republics in the wrong, but though his book is informed with a definite opinion, he has endeavoured to supply the reader with the data necessary for arriving at an independent judgment. He has made it his aim to supply throughout chapter and verse for every reference, and has cited textually the more important despatches, collecting them in their proper order from a mass of Blue-books, many of which are now out of print. The task is one which demands an orderly and logical mind, an understanding of causes and effects, and that clear insight into human nature which appears to be absolutely foreign to so many among us. Mr. Cook has, thanks to his training, been able to bring these to bear upon his book, though he is hampered by his prepossessions. But he has struggled gallantly against them, and if it is any merit to be impartial in a matter of the kind, Mr. Cook has, perhaps, come as near that state as any man can. He recognises that there was, and is, a conflict of ideals, of race, and of ambitions, in South Africa, or, to put it shortly, between Mr. Rhodes's ideal of a United South Africa under the Union Jack and Mr. Kruger's ideal of a United South Africa under a Dutch Afrikander flag. He gives quotations which show how, years before the Raid was thought of, Mr. Kruger cherished the idea of driving the English into the sea, and had begun to make the Transvaal the arsenal of South Africa, and by chapter and verse he demonstrates that the Outlanders had rights, or that Mr. Gladstone thought he had secured rights for them, and that the Johannesburg capitalists held out against the Reform movement as long as they possibly could. Mr. Cook's work is one of the indispensable books on the subject, and with a little more detachment it would have been among the most valuable of them. Its usefulness will be increased by its full index, and the chronological list of the more important despatches quoted in the body of the text. (Edward Arnold.)

THE BOLIVIAN ANDES. BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

This record of climbing and exploration in the Cordillera Real is marked by all the good qualities which have distinguished Sir Martin Conway's previous work; it is full, accurate, high-spirited, and exhilarating as the lower snow-slopes. Difficulties are the life-blood of your true mountaineer, and Sir Martin grasps difficulties by the hand in the most friendly fashion, and turns them to good account. If he failed to reach the summit of Mount Sorata, that was merely because the weather conditions made the complete ascent impossible; but he did stand upon the summit of Illimani, at an altitude of 21,200 feet, and heard his guide, Maquignar, say the notable words, "Monsieur, à vous la gloire." It is for such moments that the explorer lives.

Sir Martin's observations were not made without serious obstacles, for the Indians who live upon the high plateau of Bolivia have no knowledge of the innocent methods employed in making a "bar-subtense survey," and they not unnaturally suspect that some witchcraft is at work when a theodolite points straight at one of their sacred mountains. On one occasion Sir Martin only escaped death by frequent discharges of his revolver, "taking care, of course, not to hit any one, for that would have made matters infinitely worse, and would have put an end to the possibility of completing my survey."

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The book has interesting chapters dealing with the yet only partially developed rubber industry of Bolivia, the gold-mines of Cusanaco and Yani, and the tin-mines of Huaina Potosi. There is also much of value concerning the relics of the great Spanish occupation, an occupation the influence of which is still manifest in some quaint survivals. Altogether this latest of Sir Martin Conway's contributions to the noble literature of exploration is worthy of its predecessors. (Harper.)

Messrs. Longman have issued in a single octavo volume Mr. S. R. Gardiner's study of Oliver Cromwell, which was published by Messrs. Goupil, with illustrations, in the Illustrated Series of Historical Volumes. A photogravure portrait, from Samuel Cooper's painting at Cambridge, is given as frontispiece. The price of the book is 5s. net.

The *Index to the First Ten Volumes of Book Prices Current*, just issued by Mr. Elliot Stock, will be warmly welcomed by possessors of the set, who have now a key to the series. Mr. Jaggard, the compiler, is quite entitled to exclaim, as he does, on the magnitude and worry of his task. The work involved the marshalling into order of thirty-three thousand titles, and considerably over half-a-million numerals. We have no means of testing the accuracy of the result, but we have no doubt that Mr. Jaggard has erred only because he is human, and that he has really filled "the vacuum caused by the want of an up-to-date Lowndes."

As a study in a remote "working" of the literary mine, Mr. G. H. Maynadier's work, *The Wife of Bath's Tale: Its Sources and Analogues* (Nutt, 6s. net), will doubtless appeal to a select audience of scholars. Mr. Maynadier is Instructor in English at Harvard University, and this study was presented by him in 1898. "It considers the sources of 'The Wife of Bath's Tale' and of the English tales manifestly related to it, their connection with one another, and their possible relation with other tales which seem to present what is virtually the central incident of Chaucer's poem." Mr. Maynadier claims originality for some of the resemblances he has noted, among them those of Thomas of Ercildoune, and of the *Wolfdietrich* poems to Chaucer's story.

"The investor must keep his eyes open, consult his broker as before, and make use of the wits with which Nature has furnished him." With these wise reservations, Mr. C. H. Thorpe sets out, in *How to Invest and How to Speculate* (Grant Richards, 5s.), to instruct the man in the street in "certain guiding principles." The only guiding principle we should ourselves offer is, Don't speculate at all; and to do Mr. Thorpe justice, his book consists mainly of advice and information as to investment. Of course there is speculation and speculation, as Mr. Thorpe points out in his chapter of "Hints to the Small Investor." For the married small investor, Mr. Thorpe thinks an endowment policy is, after all, the best investment. It certainly saves all worry. A useful and informing book.

In *The Double Choir of Glasgow Cathedral: A Study of Rib Vaulting* (Hedderwick & Sons, Glasgow) Mr. Thomas Lennox Watson is in the position of an architect coming to the aid of the historian. There are few documentary records of the history of Glasgow Cathedral, and, therefore, it is in the cathedral itself that the missing story must be sought. This source of information is, again, narrowed down to the art of rib-vaulting, of which the cathedral presents some important types of different periods. It is by a technical examination of these vaultings that Mr. Watson endeavours to elucidate the history of Glasgow Cathedral. His obvious mastery of his subject, and the care with which the publishers have produced his treatise, will commend this handsome book to its predestined readers. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

Fiction.

A Pair of Patient Lovers. By W. D. Howells. (Harpers. 6s.)

Five short stories make up this volume, which is delightfully bound, contains a portrait in colours of the author, and is the first of a "Portrait Collection of Short Stories." Those who know and love the ease and suavity of Mr. Howells, his delicate appreciation of the finer shades of emotion, his sportive play upon the surface of life with but a passing glimpse into the deeper pools, will find him at his best in the story of the Pair of Patient Lovers. We meet again the "happy married lovers"—those of the *Wedding Journey*—and, as usual, they are tremendously interested in the affairs of other lovers whose happiness is trembling in the balance. Says Mrs. March:

> "I am getting no good of the summer at all. I shall go home in the fall more jaded and worn out than when I came. To think that we should have this beautiful place, where we could be so happy and comfortable, if it were not for having this abnormal situation under our nose and eyes all the time!"
>
> "Abnormal? I don't call it abnormal," I began, and I was sensible of my wife's thoughts leaving her own injuries for my point of view so swiftly that I could almost hear them whir.

The abnormal situation is caused by Mrs. Bentley, the invalid mother, who will permit the engagement of her daughter to the young clergyman of Gormanville, but refuses to dispense with her nurse and consent to the marriage. We follow the eight years of patient waiting only through the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. March. That is Mr. Howells's well-known method—the working from the eye to the implication. The method has its limitations. It never presents the story from the inside. But Mr. Howells is supreme in his power of inference from the pose of a head or the angle of an eyebrow. Of the other stories in this volume, "The Pursuit of the Piano" is the most whimsical, and the slightest. And the thing is so well done that one almost forgets to ask whether it were worth the doing by such a master of his art as Mr. Howells.

The Vicar of St. Luke's. By Sibyl Creed. (Longmans. 6s.)

This is a story of parochial life, and a very good one. It is also an essay in controversy, and from that point of view, too, it is good. The Vicar is a familiar type. Knowing little of either theology or history, he is an enthusiastic maintainer of the "pure Catholic" tradition of the Church of England, and bent upon carrying his parish with him in his efforts to introduce into the services some elegancies of ritual. That man is very honest. The loss of his betrothed—for his convinced preference for the single state had not saved him—brings him to an examination of his position which results in his finding rest at last, "full in the panting heart of Rome"; he is left in the earliest stage of the strenuous process by which Jesuits are made.

Of another kind is Docker, the senior curate; a fashionable man, of accomplishments, who is not actually insincere and not quite a gentleman, but clever and capable. In the bosom of the family he can satirise the position rather effectively. Thus:

> "That's a grand principle we've got ourselves provided with, certainly. . . . Put clearly, it amounts to this. The hierarchical institution of the Anglican Church is absolutely sacred, and to be bowed down to and venerated, hang Dissenters, you know; at the same time, it is quite plain that we Catholic clergy within the aforesaid Church owe obedience to our ecclesiastical superiors only in matters as to which our ecclesiastical superiors show themselves duly submissive to the opinions of us Catholic clergy. Great, isn't it?"

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This clear-eyed young man is very properly rewarded with a minor canonry, and, presently, when he has grown "broad," with a fat benefice.

The half-pay Colonel, new-converted by the Vicar's eloquence on the subject of altar-lights, characteristically expresses his convictions in this simple-hearted way:

> "The Roman Church may answer all right for people who have the misfortune to belong to it, but I've nothing to do with that. What I can't make a pig-headed fellow like Bind see is that we—we pure and uncorrupted Catholics—are really the grand bulwark against the spread of the *errors* of Rome in this country. The grand, the principal bulwark!"

You hear him?

But our allusion to the Vicar's eloquence reminds us that Miss Creed has a dreadful habit of interlarding her good story with little bits of extremely thin rhetoric—like this:

> Eloquence, eloquence, in thyself more powerful, more sweet, more bewitching than all the other gifts under Heaven given to man, and, therefore, perhaps bestowed on him by the Divine wisdom most rarely of all; beautiful eloquence, how simply and royally didst thou enter into possession of thine own!

Let us find consolation in the thought that a lady young enough to write that, and a good deal of the same sort, in the midst of so much that is really good, will soon be old enough to laugh at it. We hoped for some time that we had at last lighted upon a novel without a love interest. There is one, but you can easily skip it. The morbid little milliner, on the other hand, as a study in hysteria, is worthy of consideration.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

SISTER TERESA. BY GEORGE MOORE.

This long, closely-printed volume is the sequel to *Evelyn Innes*. "After being engaged for two years on the history of *Evelyn Innes*," says Mr. Moore in the preface, "I found I had completed a great pile of MS., and one day it occurred to me to consider the length of this MS. To my surprise I found I had written about 150,000 words, and had only finished the first half of my story. I explained my difficulties to my publisher, suggesting that I should end the chapter I was then writing on what musicians would call 'a full close,' and that half the story should be published under the title of *Evelyn Innes* and half under the title of *Sister Teresa*. My publisher consented, frightened at the thought of a novel of a thousand pages—300,000 words." (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

EVELYN INNES. BY GEORGE MOORE.

A sixpenny edition, much revised, and ninety pages shorter than the original. "The story," says Mr. Moore in the preface, "has not been altered, but the text is almost entirely new. No one, perhaps, has rewritten a book so completely. I am aware that the alteration of a published text is deprecated in the Press, but it is difficult to understand why, for have not Shakespeare and Balzac and Goethe and Wagner and FitzGerald rewritten their works? Among my contemporaries, Mr. George Meredith and Mr. W. B. Yeats have followed the example of their illustrious predecessors." (Fisher Unwin. 6d.)

THE LADY OF LYNN. BY SIR WALTER BESANT.

This story was appearing in a contemporary at the time of the author's death. It is an historical novel, after the style of *The Orange Girl*, beginning: "The happiest day of my life, up to that time, because I should be the basest and the most ungrateful of men were I not to confess that I have since enjoyed many days far excelling in happiness that day, was the 20th of June, in the year of Grace 1747. For on that day, being my nineteenth birthday, I was promoted, though so young, to be mate or chief officer on board my ship, the *Lady of Lynn*, Captain Jaggard, then engaged in the Lisbon trade." (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

THE HONOUR OF THE ARMY. BY EMILE ZOLA.

Nine stories by M. Zola, translated by "various hands," edited, with a preface, by Mr. Vizetelly. Most of the tales were written several years ago, and appeared in the pages of a Russian review. "They show," says Mr. Vizetelly, "their author in a variety of moods, and, if some may seem sombre and tragic, the reader will find others of a very different kind—one, indeed, which is all joviality, whilst another is brimful of quiet humour." (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

THE COUNTRY I COME FROM. BY HENRY LAWSON.

The country Mr. Lawson comes from is Australia, where he has a considerable reputation as a writer of stories, and of verse. He is known, too, in this country. The present volume contains a selection of stories and sketches from his *While the Billy Boils*; *Over the Sliprails*, and *On the Track*. The book contains no table of contents. (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE HERO. BY W. S. MAUGHAM.

A story of modern life, with a tragic ending, by the author of *Liza of Lambeth*. It is one of the many new novels that make some use of the Boer War. In the beginning Colonel and Mrs. Parsons are awaiting the return from South Africa of Jamie, who has been recommended for the Victoria Cross. Jamie did not manage his life well. A novel "engagement present" is mentioned on the last page—"a complete edition of the works of Mr. Hall Caine." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

KING'S END. BY ALICE BROWN.

"She was a young woman, brilliant with the promise of a beauty not yet altogether hers. Somewhat thin, according to the type of lithe New England maids, her figure was straight, well-poised, and made to move in rhythm." That was Nancy Eliot as she came down from Thimble Mountain, where a religious meeting had been held, to the village of King's End. The story is all about the village folk and their affairs. (Constable. 6s.)

THE DOMINE'S GARDEN. BY IMOGEN CLARK.

"T'en one tay, v'en Annetje is maype a year olt, I come home. It is in t'e spring ant sickness ant sorrow are in t'e lant, only not in my house, t'ank Kott." That is how the Domine talks in this American historical novel. It begins with a long letter from Captain John Bellenden to Sir Harry Fenwick, Bart., from New York, dated 1757. (John Murray. 6s.)

THEY THAT TOOK THE SWORD. BY N. STEPHENSON.

A well-written story of the American Civil War. Lincoln comes into it—"They were almost startled by the womanly gentleness of his face, it had seemed so repellent the moment before." The story begins on the thirtieth night of August, 1862. Miss Amy Golding sat at her window. Below stairs her grandfather, with several of his friends, sat at wine in the dining-room. She heard them start a song. It was the "Star Spangled Banner." (Lane. 6s.)

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The Poetry of William Blake.

"ONE thought fills immensity," says William Blake. He not only defines the supreme quality of thought—he constantly attains it; and his works—the actual books themselves—come to be regarded in a mystical sense as symbols of the Two Infinities—the infinitely great and the infinitely little, both of which were included in his extraordinary range of vision. Messrs. Methuen's latest addition to the "Little Library" series, *Selections from the Works of William Blake*, is uniform in size and appearance with the other volumes of the series that have preceded it; and yet it looms larger than them all, because even in Selections William Blake has the thoughts that fill immensity.

This dainty little volume contains an interesting portrait of the poet taken from a life-mask, and an adequate, and at times luminous, introduction by Mark Perugini. In glancing over the Selections, the wonder at the special epoch of Blake's advent grows more and more.

It is on the threshold of that most formal of all literary portals—the portal giving access to the over-perfumed chambers and artificial parterres of the eighteenth century—that we encounter the unique and arresting personality of William Blake. He flashes across an age of barren fact and arid minutiæ, the lighting of an extraordinary imagination. His faith burns with splendid intensity in the dry air of universal scepticism. While others labour with sterile assiduity in the schools of style, he is inspired with words direct from heaven! and over the eighteenth century litter of "puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux," his child-songs float, buoyant and radiant as sunlit thistledown on a rhythmic wind.

At every point his genius clashes with the conventions of his time; he bears kinship in simplicity of symbol and magnificent concreteness of vision to the Dreamer of Revelation; he is brother to Chaucer in freshness of outlook and joy of heart; and Mr. Swinburne links his name with the noblest interpreter of the modern democratic spirit, drawing a parallel between Blake and Walt Whitman in common sweetness of personality and bold outspokenness of view.

For such range and intensity of vision as his, one medium in art was insufficient; and his drawings are as vital as his poems. It is only by doing violence that we dissever the text of his Lyrics from the lovely designs wherein he set them—designs wherein, to quote Mr. Swinburne, "herb and stem break into grace of shape and blossoming form, and the branch work is full of little flames and flowers, catching as it were from the verse enclosed the fragrant heat and delicate sound they seem to give back."

Blake's extraordinary originality of mind is manifested even in the manner of producing his books: his own hand printed and engraved them by a method all his own. In all things he stands without precursor or successor, absolutely alone; his precise and politic age neglected and misunderstood him, and still much remains that is obscure, both in his life and in his work. Yet the simplest and the tenderest child-notes that have ever found their way into verse come to us out of his "Songs of Innocence." They are full of the joy of the child, of the happy faith of the child. In reading them we seem to understand something of the ancient teaching that set the child above the wisest of men; and all the old forgotten beauty of aspiration after "Mercy, pity, peace, and love," comes back with a new light. Blake's Lyrics have the quality of absolute spontaneity, and beside them the most child-like of song is apt to appear stilted and self-conscious. His simplicity of phrase is never the result of paucity of thought; rather it reveals the closest and most loving understanding of children and animals—that insight that Thomas à Kempis tells us is born of purity. The mind that was filled with such tenderness for the lamb, included the comprehension of the tiger, and bent into shape that poem magnificent for might and restraint:

> Tiger, tiger burning bright
> In the forests of the night,
> What immortal hand or eye
> Framed thy fearful symmetry?

As faith and love were the corner-stones of Blake's creed, so doubt and cruelty he regarded as the two most heinous offences against heaven.

> If the sun and moon should doubt
> They'd immediately go out,

he says in "Auguries of Innocence," a poem regarded by Mr. W. M. Rossetti as "one of Blake's noblest performances," and by Dr. Richard Garnett as "little remote from nonsense."

It is to be noted that many of Blake's poems were composed in early youth. "The Poetical Sketches," written between the ages of twelve and twenty, contain some of his most perfect work, and are, according to Dr. Richard Garnett, "little short of miraculous." Take this verse from "To Spring":

> Come o'er the Eastern hills and let our winds
> Kiss thy perfumed garments; let us taste
> Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls
> Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

Here we have all that goes to make up beauty; perfect form, music, and image; and that elusive light and colour that defies analysis, but that is felt to be the very essence of poetry. We give some other lovely lines from "To the Evening Star":

> Let thy west wind sleep on
> The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
> And wash the dusk with silver.

It is not easy to realise that the Blake of the Songs of Innocence and Experience is also the Blake of the Prophetic Writings—works of so obscure a meaning that the most patient of investigators have found them hard to decipher. The editor of the present *Selections* can only find room for "The Book of Thel," "Proverbs of Hell," from the "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," and a fragment from "Jerusalem." But in his introduction he makes several interesting points, distinguishing between prophecy and prediction, and giving some suggestive notes on mysticism, perhaps a little too dogmatically expressed. Then Mr. Swinburne has given the Prophetic Books loving study, and we have the light of his essay to help us; and Messrs. Ellis and W. B. Yeats have written an interpretation remarkable for its microscopic research, in which even the charts, on such subjects as the "Symbolic use of the Triad in the Structure of the Poem," illustrate the difficulty of elucidation. How are we to bridge the period of "The Lamb," and the period of "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," "The Daughters of Albion," "Milton," "Jerusalem," and the rest?

On consideration, simplicity is not, after all, so remote from mysticism. It is the men of simplest life and soul that have been the greatest dreamers, and the truths most

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unapprehendable have had the simplest objects for symbols. The thistledown holds within its wings the possibility of groping roots, that dream of purple colour even in the dark earth. From childhood upwards, Blake was a seer of visions. On this insufficient evidence is based the assumption of his madness. The question is amply discussed in Mr. Gilchrist's admirable "Life," and need not concern us here. The step from a visionary to a mystic is not a long one. Behind this material world of appearances, Blake saw the spirit-world, which he conceived to be the reality. Outward vision he counted a snare, and the inner vision alone to be trusted:

> We are led to believe a lie
> When we see *with*, not *through* the eye,

he says in one place: and in another: "I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action." Nevertheless, he was bound of necessity to use material symbols as the only medium of expressing his huge abstract conceptions: and yet on his own statement he finally lost sense of the value of the images he employed. Hence the resultant confusion.

Traces of mysticism are discoverable even in the earlier works. There is the faint light of another world showing through in this verse from "The Little Black Boy":

> And we are put on earth a little space,
> That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
> And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
> Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

In the "Songs of Experience" there lives one of the most haunting abstractions in literature. The lines are in the invocation to earth, and are among the most beautiful that Blake has written:

> Hear the voice of the Bard
> Who present, past, and future sees;
> Whose ears have heard
> Thy Holy Word
> That walked among the ancient trees;
>
> Calling the lapsèd soul,
> And weeping in the evening dew;
> That might control
> The starry pole
> And fallen, fallen light renew!

This exquisite personification was the forerunner of the uncouth hieroglyphs that figure in the Prophetic Writings. It should be said, however, that these books contain isolated passages of great beauty; and that "The Book of Thel," in particular, despite the differences of commentators, is easy of interpretation. This poem may appeal to those—if there be any such—to whom "The Songs of Innocence" appear somewhat trivial, and who are repelled by the obscurity of the later work. Thel's address to the lily of the valley is memorable, not so much for grace and delicacy as for the intimate revelation of an exquisite flower-soul. Chaucer's daisy alone is worthy to stand beside it:

> Thel answered: "O thou little virgin of the peaceful valley,
> Giving to those that cannot crave, the voiceless, the o'ertired,
> Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb; he smells thy milky garments,
> He crops thy flowers, while thou sittest smiling in his face. . . .

Limits of space, unfortunately, prevent mention being made of more than one other passage from the Prophetic Writings. The description of the lark in "Milton" gives Blake a not unworthy place beside the lovers of that most favoured bird:

> He leads the choir of day; trill, trill, trill, trill:
> Mounting upon the wings of light into the great expanse;
> Re-echoing against the lovely blue and the shining heavenly shell;
> His little throat labours with inspiration, every feather
> On throat and breast and wings vibrates with the effluence divine. . . .

With this passage we may fittingly close; taken symbolically, it is not inapplicable to Blake himself. "Trill, trill, trill, trill," stands for the very notes of his joyous child-songs; few poets can lay claim to a more genuine inspiration; and no one poet combined as he did the warm love for the meanest of earth-things—the worm, the pebble, the clod of clay—with the same capacity for soaring into the infinite abstractions of the empyrean.

Things Seen.

Renouncement.

The great west door was wide. From the sunshine I gazed deep in to where six high candles glowed like red doubts through a fog of incense. Mass was over; the organ was mute. Even as I looked, a boy in a gauzy surplice was extinguishing, from right to left three, from left to right other three, of the candles. Yet the people stayed; not in their seats, but crowding on foot the gangway of the nave, approaching the altar at snail's pace.

Skirting the tail of the throng I found my way to the north aisle, which commanded a view of the whole church.

At the entrance to the choir sat a young man gorgeous in red and gold. One by one the people knelt before him. He offered his hands, open palm downwards, to receive the reverent kiss. Then the hands sundered, and the right waved the sign of benediction over a bowed head.

Time after time the little ceremony was repeated. There were men who bent silver heads; a tottering, old fellow in workhouse garb; another whom I fancied a veteran colonel of cavalry—men who in their own way had lived out their lives. A grave young sailor received the blessing, and a sergeant of the Irish Guards. Two little lads in sailor suits could hardly be persuaded to rise. There were proud, ugly women, and young girls in summer gowns (these came away, some of them, with tears in their honest eyes), frowsy beggar women, a girl with a crutch in a shouting violet frock, and a Eurasian ayah with bangles on her feet. Saxon, Celt, Latin—you might distinguish the types. All the players in this little drama showed some sign of emotion—all but one—the little lonely young man in red and gold. The self-seeking world might worship the Renouncement it dared not emulate; but he, with his eyes bent down, saw none of them. At every instant of respite his hands fell into his lap and his fasting body drooped. He was dead tired.

The Critic.

We have a spasmodic acquaintance, for on about three days out of the seven he drives the 'bus on which I travel homeward at night. He is a "superior man," owning the 'bus he drives, with a son who is a sergeant-major and a daughter who wears pretty hats and sometimes rides on father's 'bus. This sunny afternoon I was introduced to her with a jerk of the whip, for she had been to visit her aunt at Old Ford and father had picked her up. The driver is superior and having discovered that I am a "writing gentleman," discusses with me the fringe of literature: such as the relative merits of the *Mail* and the *Express*. This afternoon the presence of the daughter in the pretty hat elated him, and as we rolled down Piccadilly he threw over his shoulder news of the purchase of some Encyclopædia or other, news which was half lost in the roar of traffic. But the pretty hat twinkled with triumph. At St. George's Hospital we pulled up. "Ever notice that?" said the

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driver. I followed the direction of his whip. Across the hospital, with windows between, ran the inscription:

SUPPORTED BY
VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

The pretty hat twinkled again as I said that hospitals should be supported by the rates. "But it's wrong," said the driver. "It ain't grammar. Supported voluntary!" The horses started towards Knightsbridge. At Albert Gate we were stopped by the traffic. "It ought to be vo*luntarily*," said the driver. "That's grammar. I bin talking about that for the last ten years." "But why not read it across?" I suggested. "Supported by Voluntary Contributions. That's grammar." He looked doubtfully over his shoulder at me, and fell into silence. The pretty hat ceased to twinkle, and as I descended from the 'bus I was rather sorry to have spoiled a triumph which had lasted so long.

Sartor Re-read.

THERE is a certain tremour in returning to a book which has been an *avatar* to one's youth, an author who has been among the authentic gods of one's dawning years. Can that early impression survive the hard light of settled judgment? How many a figure which once loomed to us colossal has shrunk to most human dimensions in that searching light! To one it is the Byron of his youth that has thus wilted away; to another the Tennyson that has revealed unsuspected limitations. However, a final judgment may resolve that the divinity, after all, was there. It is an experiment nigh as dubious as the re-reading of young love-letters. These reflections are suggested to us by turning over the elaborate new edition of "Sartor Resartus," edited for Messrs. Black by Mr. J. A. S. Barrett. It is an excellent edition in most respects, with a quite admirable introduction; though the incessant foot-notes irritatingly insist on informing us about everything, from the situation of Downing-street to that of Otaheite. But what concerned us was apart from all editions. It was how *Sartor* would read, thus verily *Resartus*, by matured judgment, after having long lain on the shelf of reverencing memory.

On the whole, there was small need for fear. What it loses in perception of defects (and that mostly discounted by general knowledge of the Carlylean weaknesses) it gains by deeper perception of its fundamental depths. What first strikes you is the remaining evidences in it of what one might call the prehistoric Carlyle style. You had not remembered—rather, had not noticed this. At the outset of the book you find sentences of an almost flowing symmetry and orderliness, well-nigh balance, quite unlooked-for in the author of the *French Revolution*. Take the very first:

> Considering our present advanced state of culture, and how the Torch of Science has now been brandished and borne about, with more or less effect, for five thousand years and upwards; how, in these times especially, not only the torch still burns, and perhaps more fiercely than ever, but innumerable Rush-lights, and sulphur matches, kindled thereat, are also glancing in every direction, so that not the smallest cranny or dog-hole in Nature or Art can remain unilluminated—it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that hitherto little or nothing of a fundamental character, whether in the way of philosophy or history, has been written on the subject of Clothes.

Had Carlyle never written but so, he would not have perturbed our fathers and grandfathers with such deep dismay,-not to say scandal, at his revolutionary assaults on the English tongue. But as he warms to his work, he falls into that "Babylonish dialect" which we recognise for genuine Carlylese. The phrase cleaves to it not inaptly for good no less than for ill. It has a certain Babylonian spaciousness of barbaric and primæval grandeur, amazing and imposing, even while it offends a Greek sense of form and clearness. On its ill side he has himself described it with that felicitous and aloof sense of self-criticism which some of the greatest authors possess—believing in themselves far too strongly not to be capable of amused laughter at themselves.

> Of his sentences perhaps not more than nine-tenths stand straight on their legs; the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed up by props (of parentheses and dashes), and ever with this or the other tag-rag hanging from them; a few even sprawl-out helplessly on all sides, quite broken-backed and dismembered.

That is as severe and true a criticism as could be passed on the mechanics of his style. A more damaging charge is the fact that his peculiarities are so largely imported. The other day we heard a man disrelish Carlyle's style on the ground that he (the speaker) "knew German." It is to be wished that Carlyle were less Germanic: the least tolerable of mannerisms are foreign mannerisms. But under this German vesture the body of his style is, after all, racily English. His way is largely the way of a man condensing remarks in a notebook, and makes for pregnancy. With all his juggling and sword-brandishing, Carlyle's manner is essentially pregnant, hieroglyphic; his packed and gnarled sentences, no less than his constant images, are in the nature of hieroglyphs; the mechanism of his style is indeed the complement of its internal character, and both are labour-saving devices, means for putting much in a little room.

The great passages fall on the ear as splendidly and authoritatively as of yore; they have taken no rust from the inclemency of time. If here and there one finds a passage stilted, an all too deliberate effect after poetic effects in prose, the best have yet the unsought eloquence and elevation of deep personal feeling. They roll like boulders down a mountain slope, with rough, thunderous jar and concussion, yet striking out a harmony in their rugged contact beyond the reach of shaped and quarried law. Fiery and fuliginous (to use his own favoured word), with rent and streaming storm-rack of turmoiled imagery, their splendour zig-zags against a ground of murky and jostling utterance, from which they emerge and into which they fall back. Or one might say these sudden and strongly contrasted passages of eloquence which fleck the tortured mass of his general speech are as the blue eye of the typhoon, opening a steady deep in the midst of the whirling blackness around. Such are some of those fragments in the "Everlasting Yea," or the emergence of Teufelsdrockh on the granite battlements of the Polar Sea.

But *Sartor* is nothing if not a semi-prophetic book, as phophecy goes nowadays: it is in this aspect that it appeals to or repels us; it is its gleams and rifts of truth that focus the attention. For here also Carlyle is every way the reverse of equable and self-contained, moving by stormful and uncertain energies, with sudden swirling sunward rushes, whence he swerves with baffled and beating pinions to collect himself for another upward dart. His teaching, tempestuous and fitful, abounds in cloven profundities of gloom, and luminous interpaces of height. By these, in the main, we must gauge him. Nor must we attribute to him more than he claimed for himself, or deny his limitations. To him Christianity was a dissolved or dissolving myth, the spirit of which survived, awaiting incarnation in some new and modern *mythus*. To supply that reincarnation he addressed himself; yet in the main awakened only a yearning and most justified dissatisfaction with the sordid age in which he lived, but failed to satisfy the yearning he created. "Carlyle," said Clough, "has led us all out into the wilderness and left us there." Many truths are to be found in him, in this *Sartor* above all; but

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Truth herself shows flittingly through shifting vapours, doubtful if she were seen at all. In an age of the grossest materiality, no smug "scientific" explanations could loosen his clutch on the perpetual Pentecostal miracle of Nature. He saw and burningly proclaimed her to be manifestly wonderful and prophetic. No rationalism could shut from him the inwardness which was latent in all outwardness; externality almost ceased for him in the miraculous light which permeated and emanated from it. For this and things like these *Sartor* is most thankworthy. The maturer one is the more one discerns and honours these penetrant glimpses which for an instant make matter translucent. Yet glimpses they are, and instantaneous, transient. Perhaps they could not be otherwise—certainly not in Carlyle. Cloud-tossed and lightning-torn because himself could never get to himself any clear account of what he knew or believed as a whole; because his burning intuitions could never combine into any diffused radiance of system. And those who despise system, be sure, are those who cannot see life whole, but only by brief intensity of levin-flashes which leave behind momentary spaces of clear vision skirted by darkness and "the collied night." Such are apt to confound true system with the iron pedantry which narrows all truth within a brick-built Babel, circumvallated by courses of "logic formulæ"—as Carlyle himself would phrase it. "How paint to the sensual eye what passes in the Holy-of-Holies of Man's Soul; in what words, known to these profane times, speak even afar off of the unspeakable?" he asks. Which is most true; yet he who confines himself wholly to such swift-dislimning adumbrations of partly glimpsed truths, however super-sensual, cannot claim to be a complete teacher, even on our mundane and imperfect plane of completeness, where Christ Himself did not teach all things, leaving that to the spirit in each man's heart. So Carlyle is a teacher "as in a glass darkly," a teacher by fits and glimpses; from whom they will learn most who least attempt the vanity of systematising him, of "giving an account" of him. So we have seen a photograph of Vesuvius in eruption, where the tightly-defined edges of the voluming vapours were as strenuously false to the truth of nature as they were faithful to the rigid logic of the hard-eyed camera. These volcanic Carlylean shapes of truth you cannot photograph and reduce to linear definition, mingled as they are with scoriac showers of misperception and even untruth. For least of all men had this eruptive, prejudiced peasant any infallibility. An infallible Scotsman were too frightful a portent for the world or his country to endure. Often, indeed, would we fain display where Carlyle followed hot and fierce as any bloodhound the trail of truth, and where he stopped, suddenly baulked, as by that magic rock-door which shut out the lame boy who pursued the wake of the Pied Piper; but we withhold. For our business here has been a little semi-retrospective criticism, not to prophesy regarding a partial prophet.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Correspondence.

What is True Poetry?

SIR,—Your issue of June 29 affords much help towards the solution of this question.

In your article on Mr. Meredith's new volume you make it clear that a true poem must be pervaded through and through with a spirit of deep emotion. The heaven-born Promethean fire must not be wanting; else the reader is left cold, his pulses are not stirred, his interest is not quickened. True poetry, as Matthew Arnold teaches us, has a power to form, sustain, and delight our souls. It is evident, if it can do all this, that it must appeal to the emotions. It must be the medium by means of which the emotion is conveyed from the soul of the poet to our own.

There is a tendency in certain quarters to see very little merit in our modern poetry. But surely—to mention the name of one present-day poet—those who are acquainted at all with the poems of Mr. William Watson know how exquisitely he can give expression to his emotions. "Vita Nuova" may be referred to as an instance of his power in this respect.

I should like to quote the passage beginning:

Me the Sp z,
Me also, dimly with new life hath tou d,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of e;

but it is too long to give in a short letter.

In the current issue of the ACADEMY you quote the words of the Professor of Poetry at Oxford, in which he insists on the necessity of suggestiveness in poetry.

What is it that makes that phrase of Æschylus, which may be rendered "the myriad smile" (*ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*) of ocean, a possession for ever to the lover of poetry? Is it not the suggestiveness of it? Does it not call up to our view the vast surface of the sea sparkling in the sunlight?

There is one more essential of true poetry: it is beauty. The poet can only successfully appeal to our emotions or suggest thoughts to us if his verses have a haunting melody and chasm of diction.—I am, etc.,

H. P. WRIGHT.

Elsdon, Otterburn, Northumberland.

"Australasia, Old and New."

SIR,—As I am only too pleased to find my book reviewed in a periodical of the literary standing of the ACADEMY, I am somewhat reluctant to say anything by way of complaint; but I think you will see that an injustice has been done me—unintentionally, of course—in your recent review, which says:

> Mr. Grey does not believe in Imperial Federation, and holds that Australia will become an independent nation. Putting aside the ingratitude of the idea, it is difficult to see how a few millions of white people in Australia, who do not number in all the Colonies—men, women, and children all told—as many as the inhabitants of London, would be able to resist the ambitions of Germany and France. Mr. Grey has a keen apprehension of the presence of those European Powers in Australasian waters, *but he apparently does not see how utterly helpless the great island continent would be were it not for the British fleet.*

The italics are mine. As this is exactly the reverse of what I *do see*, please permit me to quote from my book on the subject, as follows:

> The work of nation-building has just begun; many decades must pass before Australia is in a position of self-reliance; her present population, scarcely numbering five million souls, must increase to twenty or thirty millions of people, and enormous sums of money must be expended in perfecting a scheme of internal and external defence. But all these things will assuredly come to pass in the fulness of time; her geographical position and conditions differing so greatly from those of the Northern Hemisphere, will be special arguments to support her claims for complete control of her own affairs, internal as well as external, and no Statesman will be found to resist those claims whenever they are advanced, as they certainly will be, years, perhaps, before the present century draws to a close. . . . Therefore, Australia has much to do before she can dispense with the protection of Great Britain, and it would be madness to dream of doing that under existing circumstances. The danger of doing it is too evident for Australia to ignore her dependence upon the Mother Land. That she recognises the necessity of maintaining the connection is clear from the anxiety she displays with regard to the encroachments of Foreign Powers in the Pacific. On one hand she

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THE FOLLOWING SELECTIONS ARE FROM "SONGS AND LYRICS":—

FROM THE LOVE POEMS.

THRO' THE PASS OF LLANBERIS.

Yon....at the end of the valley,
Storm-wrack and cloud before—
Thro' the wild pass of Llanberis
To the gleam of a southern shore.

So, thro' the gulfs of sorrow,
Thro' anguish of heart and mind,
One only hope to my journey,
One haven of peace I find.

Yet, if that hope should fail me,
That home in the valley fair,
Alone, 'mid the wastes of the mountains,
Must I wrestle with despair!

HAVE WE NOT MET?

Have we not met, and must we weep
Because our paths divide?
Have we not pass'd from steep to steep
Upon the mountain side?—
Our sun, if we had never met,
In passionless content had set.

Have we not met, and can we find
No antidote to pain?
Are thought and memory both resign'd?
Doth nothing sweet remain?
Thou wouldst not we had never met,
And thou been spared this wild regret?

Have we not met—what wouldst thou more,
The Paradisal flowers?
If Fate should not our love restore,
Eternity is ours!—
And in those happy fields are set
The long, lost hours of our regret.

WITHERED HOPES.

Last night my heart was as a fading Rose,
Which in an Urn of Tears I did dispose:
When Dawn looked down from out her pearly throne,
The Rose was left, but ah! the Scent was flown.

SHE WHOM THOU LOVEST.

O heart, my heart!
Why tost in tempest throe?
She, whom thou lovest,
Cares not for thy joy,
Cares not for thy woe,
Then let her go!

O beauteous Truth!
Why is thy heart so wrung?
She, whom thou lovedst,
Is false to thee and thine,
Is false to me and mine,
Then why repine?

O kindly stars!
Why shed thy tears for her?
Or is it mine own blinding pain
That sees tears in thy glistening rain?
Oh, join with me to forget!
Leave not a way for regret!
And yet....and yet!....

REJECTED.

You cast my soul to the four winds of heaven,
You hurl me, passionate, upon the sea of life—
And all that I in love have madly given
Comes back to me in strife!

FROM THE NATURE POEMS.

THE RING-DOVE.

'Mid beechy umbrage, bosky dell,
'Tis there the Ring-dove loves to dwell,
And, when the fiery noon is high,
Croon softly to the sapphire sky.

Like plashing waters heard at even,
In which the sunset lights are riven,
His mellow voice is soft and cool
As moonbeams on a silent pool.

Not here the upward-soaring lark
With quivering throat can pierce the dark;
The Nightingale might sing in vain
Within the Ring-dove's hush'd domain.

Thy song is like a Summer dream
Beside some gently-rilling stream—
A vale where quiet hearts may rest
And in Love's sanctity be blest.

Amid the lush and waving grass,
I watch the shadows as they pass,
And in thy leafy covert find
A solace to my wounded mind—

That Life is short, and Art is vain;
All unpremeditate thy strain!
That Love is long, and Virtue sure,
And wedded bliss is more and more.

TWILIGHT.

O mystic Hour! when day and night
Seem spell-bound with the fading light,
When hill and valley, dale and grove,
Bespeak none other voice but Love.

Recumbent on her couch of pine,
With languorous grace and dewy eyne,
The Queen of Heaven doth now unfold
Her fatal beauty limn'd in gold.

Whilst on the air the bat's bent wings
Add witchery to earthly things,
As, sailing with uneven flight,
He mocks the shadows of the night.

Now doth my spirit feel a part
Of ONE, Great, Universal Heart—
The bond of fellowship at least
'Twixt Man and Nature, bird and beast.

SUNDOWN.

The noises of day come out distinct and clear
While children's voices break the muffled roar
That rises from the village. Evermore
The babble of birds disturbs the dreaming ear.
The ring-dove gurgles from a coppice near,
The lark just flits above his wheaten floor,
And tired of climbing seeks his nestlings four,
Whilst swallows cleave the laden atmosphere.

The bloom of fruit is on the distant firs,
The valley fills with soft and filmy spray,
The breeze just fans the face and dies away,
And not a leaf within the forest stirs.
The sun goes down upon the throbbing air,
And leaves the hills more silent than they were.

ON DEATH.

Why shouldst thou fear, since Death must come?
Why, Mortal, shouldst thou fear the tomb?
Thou canst not one sweet minute gain,
Nor stay the Hand that stilleth pain!
Then bravely meet the silent Foe,—
If Foe He be, Who ends thy woe,—
For at the worst Forgetfulness,
And at the best great Happiness,
Will minister to thy distress,
And make the parting less and less!

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regards with apprehension the possibility of France getting possession of the New Hebrides, and on the other she sees Germany permanently installed in New Guinea and Samoa. Left to herself just now, these two Powers would be a constant source of uneasiness to Australia, and that danger would be intensified if she had not the protection and assistance of Great Britain to rely on. Complete national independence will not be sought for, therefore, until Australia feels absolutely sure of her position from being able to defend herself against foreign attack, and when that stage of her development is reached the leave-taking between Great Britain and Australia will be one of mutual friendliness and best wishes on the part of the old nation and the new.

From the foregoing extract you will see, Mr. Editor, that there is no justification for the statement in your review that Mr. Grey "apparently does not see how utterly helpless the great island-continent would be were it not for the British fleet."—I am, etc.,

J. Grattan Grey.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall-place, S.W.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 93 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best verses, not exceeding sixteen lines, in praise of the strawberry. We award it to Mr. Alfred Edward Wright, 21, Bentinck-street, Greenock, for the following:

Most welcome, palate-tempting loveliness!
Dear to the eye, refreshment of dull thought!
Shall we not linger o'er thee to express
The triple charm from nature's wildness caught?

Slow-tinted by the various moods that run
Through secret alchemy of tireless powers,
Like a fair jewel hung against the sun,
Thou comest from the tomb of faded flowers.

Thou dost recall the outworn breath of spring.
The soft compulsion of June's warm embrace,
And the choice air of freshness thou dost bring
Tells that the transient summer grows apace.

Much more our thoughts to careless hours invite,
And pleasant meetings by cool wood and field;
Where we may taste anew the brief delight
Of the full life which may such beauty yield.

Other verses received are as follows:

Dear crimson globule hiding there,
So coyly 'mid thy dark green leaves,
As luscious and as sweet as fair,
As they know well, the feathered thieves!

Plum, peach, and apricot must bow
Their dainty heads abashed to thee;
The ripest raspberry, I vow,
Shall never win a stave from me.

God's choicest gift thou art, my friend,
Beloved by all in every home;
And then how beautiful thy end,
To find a grave in creamy foam!

Oh! may we when life's sun has set,
Still meet thee in thy winsome guise,
And see thee, born sweeter yet,
In some enchanted Paradise!

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

When dainty June spreads out a shade
As fresh as Katie's grenadine,
And underneath the swaying green
Anette the damask cloth has laid;
When Bessie hints a thirsty smile,
I seek the luscious strawb'ry pile.

'Tis not alone his royal dress
Of scarlet set with beads of gold,
Nor perfume, fine as Rhenish old,
Nor frail white blossom's loveliness,
That bids me crown the strawb'ry fair—
He hath a charm more debonair.

He comes with dancing and delight,
When balls are many, eyes are bright,
With garden parties and—the rest;
In fine, when ladies look their best.

[R. O. S., London.]

Many rare fruits the June month giveth,
Myriad flowers she jubilant shows,
Flaunts to the sun her lilacs and lilies,
Paints the earth with her glorious rose:
Proud she is of her various beauties,
Sweet to smell and lovely to see,
But of her children none can challenge,
Strawberry red, thy peer to be.

Surely thou in the Garden of Eden
Hadst no place, else never had Eve
Yearned for the apple of doom and trouble—
Trouble eternal o'er which we grieve!
Had she but known thy luscious flavour—
Subtile and sensuous as finest wine—
Never an apple that grew had tempted
Eve to incur the wrath Divine.

[A. A. B., West Bromwich.]

To most men strawberries are a simple fruit:
To me they are an emblem, for to me
They conjure from the realms of memory
The spoiling of a flannel boating suit;
For there is that in their consistency
Softer than any strains of Phœbus' lute.

Now let the lyre reveal their hidden worth,
Now let the nations realise their scope—
Blushing as redly as the Rose of Hope,
Compressed, they give the finest stain on earth,
Which cannot be removed by *any* soap,
Nor rivalled by the witcheries of Perth.

Ah! if you doubt that modest-looking fruit
Conceals within its heart the sunset glow,
Array thee in a flannel boating-suit,
Sit on some ripe ones—and thou, too, shalt know.

[H. M. G., London.

S'welp me—strawb'ry,
But yer are the
Best o' English fruit,
Bloomin' luscious,
Also pruscious,
Stoling garding loot.

Not me! *Take cream!*
Yer make me dream
O' Sal's rosy cheeks,
Red, delicious,
When she's vicious
'Cos I kisses seeks.

Yer more pretty red nor roses,
And yer taste more sweet
When yer stoling—(Lor! Sal blushes)
Yer and them's a treat.

[H. W. D. O., London.]

Twenty-nine other contributions received.

Competition No. 94 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best quotation in prose or verse to illustrate the present state of the Liberal Party.

Rules.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, The Academy, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, July 10. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon: otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1523. Established 1869. 13 July, 1901. Price Threepence.
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The Literary Week.

We have already referred to the collotype reproduction of the First Folio of Shakespeare which is to be issued by the Clarendon Press. The Chatsworth copy has, by permission of the Duke of Devonshire, been deposited on loan in the Bodleian Library, and from it the reproduction is in progress at the Oxford University Press. This reproduction will be of the exact size of the original, with the necessary margin; and the whole of the 910 pages of the First Folio will be included in one volume. A brief introduction by Mr. Sidney Lee will be prefixed, giving bibliographical details, with as full a catalogue as practicable of all known copies of the First Folio. It is already certain that it will contain details of a much larger number of copies than that enumerated in any previous list. It is proposed to issue the volume by subscription in the first place. The subscription price for copies in full calf will be six guineas, and for copies in paper boards five guineas.

It is a curious fact that the writings of Newman, Pusey, Keble, Manning, and George Eliot are exciting a great deal of interest for the first time among French students of English literature. A recent work, admirably named *L'Inquiétude Religieuse*, by Father Henri Bremond, S.J., has recently met with official recognition, and been crowned by the French Academy. This work, written in a most charming style—which, with perfect originality, reminds us now of Taine in clearness, and now of Anatole France in its touches of humanity—ought to be read by everyone interested in the direction of French thought.

The author of the detective story, *The Black Tortoise*, which was published last March, is, we are informed, a Norwegian holding a high position in his own country. The book was published under the pseudonym of "Fredrick Viller," but the author is Mr. C. Sparre, a captain in the Norwegian Navy till last year, when he became a member of the present Liberal Government in Norway. The English version of the story was made by Mrs. H. L. Brækstad. Mr. Sparre has written a new story, *The Mysterious Ship*, which is now being translated into English.

Mr. W. B. Yeats, who is staying in the county Galway with friends, is at work upon a series of short poems dealing with events in the heroic age of Ireland.

Mr. C. A. Downer has prepared a volume upon *Frédéric Mistral, the Poet of Provence*, which treats fully of the poet's life and works, and also of the modern Provençal language and the movement known as the *Félibrige*.

"Yes, many long years hence, when all of us are gone, I can imagine that a little volume will be in circulation containing 'Rab and His Friends,' and 'Our Dogs,' and also, let us say, the 'Letters to Dr. Cairns,' and 'Queen Mary's Child-Garden,' and 'Jeems, the Doorkeeper,' and the paper called 'Mystifications,' and that called 'Pet Marjorie,' or 'Marjorie Fleming,' and that then readers, now unborn, thrilled by that peculiar touch which only things of heart and genius can give, will confess to the same charm that now fascinates us, and will think with interest of Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh." So said Prof. Masson many years ago, and now Messrs. A. and C. Black are about to realise the Professor's anticipations by publishing a sixpenny edition of these papers.

The *Connoisseur*, a journal for art and curio collectors, is the title of a new illustrated shilling monthly periodical which is to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. in September. Among the subjects which will be dealt with in the first number are "An Account of the Collection of Sir Charles Tennant, Bart." ; "Some Missing Sir Joshuas" ; "The Art of Collecting Oak" ; "Hall-marks on Old Silver" ; "Engravings" ; "Violins" ; "Old Lace" ; "Medals," etc. There will be coloured plates, and other full-page illustrations, including a protrait of Sir Charles Tennant.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., the publishers of *The Living Races of Mankind*, are about to issue the first part of a companion work, to be called *The Living Animals of the World*, which will be issued in fortnightly parts. The new work will be a comprehensive Natural History, written by authorities, on what is claimed to be an entirely new plan. The illustrations, of which there will be about 1,000, including a large number of coloured plates, will be exclusively from photographs collected from all parts of the world.

Mr. Richard Whiteing was the leader of a debate at a recent meeting of the Pioneer Club on the subject, "Can the writer of fiction see too much of the world?" Mr. Whiteing was of opinion that the best writing came from the man or woman who saw not much, but deep and well, no matter how small his area. As examples, he cited the Brontës, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Mr. Barrie among others, and showed that what they knew of the world as we mean it was very little indeed; yet how well each knew his own little world! Mr. Whiteing considered that Mr. Barrie's work had suffered from a widening knowledge of the world.

A man who could write a novel of *No. 5, John-street* experiences on a big scale is now on a visit to London, says the *Daily Chronicle*. This is a young American, Prof. Wyckoff, who left the Chair of Political Economy in Princeton University to wander over the continent of America as an ordinary job workman. He has suffered with the poor, frankly adopting their conditions of life, so that he might know how they live. His two books on *Workers*, and the series of illustrated articles by him in *Scribner's Magazine*, have served him as an introduction to many Englishmen, who are delighted to make personal acquaintance with their author.

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By the death of Prof. Peter Guthrie Tait Edinburgh students have lost a great teacher. He was born in 1831, at Dalkeith; was First Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman in 1852. From 1860 up to last February he held the Natural Philosophy chair at Edinburgh. Everyone sympathised with him last year in the death of his son, Frederick, of the Black Watch regiment, who was killed at Koodoosberg Drift in February, 1900. Prof. Tait, as we have said, was a very fine teacher. In that character he is delightfully sketched by Mr. J. M. Barrie in his little book, *An Edinburgh Eleven: Pencil Portraits from College Life*. Mr. Barrie says:

> Turner is said by medicals to be the finest lecturer in the University. He will never be that so long as Tait is in the Natural Philosophy chair. Never, I think, can there have been a more superb demonstrator. I have his burly figure before me. The small twinkling eyes had a fascinating gleam in them; he could concentrate them until they held the object looked at; when they flashed round the room he seemed to have drawn a rapier. I have seen a man fall back in alarm under Tait's eyes, though there were a dozen benches between them. These eyes could be merry as a boy's, though, as when he turned a tube of water on students who would insist on crowding too near an experiment, for Tait's was the humour of high spirits. I could conceive him at marbles still, and feeling annoyed at defeat. He could not fancy anything much funnier than a man missing his chair. Outside his own subject, he is not, one feels, a six-footer. When Mr. R. L. Stevenson's memoir of the late Mr. Fleeming Jenkin was published, Tait said at great length that he did not like it; he would have had the sketch by a scientific man. But though scientists may be the only men nowadays who have anything to say, they are also the only men who can't say it. Scientific men out of their sphere know for a fact that novels are not true. So they draw back from novelists who write biography. Prof. Tait and Mr. Stevenson are both men of note, who walk different ways, and when they meet neither likes to take the curbstone. If they were tied together for life in a three-legged race, which would suffer the more?
>
> But if Tait's science weighs him to the earth, he has a genius for sticking to his subject, and I am lost in admiration every time I bring back his lectures. It comes as natural to his old students to say when they meet, "What a lecturer Tait was!" as to Englishmen to joke about the bagpipes. It is not possible to draw a perfect circle, Chrystal used to say, after drawing a very fine one. To the same extent, it was not possible for Tait never to fail in his experiments. The atmosphere would be too much for him once in a session, or there were other hostile influences at work. Tait warned us of these before proceeding to experiment, but we merely smiled. We believed in him as though he were a Bradshaw announcing that he would not be held responsible for possible errors.

In his last letter to Belinda, Arthur Pendennys is as wise and witty as ever. He deplores the fact, brought out by the Census returns, that we have among us a solid million of women in excess of men, and that they all seem to be writing garden books. Concerning *The Crisis*, he says: "Americans and English are different enough in many ways, but each has its Winston Churchill. The two young men ought to meet in the middle of the Atlantic and fight for the name. Meanwhile both benefit by the confusion. *The Crisis* is an American historical tale of the time of Lincoln, and is one of those books—which are getting far too numerous—that has sold sixty-five thousand copies. This means in America; but the publishers rarely say so I am afraid that in the case of *The Crisis* it will be found to be one of the novels that are without profit, save in their own country."

In our opinion the weather is becoming too hot for a discussion on the question "Can Literature Be Taught?" Nevertheless, it is being discussed in the *Pilot*, where Canon Ainger urbanely holds the scales between Mr. Andrew Lang, who says it cannot, and Mr. H. C. Beeching, who says it can. He says:

> On the one hand, I think Mr. Lang underrates the value, even the necessity, of notes, or instruction otherwise given, to a beginner in the subject. I am entirely with him in holding that the one sole object in studying good literature is to be able rightly and fully to admire and to enjoy it. But he seems to me to overlook the fact that unless a boy or girl understands the words they read, enjoyment is hindered and confused. And I think he over-estimates, not so much the average intelligence, but the average knowledge of the beginner. When a boy, reading "Macbeth," comes to the line:—
>
> To alter favour ever is to fear:
>
> if it conveys no meaning to him owing to the unfamiliarity of Shakespearean words or idioms, then he is so much the poorer for his ignorance—and it cannot be time wasted to remove his difficulty.
>
> On the other hand, I think Mr. Beeching has too much confidence in the ability of the teacher to create a taste for what is excellent where Nature has not so willed it. "To the mediocre," says Joubert, "the mediocre is excellent," and the hundreds of thousands who read and admire the novelist called X could by no amount of lecturing be persuaded that their idol was of clay. You may conduct a reader to the classics of our literature, but you cannot compel their enjoyment. . . . The germ of a literary sense and a literary bias is born with some persons and not with others. There seems little use in ignoring this fact. The literary sense will early stimulate literary *curiosity*—and the young student will read, right and left, for his own pleasure. He will taste this and that wine, this and that vintage, and will come to find out which is the best—and why certain poets and prose writers have come to be called "classics." There is no other way than this.

Mr. Alfred Nutt, also, joins in the debate, upholding, as ever, the research side of literature. Mr. Lang had said that the "only reason for reading Shakespeare is to be able to appreciate his poetry." Mr. Nutt exclaims:

> The only reason? Shakespeare is no absolutely isolated phenomenon; he stands in a given relation to the culture, the feelings, the manners of his time; he is influenced by his predecessors; he is influenced by and influences his contemporaries. It is surely as legitimate to study Shakespeare with a view to understanding the England and the Europe of the sixteenth century as it is, let us say, to study a rose with a view to understanding plant morphology, or the Jungfrau with a view to understanding the geology of the Alps. We do not assume that the botanist, by virtue of his study, becomes incapable of appreciating a garden of roses, or that the geologist becomes blind to the charm and majesty of mountains. Why should it be assumed, as Mr. Lang evidently does assume, that knowledge of the "history and evolution of literature" necessarily tends to deaden the appreciation of literature itself? I can imagine a boy or girl so afflicted by nature as to be unable to delight in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"; one is grieved, full of pity, as in the case of a blind or deaf child. I cannot imagine any human being so constituted as to be capable of appreciating the play, and, at the same time, capable of having his appreciative capacity destroyed by reading Mr. Gollancz's delightful introduction to it. If he were very dull, very limited in mental range, his appreciation might possibly be *not* heightened, but that it should be impaired—'tis unthinkable.

The literary world, in its two hemispheres, has heard with great regret of the death of Mr. W. J. Stillman, at the age of 74. It is but two months since we surveyed Mr. Stillman's long and varied career as artist, journalist, United States Consul, and *Times* correspondent, in connection with his *Autobiography of a Journalist*. He had met an infinite variety of men eminent in art, literature, and politics. Four years ago Mr. Stillman came to England from serving the *Times* in Italy, took a charming Surrey home, and gave himself leisure to write about

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squirrels. He was great in gardening, yet from his pen there kept flowing the evidences of his open-eyed, genial attention to the world's affairs. Not seldom he favoured us with a letter. A man of true culture, many enthusiasms, and sufficient achievement, Mr. Stillman was a man whom one misses.

THE *New York Times' Saturday Review* reports a curious literary case that has engaged the New York police-courts. It was that of a lady who had been arrested at the suit of her landlord for trying to defraud him of a board bill. The defendant pleaded that she had written an immortal work, or, if not quite that, a work which was to be "the book of the day." Although she had explained her ambitions and her intentions to her landlord, and had actually given him an order for the first payments on the unpublished and unaccepted work, he prosecuted her for removing herself and her belongings from his house without paying her bill. The magistrate decided that there was no evidence of intent to defraud on the part of the authoress. This implies a simple faith on the part of the authoress in her unborn book which is certainly pathetic. It is true that she declared that her expectations had been partly shared by the publishers to whom she had showed it. It seems to have been partly shared by the very landlord who has used her with such severity, since she quieted him for a time with assignments of her claims upon the sale. But the upshot of the war between faith and unfaith that went on within him was a determination to hale her before a magistrate. Seeing that she had no money, this seems to have been a rather wanton performance. He was a strange landlord to allow himself to be even temporarily appeased by the hypothecation of an unpublished work by an unknown author. "Was ever poet so trusted before?" was the admiring comment of one of the tribe on another's schedule in bankruptcy. But that was a small test of faith compared with a board bill which had been running for two years and had amounted to 951.16 dols. The chances that it will be paid from the profits of *Clotilde Trevallion*, one may safely say, are slender.

MR. F. T. BULLEN writes very interestingly in the *Spectator* on the books found in the forecastles of long-voyage ships. They are few, and they are miscellaneous; yet only once has Mr. Bullen been in a forecastle that had not a Bible and a copy of Shakespeare, "the property of some man who held on to them voyage after voyage with an almost superstitious regard." The forecastle readers number some characters among them, misers of their literary wealth. "I have in my mind's eye an old Danish shipmate who had a copy of a novel called *Agnes Willoughby*, which he would occasionally lend with a great deal of pomp and circumstance, but having lent it he could hardly tear himself away from the vicinity of the borrower until he had regained possession of it. His was a typical case. But he need not have been afraid, for there are few people in their own stratum of society who treat a book so humanely as do sailors. And there are none who more fully appreciate the reading to them of a good book, who remember better what they have heard, or comment more shrewdly upon it."

ANOTHER portrait: "One man, an American of great mental qualities, I especially remember, whose passion for reading was such that he would sit up the whole night with a favourite author, Dickens for preference, and bribe his watch mates heavily to take his duties for him, such as wheel or look-out, so that he might remain undisturbed. Bent nearly double in his bunk, the miserable lamp hung upon a surreptitiously shifted hook so as to bring it nearer him while still affording some light for his shipmates to rise or retire by, he made a pathetic picture of the pursuit of literature under difficulties, yet one familiar to all deep-water sailors." In conclusion, Mr. Bullen gives a poor account of the tramp steamer as a floating library. Very little reading is done by the crew, "the conditions are too onerous altogether—and so the seamen in these vessels become practically unread, since very little reading is done by any seaman temporarily ashore. The excellent libraries in the 'sailors' homes' are almost entirely neglected, and even seamen's reading-rooms connected with missions are mostly patronised by men who are not sailors at all."

THERE is nothing eighteenth century or Johnsonian about Mr. Le Gallienne. Nevertheless, by the invitation of Mr. Herbert Vivian, and the use of capital letters, he is made to appear as Ramblerish as possible in his essay on "The Desire of the Star for the Moth." One cannot imagine Johnson using the figure, or the inversion. M. Le Gallienne says:

> The Desire of the Moth for the Star has been made proverbial by a great Poet; but, so far as I am aware, no one has remarked that the Attraction is mutual, and that perhaps the Desire of the Star for the Moth in certain Cases is even more passionate than the Desire of the Moth for the Star.
>
> Of course, there are very big successful Stars who affect that the Hero-worshipper Moth is a Nuisance, and build themselves about with Bastions of Privacy, through which no Ray of their Shining can reach the most persevering Moth—but then, you see, they are so sure of their Moths. I wonder if the Time should come when the Flocks of little Pilgrims up to their dizzy Radiance begin to slacken, and the Roar of Moth-Wings outside their guarded Country-seats to grow fainter—and it has happened so with some very great Stars indeed!—if they would not become a little insecure in their Feeling of Starriness, and perhaps even at last unshutter a Window, and let slip a Beam of their celestial Selves; lest the Moths should grow discouraged, and perhaps cease coming at all.
>
> I have heard that some Stars of this Magnitude charge the Moth Half a Guinea for their Autographs—strictly, of course, for the Benefit of the Hospitals. Such Stars are, you can imagine, very sure of themselves. But there is another Kind of big Star that makes quite as fine a Blaze as those of which I have been speaking, yet is by no means so unsocial; on the Contrary, is smilingly, even eagerly accessible to every Moth that is so kind and appreciative as to take the Trouble to call with its Homage. It often, indeed, asks the Moth to stay for Lunch, and makes it promise to be sure to come again.
>
> For this Kind of Star Press-cutting Agencies were invented, and my Belief is that the Secret of its Affability lies in an hidden Dread within its Heart that it is not really a fixed Star at all, but only a Comet. It dare not, however, admit this, even in the Silence of its own Soul, so it seeks to drown the hideous Whisper in the murmurous Cloud of the Moths.

We wonder what Johnson and Boswell will make of this when they receive it from their Elysian newsagent? See our Competition column.

APROPOS of our article on *Sartor Resartus* last week, we may mention that Messrs. Macmillan have this week issued *Sartor* and *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, in one volume, in their excellent "Library of English Classics." These two works print well together, for they were associated in Carlyle's modest finances. Mr. A. W. Pollard, in his bibliographical note, quotes Carlyle's letter to his mother, written in 1841, in which he says: "I have bargained with Fraser for my lectures. They are now at press; that kept me so very busy. He would give me only £75—the dog—but then he undertakes a new edition of *Sartor* too (the former being sold), and gives me another £75 for that too. It is not bad, £150 of ready money—at least money without risk. I did not calculate on getting anything at

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present for Teufelsdroeckh. Poor Teufelsdroeckh, it seems very curious money should lie even in him. They trampled him into the gutters at his first appearance, but he rises up again—finds money bid for him."

Sartor had been written to be a magazine article, but it got out of hand and became a book. In July, 1831, Carlyle had written to his brother: "I am struggling forward with *Dreck*, sick enough but not in bad heart. I think the world will nowise be enraptured with this (medicinal) *Devil's Dung*; that the critical republic will cackle vituperatively or perhaps maintain total silence. A la bonne heure! It was the best I had in me; what God had given me, what the Devil shall not take away."

Sartor did ultimately appear in *Fraser*, to which magazine Carlyle sent it after a fruitless round of the publishers. Fraser took it doubtfully, and had reason to regret his bargain, for his desk was covered with letters of disapproval from the readers of the magazine. He refused to issue it in book form. Carlyle, however, had stipulated that the magazine printer should make up some thirty or forty complete copies as he printed it. The printer made fifty-eight copies, and thus *Sartor* first saw light as a "readable pamphlet of 107 pages, all made up without break." It is greatly to the credit of American readers that theirs were the first demands which brought a regular edition into being, the first American edition appearing in 1836. Two years later England followed suit with an edition by Saunders and Ottley, which Carlyle pronounced "dingy" and "ill-managed," but "correct, or nearly correct, as to printing."

THE July number of *Pearson's Magazine* contains the first instalment of a new serial story of Mr. H. G. Wells's, called "The Sea Lady." The theme is the arrival of a mermaid at a fashionable English watering-place—a mermaid who is bent on making her way into English society.

A VOLUME of selections from Dr. Weir Mitchell's previously published poems, a good part of which consists of dramatic dialogues and monologues, is in the press. One of his subjects is François Villon, another is Francis Drake.

Bibliographical.

THERE should be a large public for the coming new edition of Stevenson's *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*. This came out in 1882, and consisted of essays contributed to the *Cornhill*, *Macmillan*, and *New Quarterly*. It had, "by way of criticism," a preface, running to twenty pages, in which Stevenson reviewed his own work. His subjects, it will be remembered, were Victor Hugo, Robert Burns, Walt Whitman, Thoreau, Villon, Charles D'Orleans, Pepys, and John Knox, of whom, in this introduction, Stevenson said: "These were all men whom, for one reason or another, I loved; or when I did not love the men, my love was the greater to their books. I had read them and lived with them; for months they were continually in my thoughts. . . . and behold, when I came to write of them, my tone was sometimes hardly courteous and seldom wholly just." An edition of the *Studies* appeared in 1888, but the book seems not to have had anything like an extensive vogue. And yet Stevenson will probably live, in the end, rather in his essays and his verses than in his romantic fictions.

We ought not to be surprised at anything nowadays; but the announcement of an *édition de luxe* of Charles Kingsley's biography and works does give one pause. Is he, then, so very much read in these days? I should not have thought so. Of late years, of course, there have been reprints galore of the non-copyright tales—of *Westward Ho!* of *Hypatia*, of *Alton Locke*, of *Yeast*, and of *Two Years Ago*. But these have been mostly of the cheap, though handy, sort. The latest collected edition of the novels and poems was, I believe, that of 1896, when they were put into eleven volumes, which cost a guinea. Prior to that—in 1888-89—there was an edition of the novels, at three-and-sixpence each; and that, again, had been preceded—so far back as 1881-84—by the Eversley edition of the works at five shillings a volume, and an excellent edition that was. One may believe in the enduring qualities of at least *Westward Ho!* and *Hypatia* and the *Water Babies*, and even of *Alton Locke* and *Yeast*, which have a sort of historical interest; but Kingsley is the very last Victorian scribe whom I should have expected to find figuring in a *de luxe* edition.

The fact that *The Cloister and the Hearth* is to appear in an elaborately illustrated form suggests that Reade's romance is rising steadily in the estimation of the English public. In the last eight years or so it has appeared in half-a-dozen shapes. Thus, in 1893, it was brought out by Messrs. Chatto in four volumes. In the following year it was issued by the same firm at a shilling and at sixpence, in each case with a commendatory preface by Sir Walter Besant. That, I suppose, represented the highest tide of its popularity. Then, in 1895, came a three-and-sixpenny edition; in 1898, a reissue in four volumes at six shillings; and, last year, a 12mo edition at two and at three shillings net. We may assume, therefore, that *The Cloister and the Hearth* has been finally accepted as a classic; and it is not unlikely, I think, that there may be a gradual growth of renewed interest in some of Reade's other fictions, such as *Griffith Gaunt*.

In the "bibliographical note" which he has written for the latest reprint of *Sartor Resartus* (Macmillan), Mr. A. W. Pollard is a little less than fair to Mr. John Murray's "reader." He quotes that worthy as saying of Carlyle: "The author has no great tact; his wit is frequently heavy, and reminds one of the German baron who took to leaping on tables and answered that he was learning to be lively." Well, is not the "wit" of Carlyle "heavy"? He was a master of gloomy, saturnine humour, but for his "wit" what can be urged? Besides, Murray's "reader" said more than Mr. Pollard quotes in his "note." He observed: "The Author of *Teufelsdröckh* is a person of talent; his work displays here and there some felicity of thought and expression, considerable fancy and knowledge." That shows the "reader" was appreciative. It is true he added that "for a *jeu d'esprit* of that kind" *Sartor* was "too long," but I suspect he is not the only person who has been bored by it. As a matter of fact, though *Sartor* appeared serially in *Fraser* in 1833-34, it was not till 1838 that Carlyle could induce a London publisher to issue it in volume form.

I have on my table a one-volume story by Mr. G. A. Henty entitled *A Hidden Foe*. The date on the title-page is 1901, but nowhere in the book do I see any intimation of the fact that *A Hidden Foe* is not a new work. It was published originally, in two volumes, just ten years ago. The publishers, of course, were not called upon to volunteer this information, and if they are not advertising the book as new, they cannot be censured for not obtruding its age upon the public.

Mr. W. B. Yeats sets a good example in the preface to his just-issued *Poems* (Unwin). He says at the end: "'The Wanderings of Oisin' was published, with the lyrics now collected under the title 'Crossways,' in 1888; 'The Countess Cathleen,' with the lyrics now collected under the title of 'The Rose,' in 1891; and 'The Land of Heart's Desire' by itself in 1894. They were revised and reprinted in one volume in 1895, and again revised and reprinted in 1898." This is excellent. "Every author his own bibliographer"—that is an ideal to live up to.

THE BOOKWORM.

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Reviews.

Essays in Sciolism.

Magic and Religion. By Andrew Lang. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. J. G. Frazer, as most people know, lately earned the gratitude of scholars by publishing in his fantastically-named book, *The Golden Bough*, a great mass of facts connected with the world-wide legend of the god of vegetation who dies only to rise again. Being, however, a man of science, he was careful to guard himself against the accusation of dogmatism on a subject so nebulous, and in the preface to his second edition spoke of his own hypotheses as "necessary, but often temporary, bridges built to connect isolated facts." Unfortunately, in the same edition, he put forth some new "bridges" of the most flimsy kind, whose only purpose seems to be to connect facts so far apart that there is really no reason for any connection between them at all. Two of the most fragile of these were the theory that magic has, in the history of civilisation, everywhere preceded religion, and that the Founder of Christianity was put to death as a mock king elected at a kind of Jewish saturnalia, at which two criminals were chosen, one for execution, and one for release. Neither of these theories would seem to call for any very detailed refutation. For while it is fairly plain to any student of the subject, that magic, or the compulsion of the spirit-world, has always existed by the side of religion or its propitiation, Mr. Frazer's explanation of the Crucifixion is fairly unthinkable. The ancient world did not come to a stop, as some seem to suppose, with the scene on Calvary; and if the Jews had been in the habit of celebrating any such annual orgy, some record of it would certainly have been preserved to us either by the Pagan historians, who looked on the Jew as "the enemy of the human race," or by the Christian writers, whose equally charitable opinion of him was based on merely theological grounds.

Such as they are, however, these two theories have given Mr. Andrew Lang his opportunity. Although an eminent and excessively busy man of letters, Mr. Lang has yet found time to dabble in such subjects as anthropology and folklore, and has even erected a theory of his own as to the origin of religion, which appears to most of us nearly as indefensible as Mr. Frazer's. This is, as summarised in his recent book, the *Making of Religion*, that man, even in his most primitive state, had a rude conception of a Supreme and moral Creator, and that most later faiths—he would, of course, except Christianity—are but corruptions of this sublime idea, brought about by admixtures of ghost-worship, and, perhaps, magic. Mr. Frazer's hypothetical bridges are, as may be seen, constructed without reference either to Mr. Lang's conclusions or his prepossessions, and Mr. Lang, therefore, found himself bound to expose the weakness of their foundations. The result was a good crop of magazine articles, which, with some additions and embellishments, now appear as the volume before us.

On the main point, we are, of course, very much in accord with Mr. Lang. When Mr. Frazer's theory of the Crucifixion was first "lifted" by the late Mr. Grant Allen, we felt compelled not only to refute it, but to expose (see the Academy of December 4, 1897) the misquotations on which it was founded. Yet we cannot think that Mr. Lang's method of dealing with it is wholly admirable. Although he pushes his enquiry into what he considers the genesis of the idea to almost intolerable length, he nowhere, so far as we can see, mentions the fact very frankly stated by Mr. Frazer. that he was first led to it by an article in *Hermes*, by Dr. Wendland, on "Jesus als Saturnalien-König." Nor do we think he is always quite fair to his opponent. Mr. Frazer tells us that his speculation, which he admits may not be fully warranted by the evidence, yet helps "to shed fresh light on some of the causes which contributed to the remarkably rapid diffusion of Christianity in Asia Minor"; and he claims that the death of Jesus, under the circumstances he imagines, would have been more impressive to an Eastern people than if He had died the death of an ordinary malefactor. "It shed," he says, in a somewhat rhetorical passage, "round the cross on Calvary a halo of divinity which multitudes saw and worshipped afar off; the blow struck on Golgotha set a thousand expectant strings vibrating, in unison, wherever men had heard the old, old story of the dying and risen God." The allusion is, of course, to the many gods of Western Asia—Thammuz Adonis, and the like—whom, on Mr. Frazer's hypothesis, the crucified Lord of Misrule at Jerusalem was supposed to represent. Yet Mr. Lang twists this into what he calls "Mr. Frazer's hypothesis as to the origin of the belief in the divinity of our Lord," and even into "Mr. Frazer's theory of the origin of the Nicene Creed." Little as we admire Mr. Frazer's theory, we admire still less the rhetoric that would make him say what he did not say, or the suggestion made in another place that he purposely consigned certain qualifications of his evidence to foot-notes, in order to hide them from that incurious person, "the general reader." We have often found Mr. Frazer inconsequent, but never disingenuous.

We pass willingly to the consideration of the essay on Magic and Religion, which gives its name to the whole book. Here, too, the main cause of dispute between Mr. Frazer and Mr. Lang seems to be a misunderstanding of what the former meant. Australia is the country specially quoted by Mr. Frazer in support of his theory that magic has preceded religion. He has again guarded himself by the definition of religion given above, but Mr. Lang replies that this "does not include all that we usually mean by religion." He then goes on to say that the belief in a Creator is a germ from which *may* spring [our italics] the ideas of duty towards, and an affection for, such a being, and that these are religious ideas. He has no difficulty in showing that such a belief has been attributed by many travellers to the native Australians; but does this get us much further forward? Mr. Frazer might well answer that it was indifferent to him whether the Australians believed in a Creator or not, because, while they trusted to the compulsion instead of the propitiation of the spirit-world, their belief led only to magic and not to religion. To this question Mr. Lang does not appear to address himself; and here, too, we believe that his case is more just than his advocacy. Yet he asks us whether we have not in all Mr. Frazer's book "to do with that method of arbitrary conjecture which has ruined so many laborious philosophies of religion," and tells us that it is "in the interest of the nascent science of religion" that he has to point out "errors of method that now prevail."

For our own part, the perusal of books like Mr. Lang's, and to a lesser extent Mr. Frazer's, makes one think that science is a word very loosely used in relation to them. Mr. Lang, indeed, airily tells us, in the present volume, that "we all know what we mean by science; science is 'organised common-sense.'" But we should ourselves prefer the closer definition that science is knowledge based upon ascertained facts, and most of the facts concerning the origins of religion are not ascertained at all. People in a low state of culture often hold the most confused and contradictory religious beliefs—as everyone knows who has ever tried to tackle on the subject an English peasant—and savages generally reply to every question that seems to them indifferent in the way that they think will please their interlocutors. Hence very little real evidence is

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attainable as to the beliefs of primitive man; while there has grown up a great mass of hearsay at the disposal of anyone who can read two or three of the easier European languages, to be hunted over for support for any wild theory an undisciplined imagination may conceive. It is, doubtless, for this reason that there now exists a whole family of studies calling themselves the "sciences" of anthropology, of religion, of folk-lore, and, to take the last instance, of gypsy-lore, which have nothing in common with real science but the name. It may, of course, be said that these do no harm except in the way of dissipation of energy, and may sometimes lead an inquiring spirit into studies which must be pursued by scientific methods, such as the decipherment of cuneiform and hieroglyphic texts. This is quite true; nor is there any way of reducing them to their proper proportion in the eyes of the uninstructed save by the establishment of such a State Academy of Sciences as is possessed by France, Germany, and nearly every country in Europe but our own.

Calverley.

The Complete Works of Charles Stuart Calverley. With a Biographical Notice by Sir Walter J. Sendall, G.C.M.G. Governor of British Guiana. (Bell. 6s. net.)

CALVERLEY in one handy volume, at a moderate price. It should soon be in the hands of all who love wit and scholarship, freshened with never-failing humour. Calverley's life-work sums up to a greater bulk than one would have surmised. But the greater part of it is comprised in the translations—the *Virgil's Eclogues*, the *Odes* of Horace, and the *Theocritus*—which are, of course, sterling work. Besides these, a few Latin poems, original and translated, and a handful of *vers de société*, are all that he has done. It is upon these light poems that his ultimate fame must rest; and in going through them one is struck by the fact how seldom the *lyra elegantiarum*, the tricksy lighter Muse, reaches its true mark. With most poets it is only a certain core of their work which satisfies the finer palate. But this seems specially the case when Puck's wings brush the lyre. But a handful of Hood is Hood's best; though a fairly large handful, it may be. Hood, however, jested for a living, and much must be laid to the score of that. Not so Moore, and Moore's lighter verse needs only less sifting than Hood's. Not so Calverley, and Calverley, unlike the other two, did not labour his powers by over-production. His verse, as we have said, is itself but a handful; yet even that handful needs to be sifted, and out of the sifting comes a small posy, merely, of pieces which show his gift perfect. But this attar of Calverley is attar of light verse, quite among the best of its kind in the language. This (we say unhesitatingly) comes of his scholarship. "What! Scholarship needed to write a skit or a copy of humorous verses?" guffaws the contemner of "useless classics" in education. Why, not absolutely needed, but exceedingly helpful. Has it ever struck you what a gallant proportion of the men who have won repute in this kind hail from our Universities? Praed, Calverley, Locker-Lampson, Traill, Owen Seaman—nay, Moore himself was a classical scholar, and one of his early exploits was a very Moore-ish version of Anacreon. Most accomplished classic of them all was Calverley, and his best comic verse is an advertisement of the fact. With all his overflowing wit and the metrical mastery he possessed as a poet, Hood lacked something which Calverley had (apart from native interior gift). That is the trained sense of form and finish; the dexterity which flings the verse into just the right form for suggesting and aiding the airy effect of the humour, which fledges and tips the line to carry the point of wit like an arrow-shaft; the felicitous turn which brings diction and metre pat on the quick of the jest, and tickles you to instant laughter. Of these qualities all feel the effect, but only a student of technique will realise the cunning art of them. Add to these the sense of clearness, of sparingness, the avoidance of the too-much; and you will realise what Calverley's light verse owed to his classical scholarship. Some of them he might have learned from earlier English serious poets; but the treasury of them in their unison is the classics. The craft he so dearly loved and so thoroughly knew in a Greek poem or an Horation Ode gave Calverley his mastery of measured laughter in English rhyme. Mastery—mastery of form and technique—is the thing which obviously differentiates him from most before him and many after him. Not from a popular education could you get a Calverley, though the aspirant had the wit of Butler and the humour of Rabelais. He might make you laugh consumedly, but never with the feathered dexterity and elegance which make epicurean laughter.

Take some concrete example of what we have said. "Forever" is a little gem as perfectly, lucidly, and compactly formed for its playful purpose as anything of Horace for its graver intent. The mould of the stanza delicately enhances the fun:

> Forever! What abysms of woe
> The word reveals, what frenzy, what
> Despair! For ever (printed so)
> Did not.

How the antithetic and wilful bathos of the close is clenched by the capricious brevity of the last line! Even more dainty in its effect of whimsied humour is the semi-final stanza:

> Forever! Passion-fraught, it throws
> O'er the dim page a gloom, a glamour:
> It's sweet, it's strange; and I suppose
> It's grammar.

There is a like effect in a poem otherwise not so perfect and rounded, "On the Brink":

> I watch'd her as she stoop'd to pluck
> A wildflower in her hair to twine;
> And wish'd that it had been my luck
> To call her mine.
>
> Anon I heard her rate with mad,
> Mad words her babe within its cot;
> And felt particularly glad
> That it had not.

Mr. Owen Seaman and others have learned and copied with success this particular art which Calverley was first to invent—surprising it, perhaps, from the effect of the curt final line in Horatian Sapphics. That is a surmise; but that he gained it from his classic studies, we have no doubt. So close is the accomplished comic Muse to her laurelled sister. Congreve himself, while he is pouring forth his brilliant comic wit, stumbles (in "Love for Love"), apparently by sheer haphazard, upon a charming poetic image. "Thin partitions do the bounds divide," at times, of fine comic and fine serious verse. It is but a veering of mood, a turn of the wrist. Nay, Calverley once deliberately writes a humorous poem, "Contentment," "after the manner of Horace." He has done better when he was not avowedly imitating his master. But there is one stanza at his best, when he is describing the imperturbably contented:

> And when they wax a little gay,
> And chaff the public after luncheon,
> If they're confronted with a stray
> Policeman's truncheon.
>
> They gaze thereat with outstretched necks,
> And laughter which no threats can smother,
> And tell the horror-stricken X
> That he's another.

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Alas! that the too successful crusade against musty Greek and Latin forbids us more than lightly to touch upon Calverley's actual inroad into the stately classic domain. Call "dead," forsooth, the language of "Carmen Sæculare"! How grandly classic the picture of the youthful undergraduate invading the tobacco-store of Bacon!

> Pervigil ecce Baco furvâ depromit ab arcâ
> Splendidius quiddam solito, plenumque saporem
> Laudat, et antiquâ jurat de stirpe Jamaicæ.
> O fumose puer, nimium ne credo Baconi:
> Manillas vocat; hoc prætexit nomine caules.

The delightful parody of the last two lines must thrill chucklingly the midriff of every scholar. Nor less accomplished in its way is the description of the billiard-votaries:

> Ilie petit virides (sed non e gramine) mensas,
> Pollicitus meliora patri, tormentaque flexus
> Per labyrintheos plus quam mortalia tentat,
> Acre tuens, loculisque pilas immittit et aufert.

This reads augustly poetic, but a crux indeed. The author comes to our help with a note no less beautiful in its mock-gravity than the text itself. With all the lumbering solemnity of the dear, pedantic scholiastic Latinity, he comments on *tormenta plus quam mortalia:*

> Eleganter, ut solet, Peile, "unearthly cannons." Perrecondita autem est quæstio de lusubus illorum temporum, neque in Smithii Dict. Class. satis elucidata. Consule omnino Kentf. de Bill.

And on *loculis* he comments: "Bene vertas 'pockets.'" So throughout the most dignified seeming of poetic diction disguises the most base and mechanical of modern ideas, or masks the most clamorous "howlers." Only such a scholarly humourist as Calverley could have done it; and to any man of classic training the result is a Roman banquet of fun.

Fun he has always at command: apart from that accomplished cunning of technique, that artful caprice, at which we have glanced, he can capture a sure laugh by sheer unexpectedness of humour, as throughout the delightful verses on the organ-grinder:

> Half-a-bar sets several couples
> Waltzing in convenient spots;
>
> Not with clumsy Jacks or Georges:
> Unprofaned by grasp of man
> Maidens speed those simple orgies,
> Betsey Jane with Betsey Ann.

This, with the gift which made him an admirable Latin versifier, made him a parodist. For Latin versifying is essentially an imitative art. Calverley is surely the first of parodists. He may almost be called the founder of a new dynasty in parody. To an extent not previously approached, his parodies are likewise criticisms, and very keen criticisms, of a poet's weaker side. One grudges to call them parodies, so close and refined is the imitation, so inclusively does he catch and reflect all the elements of a writer's style. Only the one or two best of the *Rejected Addresses* come near his work in this kind—surely the most stupid of all forms of humour as it is usually practised, a coarse exaggeration of some obvious feature, unharmonised by the subtler traits of style which really constitute the poet so belied. In that wonderful imitation of Browning, "The Cock and the Bull," no single peculiarity of "The Ring and the Book" is suffered to get obviously tyrannic and out of focus. The clipping of "the smaller parts of speech" is a trifle—very slightly—forced for effect of caricature; but the other mannerisms (tempting as they are for violent burlesque) maintain their due perspective until the close of the parody, where they are all purposely allowed to cumulate for a final climactic *reductio ad absurdum*. The less notable features receive their due place, and those which a common parodist would ignore, such as the burly use of strong, cudgel-like Anglo-Saxon words: the movement of the metre is accurately given, though the Browning blank-verse has no readily-caught rhythm like the Tennysonian, and it is just here that an ordinary travesty would come to grief. Calverley, in fact, does not travesty. His art is far too delicate for that. So in the parody of "The Brook," the finest stroke is not in the obvious burlesque, but the acute banter of a true Tennysonian mannerism, in the abrupt turn at the last:

> It was noised next noon
> That chickens had been miss'd at Syllabub Farm.

Yet the delicious skit on the pre-Raphaelite ballad is perhaps a travesty, but a travesty which hits the mark, and is irresistibly suggestive of the model, for all its wild fun. When one remembers William Morris's early ballad, with the absolutely unconnected and cryptic refrain, "Three red roses across the moon," one can but laugh approvingly at stanzas like these:

> The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips;
> (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
> If you try to approach her, away she skips
> Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.
>
> The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair
> (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
> And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,
> Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

As for 'Lovers: and a Reflection," quotation is a vanity, and praise a superfluity. In parody, Calverley (in fine) is Calverley, and Mr. Owen Seaman in his prophet.

With regard to the translations, we have one thing to say in mitigation of their conceded excellence; and it chiefly applies to the Virgilian *Eclogues*. Partly in the endeavour to render the Latin (as near as may be) line for line—and you can get more monosyllabic or disyllabic words in a line than you can polysyllabic; partly, no doubt, from his sturdy Yorkshire character, Calverley runs fatally to monosyllables and disyllables. He has whole layers of these short words (no poet can call them lines) packed like sardines in a tin; till the line is choked and loses motion, it has never an open pore for breath. The danger of our strong, expressive, homespun English will ever be that it is over-emphatic and curt—a procession of brief syllables hedged and impaled by thick consonants; even as our English landscape is intersected into a green chess-board by uncompromising rectangles of thorny fence. Calverley's Virgilian versions are heavy with chains of such clodhopping syllables. One sighs for the long trample of a few Latin-born words, shattering the Saxon ice, and restoring movement to the curdled line. But that protest uttered, we accept these also as treasurable things.

Raw Material.

Secret Chambers and Hiding Places. By Allan Fea (Bousfield. 10s. 6d. net.)

THERE is a practical romance about secret chambers which is pleasantly invigorating to the historical sense, for it is a romance of authentic fact. No doubt imagination, and particularly local imagination, has done wonderful things in the way of invention and embroidery, but where a secret chamber exists we may be sure there was a reason for it, which cannot always be said of the traditional ghost. We think, however, that Mr. Fea is too hard upon the

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ghost; we by no means agree that "the ancestral ghost has had his day, and to all intents and purposes is dead." We cannot afford to dismiss so lightly the unhappy haunter of familiar places.

Mr. Fea's industry has resulted in an interesting accumulation of facts concerning the secret chambers of something over two hundred houses, and this by no means exhausts the subject; we notice that he gives no instances in Dorset, and only four in Devon. But, where selection was necessary, he has selected judiciously, choosing as various types as possible, and giving a sufficiently clear idea of situation and method of construction. In such a book it was, no doubt, difficult to avoid scrappiness, and certainly Mr. Fea has made no effort to avoid it. A division of the material into counties would greatly have simplified its perusal, and we should have been spared leaps across half England in a paragraph; further, such an arrangement would have been a distinct aid to the reader's topographical realisation. In the matter of topography and colour, indeed, the book is curiously lacking; Mr. Fea has apparently been content to use his facts on their barest merits.

The great deviser of "Priests' Holes," which became so necessary when Elizabeth was on the trail of priests and recusants, was Nicholas Owen, nicknamed "Little John," a servant of Father Garnet. He appears to have spent the greater part of his life travelling from district to district, constructing hiding-places in the great Roman Catholic houses. This remarkable person possessed an industry which was equalled by his mechanical ingenuity; he both designed and constructed with his own hands more "holes" than history has record of. After the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, he was arrested at Hindlip Hall, in Worcestershire, together with his master, on which occasion Cecil expressed the hope that "great booty of priests" might be secured through Owen's disclosures. But the rack failed to make the little Jesuit speak. "The man is dead—he died in our hands," was the report of the Governor of the Tower. There is a MS. in the British Museum which gives details of this search and capture, in which the author refers to Owen as he "who afterwards murdered himself in the Tower."

One cannot but wonder, in reading these records, how it was that the search parties were so often unsuccessful. One suspects that the members of those parties did not display the diligence for which their employers presumably paid them—else how account for Father Blount's escape from Scotney Castle? Says Mr. Fea:

> One Christmas night, towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, the castle was seized by a party of priest-hunters, who, with their usual mode of procedure, locked up the members of the family securely before starting on their operations. In the inner quadrangle of the mansion was a very remarkable and ingenious device. A large stone of the solid wall could be pushed aside. Though of immense weight, it was so nicely balanced that it required only a slight pressure on one side to effect an entrance to the hiding-place within. . . . Upon the approach of the enemy, Father Blount and his servant hastened to the courtyard and entered the vault; but in their hurry to close the weighty door a small portion of one of their girdles got jammed in, so that a part was visible from the outside. Fortunately for the fugitives, someone in the secret, in passing the spot, happened to catch sight of this tell-tale fragment and immediately cut it off, but as a particle still showed, they gently called to those within to endeavour to pull it in, which they eventually succeeded in doing.

The pursuers, we are told, hearing voices, rushed into the courtyard and commenced battering the walls to such purpose that those in the hiding-place had to put their combined weight against the door to keep it from yielding. Then the discouraged hunters went to sleep, apparently without setting any watch, and the good father made his escape by swimming the moat. Certainly the fugitives had vastly more intelligence than the pursuers!

But it is not for its stories that Mr. Fea's book is interesting; material is here for the fine purposes of romance, but the author does not supply the vivifying touch. The value of the work lies in its careful descriptions of hiding-places, and in a series of equally careful illustrations. One seems to have suddenly chanced upon a world full of mystery and intrigue, where staircases are as likely as not to be death-traps, and every panelled room has its weird suggestion. The "secret spring" becomes a fact in which we are constrained to believe, and hollow beams and hiding-holes count as commonplaces. Of the miniature hiding-places, we like that best at Bisham Abbey, in Berkshire, where, "behind a window shutter, in a small secret cavity in the wall, was found an ancient, tattered copybook," which was evidently the work of a slovenly scholar. Now, Lady Hoby, who once lived at Bisham Abbey, was said to have killed her son by too severe castigations, inflicted, says Mr. Fea, "for his obstinacy in learning to write." So by this curious discovery tradition was justified, and Lady Hoby was twice condemned.

Mr. Fea, of course, deals with many hiding-places which exist no longer; the introduction of "modern conveniences" has swept away secret chambers by the score, or converted them into linen cupboards or bath-rooms. But enough still remain to make further investigation desirable, and we envy the man who shall chance upon such a discovery as that made at Danby Hall, in Yorkshire:

> The hiding-place contained a large quantity of swords and pistols. Upon the blade of each sword the word "Shortly" was engraved. Upwards of fifty sets of harness of untanned leather of the early part of the eighteenth century were further discovered, all of them in so good a state of preservation that they were afterwards used as cart-horse gear upon the farm.

There is a good deal in the volume concerning the Stuarts, who had a way of needing hiding-places more than any other Royal house, but nothing that is new, and the final chapter, on the "Scottish Hiding-places of Prince Charles," is wholly unnecessary. That subject has been treated so often that only fresh information, or great skill of presentation, can justify its recurrence.

A Plea for Anarchy in Education.

The Curse of Education. By Harold Gorst. (Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.)

Mr. Gorst prepares us for a non-original contribution to educational theory by his definition of the term education "as the conventional mode of teaching and bringing up and of educating youth in this and other civilised countries." The whole body educational is diseased through and through, an abomination standing where it ought not, a danger to democracy, inimical to genius and talent. Were all schools swept away to-day, things would begin instantly to improve. Mr. Gorst is in love with anarchy; the rule of parents and schoolmaster is bad, then let us have no more of it; if we would only permit children to follow their bent, real education would thrust out the false. Instead of the examination of exceptions, of tendencies of noting how school systems have evolved from care for the type to care for the individual, of the relation between extra and intra school life, he bludgeons everything he meets with from school or University. Bad grammar, bad sense, bad psychology and philosophy meet us on every page. On page 15 we read: "Instruction consists in cramming and prescribing by a more or less pernicious method . . . a certain quantity of facts into all pupils, without distinction." Even the unconventional educated must find it difficult to understand how a fact can be prescribed into a pupil. On page 51, Mr. Gorst

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—presumably conventional for once—tells us of the prigs, who vulgarise "the public service by dropping *h*'s in the great Government Departments." Where else would Mr. Gorst have them dropped?

Another example of unconventional and vigorous English is, "But progress in ideas, or anything in the shape of moral revolution, has to undergo a thousandfold more tortuous process before it can filter through a convention." On page 47 we learn that "gracefulness . . . consists of natural muscular movement, untrammelled by self-consciousness or artifice." The psychologists may be glad to know that every time "a fact is imparted an idea is driven out." Fresh light is thrown on the depopulation of the rural districts by the author's discovery that French, shorthand, and mathematics are taught in the rural schools. The fact is new, the connection subtle. Given a boy, and no other book than a "Bradshaw," what would a genuine educationist do? Concoct a problem like this? "If the 11.40 express from Paddington travelled to Swindon at fifty miles an hour and broke down half way, at what o'clock would the 12.15 Parliamentary train overtake it?" Not a bit of it. "He would tell the boys to look out a good train from Birmingham to Newcastle. Each boy would be free to tackle the problem in his own fashion, and the task—if successfully accomplished—would do much towards developing the thinking faculties." The former of these two problems is an exercise in mental gymnastics, and mental gymnastics do not develop the thinking faculties, hence the preferableness of the latter problem, which does. Then there are platitudes and sometimes quite a fresh idea for those who have never thought about education at all. We select a few:

1. Some children develop later than others.
2. Above all things, real education would encourage the utilisation of the brain for purposes of thought and reflection.
3. A little arithmetic is also indispensable to the fulfilment of many of the commonest duties of everyday life.
4. We are most of us prigs, if we only knew it.

One gem more, and we have finished—a piece of sheer clairvoyance this time. If you are asked to meet a stranger from Eton and Trinity Hall who has come out tenth in the Mathematical Tripos, "you know exactly the kind of man to whom you are going to be introduced. He will have a very proper contempt for made-up ties, and will refuse to fasten the bottom button of his waistcoat."

After such a delightful little voyage, we trust Mr. Gorst will not be long before he again hoists the sails of his genius and once more puts out to sea.

The Beginning of Greek Culture.

The Oldest Civilisation of Greece. By H. R. Hall. (Nutt.)

Close on the heels of Prof. Ridgeway's first volume (for which see Academy of June 22, 1901) comes a work by an official in the Egyptian department of the British Museum on the same subject. Prehistoric Greece seems, indeed, to be monopolising the attention of archæologists at this moment, which is, doubtless, to be accounted for by Mr. Arthur Evans's discovery last year of the so-called Palace of Minos at Crete, with its hundreds of clay tablets written in a script still undecipherable. So much wild theorising—as was inevitable—has already followed this, that we welcome in advance the pronouncements of a scholar who warns us at the outset that archæology is not an exact science, and that a "working hypothesis" as to the origin of Greek culture is all that is at present possible.

Now, the working hypothesis favoured by Mr. Hall is briefly this: He thinks that, as the Stone Age died out in Europe, it was replaced along the Eastern Mediterranean, from Cyprus and Asia Minor to Sicily and Italy, by an independent culture based on the use of copper, which owed nothing to the older civilisations of Babylonia or Egypt. Although he hardly supports Prof. Sergi's theory of a "Mediterranean" race hailing from Central Africa, he thinks that the copper-users of Asia Minor, the Ægean Islands, and of Greece, all belonged to one non-Aryan people, which we may, if we please, call the Pelasgians, the Leleges of Asia Minor and the Eteokretans of Crete being of the same stock. This race was, according to him, conquered by Aryan tribes pushing down from the "flat steppes of Poland and Russia," and closely connected with the modern Celts. The mixture of blood produced what we call the Mycenæan civilisation, the remains of which are known to us by Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenæ and Tiryns, and those of Mr. Arthur Evans and Mr. Hogarth in Crete. This was distinguished by the use of bronze, the knowledge of which, he thinks, came ultimately from Babylonia by way of Asia Minor along with seal-cutting and other arts. Yet it remained exclusively European, and formed the foundation of all the future art of Greece. Its date can be fairly established by its relations with some of the Egyptian dynasties, as extending from 1700 to 1000 B.C., the civilisation of the copper-users going back for nearly a thousand years earlier; and the period of Cretan supremacy probably occupied the middle part of this period, or, in other words, the seventeenth to the fourteenth centuries B.C. The Mycenæan civilisation was suppressed for a time by the irruption of the Dorians, another branch of the Aryan race, armed with iron weapons; and in the period of decadence which resulted the Homeric poems were written. The decadence came to an end about the close of the eighth century B.C., when the Dorian element had become in great measure absorbed in the native population, and from this date the classical culture of Greece may be said to commence.

This seems to be a very reasonable and temperate solution of an extremely intricate question, and although Mr. Hall insists with rare modesty on its entirely provisional character—he declares that the decipherment of the Gnossian inscribed tablets might upset it in a week—it yet seems to the present writer, at all events, to be well and strongly founded. Incidentally, however, it runs counter to many earlier theories, and it is not likely, therefore, to pass at once without contradiction. It will certainly find no favour with those scholars—mostly Germans—who think that all beauty and originality came ultimately from the Semitic race: for Mr. Hall thinks the part played by the Phœnicians, to whom Mr. Gladstone, in his nebulous way, was inclined to ascribe the whole culture of Greece, was confined to the mere peddling of crockery and other goods between "Mycenæan" cities and Egypt. Nor does he give any countenance to those who think the Greek culture was in itself but the reflection of a higher civilisation claimed either for Asia or for Egypt. The geographical position of Greece, he admits, brought the Hellenes from the beginning into close contact with the alien civilisations of Babylonia and Egypt; but, except the matters noted above, she took nothing from either. The Mycenæan culture was but the Greek phase of the general European civilisation of the Bronze Age, and in those points in which it was superior to that of its neighbours it stood by its own strength alone. Hence it was that when the period of decadence produced by the turmoil of the Dorian invasion subsided, it was a purely Greek world that was re-born. "'Greek civilisation,' as we know it," says Mr. Hall, "is based almost entirely upon the civilisation of the Mycenæan period; the 'Greek art' which we know is no new inspiration, but descends from the art of Mycenæ." There only remains to be said that the book is well got-up and well illustrated.

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Other New Books.

PREMIÈRES OF THE YEAR. By J. T. GREIN.

In the title of this collection of theatrical notices the word "year" is used rather loosely. As a matter of fact, the earliest of the notices is dated May, 1899, and the latest July, 1900. But then the volume does not profess to be a systematic and comprehensive record. It is made up, we believe, of articles contributed to a London Sunday paper and here arranged somewhat at haphazard. Mr. Grein might have put together a useful book of reference. This he has refrained from doing. But *Premières of the Year*, nevertheless, is not without a certain measure of interest for the devoted playgoer. It has breadth of view and frankness of expression. Mr. Grein is, we believe, of Anglo-Dutch parentage, and was educated mainly in Paris. During the last few years he has been domiciled in England, into which he has introduced, sometimes with more zeal than discretion, a number of foreign plays—Norwegian, Dutch, French, and German. There can be no question about his cosmopolitan standpoint. His criticism is, at least, not insular; it is the outcome of a study of more than one national stage. And that is a great matter. Too much of the theatrical criticism of this country is narrow, *borné*, founded on a knowledge and an experience alike limited. You cannot say that of Mr. Grein's utterances. They may strike you as prejudiced or even as misleading, but they are the deliverances of a man very well equipped for the business in hand. Mr. Grein has the further advantage of being untrammelled by the ordinary conventions of the Press. He writes in the first person, and he appends his signature to his work; he is not hampered by the restrictions of the editorial "we." He is an instructed man, and his judgments have honesty as well as vigour. His English is wonderfully good, seeing that he uses Dutch and French, we understand, with almost equal frequency. (John Macqueen.)

ESSAYS, DESCRIPTIVE AND BIOGRAPHICAL. By GRACE, LADY PRESTWICH.

Nearly half this volume is occupied by a memoir of the authoress, from the pen of her sister, Miss Louisa E. Milne. Lady Prestwich's very sweet-looking face adorns the frontispiece, and bespeaks clemency for the essays which follow. In truth, they are unpretentious papers enough, fugitive in character, and written in simple, unaffected style, with no special distinction, nor anything to call for censure. Those are best which possess some intrinsic interest of subject-matter, such as the "Evenings with Madame Mohl," or the account of a visit to Mantua during the Austrian occupation, while the Austro-Italian war was in progress. The latter, indeed, might have had an actual historical interest, had Lady Prestwich possessed the eye and mind which seize discerningly what is memorable, humanly or politically, in a city under such circumstances. But Mr. Meredith's *Vittoria* is a better and more pictorial historical document with regard to Mantua in the talons of the double-eagle than anything in this sketch. Here is a story, however, of a famous brigand's exploit in a town near Mantau, then held by an Austrian garrison. The curtain of the local theatre one evening delayed its ascent:

> When at last it was upraised, "Il Passatore" and his armed band occupied the stage, with muskets aimed at the affrighted audience. The chief stepped forward, and in courteous words informed the house that every door and outlet were secured, that those who sat still might rely upon his word that they would be safe and uninjured, but that the first to rise or move would be shot down. He next stated that he would levy a tax per head, which he then and there collected, taking care to extort a double contribution from the rich man, and a heavy ransom from the municipal authorities. . . . The gang made off with their booty unmolested.

It is a book not without interest, though of an impermanent kind. (Blackwood. 10s. 6d.)

GREAT MEN. By H. BEGBIE AND F. C. GOULD.

Though addressed in some prefatory verses "To the Children," it may be suspected that they are "children of a larger growth," for whom this production by the joint authors of *The Political Struwwelpeter* is intended. Mr. F. C. Gould's pencil (or rather pen) is nothing if not political; and here he has given us coloured cartoons of eminent politicians in various more or less appropriate characters. Mr. Harold Begbie supports him with verses studiously infantile in form, but eminently adult in their political allusions and studied smartness. Smart they really are, and decidedly clever; except towards the close, where the statesmen selected give less foothold for satire, and deficient opportunities for point (or rather "points," in the stage sense). Then, in the effort to make bricks without straw, the smartness becomes somewhat lame and strained. But in the earlier cases he makes his points well and briskly. Some of the illustrations are clever; for instance, Lord Roberts and Mr. John Morley. Lord Roberts is represented, in the coloured outline on black ground of a Grecian vase, as Hercules cleansing the Augean Stable; while behind him, in place of the lion-skin, hangs from a tree a boar-hide, the boar's head very cleverly fashioned into a semblance of Mr. Kruger. This great Boer's head, indeed, is one of the best things Mr. Gould has done. Mr. Morley figures as Oliver Cromwell, the mixture of the two personalities being dexterously managed. He is, of course, bidding them "take away this bauble" of Imperialism—a point so practised a political satirist as Mr. Gould could not miss. Mr. Morley being Cromwell, it was a matter of course that the ex-Premier and biographer of Napoleon should be presented after David's picture of the Emperor, endeavouring on a fiery rocking-horse to cross the obstructive Alps which separate him from the leadership of the Liberal Party. This is as well done as the unmanageable features of Lord Rosebery will admit, and the mingling of two divergent facial types is undeniably comic. Of Mr. Begbie's verse this may serve as a specimen, on Lord Rosebery:

> Up and down his gee-gee goes!
> Can he cross thus? Goodness knows!
> Ask him, and he winks an eye,
> Making, with a yawn, reply:—
> "Can I cross? I have a plan!
> Say I can't? Of Corsican!"
> O the moral all can tell:
> Confidence is very well,
> But no poor supplanted Esau
> Can get back his own by see-saw.

Mr. Begbie's verse, however, is done scant justice by quotation, and needs to be read as a whole, beside the pictures for which it is designed. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

THE YEAR BOOK OF PHOTOGRAPHY. EDITED BY P. R. SALMON.

We heard amateur photography recommended to a lady for "nerves" the other day, and truly there is no escape from photography any more than from cycling. The strongest give in at last. It is only by turning at intervals from Mr. J. T. Ashby's seductive paper, herein printed, on "Photography in the Woodlands," to those parts of the volume which seethe with "sulphocyanide of ammonia," "metabisulphite of potassium," and "hydroquinone," that we are able to preserve our

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resolution to defer the plunge until age has enlarged our leisure. We refer particularly to Mr. Ashby's paper, because it is the making of the volume. Chatty, humorous, and genuinely helpful, this little treatise on woodland work may be recommended to every amateur, and the more so because Mr. Ashby takes a thoroughly sane view of the true nature and limitations of photographic work. He is properly impatient of high-flown attempts to identify the aims of photography with those of pictorial art. "It should not," he insists, "be considered an excellence in a photograph that it resembles something else, as, for instance, an unfinished or otherwise imperfect work of manual art, such as a rough sketch, a sepia drawing, a charcoal rubbing, and the like. This is to degrade photography. For if its highest claim to consideration be the mere power of imitating the inferior or minor productions of another art, what is the value of that claim?" Mr. Ashby's own photographs, reproduced here, are striking examples of pure photography, in which the niceties of light and composition receive the fullest consideration. In "The Whispering Woodlands," "The Dead o' the Year," "Season of Mists," and "The Secret Ministry of Frost," we have four entirely different moods of Epping Forest.

Section 2 of the *Year-Book* consists of a useful photographic "Tourists' Companion and Holiday Guide." There are technical chapters on "The Carbon Process," "Double Transfer," etc. (*Photographic News* Office. 1st. net.)

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's *Impertinent Dialogues* (Arrowsmith) are very amusing in their smart, flicky way. Their brevity stands them in good stead. "The Almost Inevitable Consequence" is a dialogue on the "island" in Piccadilly, opposite Bond-street. Willie's attempt to convoy Betty to the pavement ends in mud and despair: "Betty, once before I tried to cross the street with a woman. We parted for ever. If you still wish to be my wife, get into this cab and drive with me across the street." They drove. In "The Ego Epidemic" we find Sir Victor Majoribanks interviewing Lady Violet Turnhamgreen preparatory to a "grand dramatic and musical" in aid of sundry widows and orphans. "'Ullo Vi!" "Chin-chin, Vicky." "You are a brick to turn up so soon after my letter. . . . I want you, Pip Broadstairs, Mrs. Arthur Scarlett, the Duchess, Tiddley Rushbrook, and about thirty of the most popular professionals, all the ones who have been divorced, who are going to be divorced, and who can't get divorced, do you see!" "I'm on." Most of the "Dialogues" appeared in the *World*, where also most of the "Visits" of Elizabeth first saw the light.

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack have issued the fifth and sixth volumes of their "Edinburgh Waverley" These contain *The Antiquary*. The second volume is embellished with an interesting miniature of Scott, painted in 1797. This miniature is the second authentic portrait of Scott known, and was sent by him to his wife two months before their marriage. It represents him in military uniform, and is fittingly reproduced in this volume, inasmuch as the last chapter was founded on an incident in his experience as a Yeomanry officer. The first volume has for frontispiece a photogravure of a portrait of George Constable, of whom Scott said, "He had many of those peculiarities of temper which long afterwards I tried to develop in the character of Jonathan Oldbuck."

Messrs. Chatto and Windus issue a new edition of the late James Payn's novel, *The Family Scapegrace*. It is no longer necessary to detail the excellence of Messrs. Bell and Son's "Cathedral Series"; to which are now added, *Ely*: *Bath*, *Malmesbury*, *and Bradford-on-Avon*; and *Bristol*.

Fiction.

Mrs. Green. By Evelyne E. Rynd. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

This book consists of a series of sketches, giving, in the form of conversations, the views upon things and people generally, of a certain Mrs. Green, wife of a vicarage gardener, and herself the vicarage charwoman, and extra "help" in cases of emergency. The conversations are all more or less amusing, while two or three of them are distinctly clever, in the fashion of a clever poster, where the colours are essentially to catch the eye, and to force the attention not of the few but of the multitude. Nevertheless, on the whole, Mrs. Green is a fairly entertaining person. To take out of doors in summer weather and read in the shade she is by no means bad company, while upon the subject of "Canwassers" and "Politicks" her vigorous opinions actually verge towards profundity. As regards the last Elections, it is true, Mrs. Green was more or less nonplussed, not finding any appreciable difference between the views or promises of either side. She remained, however, staunch to the Conservative party, because "It's safer on the face of it," ses I, me speakin' for Green, as thinks with me in sech things; "for to let them stop him as 'as made their mistakes," ses I, "an' sees 'em. You needn't tell me as 'ow you won't make the same mistakes," ses I. "I knows you won't," ses I. "You'll make new ones, an' probbubly worse."

On the subject of lady canvassers, Mrs. Green's opinions are equally decided. Having inquired of one smiling lady who she was canvassing for, husband, brother, or lover, and hearing "only for a country," Mrs. Green waxes caustically eloquent. "Which thinks ser little of you," ses I, short, "that it gives a vote to a labourer in a lodgin' 'ouse a-bearnin' of 'alf-a-crown a week," ses I, "an' leaves you without."

The importance of light literature is curiously underrated. Yet the book that takes the mind off the burden and heaviness of life is of an incalculable value and refreshment. Mrs. Green is welcome, because though her humour is at no time either very subtle or very original, its comicalities are always good enough to rouse a passing sense of amusement, and here and there to convey an impression of considerable shrewdness as well.

The Hero. By William Somerset Maugham. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

Mr. Maugham's new book has more cleverness than the average reader is likely to see in it; for it is only mediocrally, if pleasantly, written, and the incidents are all extremely quiet and unexciting. The cleverness lies neither in the style nor in the situations, but in the unobtrusive success of its pyschology. Heredity as a ground plan for fiction is common enough, but in *The Hero* the pernicious inheritance comes not from the bad but from the good qualities, and in this fact lies both the original and interesting elements of the book; for in life the noblest characteristics are by no means the most useful. Life is undeniably brutal. To deal with the material part of it successfully, human nature requires a little of the brute also. Captain Parsons had none, and consequently could never permanently have escaped making a failure of his life. His father, Colonel Parsons, had been required to send his papers in, after a mistake due to his possessing more heart than head. "He acted like a gentleman and a Christian," and, in consequence, as an incompetent soldier. His son, during the South African campaign, retrieved the family self-respect, and after five years from home returned to marry Mary Clibborn, the *fiancée* of five years back, and already the idol of his simple, lonely parents. This is the whole situation, for to marry Mary, with her

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"fine digestion and excellent conscience," had become literally impossible to James Parsons. The inherited sensibility of his father he possessed in an intensified degree. As a result, he could neither bring himself to break the hearts of his parents, nor to accept the smug, self-satisfied lady. The conclusion was, consequently, inevitable. *The Hero* is a thoughtful and interesting study of character and heredity.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

THE GRIP OF THE BOOKMAKER. BY PERCY WHITE.

The scope of this novel, by the light-hearted author of *Mr. Bailey-Martin* and *The West End*, is indicated by the title. Although Alf Harris, the famous bookmaker, has changed his name to Mortimer Gordon, and now lives in Rutland-square, the world will not let him bury his Harrisian past. His son hears of it, and to him the ex-bookmaker says: "If any chap tells you you're the son of Alf Harris, the bookmaker, knock him down where he stands." The son is prominent in the book. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

SEVERANCE. BY THOMAS COBB.

Mr. Cobb has written some half-dozen novels—bright, modern trifflings with life, readable, entertaining, and easily forgotten. *Severance* goes a little deeper than the others. In the beginning, Ballantyne arrives in London, after an absence of four years. He had gone away to forget a lady: he succeeded. He calls upon her the second day after his arrival, and learns that "Hugh and Dagma have had an unfortunate difference." That difference gives him occupation. (Lane. 6s.)

MY BRILLIANT CAREER. BY MILES FRANKLIN.

Miles Franklin is at this moment a young Bush-girl, barely twenty-one. So Mr. Harry Lawson tells us in his preface to her book. The monotony and hardship of Bush life have entered into this very young soul, and this is the expression of her observations and her revolt. It is certainly a document. The story is of sheep-farming in the solitudes, and "as real in its weariness and bitter heart-ache as the tall gum-trees among which I first saw the light." A Marie Bashkirtseff of the Bush! (Blackwood. 6s.)

BUSH-WHACKING, AND OTHER SKETCHES. BY HUGH CLIFFORD.

Mr. Clifford is one of our best writers of frontier sketches, his particular locality being the Malay Peninsula. But "the dim back-beyond, where no white man has hitherto set his foot," is the Eldorado of frontier men, and between the frontier and the unknown Mr. Clifford's sketches oscillate. We are on the Pahang river, or in Borneo, or we are on board a certain "Schooner with a Past." Mr. Clifford knows his backgrounds and his people, and we always find him interesting. (Blackwood. 6s.)

MARRABLE'S MAGNIFICENT IDEA. BY F. C. CONSTABLE.

Marrable may be magnificent, but Mr. Semple is delightful. Mr. Semple comes into £5,000, and feels that he can take out as many patents as he pleases. Taking out patents is what Mr. Semple lives for. "But, think, Dulcie," he exclaims to his wife, as they sit down to sausages in the City-road, "only think of our future now! Suppose, to begin with, I take out only fifty patents. We must be cautious, I confine myself to fifty. And suppose ten—no, suppose forty fail! You see how cautious I am? We assume forty fail! Then ten succeed. What follows? At the lowest computation, the most cautious computation, we are millionaires." (Blackwood. 6s.)

A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY. BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

An old house on the edge of the sea is always effective in a story. This one is an insignificant gabled house mixed up with laundry buildings. But it has its "history," which is developed in the fortunes of Nettie Linfield and her hypocritical old uncle, Samuel Patcham, who collects money from far and near to do a little good to others and a great deal of good to Samuel Patcham. Patcham found himself in the tightest of corners when, "there, on one side of him, locked out, was Dick Rasper, the man whose inheritance he had stolen a quarter of a century before, while, on the other side, locked in, was his wife's niece, Nettie, who knew enough about certain other misdeeds to get him a term of penal servitude." (White. 6s.)

A MILLIONAIRE'S LOVE STORY. BY GUY BOOTHBY.

"A certain paradoxical wit," says Mr. Boothby, "once remarked that George Kilvert was a man very much to be pitied, for the reason that he was too wealthy ever to experience the peculiar delight of wasting a sovereign." When Kilvert, senior, died he left his son "a million and a-half pounds." On his thirtieth birthday, the young man, leaving Victoria for the seaside, saw "a singularly beautiful woman" at the bookstall. He met her again at Beachcombe-on-Sea. Hence *A Millionaire's Love Story*. (White. 6s.)

PRINCE CHARMING. BY "RITA."

Another German Court story. Erinia is the name of the little kingdom, and Prince Charming is its heir. He is brought to a sense of his responsibilities by his love for an Irish fisher-girl, who outshines in grace and character the choicest flowers of Society. "Rita" calls it all a "Fantastic Episode in Court Dress." Not a bad story to read in a hammock and forget. (Sands. 6s.)

THE PRESUMPTION OF STANLEY HAY, M.P. BY NOWELL CAY.

"The story claims," we learn from an advance paragraph, "to offer in the guise of fiction some new and startling light on a recent royal 'tragedy.'" Here is a passage from page 224: "'Perhaps your Majesty is not aware that when your daughter was treacherously carried away from England she had already been made my wife by the most sacred rites of the Church?' 'I understood,' said the King, stifling a yawn, 'that her Serene Highness carried her mad escapade to the point of going through the marriage service with you, and allowing you to think that it was a real marriage.'" (Warne.)

NOBLER THAN REVENGE. BY ESMÉ STUART.

Village and squirearchical melodrama. The villain's name is, of course, James Felton; the hero's is Alec Beauworth, and the love of Ruby and the lands of Yewdale are at stake between them. Ruby gets lost in London, and eats the inevitable bun, and she and Alec are greatly helped by Bob Rabbits, the stable-boy, who exclaims "Ods Daggs!" whenever things take a turn. The story is thoroughly readable, and wholesome in its own familiar line. (John Long. 6s.)

THE LION'S BROOD. BY DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

In this story, by the author of *The Spell of Ashtaroth* and *The Secret of the Crater*, we are in the midst of the second Punic War and the clashing armies of Hannibal and Rome. The subject gives splendid opportunities for the description of hand-to-hand fighting, and these are not neglected. (Heinemann. 6s.)

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The One Thing Needful.

A GOOD book cannot be written without a previously found and strongly retained conception of its subject as a means of charm or service. In the writer this sentiment or conception is gusto. It may be the cold, tenacious gusto of a defender of the Belleville boiler; it may be the rich gusto of the historian, to whom the annals of some "old and haughty nation, proud in arms," have been committed; or it may be a gusto of sentiment, fusing trivial and comparatively unrelated matter in the heat of some persistent and interesting whim of association. Whatever the subject, it is only when this breath of life is breathed into it that a book becomes a living creature. Especially is this true of a subject which is in any degree a "made" one, and of which, therefore, the possibilities lie chiefly in the mind which has set it up as a subject at all. Mr. Gribble's subject in *Lake Geneva and its Literary Landmarks* (Constable) is of this order. He is careful to tell us that he is writing neither a complete history of Geneva nor a complete history of Genevan literature.

> What I have tried to write is an informal, anecdotal history of Geneva, with especial reference to the careers of the many eminent men of letters, natives or strangers, who have lived or sojourned there. Every continental traveller—and we are all continental travellers nowadays—finds his way sooner or later to Geneva; and it occurred to me that such travellers might be glad of a book which would remind them of what was most worth remembering about Bonivard, Calvin, Beza, Voltaire, Rousseau, Madame Necker, Madame de Staël, Horace Bénédict de Saussure, and other celebrated men and women, whether citizens or resident aliens, whose names are associated with the city and the lake. So far as I am aware, nothing of the sort exists in English. That seemed a sound reason for filling up the gap.

Here, then, we have a "made" subject. For, obviously, there are only remote and accidental connections between the men who happened to sojourn by the Lake of Geneva in the fifteenth century and those that were found there in the nineteenth. Some ties of race may be found here and there, but rarely are these significant. Bonivard and Byron are but casually linked by "The Prisoner of Chillon," written by Byron in ignorance of Bonivard's story. Calvin admonishing Bonivard for familiarity with a servant-maid, and imprisoning a Genevan hair-dresser for making a woman look too beautiful, stands in no obvious association with Voltaire luring the Genevans to the theatre, and himself standing in the wings to applaud with cracked, aged hands the efforts of the actors. Gibbon, looking on the Lake of Geneva on the night when he put the last touch to his immortal history, and Amiel looking on the same waters in the bitterness of intellectual sterility, have, after all, only the lake to draw them together. Milton goes to Geneva in 1639, and Gray goes exactly one hundred years later, but they are united no more by the Geneva they visited than the Cambridge where their geniuses had been nursed. Nor is it anything but the accident of place that brings together Rousseau and Wordsworth, Madame de Staël and Shelley, Addison and Chateaubriand in this book. All these people might be otherwise herded. A score of pretexts might be found, and one might then reduce the method to an absurdity by writing a book on the literary associations of Clapham Junction, in which one would gossip at large about all the celebrities that could be proved to have passed through that maze of "points" and platforms. But do not misunderstand us—we are not saying that Mr. Gribble's idea is absurd. We merely point out that this bringing together of people who, during five centuries, have lived in or visited Geneva is for the most part an arbitrary and artificial proceeding, and, consequently, that its successful exploitation depends on the author being very much in love with his subject, and seeing in it more than his readers do. But, alas! it is just this private and procreative gusto that we seem to miss in Mr. Gribble's book. No warmth of sentiment, no passion of place, no revelling in strange coincidence or contrast, are here to fuse these memories into a seeming drama. Geneva and its lake happen to exist, and a number of "celebrated men and women" happen to have been there. Hence it "occurs" to Mr. Gribble that people who go to Geneva "might be glad" of a big book which would "remind them" that other and more celebrated people have been there before them. So the book is written, and published, and here it is—a book with many good points, but without gusto.

Probably some critics will give Mr. Gribble liberal praise; and, if his book is read piecemeal, it is well deserving of that reward. It has few dull pages, and many bright ones. Mr. Gribble's account of Bonivard is interesting, his account of Gibbon is interesting, his defence of Madame de Warens is interesting. The book is full of interesting detail, and is not wanting in humour. But the abiding trouble is that there is no very dramatic reason why the reader should be attending to Bonivard, or Gibbon, or Madame de Warens; and when he has laid down the book his uppermost thought is—how much better it might have been done! For neither by the presence of some encircling poetic sentiment nor by executive thoroughness, springing from enthusiasm, does this book quite command a place on one's shelves. Let us take these points in order.

One would suppose that the great Lake of Geneva, the mirror of Mont Blanc and the filter of the Rhone, would count for something. There, at least, is permanence. There, flashing to-day in the sun, or reflecting the stars to-night, roll those glorious waters of which Byron could write:

> Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake
> With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing
> Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
> Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
> This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
> To waft me from distraction.

Never does a sail waft us from distraction in Mr. Gribble's pages. We see all the painful development of Geneva through centuries of bigotry and barbarism, we rub shoulders with theologians, citizens, refugees, professors, and poets, weltering on from chapter to chapter, and the world is too much with us. The lightning leaping along Jura, the snow melting in April, the twinkling lights of Geneva in the abysmal summer nights, the play of shadows on the grey cathedral; and all the pedigree of beauty in these scenes of beauty—all these go for nothing. Mr. Gribble gossips on about men and things, cracking his pleasant jokes from century to century. Yet here the theatre is as important as the actors. By one of Mr. Gribble's strange omissions, we have no mention of Sainte-Beuve's professorship at Lausanne. Yet from Sainte-Beuve Mr. Gribble might have learned to see Geneva as it should be seen by an historian of its people. Years later, in Paris, when he was writing his *causerie* on Madame de Staël, Sainte-Beuve could recall the environment of her brilliant

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gatherings at Coppet, on the western horn of the great lake-crescent. And his pen leaped forward in rapture; in a single page he gives us more of the sentiment of the place, and all it suggests, than does Mr. Gribble in his whole collection. For this reason, and to show by example what that missing element in Mr. Gribble's pages is, we will quote Sainte-Beuve's words in full, using, with slight modification, the not too satisfying translation that lies nearest:

> But the inexpressible charm of Coppet during these its most brilliant years, that which you would like to grasp, oh young hearts!—whether you be still young and fresh, or disillusioned and thirsting for an ideal which you can no longer hope to find; you who are still what is best in the world after genius, in that you have the power to admire it, and with tearful eyes to feel it—it is the seclusion, the interchange of thoughts and ideas among these guests, beneath the leafy shades, and the noonday talks by the brink of these lonely waters clothed with verdure. A frequent guest at Coppet, knowing my deep interest, told me: "One morning I had come out of doors early to enjoy the fresh air. I lay on the thick grass by a pond in a remote part of the park, gazing dreamily at the blue sky. Suddenly I heard voices, two persons drawing near and nearer, talking. The conversation was loud and excited, and of a private nature. I tried to make a noise to warn them of my presence, and as I hesitated to get up, they came so near that it was too late to interrupt, and I was obliged to remain and hear everything—reproaches, explanations, promises—unseen, and scarcely daring to breathe." "Happy man!" I said; "and whose were the two voices? and what did you hear?" Then, since the delicacy of the strolling guest evaded my questions, I was careful not to persist. Let us leave to romance, or to the poetic imagination of our descendants, the fresh colouring of such mysteries; we are still too close to them. Let time roll on, let the nimbus gather on the hills, let the hoary summer murmur forgetfully of long-past voices, and one day imagination can embellish it with the sorrows and the anguish of hearts in such Edens.

We do not ask Mr. Gribble to be a Sainte-Beuve, still less to dip his pen in purple ink; but from the above passage he has something to learn.

We have said that not only in thinness of imagination, but also in the matter of thoroughness, Mr. Gribble gives us cause to grieve. This will hardly be doubted when we mention that in a book on the literary associations of Geneva he has not so much as mentioned Ruskin, or Dickens, and has dismissed Amiel in a paragraph at once perfunctory and incorrect. Indeed, Mr. Gribble seems to have missed the very writers who could have helped him most. From both Ruskin and Amiel he could have learned to see the civic prowess and natural beauty of Geneva in one sweeping gaze. "On the other side of the high town," says Ruskin,

> the houses stand closer, leaving yet space for a little sycamore-shaded walk, whence one looks down on the whole southern reach of the lake, opening wide to the horizon, and edged there like the sea, but in the summer sunshine looking as if it was the one well of blue which the sunbeams drank to make the sky of. Beyond it, ghostly ranges of incredible mountains—the Dent d'Oche, and first cliffs towards Fribourg, to the west, the long wave of Jura, fading into the air above Neuchatel. That was the view for full noon, when the lake was brightest and bluest. Then you fell down a perpendicular lane into the lower town, and you went to Mr. Bautte's.

"*Then* . . . you went to Mr. Bautte's." That little sentence enforces, pleasantly enough, all that we have said. Not less strange is the omission of Dickens, who took a house near Lausanne in 1846, and worked there for six months on *Dombey and Son* and a Christmas book, yet kept his eyes open in all directions. He witnessed the revolution at Geneva when the Federal Diet decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits, and describes it in his letters with delightful touches—all mixed up with "December's *Dombey*" which he could hardly write for lack of crowds in the streets.

As for Henri Friederich Amiel, whose *Journal Intime* began two years after Dickens's stay, he was the psychologist of Geneva and its lake. His *Journal* breathes of its vegetation, and of all the moods of its waters and mountains. An incorrigible spectator of life, he drew the minds of all countries and ages to his help, through books, as he strolled on the Salève. Once, sitting in his courtyard, and listening to the church bells, he fixed the moment thus:

> In my courtyard the ivy is green again, the chestnut tree is full of leaf, the Persian lilac beside the little fountain is flushed with red, and just about to flower; through the wide openings to the right and left of the College of Calvin I see the Salève above the trees of St. Antoine, the Voirons above the hill of Cologny. . . . All the bells are ringing. It is the hour of worship. A historical and religious impression mingles with the picturesque, the musical, the poetical impression of the scene. All the peoples of Christendom—all the churches scattered over the globe—are celebrating at this moment the glory of the Crucified.

It is for such large adumbrations as these that we look to Mr. Gribble in vain; and if we have pressed our charge it has been only to illustrate the thesis with which we began—a thesis which is of vastly greater importance than any single book. And after all one is moved to criticism far more strongly by a good book at fault than by a book that is merely worthless. Mr. Gribble's book is by no means worthless; but, all the same, we must regretfully count it among literary might-have-beens.

Things Seen.

The Observation Hive.

Over the door of the hut was written "Bees and Ants," and underneath an invitation to "come and see the Observation Hive." I paid threepence, and entered, for Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee* was still fresh in my memory, and, led by him, I had gone with the bee into wonderland. Electric lamps hung from the roof of the hut throwing a dazzle of light on a movable frame standing upright upon a table. Covered with glass, a border of wood, around it, flat and shallow, at a distance the casual eye might have thought it was a picture in monochrome, a night-piece by some impressionist who sees Nature all in masses of black. But to look close was to discover that the night clouds were masses of bees, and the spots of light pieces of comb over which the bees moved slowly, ever busy, ever intent, unresting ignorant of satiety, indifferent to pleasure. The lamps glared upon them; far overhead, at intervals, the switch-back banged along with roar and scream; the band played popular airs; all the paraphernalia of amusement went restlessly on, and only the Great Wheel and the Bees seemed to be at work. "Of course you have read M. Maeterlinck's book about 'The Bee,'" I said to the young woman attendant. She shook her head, and began her exposition. "If you will look close to the frame," she said, "you will see the Queen Bee. She is larger than the others, and wherever she goes they turn their heads to her. No bee ever turns its back on the Queen. That little passage at the bottom of the hive leads to the open air where they gather honey all the day." She said no more, but I, thinking of Maeterlinck's magical prose, said: "It must be very interesting to follow the Life of the Bee from hour to hour." "Oh," she said, with finality, "it's my business. I like the ants better." She went to an ants' nest standing in the middle of the room under a glass case,

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selected an insect, and exhibited its strength by making it support a couple of coloured balls she held in her hand. "And that's their cemetery," she said, pointing to a little dun-coloured heap in a corner of the nest. "There isn't much anybody can tell me about ants." Bending, I peered again at the "busy and abominable" bees, then went outside. The band was playing "God Bless the Prince of Wales." I thought again of the Belgian poet-philosopher, and reflected that things—bees, for example—have just as much beauty and wonder as one brings to them. Which is not a new thought. Neither was the Pacific new when Cortes first looked upon it.

The Householder.

She was a dressmaker. Her husband was a clerk, and his calling was distasteful to him. An ardent Socialist, he gave much time and thought to speaking at mass-meetings and to lectures on social reform. Both husband and wife were clever, but the secret of success was not theirs.

She wrote one day, saying she had changed her address. I found that her new home consisted of one room. A huge dog and a cat lay on the hearth, some small birds hung in the window, a parrot's cage stood on the floor. Round the sides of the room and on the table were piled folded clothes, curtains, china, saucepans, etc., just the things she had been able to save from the wreck. Stately and tragic, she stood in the midst of the chaos. I sympathised with her, and she told me how unlikely it had once seemed that she would ever be in such squalor. Her father, she said, had held a good appointment in India, and she had been brought up in comfort. Soon after her marriage, things began to go wrong, and they grew gradually worse, until at last the furniture was seized for rent. "It is all dreadful," she said, "but the worst thing is, that my husband comes home night after night, throws himself into a chair, and wrings his hands. I can bear anything but that! If only he wouldn't wring his hands!"

Dilettante Verse.

The Horace Club, which has hitherto banqueted unseen, includes in its muster-roll of members, Mr. R. Asquith, Professor York Powell, Professor Courthope, Sir Rennell Rodd, Mr. Laurence Binyon, the Rev. H. C. Beeching, and Mr. Owen Seaman. Their common bond is, of course, the cult of Horace; and one rather gathers that their symposia are prefaced or accompanied by the reading of some little original poem, contributed by one of the members (after the manner of the Omar Khayyám Club), of which this volume is a sheaf. If there be one member whose own published work has any Horatian affinities, it is Mr. Owen Seaman: nor is it without disappointment that we find the *Book of the Horace Club* (B. H. Blackwell; Oxford) distinguished by his absence.

It might have been conjectured that the exercises of the club would be noted by some of the characteristics which are acknowledged as belonging to its Master: but this, it seems, we are not to expect. The only Horatian quality which the prefatory English (for there is also a prefatory Latin) poem claims for the poems as a whole is derivativeness. That Horace drew from Greek sources, and based himself on Greek models, is unquestioned. But surely, the most scratch collection of amateur present-day verse might be dedicated to Horace on the same plea; for it is the note of average verse to be derivative. Horace is immortal, despite, not because of, his derivativeness; and of the executive qualities which compensate for his derivativeness there should be some common trace (to however inferior a degree) uniting any collection of verse which enrolls itself under his ensign. But there is none. Of his neatness, his terseness, his finish, his form, his *concinnitas* (we have no quite adequate word for it), nothing is there as a common bond. Here and there a poem seeks after the Horatian quality; but the most are derived from all conceivable and often most anti-Horatian sources—one even from Browning. Nay, some sin against that brevity which is a prime Horatian attribute—marring by diffuseness what in little would have been a creditable poem. It is, in fact, just a scratch collection of poems; the most un-Horatian volume that ever took the Roman's name in vain, to our thinking.

If, however, we dismiss the title, it has more to say for itself. Some of the pieces are at least accomplished and scholarly verse. Quite one of the best, though nowise smacking of Horace, is Mr. H. Belloc's "The South Country":

The men that live in the South Country
 Are the kindest and most wise,
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
 And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
 When over the seas she flies;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
 And she blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines,
 But I smell the Sussex air,
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
 But my home is there;
And along the sky the line of the downs
 So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
 Nor a broken thing mend;
And I fear I shall be all alone
 When I get towards the end.
Who will there be to comfort me
 Or who will be my friend?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
 Of the men of the Sussex weald,
They watch the stars from silent folds,
 They stiffly plough the field.
By them and the God of the South Country
 My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,
 Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
 To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung,
 And the story of Sussex told.

I will build my house in the high wood
 Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
 Shall sit and drink with me.

That is the style of our old ballads and songs, not at all of the polished Latin poet; but it is well done, with much of the large, breezy air and motion fitted to the theme. Mr. Belloc has before now shown an aptitude for the simpler kinds of song; and the whole poem from which we have quoted is equally good.

More in the finished style, appropriate to a Horace Club, is Professor J. S. Phillimore's "An August Day in Gardena":

A bloom o'ertides the forest sides
 Like Autumn on the grape;
Much light upon the mountain hides
 His starkly hammered shape.

High flies the wind and straight, he crisps
 Clear skies above the South;
Moon-coloured cloud in shuffled wisps
 Unrolls before his mouth.

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O'er North wind loud and lucent cloud
The master sun supreme,
Holds all a happy valley bowed
Enchanted in a dream:

Dream such as human hearts indulge
When, with a sudden birth,
Silence and solitude divulge
The secret of the earth.

The first two stanzas are very good, with happily wrought phrase: that

Crisps
Clear skies

reminds one of Shakespeare's

Below crisp heaven;

one of the many proofs that the great poet had what would now be thought an efficient knowledge of Latin, whatever the oppressively learned Jonson might think of it. For obviously Shakespeare uses the adjective in its original Latin sense of glittering or keenly shining. Horatian in neatness, but lineal from Calverley, is Mr. J. Williams's "Crushing Exposure." It belongs to the frivolous muse:

'Twas in Throgmorton Street we met,
We were two fools and one promoter,
And Jones and I shall ne'er forget
Floater.

Yes, Floater was his name; he penned
A very readable prospectus,
But that was just what in the end
Wrecked us.

The public bit and read about
The chances of a record crushing,
And things that Floater wrote without
Blushing.

The shares rose first, and there was fun
For us and Floater for a fortnight,
Until they fell a point in one
Short night.

Then Floater sought to save his skin
By imitating Jones's penmark,
And Floater last was heard of in
Denmark.

We could exchange a good many of the serious attempts in the volume for other verses as deft as these. Mr. Williams would seem to have a pretty faculty for the muse that flourishes so well at the Universities. Mr. Beeching's contributions are scarce on a level with his finest work, though they show the hand of the craftsman. "Bembridge Harbour in January" is perhaps the best:

The sky, a liquid crystal, flowed
O'er sea and land, till pure from stain.
And jewel-clear their colour glowed
As in a glass of Claude Lorraine.

The water, like a sheet of steel,
Mirrored the moveless swans afloat,
The solemn Sabbath-keeping wheel,
The masts of many a fishing-boat.

Around the harbour, spire and tree
Were etched against the vaulted blue;
Across the strait were plain to sea
The trees and spires of Portsmouth too.

So still the scene was, so refined,
It seemed a sleight of magic art,
Till in a gust of sudden wind
The scent of coltsfoot cheered my heart.

That is good, though impoverished by hackneyed similes, such as "like a sheet of steel." A sufficiently varied volume, as the reader will perceive, the *Book of the Horace Club* has matter worth the reading, if, as a whole, it does not rank above the ordinary gathering of dilettante verse.

Paris Letter.

(*From our French Correspondent.*)

Arvède Barine has written a charming and unpretentious book about the ever delightful St. Francis of Assisi. It is certainly very slight, and cannot compare with Mrs. Oliphant's book on the subject for the reason that Mrs. Oliphant brought to bear upon it a greater tenderness, the novelist's more romantic and sympathetic temperament, a wider and more generous appreciation; but within its limits it is a strong, a delicate, and gracious tribute to the undiminished charm of one of the few really lovely souls mediæval Catholicism produced. There is a subtle touch in the wise association of the Minor Brothers with revolutionary socialism. The chivalrous and ardent Francis preached the mild and utopian socialism of his Master, and for considerably less to-day men are looked upon as mad or wicked. Go among the millionaires of Christian Europe or America and ask them to espouse Lady Poverty and give their millions to the amelioration of the human race, see how you will be received, and read the edifying remarks that will be made about you in the newspapers. And yet the wealthy, purse-proud, birth-proud Anglo-Saxon, and the wealthy, purse-proud, birth-proud French Catholic have a like fatuous and insane pretension to call themselves Christian. Talking over this matter once at Arvède Barine's table we all decided that the nearest approach to a Christian in modern Europe is Tolstoi, and he, imperfect and unsatisfactory as he is, has been excommunicated. What would have happened had he been something of a real Christian like Francis of Assisi? Arvède Barine has added to her charming study of a most charming saint a finished translation of the "Legend of the Three Companions."

La Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles has published a volume of poetry which it is the fashion to admire. There is a pretty materialistic sentiment for nature revealed in these poems. The diction is fine and polished, suggestive, and at times spontaneous, but it is strange to read an entire volume destitute of ideas, of soul, of light. It is just the sort of poetry a poetic little horse or a goat cast upon the bosom of Nature might be supposed to write. The appreciation of nature which is keen is exclusively animal. One cannot precisely say that it is perverse, it is so faithfully the pony's point of view. To young girls it preaches a morality one would qualify as infamous from a more civilised pen. But Madame de Noailles is a Brancovan, a Roumanian descended from Musurus, a Turco-Greek—hardly a creature of our modern civilisation. Her face is quite Turkish, a little wittier and more expressive than our notion of the harem visage, and she accentuates this Oriental caste of feature by a gold band worn over her brow. I have heard her recite her own verses at parties, and her manner is certainly not civilised. But what will you? She is an Eastern princess mislaid in France in the twentieth century and has married a French nobleman, consequently in these democratic days she may tranquilly drive a coach and four through the walls of conventionality, over the carcase of expiring respectability. And when she tells young girls in verse, with decorative coarseness, that the evening is warm and they should go forth into the woods and take the first lover handy, that being the sole lesson of life, well, we explain it to ourselves as the sort of thing an Eastern princess might be expected to say. The main thing is that she says it

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in excellent French and with a strongly developed animal instinct for poetry. There is not an image, an idea in all her volume of *Cœur Innombrable*, but there are many pretty and memorable lines, many charming pictures of Nature in its various physical moods, but nothing of its subtlety.

M. Charles Legras has written a book that will interest many English authors: *Nos Contemporains Anglais chez Eux*. The title is somewhat misleading. Why should English contemporaries be exclusively culled among the scribbling class? There are princes, aristocrats, generals, admirals, members of the Houses of Lords and Commons, acrobats, prize-fighters, lawyers, shopkeepers, cricket players, publishers, millionaires, philanthropists, stump-orators, preachers, sweaters, publicans, and sinners, even more representative than the humble scribblers. But M. Legras interests himself only in writers and dramatists. His treatment of this class is perfectly amiable, but lamentably superficial. Most of M. Legras' appreciations saw the light in the pages of the *Journal des Débats*, a defunct journal. He seems to have written chiefly of writers he has known, and those he does not know personally are of no consequence in his esteem. He admires George Moore, because George Moore admires the French, and has the *naïveté* to say that only distinguished geniuses like himself can appreciate Balzac. I have read in English so many wittier and more telling things about the irrepressible Miss Marie Corelli, that it comes rather as a shock to find a Frenchman's paper on that thrilling subject so flat and spiritless. But while not greatly interested in these mild and thin studies of our scribbling geniuses (much resembling the *World's* Celebrities at Home, and hardly worth reprinting), I was much amused at M. Legras' sharp taunt against the English historians. Reading it, one would think the French were invariably generous and impartial to their enemies. I was taught history in a French school, but never learnt more than the names of Agincourt, Creçy and Poictiers. The English are far fairer to their national enemy than the French, for no Frenchman in the same circumstances would have written Lord Rosebery's book on Napoleon.

H. L.

Confessio Amantis.

THERE was once a man who wished to show his heart to a woman. Now it is a rule of the men-folk that, whether a woman shows her heart to a man, which happens sometimes, or keeps some odd ends or corners for herself, which is the ordinary case, a man should never show more than a half or at most three-quarters even to the woman of his choice. Therefore they were very afraid for the man, and adjured him under all conceivable circumstances "to keep something up his sleeve," as is the jargon of their caste. But the man was obstinate and went his own way. And first he showed a woman half his heart, and she laughed at him. And then in the second place he showed a woman three-quarters of his heart, and she wept her lost illusions. And then, because the man was impatient and felt that confession was good for his soul, he showed his whole heart to a woman. The third woman neither laughed nor broke her heart. She only tried to understand and not lose her ideals.

Nevertheless, whether he or she were the happier for his self-revelation is a problem which lies on the knees of the jealous gods. For in this world to speak or to live without reserve is only possible for the child, or the genius, or the fool.

Correspondence.

"Sartor" Re-Read.

SIR,—In the ACADEMY of July 6, Mr. Francis Thompson has an article under this title. He commences by stating that it is a dubious experiment to re-read an author who has been one of the authentic gods of one's youth. "Nigh as dubious as the re-reading of young love-letters," he says. Surely this is hardly the case; or suppose Shakespeare had been our youthful ideal, should we later on return to him with a "tremour," doubtful whether the greatness of *Hamlet* would still remain when subjected to the "searching light" of "settled judgment"? And to many men *Sartor Resartus* is much more than *Hamlet*. To many it is a book to live by; with Truth, not seen "flittingly through shifting vapours, doubtful if she were seen at all," but clearly and helpfully evident throughout. Is it not possible that the critic, with his active "Greek sense of form and clearness," may be so concerned at the "rough, thunderous jar and concussion of phrases" in the "tortured mass" of Carlyle's general speech, that he occasionally passes over the full significance of them? In short, sir, will you allow me to make a mild protest against Mr. Thompson's "semi-retrospective criticism," which seems a little too hard upon one of the greatest prophets of the last century?—I am, etc.,

HERBERT M. GREEN.

39, Oakfield-rd., Stroud Green, N.

"What is True Poetry?"

SIR,—I was interested in Mr. Wright's letter of last week, but think the matter is open to more definite statement. A brief analysis of the psychic causes which give rise to that somewhat complex activity that we usually look upon as an operation of the poetical faculty may do something towards determining the basis upon which true poetry ultimately rests.

The normal processes of the intellect (*e.g.*, in mathematical or physical research) are essentially analytical in character, and proceed upon lines laid down in accordance with certain invariable laws (logical canons, mathematical postulates, axioms, etc.). When, however, the intellect comes under the domination of the emotions (not the mere momentary ebullitions, but the permanent sensibility, psychologically understood, by the term) its usual procedure is radically changed. Its actions are arbitrary, and no longer come within the scope of determinable laws. It aims at synthesis. It seizes upon and subdues to its own purpose and to a common harmony things in themselves so dissimilar as to reveal to logical inspection absolutely no correspondence.

> A land
> Where *music* and *moonlight* and *feeling* are one.
> [*Swinburne.*]
>
> From two *sounds*,
> Not a third, but a *star*.
> [*Browning.*]

What justification, then, have these new processes of the intellect when under the domination of the emotions? Absolutely none, *save to other minds in syntony.*

> The world may *reason* and welcome, 'tis we musicians *know*.
> [*Browning.*]

We have here, then, the two forces, of whose concerted action poetry is the outcome—the emotion which urges—the intellect which is acted upon. In a certain case the intellect may possibly resent the sway of the emotions, and may usurp more than a due share of the partnership, in which instance, probably, versified prose or metrical logic is the result; in another case, the emotions may come to the top, and the intellect be too pigmy to bear the weight,

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with the sequel of flabby, incoherent verse, faulty and insufficient. When the two elements are well balanced we get *true* poetry; further, in proportion to their harmonious development, we get *great* poetry.—I am, etc.,

T. W. Cole.

21, Coleford-road Wandsworth, S.W.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 94 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best quotation in prose or verse applicable to the present state of the Liberal Party. We award the prize to Mr. William Ashton Tonge, Stanecliffe, Disley, for the following:

"We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately."—Franklin (at the signing of the Declaration of American Independence, July 4, 1776).

Other replies are as follows:

"As sheep having no shepherd."—St. Matthew ix. 36.
[A. F., Exmouth.]

"The fallyng out of faithfull frends is the renewyng of love."—Richard Edwards. [A. A. B., West Bromwich.]

"A party is perpetually corrupted by personality. Parties of principle . . . degenerate into personalities."—Emerson.
[H. J., Hadley Wood.]

"Like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting."—Shakespeare.
[F R. C., London.]

"All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe."—Lewis Carroll.
[H. R. C., Egham.]

"Tho' much is taken much abides: and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."—Tennyson.
[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

"Then he asked them, saying: 'Where did you lie the last night?' They said, 'With the shepherds upon the Delectable Mountains.' He asked them then, 'If they had not of those shepherds a note of direction for the way?' They answered, 'Yes.' 'But did you,' said he, 'when you were at a stand, pluck out and read your note?' They answered, 'No.' He asked them, 'Why?' They said they forgot. He asked them, however, 'if the shepherds did not bid them beware of the Flatterer?' They answered, 'Yes: but we did not imagine,' said they, 'that this fine-spoken man had been he.'"—Bunyan. [J. T. P., Brighton.]

"All those instances to be found in history, whether real or fabulous, of a doubtful public spirit, at which morality is perplexed and reason is staggered, are their chosen and almost sole examples for instruction."—Burke. [L. R. G. W., Richmond.]

"Alas! the worn and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye?
The harp of strained and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply." Scott.
[A. G., Cheltenham.]

"To be or not to be: that is the question."—Shakespeare.
[H. S., London.]

"Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts—
Not wicked, but deduced by impious arts."—Dryden.
[E. B., Liverpool.]

"Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace."—Dryden.
[E. G. B., Liverpool.]

"All of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them."—Shakespeare.
[S. A., Stoke-on-Trent.]

"Lead me, O Zeus, and thou, O Destiny,
The way that I am bid by you to go:
To follow I am ready. If I choose not,
I make myself a wretch: and still must follow."—Cleanthes.
[A. S. H., Dalkeith.]

"The late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of false love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed."—Shakespeare.
[G. W. H., West Didsbury.]

"Look around you. Your world-hosts are all in mutiny, in confusion, destitution; on the eve of fiery wreck and madness! . . . Ye shall reduce them to order: begin reducing them. To order, to just subordination: noble loyalty in return for noble guidance. Their souls are driven nigh mad: let yours be sane and ever saner. Not as a bewildered, bewildering mob; but as a firm regimented mass, with real captains over them, will these men march any more. All human interests, combined human endeavours, and social growths in this world have, at a certain stage of their development, required organising: and Work, the grandest of human interests, does now require it. God knows the task will be hard: but no noble task was ever easy. This task will wear away your lives, and the lives of your sons . . . but for what purpose if not for tasks like this were lives given to men?" Thomas Carlyle. [Z. McC., Whitby.]

Seven other replies received.

Competition No 95 (New Series).

On page 25 will be found an extract from a paper contributed to the new *Rambler* by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, entitled "The Desire of the Star for the Moth." Assuming that James Boswell reads this essay to Dr. Samuel Johnson in the Elysian fields, it is probable that an interesting conversation between this Great Star (the Doctor) and this Great Moth Bozzy will ensue. For the best imaginative report of their remarks on Mr. Le Gallienne's substance and style we offer a prize of One Guinea. Contributions should be in the form of dramatic dialogue, and should not exceed 300 words.

Rules.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, The Academy, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, July 17. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1524. Established 1869. 20 July, 1901. Price Threepence.
[*Registered as a Newspaper.*]

The Literary Week.

Mr. John Stanhope Arkwright, M.P., author of a volume of poems called *The Last Muster*, has entered into partnership with Mr. R. Brimley Johnson. The title of the firm will remain unchanged.

A correspondent writes: "A reading of Mr. Conrad's and Mr. Hueffer's new novel, *The Inheritors*, suggests that a very good subject, *The Collaborators*, remains to be handled by some clever writer. There are probably twenty-five methods of collaboration. But it is safe to say that the public's innocent picture of Mr. 'A' writing one set of chapters and Mr. 'B' another set, and the whole being sandwiched together by joint agreement, is the method of romance. As to *The Inheritors*, perhaps we shall not be far wrong if we take it that the younger author contributes the central idea, the plot, and general situation, and first works out the various scenes in the rough, and that the elder man, bringing his experience of life and insight to bear, by a series of slight touches, recastings, and deletions, gives the whole book that style, intention, and atmosphere which the public has already seized in his former works as defining his judgment of life."

The "Local Notes and Queries" column of the *Nottinghamshire Guardian* has run longer than any other such feature in a provincial newspaper. The conductor throughout this run of more than twenty-one years and a-half has been Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, F.R.H.S., City Librarian of Nottingham, and the editor of "The Bibelots." That gentleman will close his long connection with the newspaper mentioned at the close of this month.

Under the heading, "Counsel in Season," Mr. Max Beerbohm discourses on holiday reading in the August *Pall Mall Magazine*. After much expansion and some paradox, he offers the reader his private "tip." It is this:

> There is one author on whom you may rely implicitly. I refer to him of whom, throughout the past twenty years or so, the reviewers, with one accord, have been predicating that "he always writes like a gentleman." A monotonous chorus? But, indeed, there is nothing else for the poor reviewers to say. They cannot say "he writes like a profoundly thoughtful gentleman," or "like a foolish gentleman," or "like a witty gentleman," or "like a dull gentleman." Indeed, "gentlemanly" is the only epithet they could well apply to him, and that were tautological. If you have read one of Mr. Norris's novels, you will admit that it responded exactly to all the negative requirements of the holiday mood. And you may take my word for it that all his other novels are of precisely the same kind—not better, not worse, and neither bad nor good. In a garden, or on the deck of a ship, or on the terrace of a casino—wherever you be lolling, hale and hearty, away from your usual environment—these, I assure you, are the very books you need, and are the only books you need.

"Society Croakers" is the title of Article VIII. in the *Quarterly Review*. We turned with some interest to see the books that were reviewed under that title. They are:

> *A Portion of a Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847.* Two vols. London: Longmans, 1858.
> *Greville Memoirs.* Second Series (1837 to 1852). Three vols. London: Longmans, 1885.
> *A Memoir of H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide Duchess of Teck.* By C. Kinloch Cooke. Two vols. London: John Murray, 1900.
> *Notes from a Diary* (1851 to 1891). By Rt. Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. Ten vols. London: John Murray, 1897-1901.
> *Notes from my Journal.* By the late Lord Ossington. London: John Murray, 1900.
> *Seventy Years in Westminster.* By the late Rt. Hon. Sir John Mowbray, Bart., M.P. Edited by his daughter. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1901.

One, it will be observed, was published in 1858, another in 1885

"I happened to turn up the other day," says "O. O." in the *Sketch*, "Mr. Henley's criticism of *The Return of the Native*, published in the Academy at the time when it first appeared, in 1879. Mr. Henley complains that in all Mr. Hardy's work 'there is a certain Hugoesque quality of insincerity, that, rare artist as he is, there is something wanting in his personality, and he is not quite a great man.' *The Return of the Native* Mr. Henley pronounces 'not by any means so good a book as *A Pair of Blue Eyes*. The story is a sad one, but the sadness is unnecessary and uncalled for. In one scene—the scene where Clym is informed of the way of his mother's death—Mr. Hardy rises to the situation, and does nobly. But elsewhere he is only excessively clever and earnest and disappointing.' I imagine," adds "O. O.," "that very few critics, perhaps not even Mr. Henley himself, would now subscribe to this judgment."

Mr. H. C. Marillier has written an account of University journalism. It will be called *University Magazines and their Makers*.

The first volume of Messrs. Dent's edition of Hazlitt, containing, in addition to Mr. Henley's introduction, "The Round Table," "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," and "A Letter to William Gifford, Esq.," will be published in October, and it is hoped that the whole work will be completed in twelve monthly volumes.

The new number of the *Revue de Paris* contains a story by Mr. Frank Harris called "Profits et Pertes." It begins: "Le grand magasin de tissus en tous genres était silencieux et plein d'ombre." But the French, we discovered later, is not Mr. Harris's. A note at the end says: "Traduit de l'anglais par Henry D. Davray."

We understand that Messrs. Meehan, the Bath booksellers, have in contemplation the early publication of an important work on *The Famous Houses of Bath and*

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District. The work is the result of many years' labour and investigation on the part of Mr. J. F. Meehan, who has spared neither time nor expense in collecting together material for what must ultimately be a most important local publication. Bath and the immediate neighbourhood teem with recollections of historic personages who have dwelt therein, and Mr. Meehan has consequently compiled what is likely to be an invaluable work of local reference and general interest. The work will have an appreciative introduction by the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, and will be strictly limited to 500 copies. A good proportion of the edition has been already privately subscribed for, the subscribers including many distinguished names.

An Italian journalist recently had a conversation with M. Zola. A portion of the interview has been telegraphed to the *Daily News* by that journal's Naples correspondent, from which we take the following:

> "I do not believe in absolute felicity, which is not attainable; but I believe that all social injustices might be attenuated, and, therefore, I trust to science to create a sentiment of truth. I have a great veneration for Tolstoy, but I do not agree with him on one important point. He rests on the Gospel. Now, the Gospel is also to me very beautiful, but I believe that future morality must be founded on scientific psychology. The Affaire has taught me that it is necessary to reconstruct the moral question from its very base, and my next romance, *Vérité*, will tend to that. In it I shall study primary and secondary instruction in France. I shall be active between pupils and masters, and shall explain my ideas on the education problem. In the first part I shall describe the sad effects of present-day education; in the second, education as it ought to be. My next work will be *Justice*. It will treat of a judicial error; but I shall try not to make any allusion to the Affaire. The action will not take place in military circles. It will give me a motive to show my supreme ideal—the end of war, the victory of the spirit of justice over militarism, the United States of Europe, the dream of Victor Hugo. You will be astonished that I join Hugo," M. Zola said, laughing. "I am, perhaps, more romantic than you thought."

The popular novel is being studied with great interest by critics who love it not but recognise its significance. A writer in the new *Quarterly*, who takes *The Christian*, *The Master Christian*, and that clever book, *Colloquies of Criticism*, and other works, as his text, remarks that the relation between the merit of novels and their popularity has never been so anomalous and so independent of literary standards as it is in England to-day. He proceeds to inquire into the relation which has usually subsisted in the past between merit and popularity, and comes to the following useful, though familiar, conclusion: That "though literature of certain kinds may possess within its own limits the highest and most lasting merit, and may yet appeal only to a small and exclusive circle, the greatest literature of all, while appealing to the best judges, appeals to the mass of ordinary readers also, and shows its degree of greatness by the extent that it does so." Until recently these conditions held, and Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot swayed alike the critics and the multitude:

> Now let us compare the past condition with the present. To events of the kind of which we are about to speak it is impossible to assign any exact date; but we may say with sufficient accuracy that about twenty years ago a change began to come over the public taste, which has, year by year since then, been growing more marked and remarkable, until now, to many observers, it seems nothing short of a revolution. Putting aside that enormous majority of novels which secure little attention either from the few or the many, and confining ourselves to those which, to some appreciable degree, have gained the approval of one class or the other, we shall find the peculiar characteristic of the existing situation to be this: that whereas formerly the novels which had most readers were those which, in the opinion of all competent judges, were the best, those which notoriously have the most readers now are those which, in the opinion of all competent judges, are among the worst: that others, which all competent judges place highest as literature amongst the works of existing novelists, are, of the contemporary novels which can be called popular at all, those whose popularity is confined to the narrowest circle; whilst between these two groups there is another composed of novels, incomparably better, but very much less popular, than the worst; and incomparably worst, but very much more popular, than the best.

Having pointed out that in all the great novelists we find profound and accurate knowledge of life or a part of life, sympathetic insight, and some quality of philosophic thought, the writer proceeds to examine the two novels already named. Their fate at his hands may be guessed. In summing up their authors' achievements, he says:

> Miss Corelli and Mr. Caine have, in fact, to a remarkable degree, the talents which enable the story-teller to entertain and excite the partially educated in their lighter moments, combined with an assumption of the profoundest knowledge of the subjects in regard to which such readers are most curious in their more serious moods. The same combination of talents may be seen in the "cheap Jack" at a fair, who first attracts a crowd by his eloquence and then sells sovereigns at a shilling, and five-shilling knives for sixpence. There is genuine talent in his persuasiveness, though there is no value in his wares.
>
> We thus see that, though the most popular novels of the present day are signally deficient in any one of those qualities which make the works of great novelists great, they undoubtedly possess certain of the lower qualities without which no great novels would be popular, combined with qualities which, although they are in reality of minor importance, are mistaken for the highest and greatest by a vast and half-educated public. We are, therefore, brought after all to the reassuring conclusion that the literary instincts of the public are still, in themselves, normal; and the greatest novels would still be the most popular if it were not for this fact, that the majority of novel-readers to-day happen to belong to a new and unexampled class, which has not as yet acquired the taste and knowledge that might enable it to discover what greatness in literature is.

In conclusion, the *Quarterly* reviewer fixes on the conversion of the reading public in England "from what was once an aristocracy into a huge heterogeneous democracy," as the great explanatory fact. He adds that the saviours of fiction will be found among those novelists who can resist the demoralising influences which such a public presents, and also those who have been rendered by circumstances independent of its pecuniary patronage.

In an article in the July *North American Review*, Mr. W. D. Howells pursues a train of thought suggested to him by a perusal of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Eleanor*. He is led to see, or think he sees, certain special differences between English and American fiction, and these he endeavours to state. We have not space to quote them in full, still less to show how Mr. Howells derives his ideas from *Eleanor*, but the following suggestive passage will serve to show his tone of thought:

> The usual incidents of fiction have not, in the best American novelists, been the prime concern, but the subliminal effect of those incidents. Love itself, which is the meat and drink of fiction, is treated less as a passional than as a psychological phenomenon.
>
> Long ago the more artistic of our novelists perceived that the important matter was not what the lovers suffered or enjoyed in getting married, or whether they got married at all or not, but what sort of man and maid their love found them out to be, and how, under its influence, the mutual chemistry of their natures interacted.

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All the problems, in any case, are incomparably simplified for the English novelist by the definite English conditions. One can no longer call them fixed; but they are still definite, and in a certain way character proceeds from them—the character of a gentleman, a business man, an artisan, a servant, a labourer.

Each of these has his being in a way so different from the others, that he is a definitely different creature; and when through some chance, some perverse mixture of the elements, the conditions are traversed, and the character bred of one shows itself in another, it has a stronger relief from the alien background.

But, ordinarily, the Englishman feels, thinks, and acts from his class; when you name his class you measurably state him; and you have rather to do with what he does than with what he is. The result in fiction is a multiplicity of incidents and persons; you have breadth rather than depth.

Possibly we touch here a fundamental variance of the English and American life. In former times we Americans were accused of being curious, over-curious, of being insatiable and impertinent questioners of strangers. It may be, however, that we were not so, but that the most penetrating difference between us and the English is that they are social and we are personal.

Their talk is of incidents; ours of interests. Their denser life, we will say, satisfies them with superficial contrasts, while in our thinner and more homogeneous society the contrasts that satisfy are subliminal. This theory would account for their breadth and our depth without mortifying the self-love of either, which I should like to spare in our case if not in theirs.

Our personality is the consequence of our historic sparsity, and it survives beyond its time because the nature of our contiguity is still such as to fix a man's mind strongly upon himself, and to render him restless till he has ascertained how far all other men are like him. We are prodigiously homogeneous, though in the absence of classification we seem so chaotic. We shall change, probably, and then the character of our fiction, our art of representing life, will change too. Very likely it will become more superficial and less subliminal; it will lose in depth as it gains in breadth. As yet, its attempts to be broad, to be society fiction, have resulted in a shallowness which is not suggestive of breadth.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has been warbling, in the *New York Journal Saturday Review*, about the Summer Girl:

What was she reading, the Summer Girl,
As she sat there alone by the sea?
Was it Shakespeare, or Dante,
Guido Cavalcanti?
Or a novel by you—or by me?

What was she reading, the Summer Girl,
As she laid down her book in the sand?
Was it Caine or Corelli,
Or perhaps Mrs. Ella
Wheeler Wilcox, that slipped from her hand?

Etc.

From the same paper we gather some particulars about the Summer Author. He is beginning to be paragraphed on both sides of the Atlantic. The Summer Author is the author who has done well during the winter, and is now lying in a hammock. It is deemed most important that the public should know where its literary entertainers are during July and August, and how they are being tanned and ripened for the next book market. In Boston, particularly, they believe in literature by sequestration. Compare the following with all you remember of Oliver Goldsmith:

The best selling book in Boston during the past month was *A Carolina Cavalier*, by George Cary Eggleston.

It is like the story of *Eben Holden* over again. Two years ago Irving Bacheller got a leave of absence from his New York paper, sequestered himself in the woods up in New York State, and soon blossomed forth as the most popular author of the day.

It is only about a year ago that Mr. Eggleston was in the grind of metropolitan newspaper work. It is not known that he even had the opportunity of sequestering himself in order to write his book. It was brought out last spring by the Lothrops, of Boston, the publishers of *Eben Holden*, and the sales of *A Carolina Cavalier* have been increasing every month.

Mr. Eggleston now has the luxury of spending an entire Summer at Lake George, far away from the hot, bustling editorial rooms on Park Row. But it is not an idle luxury that Mr. Eggleston is enjoying this Summer. He is too well trained a newspaper man for that. He is now writing a book for boys and a romance of the Civil War.

Again, we read:

Col. Charles Ledyard Norton, the popular writer of boys' books, is passing the Summer in a most delightful way at Sandwich, on Cape Cod. In his spare time, between chapters of his new book of adventure about the Barbary War, he is building a houseboat. He expects to live in it the latter part of the Summer and be towed from point to point along the New England coast.

Who wouldn't be an author?

A very fine copy of the First Folio Shakespeare has just changed hands at Christie's. The copy measures $12\frac{5}{8}$ in. by $8\frac{1}{4}$ in., and it is practically perfect. The *Daily News* thus describes its condition and its sale: "No letter of text is lacking; and, but for the bottom corners of four leaves being slightly repaired, and the portrait after Droeshout rubbed in places, its condition is good, though not so good, perhaps, as that of the 1899 example. On the other hand, its value is decreased by reason of the modern morocco binding. The opening offer of £500—more than it was worth thirty years ago—came from Messrs. Pickering; then one of £800 from Mr. Quaritch. By Messrs. Hornstein, Sabin, and others it was carried to £1,500. Thereafter the contest was between Pickering and Quaritch. Although in 1899 the late Mr. Bernard Quaritch wrote that the copy which then brought £1,700 was worth no more than £1,100, his son was yesterday the final bidder at £1,720—a record sum. An astute collector declared that if the finer 1899 example were again offered, £2,000 would hardly purchase it."

Prof. Richard Lodge, of Edinburgh University, has issued, through Mr. James Thin, of that city, the text of the lecture which he delivered last October at the inauguration of the Fraser Professorship of Ancient History and Palæography. The student, he said, "should desire to have a wide outlook over History as a whole; no part of the story of human progress or decline should be a complete blank to him. But he should also make a minute study of some particular period or subject, tracing his knowledge back to the original sources, and subjecting them to the most minute examination. Without such an intensive study of some part of History, his mastery of the general course of History will always be somewhat superficial and unreal, and the value of one such piece of original work to his wider reading will be inestimable. It will give him a keenness of insight and a security of judgment unattainable in any other way."

Mr. G. S. Street has been applying these principles by a careful examination of the old Betting Books at Brooks's Club, and he publishes his "finds" in the *North American Review*. They are of great interest. The entries are all contained in one book the size of an ordinary thick notebook. "It was a joy to me," says Mr. Street, "to observe the various handwritings—the easy, rapid writing of men who wrote a good deal; the clumsy, laborious writing of fingers more familiar with guns and bridle-reins; the hasty scrawl of the man who was in a hurry to be at play; sometimes the fantastic scrawl of the man who had plainly dined. Charles Fox's fist changes in the progress of the

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book from a rather round and boyish form to an elegant and running hand—an improvement no doubt produced by the lessons we know he took from a writing-master. He and Fitzpatrick used the book most constantly; after 1780, Sheridan's nimble flourish decorates a good many pages. I preserve spelling and other accidents, and refrain from impertinent and unnecessary '*sics*.' The majority of the bets are not signed or initialled, nor is the settlement recorded: Sheridan (in pride, it may have been, of winning or paying) seems first to have introduced the latter custom."

From Mr. Street's numerous selections we take the following:

> 1771. April 16th. L^d. Ossory betts Mr. C. Fox 100 Guineas to 10 that Doctor North is not Bishop of Durham this day two months, provided the present Bishop dies within that time.
>
> 1771. June 22nd. Mr. William Hanger bets Mr. Lee Twenty Guineas to 25 that M^lle. Heinel does not dance in England at the Opera House next month.
>
> Mr. Boothby gave Mr. Fawkener five Guineas to receive One Hundred if the Duke of Queensbury dies before half an Hour after five of the afternoon of the 27 of June 1773. June 27: 1772.
>
> 2nd March 1774. Lord Northington betts Mr. Plumer 300 Guineas: to 50: that either the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Cholmondeley, Mr. Hanger, or Mr. Plumer is married before His Lordship.

Bibliographical.

THE complete and uniform edition of Hazlitt's works is, it seems, to run to twelve volumes, and to include everything except the Life of Napoleon, "now quite obsolete." But, though obsolete in a sense, has not that Life, nevertheless, a good deal of literary interest? I miss, too, from the list of the works which the edition is to contain *The Character of William Cobbett* (1835), though no doubt it is intended to find room for it. *The Characters of Shakespeare's Plays* is, in the list, left undated. The date, of course, is 1817 (followed by editions in 1818, 1848, and 1854). The date of *The Dramatic Literature of the Life of Elizabeth* is wrongly given; it should be 1820-21. Among the most popular of Hazlitt's writings, it would seem, have been the *Table Talk* (1821-22), which was reprinted in 1825, 1845, and 1869, and the *Round Table* (1817), reprinted in 1841 (third edition), 1869, and 1871. *The Plain Speaker* (1826) was reprinted in 1851-52 and 1870. Messrs. Dent intend, I see, to reprint the *Liber Amoris*, and I suppose they could not do otherwise. The book is extant, and, though it is discreditable to its author, cannot be put out of sight.

Mr. Shorter's production of his *Tatler* has brought with it a crop of references to Steele's historic periodical, but I have seen no allusion anywhere to a publication called *The Tatler*, which appeared in London in 1830-32. This started on September 4, 1830, as a "daily journal of literature and the stage," consisted of four quarto pages only, and cost twopence. In this form it lasted till March 31, 1832, though it had in the interval altered its designation to "a daily journal of literature, fine arts, music, and the stage," and though on and after August 20, 1831, the price fell to one penny, from April 4, 1832, to October 6, 1832, the paper was published only three times a week. It was octavo in size, and, beginning with eight pages, ended with sixteen. On the last-named date, apparently, it expired. As originally started, it was devoted almost wholly to the tastes of the reading man and the playgoing man. Towards the end of its career it became more broad and varied in its interests. There were, of course, no pictorial illustrations; but the letterpress was by no means unattractive.

Who shall decide when anecdotists disagree? "An Octogenarian," writing in the *Cornhill*, sets himself to correct the "accepted and quite erroneous" story to the effect that on one occasion in Paris, Rogers and Luttrell being at the Louvre together, a party of English ladies hailed the latter, and he stopped to speak to them. Rejoining Rogers, he was asked, "Who were they?" and replied, "I don't know; they asked if my name was Luttrell." "And was it?" "This in the mouth of Rogers would," says the "Octogenarian," "have been a cruel sneer, Mr. Luttrell being a natural son. The true version of the incident, as I heard it numerous times from Mr. Rogers himself, he gave as a glaring instance of Lord Dudley's well-known absence of mind. It was he, and not Rogers, who was with Luttrell at the Louvre; the ladies had asked the latter 'if my name was not *Holland*?' And Lord Dudley had said, 'And was it?' in sheer absent-mindedness." Now, I am sure the "Octogenarian" writes in the best of faith; but if you will turn over the pages of Planché's *Recollections and Reflections* you will find that writer asserting, also on the authority of Rogers, that the absent-minded beggar in this instance was "Maltby, the brother of the bishop." It was the banker-poet, according to Planché, who was asked if his name was Rogers, and it was Maltby who remarked, "And was it?"

The promised book on *University Magazines and their Makers* will be very welcome. The subject has not yet been systematically treated. Mr. Whibley did something for Cambridge periodicals in the introduction to his *In Cap and Gown: Three Centuries of Cambridge Wit* (1889), and in 1890 we had a book of *Echoes from the Oxford Magazine: Being Reprints of Seven Years*. Obviously, however, there is very much more room to cover, and the result cannot but be interesting. As Mr. Whibley truly observes, "Youth is the age of literary experiment, and a large number of those whose names have in later years become famous have won their spurs in the field of literature as undergraduates." Meanwhile, what is wanted badly is a History of English Periodicals," excluding newspapers, and giving prominence to the quarterlies and monthlies. Such a History, conscientiously done, would be a very valuable aid to the study of our literature during the past two centuries. It might be undertaken by a syndicate of experts.

The announcement of a forthcoming novel by Mr. Hamilton Aïdé carries the mind back a good many years—to the first appearance of such once-popular stories as *Carr of Carrlyon*, *Confidences*, *Poet and Peer*, *Rita*, and so forth. Mr. Aïdé is a notable example of mental energy in the autumn of life. He published a novel, *Jane Treachel*, so recently as two years ago (1899), and it had been preceded in 1895 by *Elizabeth's Pretenders*. One remembers very well his play of "Philip," produced by Irving in 1872, and his comedy, called "A Nine Days' Wonder," brought out by John Hare and the Kendals in 1874. It was, however, a little surprising to find him, in 1890, suddenly returning to the footlights with the adaptation which he called "Dr. Bill." Mr. Aïdé has written some smooth and pleasing verse, but was not thought worthy of inclusion in that *omnium gatherum* of Mr. Alfred Miles—*The Poets and the Poetry of the Century*.

I notice that Mr. Alfred Austin is described, on the cover of the new number of the *North American Review*, as "Poet Laureate of England." It is a pity that our Transatlantic brethren should be thus misled. We, over here, know that such a functionary as "Poet Laureate of England" does not exist. In this country the Poet Laureate is a salaried member of the Royal Household—that, and nothing more or less. His name and emoluments figure in the official lists of that Household. The appointment is a Court appointment; it has no national bearing or significance whatever. It so happens that the post was filled in succession by three notable men—two of them men of genius—Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, and that fact has given to the office an altogether factitious interest and importance. England makes her own Poets Laureate; they are not appointed by Government.

THE BOOKWORM.

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Reviews.

Some Old Tendencies.

Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Brandes. In 6 vols. Vol. I.: *The Emigrant Literature.* (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

THIS Emigrant Literature is the first volume of what will undoubtedly be an important critical work, by an author who has won recognition in England through his exhaustive study on Shakespeare, and his volume on Ibsen and Björnson. It deals with what the author considers the wellspring of nineteenth century literature, in the work of those French writers who fled into many countries from before the guillotine of the Revolution and the grape-shot of Napoleon, drawn back in the track of the Restoration to renew literary France. The book is exceedingly well written, clearly planned, full of insight, and of unfailing interest. It certainly gives promise that the series will be of more than ordinary value to critical students. Of the points which we notice for animadversion, one concerns the translation. Why is it styled "The Emigrant Literature"? In English, the French word *émigré* at once denotes an exile of the Revolution and Napoleonic reign, without the need of explanation or qualifying term: it is appropriated to that purpose. But emigrant may signify an Englishman in America, a Chinese in Australia: it has no specialised application. The translator is so conscious of this that the French exiles are throughout the book called *émigrés*. Why did he not speak of "The Emigré Literature," or else of emigrants? The inconsistency is itself an argument against the title, which should (as we suggest) have been "The Emigré Literature." For the author himself our chief complaint is that he is too uncompromisingly partisan. He is all that we understand by Continental Liberalism—anti-clerical, materialistic, rationalistic; and he carries all this into the very roots and conception of his book. It is taken for granted that a writer approaches salvation in proportion as he approaches the standpoint of modern materialistic science, and the cognate philosophies which exclude the supernatural element from life—plus the emotional and other qualities which distinguish nineteenth century rationalism from the cold and narrow rationalism of the eighteenth century. His views dominate the whole book, colouring even the casual comment on Chateaubriand's mother: "God-fearing to the highest degree, a church-goer, and a patroness of priests." The result is that such as do not sympathise with the writer's views have frequently to pause and redraw the picture in a fresh perspective, before they can realise what it is in itself, apart from its painter's peculiarity of vision. In a critical study of literature, it were to be wished the author could have abstained from weaving strong personal preconceptions of this kind into the warp and woof of his fabric.

Another point is of slight importance in the present volume, though it remains to be seen how far it may affect the subsequent volume on *Naturalism in England*, of which "Byron and his contemporaries" are to be the theme. That very description of the intended fourth volume indicates what we mean. Mr. Brandes, apparently, is still influenced by the once universal Continental illusion as to the toweringly ascendant position of Byron in English poetry. In France the importance and independence of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats are beginning to be understood, thanks to M. Paul Bourget and others. But for the most part Continental writers can scarce realise that a figure which means so much to their poetry means so little to ours. Mr. Brandes, for example, instances among those influenced by Rousseau, in France Chateaubriand and others, in Germany Tieck, and "in England Byron." Yet whatever he owed to Chateaubriand, Byron probably had little direct influence from Rousseau. That fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, with its Nature-rhapsodies, of which Mr. Brandes is probably thinking, drew that enthusiasm from Shelley, who in his turn drank from Wordsworth, while Wordsworth was influenced by Rousseau—directly or indirectly. It is through Wordsworth rather than Byron that the Nature-loving influence of Rousseau begins to circulate in English poetry. Yet the author's estimate of Byron is quite correct for the general purposes of his book; since in relation to the Continent Byron alone among English poets is of importance. He created or recreated the literatures of three great Continental countries at a decisive epoch. How make those countries understand the amazing truth, that the magician who did this had no influence whatever on the poetry of his own land? Wordsworth and Coleridge were before him; Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, and the rest who came after him, followed totally antagonistic inspiration. Of the swarm who wore their literary shirt-collars in the Byronic fashion, not one has survived as a poet. It is one of the most remarkable phenomena in literature, this contrast between Byron abroad and Byron at home. And it will be a curious experience (if the description of Mr. Brandes's fourth volume should correspond to the contents) to see our greatest modern poets treated as "Byron's contemporaries."

The *émigrés* writers with whom this first volume deals are Chateaubriand, Sénancour, Nodier, Constant, Madame de Staël, and Barante. Of these the author's predilections and space are given chiefly to Madame de Staël, because she alone, he considers, was in some measure a prophet, and not merely a precursor, of the fuller day which was to come. But from the standpoint of literary power Chateaubriand seems to us the greatest of the group—a group, when all is said, somewhat futile and *manqué*, whose aureole is steadily fading in the process of the years. Would Mr. Brandes, one inclines to wonder, have been altogether so enthusiastic about the De Staël (whom he calls the precursor of George Sand) if she had not written *De L'Allemagne*? At any rate, it brings Chateaubriand closer to Englishmen that he was for a time a refugee in England, as previously a wanderer in America; and that the record of the American sojourn, in particular, is writ large across his work. So, too, was Constant for a time a student at Edinburgh, being besides that rare thing, a French Protestant. But Chateaubriand has a further interest for Englishmen, in his relation to Byron. If we, better than the Continent, estimate Byron's actual place in our literature, we have less conception how far he was from being original in that "pageant of his bleeding heart." To Chateaubriand belongs the credit—we could well-nigh say discredit—of the idea. But Chateaubriand to most Englishmen suggests the *Génie du Christianisme*: few have opened *Réné* or *Atala*. It is there you find the sources of Byron. This brilliant young Frenchman was very unhappy and very discontented, for a great variety of reasons. He was tired of everything; his fellow-men were not geniuses like himself, and he was elaborately conscious of the fact; he possessed the fatal gift of making women fall in love with him, but could not really love them back, though he tried hard—which made him feel very sorry for the women, because they lost so much. Especially he was deeply, tenderly sorry for himself. But instead of reflecting that there must be something profoundly wrong with his heart, and trying what might be done to remedy it, he hit upon a beautiful new idea. Since he was so hopelessly above his fellow-men, it must be his duty to become a missionary, and by the exhibition of himself lift other men to the same heights of superior misery. That was not quite his own account of it. He said that he wrote to warn others against such a perilous state, and inculcate the necessity of religion. One is inclined to repeat Mr. Burchell's famous ejaculation. The

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actual effect of such exhibitions is to make egregious young men admire and long to imitate the author. It is not eloquent generalities about the need of religion which will undo the total atmosphere of such a book.

Anyway, what he did was to start the new fashion—which soon grew amazingly popular—for a man of genius to show his sores in the market-place, asking Hob and Dick to drop a tear—and a sixpence—into the ready hat. Byron saw his chance to set the new fashion in England. He, too, was unhappy, he had as fine sores as any Frenchman of them all. And the exhibition was unanimously voted superior to the original, even by the French themselves. The fashion was passing in England, happily; one would not like to think it could be otherwise. Even our Hamlets are sane and manly beside these Continental writers. In a Frenchman, still more a Frenchwoman, the thing seems less obnoxious—because they are "built that way."

Chateaubriand, it must be confessed, carries it off gallantly. If he lacks the Byronic directness, the Byronic compression, the scathing Byronic wit and scorn, he has a lyric eloquence of the most brilliant kind, above that of Byron, to our thinking, and often approaching the verge of poetry. His descriptions of North American scenery in *Atala*, for instance, are such as had not been read in French literature up to that time. The passion is genuine and tempestuous, despite the theatrical pose of the chief figure. In *Réné* one finds an extraordinary number of the characteristics we are accustomed to suppose original with Byron. The weariness of life and all things in life, the incredulity, the cynicism. "All my life long," cries Réné, "I have had a widespread, and yet insignificantly small world before my eyes, and at my side a yawning abyss." Such utterances, which might have come out of *Childe Harold*, are constant. Disgust of life, the folly of believing in happiness, these sentiments pervade the book. Even the device of assigning to the hero the guilt of unnatural passion has passed from *Réné* into *Manfred*, as perhaps (with differing sentiments) it passed from Byron to Shelley.

It needed genius to make universally acceptable these tales which are in effect so many portraitures of one man. So it is with Sénancour, Constant, Madame de Staël. All these men and women most characteristically make themselves the heroes (or heroines) of their own books: too egotistic to be genuine novelists, they write what are really romances on the Fortunes of Me. Constant not only portrays himself, but his passion for Madame de Staël—or rather her passion for him. He is in some degree a kind of Sentimental Tommy, encouraging a woman's love, which he is finally too cold or too shallow to return, and then making "copy" of it. For the De Staël was deep in love with him, and never got over or forgave his desertion. Her feelings at reading her own love-story in a book by the faithless lover can be imagined. It is gratifying to know that one at least of this school was capable of actual love. Nothing is more notable and miserable in the history of these writers than their general incapacity for honest sexual love. About it they are for ever writing; but they cannot live it. Still, with all their futilities, their discontent with the old, and incapacity to evolve anything new, their reaction towards faiths and aspirations in which they do not really believe, there is in them the redeeming quality of genius. Where they have sowed, others reap: they prepare the way for the Romantics, for Hugo, De Musset, and all the fertile movement which followed. Above all, as we have said, Chateaubriaud has Byron for his scholar, and through Byron leads on the new outburst of French literature. Mr. Brandes, who has more sympathy with them than we can feel ourselves, has done them excellent justice in a book which makes us look forward hopefully to its successors.

Recent Verse.

Songs of Lucilla. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Man of Kerioth. By Gascoigne Mackie. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

The Oxford Year. By J. Williams. (Simpkin Marshall; Oxford: R. H. Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.)

Nature Songs. By Emily Read. (Wells Gardner. 2s. 6d.)

It is probably an understatement to say that some score of volumes of poetry are issued quarterly from the press. It is, probably, indeed, a large understatement. Yet consider what it means. It is nothing less than portentous. The vanity, the overweening self-estimate, the half-education—in some cases; in others, the ill-digested and over-education, hypnotising a man into weak imitation of what he has admired; the hundred-and-one forms of feebleness which persuade a man to publish what he should have kept concealed in his drawer. Yet there is somewhat to be said for him. Because the only final test and tribunal is the test and tribunal of publication. For good or for evil, a man's friends may be incompetent judges. A true poet may move in an unliterary circle. A literary circle may be over-lenient in its judgment of a friend's work. The one sure thing is that a volume given to the world will ultimately find its natural level—be it negligently pushed, or boomed with all the resources of the most up-to-date publisher. That is the trial by combat, which every versifier has the right to challenge, and by the final issue of which he must abide. But it is a cruel ordeal, no less for the judges than the challenger. Their judgment may be reversed by that court of appeal—posterity. And the challenger may die—as Keats died—fatally ignorant as to the ultimate issue of his challenge. A man very sure of himself may expect with calmness the final result; or, better still, remain quietly content with the knowledge that he has done what was given him to do, and unheeding of the issue. But for the judges it is a position invidious indeed. The marvel, on the whole, is, that they seldom investigate any batch of verse without finding some occasion for praise, if nothing which touches the higher levels of poetry.

There is just now a surprising amount of verse which can fairly be pronounced accomplished; and the collection now under our notice is no exception to the rule. The author of *Songs of Lucilla*, by a species of modesty rare in these days, chooses to remain anonymous. He has published too much, and a choicer selection would have made a better impression. But he has good power of word-painting; and, his strength lying in this descriptive faculty, his gift is best seen in his poems on pictures. "La Nascita di Venere" (on Botticelli's great picture of Venus rising from the waves) is a typical example:

Prince of the painters' perished brotherhood,
Who lavished on their art the purple dye
Of pansies, and the rose's crimson blood,
How like a vapour does thy Venus rise!—
Not veiled yet by the fluttering draperies!—

All white and shimmering, from the waves wind-curled,
New-woke, and wondering of the things to be,
Like thine own mystic mediæval world;
Indeed an Aphrodite,—but not she
Who sprang, undying, from the deathless sea:—

But mild of mien, and pensive-souled, and sad,
As the Maid-mother of the Christ thorn-crowned
As though, wide-eyed, some wistful dream she had,
And in her ear still were the small shrill sound
The swallows make, as swift they circle round!—

The breezes blow about her salt, and sweet,
With floating foam, and flowers flung in the air,
And like loose fetters, falling to her feet—
A burden for the form a shell can bear—
Hang half the sun's rays plaited in her hair!

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Sculptors in stone have imaged her, sea-born,
And Love's frail mould, to be immortal, made,
But thou hast made her as the misty morn,
And as the subtle-shifting light and shade,
And as a perfect-petalled flower, to fade!

That is good, and there is much more of equal merit. Descriptive verse is not the highest kind of verse; but within these limits the anonymous author has considerable faculty.

A more distinctive and personal descriptive touch belongs to Mr. Gascoigne Mackie's *Man of Kerioth*. The Man of Kerioth is Judas Iscariot; and the poem which bears this name is notable for the strong and incisive imagery and phrase by which the descriptive portions are bitten in. For example:

Above my doubting steps in darkness bowed
A thunder-belted region black with rain:
Stabbed, like a wounded bull, the plunging cloud,
Staggered, and shook the plain.

A strong wind blew. And then, a wave of heat
Touched me: and even while I fled appalled,
There fell a crimson shadow at my feet:
I heard my own name called.

Then came I to a tract where no storm was,
But silence only: yet my every breath
In that waste land through which I had to pass
Was lonelier than death.

Lo! by a stream blotted and streaked with blood,
A stream that neither flowed nor seemed at rest,
Grey as a stone, a silent figure stood,
With beard upon his breast.

Beside him lay a reed-crate and a cruse,
Shaped like a purse of potter's earthenware:
One arm muffled his brows; a knotted bruise
Showed, where his neck was bare.

The other arm behind him on the rack
Stretch'd, as who flings away a thing bewitched:
And like a star-fish turned upon its back,
His groping fingers twitched.

There is no little imaginative strength in this description. The image of the "plunging cloud" which,

. . . . like a wounded bull, . . .
Staggered, and shook the plain.

is bold and original, if, perhaps, with a very slight tendency to violence in the wording as a whole. But the other image of Iscariot's twitching fingers,

Like a star-fish turned upon its back,

is original, strong, and vivid in a remarkable degree. Mr. Mackie has every reason to hope that he will one day arrive at work of unmistakable individual achievement. This book exhibits most attractive flashes of promise.

Of more varied kind is Mr. J. Williams's *The Oxford Year*. It opens with a series of descriptive sonnets, all informed with Oxford scenery and associations, and all having a certain quiet grace and prettiness, if not rising to the difficult level of beauty.

Here is one—"September":

I offer thee a picture wrought in rime,
By autumn painted on a Berkshire down,
When Nature circles with her golden crown
Majestic heads of rowan and of lime.
Faint fall the sheep-bells with their mournful chime,
Half silenced by the curfew of the town,
That seems to ring the knell of old renown,
Cheated of immortality by time.
Rooks whirl between the spires of Abingdon,
And clumps of Wittenham towards stubbles crossed,
By paths that swerve through haspless gates ajar.
The day is past, the twilight is begun,
With it the souls that we have loved and lost
Look from the bastions of the evening star.

The mention of Berkshire reminds us that we were too hasty in saying the sonnets were "all" redolent of Oxford. Why, by the way, does Mr. Williams say "wrought in *rime*"? So far as the poem shows, there is no touch of frost on the landscape described, nor would frost be timely in September. If he mean *rhyme*, why did he adopt an archaic spelling so fraught (in this instance) with dangerous ambiguity? Presently, however, his muse changes her note for the tune to which, since Calverley, so many University rhymers have danced. We cannot say that he takes an eminent place in that illustrious band of which Mr. Owen Seaman is the latest. Here, again, he has a pretty gift rather than first-rate and finished quality. Here is one of his trifles:

The Smug.

He dwelt amid untrodden ways,
Beside the stream of Cher,
A smug whom there were few to praise,
But many more to bar.

"A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye,"
Was scarcely the description one
Would recognise him by.

He lived unknown, and few could know
If he would sink or swim;
But he is ploughed in Smalls, and oh,
The difference to him!

A longer effect in a somewhat different kind is "St. Scholastica's Day," which begins:

Into the Mermaid Tavern,
Nigh unto Carfax, reeled
Walter de Springheuse of Merton
And Roger de Chesterfield.

These are amusing bagatelles for an idle moment in an idle way; but they have nothing of permanency in them, even after the manner of their fugitive kind. Yet the volume has attraction enough in its ephemeral way, and makes good desultory reading.

Miss (or should it be Mrs.?) Emily Read belongs to a very different kind. Her *Nature Songs* have a considerable share of poetic feeling, and a certain reflective quality; but they show a crude want of *technique*. Perhaps her "Rondel" shows her at the best:

Sick? Sorry? Understand
Nature hath cures for thee;
Thy comfort she hath planned,
And here are simples three.

Let slip the warm, dry sand
Cold fingers through, and see!
Sick? Sorry? Understand
Nature hath cures for thee.

Or cool thy burning hand
In grassy, dewy lea;
Or twist each golden strand
Of child-hair curling free.
Sick? Sorry? Understand
Nature hath cures for thee.

That is pretty, in a not very distinguished or expert way. But as a rule she is insistently feminine in her manner. It is not merely that she is feminine in quality—that were a merit rather than blame. But she will use feminine colloquialities and trivialities of phrase altogether destructive of the poetic atmosphere—indeed, one might go nigh to call them infantilities. They remind one of the baby-eyes which a certain type of woman cultivates as girlish and appealing to mankind. One's only wonder is that a woman with the power to think and feel should dress her subject-matter in phrase so immature and recognisably bread-and-butterish. Two poems derive all their imagery from the milliner's shop. A couple of stanzas may suffice:

Now sing the birds, and shines the sun,
And Spring, she has come back,
And busily she has begun
Her wardrobe to unpack.

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Fast-shut in buds of every tree,
She's squeezed her garments bright,
A marvel does it seem to me
That they are packed so tight.

Miss Read is typical of a class, above which much of her substance entitles her to rise: therefore we have dwelt at some length on her book. On the whole, we may be thankful that a certain handful of verse shows worth reading among the voluminous output of an unsparing press.

Uncle Henry's Opinions.

Robert Buchanan: a Critical Appreciation, and Other Essays. By Henry Murray. (Philip Wellby. 5s. net.)

Mr. Murray signs himself, "Your affectionate uncle, Henry," in the letter to a young poet, which concludes the vigorous volume before us, and we can but hope that Nephew Arthur's illusion about "that wonderful and worshipful personage, a writer of books," served as a fire-screen while he read this document. For Mr. Murray echoes the bad old cant, that "imaginative literature is dead in England":

> The old beliefs which gave warmth and colour to life are dispelled. Man is no longer the most enthralling of all problems. . . . but a combination of salts and gases. . . . The once illimitable earth has dwindled to the dimensions of an orange slung in a network of rails and wires. We have shorn man of eternity, and we are taking from him time and space. . . . You will not find Utopia or Brobdingnag on my chart, and might as well look for a naiad in the pools of Thessaly as for a fairy in the woods of Warwickshire.

Therefore, let Nephew Arthur remember that religions are not necessary to literature, though they have provided materials for it. Emotion is the mother of literature, and emotion is as eternal as life and growth. The earth on whose breast the ice-floes groan which sent back Nansen from the Pole is not less majestic than that which was known of Agamemnon. There is no Iphigenia, the price of whose stainless life would open to any *Fram* the stubborn rigidness of an ocean turned to a stone. Wherefore seek Utopia and Brobdingnag? The former is, after all, only an England moulded to a heart's desire, the latter a satirical invention to cure megalomania. If it were not for the eternal feminine in Glumdalclitch, who would visit Brobdingnag? and woman, maugre the Henry Murrays of this world, is still abundantly with us. Why seek the naiad or the pixie in Thessaly, or elsewhere? They taught no mystery, those fair naked women, which is not hidden in every lovely face that flits past in boats on the Thames. One or many, good or evil, man's conception of a god has ever been man or woman, or the likeness of things in the wood or the water.

Still remains the announcement, "Imaginative literature is dead in England." Fortunately, the cry of "Ichabod" does not expel a glory that has decided to remain. This Ichabod is against the sun in heaven. The short story has never been more finely wrought in England than to-day. It has gathered in the treasures of folk-lore; it is a granary of old beliefs. Never has the long story been more forthright than to-day. Though in mechanism it displays the old vices of artificiality, it preserves the common speech, and recognises intimacies of thought that were once equally lost in exaggerated sentimentality and noisy bluffness. Every reviewer of power to choose, regardless of name and intent on worth, can mention a score of contemporary writers who have struck off chapters which enhanced the intensity of the reader's life.

One follows Uncle Henry more willingly in his long essay on Robert Buchanan, whom he knew and loved, and places with Tennyson and Browning. He is impressed with Buchanan's bold arraignment of Christ, whom he dared to figure as the Wandering Jew haunting "the sad world the shadowy wraith of a beautiful dream and a great lost purpose, feebly wandering towards final dissolution and oblivion." Buchanan as a magical melodist in verse is hard to accept. Such a line as this:

But Jove sitteth cold on his cloud-shrouded throne,

in a poem quoted by Mr. Murray to demonstrate the poet's gift of melody, has an unspontaneous ugliness which forbids the idea that it is a careless line such as are met with in Shelley's works. Beauty of form is most realisable by those who passionately love it, and Buchanan did not do literary jerry-building on the ruins of such a passion. 1870 saw him pensioned, yet one reads that he wrote more than thirty of his often mediocre novels, and "camel-loads of critical, polemical, and sociological etceteras." Why? The answer is with Mammon. Necessity is acquitted. Poet, however, he certainly was. Elegiac feeling makes no more instant communication with the reader than in the words:

Ay, Mary, it is bitter
He took with him, to heav'n, no wealth I gave.

To Mr. Swinburne Mr. Murray is unjust. He recognises the poet's mastery of music, but he reduces all that he "has ever had to express" to the lines:

What ailed us, oh gods, to desert you
For creeds that refuse and restrain?
Come down and redeem us from virtue,
Our Lady of Pain.

One suspects Mr. Murray to be of those who judge of poetry as of porridge. Mr. Swinburne fails of farinaceousness. "His career has been a long exercise in the art of sinking." The grave beauty of Swinburne the elegist, the radiant splendour of Swinburne the eulogist of the sea, the grace of Swinburne the poet of childhood, sink in that sinking. But it is the critic who sinks.

Interesting Mr. Murray remains even when he exasperates. He is clever in comparative criticism and writes sagaciously on volumes that lie open before him. On a closed book about which he has recollections beware of him. We have vainly consulted three editions of Adonais for a variant of a line which he offers in support of the assertion that Shelley "drifted at least as far as Theism."

Poor Barbara!

The Use of Words in Reasoning. By Alfred Sidgwick. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

Were words definite in meaning, and independent of their context, then formal logic—"the science which is concerned with the form as distinguished from the matter of thought"—would be simply a branch of pure mathematics, and its conclusions would enjoy the same universal validity. But, notwithstanding the above definition, no logic can be completely formal unless it is wholly symbolic, and symbolic logic has, of necessity, very little to do with the processes of thought, and cannot carry us far in distinguishing between good and bad reasoning. The interest to-day of formal logic is historical; it is almost impossible, for instance, to enter into sympathetic relations with the philosophers of the Middle Age without some knowledge of the Aristotelian system. No one can deny its childlike charm, and its entire innocency of all complexity makes it a delightful diversion for undergraduates and others during their period of tutelage. When, however, it is found necessary to disengage the fallacies from a political speech, or to re-examine the data of an argument, the

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formal logician must summon other genii to his aid than those enshrined in the famous syllogistic mnemonic.

How preposterous it seems that the two assertions, "Luxury is condemned." and "All unicorns are like goats," are to the formal logician identical propositions. The real interest of the first assertion lies in the definition of the term luxury; and the difficulty of discovering common standing-ground is realised when we examine positions taken up respectively by acute thinkers like Henry Sidgwick and Mr. Leslie Stephen, both of whom have, as it happens, made careful surveys and plans of this very generalisation. Even when the significance, partial or full, of the word is known, there is still need to correlate the two class names "luxury" and "is condemned"; and it is just here where formal logic breaks down completely. The other assertion is wholly unintelligible to the naturalist, who, not possessing acquaintance with the technical and highly abstract language of formal logicians, would affirm that it is not a question of All Sis P, but a much simpler one, the existence or non-existence of unicorns. It is thus clear that in ignoring meaning and context we work *in vacuo*, and in making an unnatural divorce between form and subject-matter we are driven to an abstractness of expression which cannot be, by virtue of its abstractness, applied to concrete cases. The marvel is, that this study is retained at the Universities, where the Ptolemaic astronomy and mediæval physics have long been abandoned for post-renaissance science.

Mr. Carveth Read, in a passage which is quoted in this volume, observes in his Logic that: "A man who reasons deliberately manages it better after studying logic than he could before—if he tries to, and if he has not a perverse liking for sophistry, and if he has the sense to know when formalities are out of place." The reader is referred to p. 336 *sqq.* to learn how Mr. Sidgwick meets this statement; we quote it because it illustrates both the weakness and strength of formal logic. Who is foolish enough to question that a training in formal logic will not do some good? To those who know nothing of modern chemistry, a course of lectures in phlogiston—granting that a series of lectures on a non-entity is conceivable—would undoubtedly give training for the mind. What, however, we are concerned to know is whether this way of learning to think is not arbitrary and unnecessarily technical? Why should not a student be encouraged to set about the detection of error in his own way? Let him begin by analysing at first something quite easy, a speech by a Cabinet Minister, a popular saying, an epigram, and when he is more or less competent to deal with the class-name, and with simple inferences, he might pass on to the examination of Mr. Bernard Shaw's prefaces, to Mr. Herbert Spencer's and Mr. Leslie Stephen's writings, and other works in which appeal is constantly made to the reason. The strength of the formal position is that, once admit the right of the student to bring all his knowledge and thought to bear on the assertion itself as well as on the form of the sentence, then logic as an independent technical science disappears. Although Mr. Sidgwick states the case against formal logic with most convincing arguments, yet he seems to cling to a "compromise"—to believe, that is, that logic as a science for helping us to detect error could still be clearly delimited from other purely scientific and mathematical provinces of knowledge. The only way of retaining logic as a separate technical study is to keep it as formal as possible; and refusal to budge from this position shows a natural cunning on the part of the logicians which the practice of their profession would not lead us to expect. Whether, however, we are formalists with Dr. Keynes, or anti-formalists with Mr. Sidgwick, a few more volumes built up as skilfully as the present will bring out the loss and gain in the orthodox and highly artificial method of developing the logical faculty.

Other New Books.

IMPERIAL LONDON. BY ARTHUR H. BEAVAN.

This is a book about London, of the old-fashioned, plodding, pleasant sort. It can hardly be called superfluous, because although such books greatly abound, many of them are quite out of date. Mr. Beavan's book takes after Charles Knight's *London*, the same general classification being used; instead of a topographical progress through the town, such as Thornbury adopts in his *Old and New London*, we have chapters on various aspects of London; as, for example, "Official, Legislative, and Diplomatic London," "Legal London," "Mercantile London," "Literary, Artistic, and Scientific London." Each of these aspects is dealt with more or less completely—*less* in the case of "Journalistic London," this chapter resolving itself into an account of the *Daily Telegraph*. Such books as this are useful and entertaining in their way. They may or may not give you the fact you want. Mr. Beavan's book would be an admirable gift to a young man newly arrived in London, though it will not do anything to form his literary style. The pages are sown with small inelegances. You have a paragraph beginning: "Still more peculiar a region is a thoroughfare leading to the Waterloo-road"; and crude observations like this: "Delightful bits for any artists of the Herbert Railton order." Mr. Beavan is of those who must prefix the adverb "literally" to unsuitable verbs. If a street swarms with poor people, he writes "literally swarms." Why literally? But we grant the difficulty of sustaining an elegant style in a work such as this, in which a fragment of Roman Wall and the dead-meat market on Christmas Eve rank as "sights" of London. We can testify to Mr. Beavan's industry and general accuracy. He seems to have collected much of his information at first hand, and hence some of it is decidedly fresh. Mr. Beavan speaks of the marching of the Grenadier Guards to the Bank of England every evening as a thing of the past. "They now come by train to the Bank." Here Mr. Beavan is either inaccurate or very up-to-date, for we have seen the Grenadiers in Queen Victoria-street rather recently. A word of praise should be given to the externals of the volume, which, from the scarlet cover to the type, are bold and handsome. (Dent. 12s. 6d.)

BELGIUM AND THE BELGIANS. BY CYRIL SCUDAMORE.

The purpose of this very good, well-informed, and readable book is not (as Mr. Scudamore says) that of a guide-book. The guide-book we have with us always, manifold and mostly excellent. The design is rather to supply information about the humanity of the country, which the guide-book omits, than about the topography of the country, in which the guide-book is strong. We are told about the government of the land, its education and religious bodies, its military system (one of the most miniature in Europe, as is well known), its political parties, which are important, strongly marked, and of more than Belgian interest; its folk-lore, its towns, and its aspect as a holiday-ground.

Probably the name of no foreign country so unremote and familiar conveys so vague a notion to the untravelled Englishman as Belgium. Say. "Flanders," and at once he has certain definite, if not very modern, associations, derived from history and yet more from romance. But Belgium he scarce realises to be mainly Flanders. Even when he grasps it as Flanders, he thinks only of broad, flat, fair fields, intersected with water-courses, with frequent towns; and broad, flat, fair faces, with thick-set figures.

But besides this typical Flemish humanity, there is the Walloon race, tall, dark, lithe, black and bright-eyed, resembling the southern Spaniard, and probably of kindred pre-Aryan origin (like the dark Welshman); or, yet again

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(and these are the majority) less dark, and of Celtic race. Their tongue is Celtic-Latin; their beauties, frail, dark-eyed, animated, contrast with the fair-skinned, soft-eyed Flemish girl, and her brown, clustering locks. Nay, even your true Fleming is of two types: besides the broad shouldered, not over-tall, round-faced man, with high cheek-bones and large nose, whom we think of when we say Fleming," there is a long-faced man, with long, straight nose, and tall figure. The women dress nearly as well as Frenchwomen, the poorer girls making their own dresses with excellent taste. In Bruges, on market-days, you may still see the short, striped skirt and coloured head-dress of the last century, nor is the wooden shoe yet extinct in the Flemish parts of Belgium. All this, with the adherence of the Flemings to their ancient repute for copious drinking, and much more of great interest, you may learn from Mr. Scudamore's pages. (Blackwood. 6s.)

WAGNER, BAYREUTH, AND THE FESTIVAL PLAYS. BY FRANCES GERARD.

This small volume, by the lady who is already known as the historian of that strange, unfortunate, semi-poet on a throne, Ludwig II. of Bavaria, Wagner's patron, who alone made Bayreuth (the Wagnerian Bayreuth) possible, comes out with timely promptitude to catch visitors to the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth just beginning. It opens with a history of Bayreuth itself, not forgetting the White Lady (a genuine orthodox White Lady of the typical ancient kind) of the little Neue Schloss. In due sequence come chapters on the Festival Playhouse, the "Niebelungen Lied," and Wagner's musical setting of it, "Parsifal," and the legend of the Holy Grail as it appears in the old romances or myths. It is a very useful introduction to the whole subject, and will be found by the average Pilgrim to Bayreuth just the thing he wants. Written in a popular and easy style, its chief defect is a too feminine emotionality and strain after the picturesque—a touch of "gush," in fact, though of the modern order, plentifully bestuck with artistic and poetic trimmings. This, though we could cheerfully spare it, will, doubtless, make for general acceptability. (Jarrold. 3s. 6d.)

THE STORY OF BOOKS. BY GERTRUDE B. RAWLINGS.

This little volume belongs to "The Library of Useful Stories," and is a good specimen of the popularisation of literature. It deals chiefly with the history of modern books—understanding by the term "modern" the period from the Middle Ages onward. Indeed, with early printing the book ends, save for a chapter on bookbinding, and one on the production of books (from a technical standpoint) at the present day. Facsimiles of pages from some of the most famous early books add to the interest of the volume. Among these is an exquisite page from the famous Irish *Book of Kells*, one of the most beautiful decorative books ever produced, a treasure and treasury of labour, fine taste, fancy, and skill. Not so much can be said of Caxton or his follower, Wynkyn de Worde; whose productions are merely rare and curious as examples of the first printing-press in England. One rude cut, from Caxton's *Catho*, of boys learning their grammar, is a curious picture of the truly awful sway exercised by a mediæval teacher. The unhappy scholars, so far as one can discern from the illustration, are reciting their lesson humbly on their knees; while the master sits royally in his chair, with uplifted admonitory finger, and in his right hand the birch—a goodly birch, of the proportions of a besom—reposes sceptre-wise on his shoulder. No pupil but must behold and tremble. The second chapter gives extraordinary details on the grossly indifferent treatment of books in many monasteries—chiefly Eastern—which had fallen from their pristine literary activity, and the curious recoveries of MSS. from the base uses to which they had sunk.

An unpretending and efficient little book. (Newnes. 1s.)

MEMORIALS OF THE DUTTONS, OF DUTTON IN CHESHIRE.

This very handsome and bulky volume has been prepared at the instance of Lord Sherborne, and gives the history of one of the chief and oldest Cheshire families, from the Conquest to 1784, including the branches in Gloucestershire and elsewhere. It has sixteen portraits and other illustrations, with four folding-pedigrees. Among other curious and interesting matter, the book contains elaborate details, from contemporary depositions, of two famous duels—that between Sir Hatton Cheke and Sir Thomas Dutton, on Calais Sands (which Carlyle has described), and the great duel between Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton (who was also Baron of Dutton), immortalised by Thackeray in *Esmond*. A valuable and interesting compilation. (Sotheran. £2 2s. net.)

BIRD WATCHING. BY EDMUND SELOUS.

It would be impossible to write a dull book on this subject—the birds themselves would see to that—and Mr. Selous has written quite an interesting one, although we fancy it is much too long. Its results could have been concentrated into smaller compass, with no loss, but rather gain, of effect. Since M. Maeterlinck has shown us what can be done in studying the bee, we could wish that Mr. Selous had dived deeper into the domestic economy of some of his friends. He is too diffuse, too much dispersed over the whole feathered world, and he is too fond of his little jokes. Here is a specimen of Mr. Selous's descriptive manner:

> The way in which the male cormorant makes love to the female is as follows. Either at once from where he stands, or after first waddling a step or two, he makes an impressive jump or hop towards her, and stretching his long neck straight up, or even a little backwards, he at the same time throws back his head so that it is in one line with it, and opens his beak rather widely. In a second or so he closes it, and then he opens and shuts it again several times in succession, rather more quickly. Then he sinks forward with his breast on the rock, so that he lies all along it, and fanning out his small stiff tail, bends it over his back, whilst at the same time stretching his head and neck backwards towards it till, with his beak, he sometimes seizes and apparently plays with the feathers. In this attitude he may remain for some seconds, more or less, having all the while a languishing or ecstatic expression, after which he brings his head forward again, and then repeats the performance some three or four, or, perhaps, half-a-dozen times. This would seem to be the full courting display, the complete figure, so to speak, but it is not always fully gone through.

We wish that more students of bird-life would leave their homes armed only with binoculars. The illustrations of this book, which is one of the "Haddon Hall" series, are excellent. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

BRITISH TREES. BY THE HON. STANHOPE TOLLEMACHE.

This is a disappointing book. Considering the skill with which photographs can now be reproduced for the purposes of illustration it is practically a failure; for many of these plates give only the shape of the tree and help one not at all to the character of its leaves. The notes accompanying the illustrations are very brief. Altogether we are sorry to have to condemn it as insufficiently considered. (Sampson Low. 14s. net.)

FLOWERS AND GARDENS. BY FORBES WATSON.

Mr. Watson died in 1869, at the age of twenty-nine—an age difficult to believe, when one looks upon the portrait that serves as frontispiece to this book; and the present

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work was published a year or so after his death. It has now been republished, in response to the current craving for works on flowers; and we are glad that it has, for its pages contain some thoughtful and beautiful writing. The author, who was a doctor by profession, was a botanist rather than a gardener, and a lover of flowers before all. One flower meant as much to him as many, and this book consists practically of a series of meditations on single flowers, the peculiar beauty and character of each being unfolded by the writer. If Mr. Watson reminds us of any one, it is Ruskin—not so much in style as in method. Canon Ellacombe prefaces the book very gracefully. (Lane. 5s. net.)

GREAT BATTLES OF THE WORLD. BY STEPHEN CRANE.

The late Stephen Crane's surprising analysis of the passion of war, in his *Red Badge of Courage*, and other stories, led an American editor to commission him to write the descriptions of certain historic contests. This book is the result. It is not Mr. Crane at his best; indeed, it is hardly Mr. Crane at all. The writing has spirit, and a very fair general impression of the character of each battle is imparted, because Mr. Crane was a good journalist who could execute orders; but his peculiar quality, his psychological intensity, is lacking; nor, in fact, could it well be present, in accordance with the historical scheme of the work. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

The compilation of *The Harrow School Register*, of which a second edition, brought up to date, has just been issued by Messrs. Longmans, was a work of more difficulty than might be supposed, owing to the different degrees of clearness and completeness attained by successive headmasters in keeping the lists. Byron's headmaster, Dr. Drury, entered only the surnames, whereas Dr. Longley improved on him by giving the names in full, and adding notes. Dr. Wordsworth did still better, and from Dr. Vaughan's time the lists have been admirably kept. The names of more than 1,000 boys who have joined the school since 1893 are added in this edition. The following entry under Easter—Midsummer, 1801, will interest our readers:

> BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD (*Drurics and Mr. Evans*') son of Capt. J. Byron. Succ. as 6th Baron, 1798; Monitor, 1804; left, 1805; the Poet; in 1805 he arranged a cricket match, the teams for which were principally composed of past and present Etonians and Harrovians respectively, and this was undoubtedly the origin of the Eton and Harrow matches. Died at Missolonghi April 19th, 1824.

Mr. R. Courtney Welch edited the first edition. Mr. M. G. Daugleish edits the second.

Mr. Murray has been re-issuing his students' histories. Following new and improved editions of the well-known *Greece* and *Rome*, we now have a new and enlarged edition of the *History of English Literature* (7s. 6d.), first drawn up by Mr. Thomas B. Shaw. The book has been re-written completely, and of course revised in the light of the latest research. The second chapter, on Chaucer, has been written by Prof. W. P. Ker. The book closes with a three-page account of Stevenson. We do not think that any safer or more complete manual of its kind exists.

The French Stonehenge (Bemrose), by Mr. T. Cato Worsfold, is a learned, and at the same time inspiring, little account of the great ruins at Carnac and in the islands of the Morbihan Archipelago. Particularly interesting are his statements showing how these dateless stones still influence the Breton peasantry, either through legend or in the actualities of life. Thus, the great "Dolmen des Marchands," near Locmariaquer, is full of curious tracery, and the same form of decoration is still to be found on the dresses worn by women on feast days.

Fiction.

Sister Teresa. By George Moore. (Unwin. 6s.)

As the author admits in his prefatory note, this is not a novel. It is only a continuation, a part, of *Evelyn Innes*, and though it is by far the best part of *Evelyn Innes*, one experiences a difficulty in reviewing it separately from the rest of the book. The time to review will be when the two parts, further shortened, are issued together. *Sister Teresa* narrates how Evelyn Innes, after a febrile and tempestuous career of art and pleasure, takes the veil in a Passionist convent at Wimbledon. The great merit of the book, overshadowing all minor merits and all defects, springs once more from Mr. Moore's singular and intense faculty of putting himself into a character, and of "getting up" the details of an environment. He has done it before, in *Esther Waters*, and particularly in *A Mummer's Wife*, but we do not think that he has ever succeeded more completely than in *Sister Teresa*. The nun, the convent, are realised for us in an almost absolute sense. There is more than the artistic presentment of an array of picturesque facts, there is an edifice of spiritual, innermost vitality reared upon the factual basis. The characters seldom open their mouths without uttering what we feel they must have uttered. Thus, when the aged Prioress first addresses Evelyn as Teresa, she says: "I felt I should like to call you Teresa, and you will prove yourself worthy of the name, my dear child." And one can hear the Prioress using precisely those phrases. This Prioress is the dominating individuality of the book, and the author in portraying her has many touches of pure insight. Meditating on Evelyn's grief and unsettlement, "the Prioress remembered the great relief that the mere putting on of the habit brings to the soul; and she rose from her knees quite determined" that Evelyn should be allowed to take the veil.

It is this stark imaginative power which alone gives the book its sanction; but the book has other qualities, less intrinsic, yet not to be ignored. The whole conception is coloured by a profound appreciation of beauty. In order to perceive how much of sheer beauty the book contains, one should read a masterpiece of a different sort, Diderot's *La Religieuse*, equally true, equally convincing, but repellent, bitter, and inexpressibly sinister. Two pictures of conventual life could scarcely be more at variance than these, yet the facts, save for a few gross details, are the same in each; there is the same pettiness, paltriness, hair-splitting, hysteria, arid ritualism. The difference arises partly from Mr. Moore's continual effort after sympathetic comprehension, and partly from his determination to find beauty. And let us say that the honest search for beauty is always rewarded. The book is pervaded by a melancholy sense of the beautiful. This is especially true of the conclusion. Immediately before the end, one is sure that Evelyn will die; one sees no other end than this sad end; but Mr. Moore discloses an end still sadder.

Evelyn Innes showed the inception of a development in the author's style of writing. In *Sister Teresa* the development is continued. Mr. Moore is still ungrammatical, and loose in his constructions, and he has even lost some of his former force; but he has acquired a mellowness and a curious, wistful, chant-like quality which are very persuasive. One is struck again and again by the fitness and charm of his similes; the writing abounds in similes. Here is one:

> "Does another quest lie before me?" She tried to stifle the thought, but it cried across her life like a curlew across waste lands.

We think there are traces everywhere of a certain affectation of Celticism. Mr. Moore's recently-found Celtic aspirations are, of course, notorious; he has not succeeded in keeping

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them out of his novel. There is a passage on p. 66: "He must go with her to the pure country, to the woods and to the places where the invisible ones whom the Druids knew," etc. "Wandering in the woods and underneath the boughs, we shall know that the great immortal presences are by us," etc.—which annoys us, because it seems so obviously a homage ineffectively paid to Mr. W. B. Yeats. We do not believe that Mr. Moore's

enchanted eyes
Have seen immortal, mild, proud shadows walk.

And we regard it as an indiscretion on his part to try to re-write Mr. Yeats's poetry in prose. If he will remain merely Mr. Moore, novelist pure and simple, we shall be content.

King's End. By Alice Brown. (Constable.)

We care not who knows that we have read Miss (?) Brown's book with a great deal of pleasure. There is room for stories dealing with the rural types of America in the admirable manner of Miss Mary E. Wilkins, and this is a good one.

Here are the Elder and paralysed Mrs. Horner:

> The Elder stopped on the threshold, and her eyes met his in a fiery volley.
>
> "Woman," he said, not with authority, but an appealing kindliness, "arise and walk!"
>
> Mrs. Horner gave an inarticulate snort, full of rage and wretchedness.
>
> "Don't you call me woman!' she retorted. "I've told ye that afore."

Here is Big Joan, with a crucifix at her neck and St. Joseph in her pocket:

> The heifer was not Joan's business, nor, since he rejected her counsel, was he. So she gave a glance at the moon, quite as if she were on equal terms with it, [and] remarked, "Nice, ain't it? Light as cork!" and returned to the house.

Here is Nancy, in the last stage of her religious enthusiasm, in conversation with the man who cured her:

> But Nancy shivered back to her grief. "I have committed the unpardonable sin," she repeated.
>
> "That's all right. Just like you, too! You wouldn't be contented with arson or murder; no makeshifts for a girl like you!"

And here, finally, is Martin once more with the spirited little old lady who was his mother:

> "Martin," said she, quite humbly, offering her trumpet, "you ain't up to anything you couldn't let your father know, now be you?"
>
> He was about to put her jeeringly off, according to their mutual habit of play; but suddenly he became aware that this was not tyranny calling from her eyes. It was a quivering apprehension. He spoke gently into the tube: "Now, mother, you just treat me as if I was a white man! I'm as good as you are."
>
> The little old lady sighed. "You ain't got anyways tangled up with that creatur'?" she insisted.
>
> "I just took her for a ride. I had to, didn't I, to plague you, after you'd been cross to her? Now, mother, you be a decent old lady, and I'll have Nancy writing her name with a J before Thanksgiving."

She was, and he did. And the stages by which he mastered her are here recorded, together with some other actions and passions of which King's End was the theatre.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

A Woman Alone. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

This volume contains three stories, by the author of *Aunt Anne*. The longest, which fills two-thirds of the book, is the tale of an unhappy marriage. The man should never have married, and, having discovered his mistake, he disappears for years. The end is tragic. One of the other stories is concerned with some of the subsidiary characters of the longer story. (Methuen. 6s.)

A Great Lady. By Adeline Sergeant.

Anthony Scholes, a musician, was engaged to go to Kenwardine Castle in the Highlands to teach Isabel Stanton, still in the schoolroom, music. There the story, bright and readable, moving in high circles, passes. Lady Altonbury wishes Erminia to marry Captain Cartaret, heir to a dukedom, with estates in three counties, and a rent-roll of, at least, fifty thousand a year. "You were cut out for a great lady's rôle, Erminia, it is your *métier*, and a great lady you must be." "Must I?" (Methuen. 6s.)

John Topp: Pirate. By Weatherby Chesney.

Adventures by sea. The first chapter is of school days and yarning sailors, but with p. 42 we reach a low-roofed parlour in Wapping, "with a gnarled old ship-master, whom we found drinking strong ale with a toast in it, and crunching raw onions as though they were aromatic sweetmeats.

"'Want to go to sea, eh?' he growled. 'Well, it's a dog's life at first.'" And so on. (Methuen. 6s.)

Bergen Worth. By Wallace Lloyd.

About a village blacksmith "who endeavoured to realise the ideal of the Christ life." The story opens in Chicago during the railway riots of 1894. One of the blacksmith's speeches is given at length, and we are told that the audience "were spellbound by his wonderful enthusiasm, electrified by earnestness and intensity. . . . The words came from the depth of his soul and went to theirs." (Unwin. 6s.)

Quincy Adams Sawyer. By C. F. Pidgin.

A novel of New England home life, which, according to report, has had a large sale in America. It contains, by way of frontispiece, a large, delightful map of the village where the story is laid. In a preface the author, after stating that "the heroes of English novels are nearly all dukes, marquises, earls, or barons," remarks: "I see no reason why the heroes of American novels, barring the single matter of hereditary titles, should not compare favourably as regards gentlemanly attributes with their English cousins across the sea." (Unwin. 6s.)

Her Grace's Secret. By Violet Tweedale.

From Chapter I.: "The old Duke of Glenroy stood looking out upon the peaceful scene, though the roar of the traffic in the Champs Elysées was still very audible to him." From Chapter II.: "Lord Arlington sat in his room in the great rambling family mansion known to the world of London as Glenroy House." From Chapter XVI.: "A night or two before the great ball which was to wind up the season at Glenroy House, Arlington was sitting talking to Lilah, Princess Carolin, in her dainty suite of rooms in Claridge's Hotel." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

The Broad Road That Stretches. By Cecil Hartley.

Ten Adventures, with such titles as "The Adventure of the Embarrassed Gentleman"; "The Adventure of the Man Loaded with Mischief"; "The Adventure of the Confraternity of the Gay Science." It is written with some pretensions to style. Here is a passage: "All roads, except the known one, lead to the Delectable Land. Cudgel your brains for a moving discourse to thrill your Desdemona withal, and 'tis ten to one she will find her home affairs more engrossing." (Burleigh. 3s. 6d.)

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Concerning an Essayist.

MR. NIMMO has sent us two of Alexander Smith's books, *A Summer in Skye* and *Dreamthorp*. We do not know why he has done this, and the heat forbids any bustling inquiry. The first volume is issued without a date on its title-page, the second is dated 1888. Perhaps Mr. Nimmo is merely trying to communicate a thrill to old stock. It matters not; it is good old stock, and we are obliged to him. There will be no thrill; the London season is not yet over, and August is reserved for Mr. Hall Caine. Yet this is the psychological moment in which to publish books of wise and restful essays. Unhappily, the psychological moment for writing such essays does not seem to present itself in these days, when books are written by contract, and are engineered like Consols. Hence our gratitude for two volumes written by an author who died in 1867. All but fabulous date—what memories of swelling chignons and subsiding crinolines it stirs! In 1867 telegrams cost a shilling, postage stamps were red, maidservants talked of murders by the hour, and years were to elapse before Compulsory Education, discount on books, and *Tit-Bits* were to burst upon the country. In 1867 Robert Louis Stevenson entered Edinburgh University. The literary world conceive the difference! For our part, we did not then dream there was such an annexe to a world of sun and snow and sparrows. Yet in 1867 Alexander Smith died of literary over-work, in Edinburgh, at the age of 37.

That is a tragic age at which to die. A writer of any health may hope to live much longer. The impulsive, oft-renewed interests of the journalist make for length of days, if his life be fairly correct, and Smith's life was very correct. Born in rather humble circumstances, yet of good lineage (his mother was a Flora Macdonald, and belonged to the family of the Highland heroine), he was put to learn "pattern making." Spurning this, and pushing his intellectual way, he obtained in 1854 the secretaryship of Edinburgh University, on a salary of £150 a year. This was increased later to £200 a year by his acceptance of some additional work. A secretaryship worth £200 a year is exactly the stand-by which we would like the budding literateur to secure in these days; but, too often, he is found resigning a comfortable post in order to "take definitely to literature." A serious mistake. Smith stuck to his routine, which, however, tended to grow more irksome. A certain inability on the part of the authorities to distinguish with nicety between the duties proper to be performed by a poet-secretary and those assignable to a hall porter did not add to the pleasantness of his life. But he had an easy disposition and a good wife. Every summer the whole family went off to Skye, where Smith looked about him with seeing eyes, and talked with shepherds and crofters on the hills until these lonely men came to love his re-appearance. Meanwhile he had become a poet, and a selling poet. Ten thousand of his *Life Drama* sold within a year of publication. With Sydney Dobell he wrote sonnets on the Crimean War. His derivations were from Keats and Tennyson, and they were so clear that he had to fight for his literary character. Forster, of the *Examiner*, was one of his backers, and a eulogy of his drew a passing remark from Matthew Arnold in one of his early letters. As a poet, Smith was killed by a phrase. No, not killed, only scotched, for we hear that a new edition of his poems is even now being prepared. The unwearying benevolence of our generation no sooner perceives that an author has missed immortality than it confers on him the alms of republication.

The phrase was "Spasmodic." Smith was the head of the "Spasmodic School" of poetry. Curiously enough, the coiner of this phrase, Professor Aytoun, was the man who advised Smith to try his hand on the less exacting and more lucrative work of journalism and magazine writing. He told him that he could help him with *Blackwood*, and he was as good as his word. But Smith was soon caught in the whirlpool of petty, paying journalism, so that even *Blackwood* was neglected for newspapers whose files can only be found in Edinburgh and at the British Museum. It was on this obscure but serviceable work that Alexander Smith wore himself away. In the process he enjoyed life, and was himself enjoyable, being a man of great goodness of heart, simplicity, and kindliness. But the needs of his family and an ardent temperament led him to abuse his strength. There was a peculiarity about his breakdown. Outwardly, and in his usual feelings, he remained a man of almost burly health. His cheek was not wasted, nor his eyes sunken; nor did bilious attacks ensure his safety by their recurrence. But he suffered from queer nervous delusions. He would suddenly lose the feeling of support on the ground and tremble for his balance. He made no secret of these curious feelings, and his friends chaffed him about them. If a man in apparently rude health tells you that as he walked up the Cannon-gate he felt that thoroughfare sink beneath him, and that he had to jump into a cab to make sure that he was on *terra firma*, you would smile. Smith's friends smiled until he was announced to be seriously ill. Typhoid and diphtheria had conspired to overthrow him, and, in spite of the best Edinburgh medical attention, they prevailed.

Not long before his death Alexander Smith had produced the two books by which he is, perhaps, best known to-day—his *Dreamthorp*, a book of essays, and his *Summer in Skye*, a book of impressionist topography. There are still people who keep *Dreamthorp* on their shelves and quietly swear by it. Robert Louis Stevenson has somewhere left on record his indebtedness to the *Summer in Skye*. In truth, they are pleasant books, and particularly in mid July. Riding on an omnibus along Oxford-street the other day, with the brass balustrade of a preceding Bayswater omnibus burning persistently in our view, and with bonnetted horses pounding past in the intolerable glare and heat, we opened the *Summer in Skye*, and cooled our eyes on the sentence in which, after a fine description of Edinburgh, Smith sketches what is to follow:

> Our course will lead us by ancient battlefields, by castles standing in hearing of the surge; by the bases of mighty mountains, along the wanderings of hollow glens; and, if the weather holds, we may see the keen ridges of Blaavin and the Cuchullin hills; listen to a legend old as Ossian, while sitting on the broken stairs of the castle of Duntulm, beaten for centuries by the salt lake and the wind; and in the pauses of ghostly talk in the long autumn nights, when the rain is on the hills, we may hear—more wonderful than any legend, carrying you away to misty regions and half-forgotten times—the music which haunted the Berserkers of old, the thunder of the northern sea!

How pleasant were our glimpses, in Oxford-street, of the bay of Uig, and of Minch and Harris, rising like blue clouds on the horizon; of the Cuchullin hills, pale in the morning, purple in the evening; of queer little fishing

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hamlets, infrequent steamboats; and brief squalls in which the rain advanced over loch and moorland like a wall of water. Nor does Smith fail us with his human types—John Kelly, the lonely, irascible shepherd who drank whiskey, silently, by the bottle; Lachlan, the crofter of Dunsciach, whose merry wit secured him the prettiest partners in a dance even in middle age; Angus-with-the dogs, who was never seen without his gun and two terriers, and was "continually passing over the country like the shadow of a cloud." We do not wonder that Stevenson loved a book filled with these silent people and peopled silences.

The relation between *A Summer in Skye* and *Dreamthorp* seems to us very interesting. *Dreamthorp* is a book of essays on familiar essay subjects: on "The Writing of Essays," "Death and Dying," "Men of Letters," "The Importance of a Man to Himself," "Vagabonds," etc. Of the two, it is the better-known product of Smith's pen. As we have said, there are people who are very fond of *Dreamthorp*. Our own opinion is that it is less successful than the Skye book. Smith was sufficiently matured to describe with charm and point his travels in the Hebrides, but not sufficiently matured to write at large about life. Writing at large about life is your essayist's rôle, and one indispensable condition of his success is that he shall be an adult. Now, a man is not a mental adult until he is forty. Only at forty is his mind brought to that fulness and "set" which give to his lightest opinions the air of personal finality, which, along with other qualities, is so necessary to their endurance. The very fact that the essayist undertakes to talk at large about life makes it imperative that amid so much liberty and whim we shall see a grown mind at work. It is not orthodoxy or accuracy that is needed, but ripeness, colour. To talk at large about life, a man must have found himself. A matured man is interesting. One can refer his very absurdities back to the world that has moulded him to what he is. But a youth on the hearthrug is insufferable. Take up Montague, Lamb, Hazlitt, and in their lightest expatiations you will find we know not what stamp of adultness. None of these began to talk at large about life until they were forty. La Bruyère published his *Caractères* at the age of forty-three. Stevenson, on the other hand, wrote his essays in his thirties, and we suppose that we shall be reproached if we suggest that with all their charm and radiance and grace of style they are yet wanting in that adultness, that quiet plantigrade force which, we say, is one of the essentials of the perfect essay. Goethe said of Byron: "The moment he begins to reflect he is a child." Well, Byron died at thirty-six. His powers of reflection were certainly not those of a child; they were prodigious in their activity and daring, and they produced hundreds of observations which serve reflecting men to-day. But his were not co-ordinated reflections, or, rather, they were co-ordinated by nothing more authoritative than his own progressing mind. Yet he was maturing rapidly. From youth we must expect only the wisdom which is captured as beauty. Keats and Shelley were not prodigies in that they were young: for they captured truth only as beauty.

The noticeable thing about *Dreamthorp* is that it just misses the sanction of maturity. Many of its pages are full of charm, you may call them memorable if you will, but they want this quality which Shelley, Keats, and Byron did not live to need, but which is the very charter of the great essayists. There is a whole corpus of thoughts, methods of thought, devices of expression and what not, which are characteristic of those who prematurely talk at large about life. In *Dreamthorp*, written when Smith was thirty-three, they are not so patent as in the regular amateur essay. But they are there all the same, those unmistakable traces of pap. We will not search for the clearest examples, but will take two passages nearly at random, and on them risk our judgment. The first is from "Death and Dying."

> Death is the ugly fact which nature has to hide, and she hides it well. Human life were otherwise an impossibility. The pantomime runs on merrily enough; but when once Harlequin lifts his vizor, Columbine disappears, the jest is frozen on the Clown's lips, and the hand of the filching Pantaloon is arrested in the act. Wherever death looks, *there* is silence and trembling. But although on every man he will one day or another look, he is coy of revealing himself till the appointed time. He makes his approaches like an Indian warrior, under covers and ambushes. We have our parts to play, and He remains hooded till they are played out. We are agitated by our passions, we busily pursue our ambitions, we are acquiring money or reputation, and all at once, in the centre of our desires, we discover the "Shadow feared of man." And so nature fools the poor human mortal evermore. When she means to be deadly, she dresses her face in smiles; when she selects a victim, she sends him a poisoned rose. There is no pleasure, no shape of good fortune, no form of glory in which death has not hid himself, and waited silently for his prey.

Does the reader not perceive in these carefully sustained and, so to speak, gracefully eked out sentences, with their familiar generalities, the mark of the man of thirty-three who is not yet ready to talk at large about life? A young writer is not able to put sufficient thought into a page. He is not full enough, not strong enough; and even if he have wisdom and information and thoughts to play with, he cannot command that tone of the ripened man that goes home. Our second passage is of a very familiar type, and occurs in "A Shelf in my Bookcase." It refers to Boswell's Life of Johnson:

> This book has arrested, as never book did before, time and decay. Bozzy is really a wizard: he makes the sun stand still. Till his work is done, the future stands respectfully aloof. Out of ever-shifting time he has made fixed and permanent certain years, and in these Johnson talks and argues, while Burke listens, and Reynolds takes snuff, and Goldsmith, with hollowed hand, whispers a sly remark to his neighbour. There have they sat, these ghosts, for seventy years now, looked at and listened to by the passing generations; and there they still sit, the one voice going on! Smile at Boswell as we may, he was a spiritual phenomenon quite as rare as Johnson. More than most he deserves our gratitude. Let us hope that when next Heaven sends England a man like Johnson, a companion and listener like Boswell will be provided. The Literary Club sits for ever. What if the Mermaid were in like eternal session, with Shakespeare's laughter ringing through the fire and hail of wit!

On this we will only remark that if we were to offer a prize for the best essay on the same subject we should expect to find a passage of this kind in sixty per cent. of the essays sent to us. The device is not at all objectionable; but young essayists, and old men who take to essay writing, wallow in it. Talking too much at large himself (and without the sanction which he urges on others) the present writer has exhausted his space, and has almost certainly done some little injustice to Alexander Smith. This brave and genial man had but thirty-seven years in which to know life and write about it, and he did sound work. A young writer will do well to make his acquaintance, and keep it.

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Things Seen.

Progress.

On three sides the heather sweeps up to the walls of the little inn, but on the fourth a narrow strip has been fenced off from the moorland, and in the middle of it stands a flaring notice-board, lettered hideously in red and yellow, "Nonpareil Beer-Garden." The garden is represented by two bare grass-plots marked off with white stones, four starveling laurels in tubs (one at each corner), and under the laurels four trestle tables with rude wooden benches.

Here, one summer morning, I lounged on a seat under the notice-board, and looked lazily across the heather, dark and bright with racing cloud-shadows, down to the city, that was only a blur of smoke, with the gilded vane of a spire shining through. The proprietor, an apple-cheeked old gentleman, with grey hair and very bright eyes, brought out a tray and glasses and we drifted into conversation.

No, he didn't find it lonely up here. There were always visitors coming up from the town, and then he read a great deal. Two penny weekly papers he shared with a neighbour, and he took in a halfpenny daily besides. That was the way to pass the time. "Why, this garden, now," he said, looking round proudly; "I got the idea of it from reading about those cafés on the Continent. It's been a big success, I tell you. Next year I'll plant more laurels, and I'm thinking of buying a gramophone—I'm for progress, I am"—he wound up, emphatically. I looked at the ricketty tables and the shrivelled laurels, and then out beyond them, to the miles of waving heather with the moorfowl wheeling and crying in the sunshine—and I wondered.

Sentiment.

The last rattle of the train died away in the distance, and I stepped down the hill, drawing in great breaths of the keen salt air. In front the land rose and fell in long monotonous ridges, the roadside poplars were warped and stunted, and the long lines of telegraph wires running down to the cable station thrummed mournfully overhead.

The big raw-boned farmer who was my guide strode on ahead, flinging back an occasional remark over his shoulder. His conversation was all of crops and prices, of a horse he had bought for twenty pounds: shrewd and intelligent as far as it went, but certainly narrow. In practical affairs I knew him to be capable and resolute, one of a race of notable agriculturists, but of any trace of sentiment or romance I judged him guiltless. And then in the dusk we came to the little cemetery. It stood on a spit of land that ran far out to sea, and seemed in the half-light to be deserted and uncared for. Long rows of gulls perched solemnly on the mouldering tombstones, and the big rollers sweeping in beat noisily on the wall, drenching the seaward graves in showers of spray.

Here were buried the heroes of the countryside; the men who had plucked the land back from the jaws of the sea, who had turned the sandhills into cornfields, drained the marshes, and beaten back, inch by inch, the invading waves. My companion paused for a moment over a battered inscription: "He was drowned trying to save his lambs in the big gale of '81," he said slowly; another had driven a road across the big swamp near the railway station; a third, who lay beside him, had turned thirty acres of sand and heather into a thriving farm—and recounting these simple histories, there was a thrill in his voice I had not heard before.

As we turned to go, he laid a hand on my arm and pointed back: "As if they were alive," he whispered. Following his glance, I saw the ordered lines of tombstones, drawn up like soldiers on parade, all facing the sea.

The Fallow Fields of Fiction.

III.

In previous articles we have attempted to show that much of modern life is ignored by the novelist, who, pre-occupied with love-affairs, persists in wholly disregarding the organic existence of communities, and we have given an illustration, in the shape of a brief description of an imaginary story, called *The Cathedral*, of the sort of novel, dealing with life in the communal mass, which might be written, but is not written—at any rate in England. Lest that illustration may be considered too grandiose and exceptional to rank as a fair average example (we admit that it is almost unique), we propose now to give one or two other instances of rich life-ore from which a new fiction might be "got" by any novelist who does not deem himself bound to do nothing that has not been done before.

We were going through a famous park a few weeks since, and the road, leaving the park, ascended to a high bridge, and gave a surprisingly sudden view of the London and North Western main line. To the right, the quadruple "way," proudly styled "permanent," stretched for a thousand yards in an absolutely straight line to the next bridge, where it vanished on a curve: and the thousand yards looked like a hundred. To the left lay the station, a country-side station, but spacious and commanding, like everything on the North Western, specklessly clean, painfully in order—not a truck or a fire-bucket out of place. Four enamelled signs, white on a profound blue, proclaimed the legend, "Cheddington,' at distances mathematically calculated. As we looked on the complex and immense apparatus of rails and wires and posts and levers and platforms and granite chippings, lifeless, and apparently deserted in the fierce sunshine of the summer afternoon, the romance, the humanity, and the passions of a great railway system seemed to rise up and overwhelm us. We thought of Kipling's line, as essential truth:

Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

We thought, too, of a little German *frau* whom we had once known, whose chief pride was that her husband, an Englishman, was a booking-clerk at Paddington. No one ever saw that husband, because he was always giving out tickets for the Thames Valley, Devonshire, and Wales. Imprisoned in a cabinet from morn till night, he selected with unerring precision magic bits of cardboard from hundreds of square holes, so that people, labelled with these, might be carried, like parcels, from one spot on the earth's surface to another. At night he went home to his loving wife, and during the day his wife walked about in the radiance reflected from his singular calling. And the curious, the interesting, thing is, that her acquaintances accepted her pride in this clerkship as justifiable and proper. It *did* give her a distinction lacking to other *fraus* of her status, and no one mentioned her without mentioning that her husband was a booking-clerk at Paddington. Here was another aspect of a great railway system. We thought, also, of the departures of the Scotch expresses from Euston in the last race to the north: twenty thousand pounds' worth of rolling-stock upstanding motionless till the second's-hand of the stationmaster's chronometer showed precisely, to the least infinitesimal fraction, ten o'clock; the calm and yet self-conscious step of the young engineer, in blue, with a bowler-hat, as he made his way to the engine and assumed command for those breathless journeys over the wise greybeard who had driven engines before he was born; the expectant hush, the final slam, whistle, and flag-waving, and then the slow and stately withdrawal from the precincts of the station. So that was the Scotch express! It was nothing after all! And yet what could be more impressive,

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romantic? Can one wonder that Reuter and the Central News followed it mile by mile, and as July advanced to August the record of its feats got nearer to the middle page of the newspaper, and the top of the column in that page? We thought, too, of a conversation we had had with a porter on a tiny branch line about the grand altercation between directors and men at Stockport, and with what a sad, shrewd air he gave up the men for lost. "The directors won't stand no nonsense." *The directors*—his accent as he spoke that word, with a kind of fearful pride in those terrible autocrats—his accent alone was worth a paragraph. And is not the whole system worth a novel, worth a whole school of novels? Despite the recent indictment by Mr. H. G. Wells, a railway corporation like the London and North Western represents the limit of modern powers of organisation. It is "made like a gun," disciplined like the British navy, and fifteen thousand pounds of net profit trickle into Euston every day! It glitters with the pride of life—it is as proud of itself as a girl in a new frock, or a certain regiment of Lancers. It is "crack." It throbs from end to end with "the human interest," you simply can't get away from humanity on a railway: Look into the cabin at the level crossing, where the venerable and maimed porter ends his days; look at the director's mansion, park, yacht, private car; look at the maiden lady at Cheltenham, whose happiness for the next twelve months depends on whether the company pays seven or seven-and-a-half! Crude contrasts, you say! Just so: a contrast cannot be too crude; the biggest effects are always crude. What we want is a little more crudeness and a little less fining and refining. Lord, give us plot: that is what the modern fashionable novelist should pray. We can fancy Providence directing him to a railway, and him protesting that there is no love in a railway system—as if Cupid was not seated on every signal-post! But of course he would not perceive these Cupids unless the General Manager fell in love with the signalman's daughter!

So much for railways. Take a parish council. We know a village which is dominated by a single landowner, a plain man, who, by inheritance and purchase, has added acre to acre till he farms, personally farms, a superficies of mother-earth three times the size of the City of London. He owns all the houses in the village, and he employs nearly all the men in the village, directly or indirectly. And yet he is such a very plain man that once when he asked us our profession he exclaimed, on our reply: "An author, what's that?" Now there was an election of the parish council in that village, eight seats and nine nominations. The great landlord was among the candidates. The milkman, the grocer, a little farmer, a horse-dealer, and three others were elected, and the great landlord was placed ninth. The thing was reported in three lines in the local newspaper. But what intense dramatic significance in that silent rebuke so effectively administered by the village to its lord! Can you not imagine him lying awake at night and trying to laugh off the unanswerable verdict of the ballot-box? If such things happen elsewhere, one may assume that they happen also in Wessex, and that Mr. Hardy knows of them. Yet none could guess from the noble series of Wessex novels that Wessex had any corporate life within its borders. Why should this be so? If any man asserts that corporate life is not a fit subject for fiction, we merely and flatly traverse the statement. We feel that it is, and we are convinced that, for example, the incident which we have briefly narrated contains the basis of an admirable short story; also that Balzac would have written that story had time and circumstances permitted. Go a step higher, and take the municipal life of an industrial town. If you wish to see a town alive, strenuously alive beneath a calm surface, see it immediately before the decennial assessment for local taxes. Then you will have glimpses of a thousand intrigues, knotted, interwoven, inexpressibly mixed, and all circling round the solitary and awful figure of the assessor. How difficult it is to believe, in these tense days, that the assessor is a human being like yourself; that he is not a sort of blind god! We remember the wind of rage and exasperation that roared through a town when it turned out that the assessment of the house of the assessor's brother had been lowered, while that of a precisely similar house next door was unaltered. And yet not a house-owner in the town—not a churchwarden, a local preacher, a magistrate, or Sunday-school superintendent—but had been ready to jeopardise his immortal soul if, by so doing, he could have got five pounds off *his* house or factory! If the principal aim of the novel should be, as it is, to show forth character under circumstances of drama, there are few phenomena that could surpass in suitability for it the assessment of property in a town that sends a Radical to Parliament.

We might roam further, and discover many more fallow-fields which await their tillage. But space forbids, and if we have not already said enough to prove our point, we could never prove it, and we have spoken in vain. Naturally, the literary superstition that a man ceases to be interesting when he ceases to be idle (in the ordinary sense of the word "idle"), and that the novelist must not follow him into the serious affairs of his life, the affairs which force him into this community or that, the affairs which will absorb him long after he has forgotten that he ever kissed a girl behind a haystack or said Bo! to another gander—this superstition will expire slowly. Still, we think it will expire.

In conclusion, let us repeat what we stated in our first article, namely, that we have no wish to deride Love, either as an activity of man or as a subject of the novelist's art. We think it is the best. But we emphatically demur to the proposition that Love is Life. It is a part of Life, and of most lives only a very small part.

E. A. B.

Do Readers Read?

THE above question is one that suggests itself from time to time, when the immense supply of literature and the attainments of the average man or woman happen to be presented to the mind at the same moment. Do people really read? And how much, and how well? These questions are considered in an interesting paper in the *New York Critic*, written by Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick, who supports his views by some rather extraordinary statistics. We have not space to print either the whole of his arguments or the whole of his figures; but the following portions of his article are interesting.

Those who are interested in the proper use of our libraries are asking continually, "What do readers read?" and the tables of class-percentages in the annual reports of those institutions show that librarians are at least making an attempt to satisfy these queries. But a question that is still more fundamental and quite as vital is: "Do readers read at all?" This is not a paradox, but a common-sense question, as the following suggestive little incident will show. The librarian-in-charge of a crowded branch circulating-library in New York City had occasion to talk, not long ago, to one of her "star" borrowers, a youth who had taken out his two good books a week regularly for nearly a year, and whom she had looked upon as a model—so much so that she had never thought it necessary to advise with him regarding his reading. In response to a question, this lad made answer somewhat as follows: "Yes, ma'am, I'm doing pretty well with my reading. I think I should get on

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nicely if I could only once manage to read a book through; but somehow I can't seem to do it." This boy had actually taken to his home nearly a hundred books, returning each regularly and borrowing another, without reading to the end of a single one of them.

That this case is not isolated and abnormal, but is typical of the way in which a large class of readers treat books, there is, as we shall see, only too much reason to believe.

The facts are peculiarly hard to get at. At first sight there would seem to be no way to find out whether the books that our libraries circulate have been read through from cover to cover, or only half through, or not at all. To be sure, each borrower might be questioned on the subject as he returned his book, but this method would be resented as inquisitorial, and, after all, there would be no certainty that the data so gathered were true. By counting the stamps on the library book-card or dating-slip we can tell how many times a book has been borrowed, but this gives us no information about whether it has or has not been read. Fortunately for our present purpose, however, many works are published in a series of volumes, each of which is charged separately, and an examination of the different slips will tell us whether or not the whole work has been read through by all those who borrowed it. If, for instance, in a two-volume work each volume has gone out twenty times, twenty borrowers either have read it through or have stopped somewhere in the second volume, while if the first volume is charged twenty times and the second only fourteen, it is certain that six of those who took out the first volume did not get as far as the second. In works of more than two volumes we can tell with still greater accuracy at what point the reader's interest was insufficient to carry him further.

Such an investigation has been made of all works in more than one volume contained in seven branches of the Brooklyn Public Library, and with very few exceptions it has been found that each successive volume in a series has been read by fewer persons than the one immediately preceding. What is true of books in more than one volume is presumably also true, although perhaps in a less degree, of one-volume works, although we have no means of showing it directly. Among the readers of every book, then, there are generally some who, for one reason or other, do not read it to the end. Our question, "Do readers read?" is thus answered in the negative for a large number of cases. The supplementary question, "Why do not readers read?" occurs at once, but an attempt to answer it would take us rather too deeply into psychology. Whether this tendency to leave the latter part of books unread is increasing or not we can tell only by repeating the present investigation at intervals of a year or more. The probability is that it is due to pure lack of interest. For some reason or other, many persons begin to read books that fail to hold their attention. In a large number of cases this is doubtless due to a feeling that one "ought to read" certain books and certain classes of books. A sense of duty carries the reader part way through his task, but he weakens before he has finished it.

This shows how necessary it is to stimulate one's general interest in a subject before advising him to read a book that is not itself calculated to arouse and sustain that interest. Possibly the modern newspaper habit, with its encouragement of slipshod reading, may play its part in producing the general result, and doubtless a careful detailed investigation would reveal still other partial causes, but the chief and determining cause must be lack of interest. And it is to be feared that instead of taking measures to arouse a permanent interest in good literature, which would in itself lead to the reading of standard works and would sustain the reader until he had finished his task, we have often tried to replace such an interest by a fictitious and temporary stimulus, due to appeals to duty, or to that vague and confused idea that one should "improve one's mind," unaccompanied by any definite plan of ways and means. There is no more powerful moral motor than duty, but it loses its force when we try to apply it to cases that lie without the province of ethics. The man who has no permanent interest in historical literature, and who is impelled to begin a six-volume history because he conceives it to be his "duty" to read it, is apt to conclude, before he has finished the second volume, that his is a case where inclination (or in this instance disinclination) is the proper guide.

That the falling off from beginning to end in long works is striking would appear from the following figures showing the borrowings of separate works in numerous volumes:

	Vol. I.	Vol. II.	Vol. III.	Vol. IV.	Vol. V.	Vol. VI.
History.						
Bancroft, "United States"	22	10	6	8	10	8
Hume, "England"	24	7	5	2	1	1
Gibbon, "Rome"	38	12	7	3	4	6
Motley, "United Netherlands"	7	1	1	1		
Prescott, "Ferdinand and Isabella" ..	20	4	2			
Carlyle, "French Revolution" ..	18	10	8			
McCarthy, "Our Own Times"	27	8	11			
Biography.						
Bourienne, "Memoirs of Napoleon" ...	19	18	9	7		
Longfellow, "Life"	6	4	2			
Carlyle, "Frederick the Great"	7	3	2	2	2	
Fiction.						
Dumas, "Vicomte de Bragelone"... ...	31	30	24	22	11	16
Dumas, "Monte Cristo"	27	17	18			
Dickens, "Our Mutual Friend"	5	4	1	0		
Stowe, "Uncle Tom's Cabin"	37	24				

Of course, these could be multiplied indefinitely. They are sufficiently interesting apart from all comment. One would hardly believe without direct evidence that of thirty-one persons who began one of Dumas's romances scarcely half would read it to the end, or that not one of five persons who essayed Dickens's *Mutual Friend* would succeed in getting through it.

Those who think that there can be no pathos in statistics are invited to ponder this table deeply. Can anyone think unmoved of those two dozen readers who, feeling impelled by desire for an intellectual stimulant to take up Hume, found therein a soporific instead and fell by the wayside?

Correspondence.

Double Rhymes.

SIR,—In the ACADEMY of July 13 you quote, with approval, Mr. J. Williams's "Crushing Exposure." Mr. Williams's double rhymes are ingenious, but there are only five of them, and of the five one is the property of an earlier rhymer. When Mr. Williams tells us

> The shares rose first, and there was fun
> For us and Floater for a fortnight,
> Until they fell a point in one
> Short night,

he reminds us of the parodist whose wandering maiden's sceptical parents

> For the work of that cruel, though short, night,
> Sent her to bed without tea for a fortnight.

To use Calverley's words, *double* "rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours," are the outcome of so much ingenuity, that a good one is as much private property as a pun of Hood or of Charles Lamb. There is no copyright in such things, but that makes the point of honour the more kind-

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ing. And we are not to suppose, of course, that a rhymer so accomplished as Mr. Williams has forgotten "The Willow Tree." You say, rightly, that Mr. Williams's verses are "lineal from Calverley." In your account of Calverley's verse, on p. 28 of the ACADEMY, you give a list of writers of light verse who owe their dexterity in the use of rhyme to their classical training. And you omit W. M. Thackeray! What, in English verse of this kind, is more rapid and skilfully easy than the double rhymes of "Peg of Limavaddy," or the "White Squall"? Thackeray's verse, not less than his Addisonian yet perfectly individual prose, shows in every word the tradition of classical training. I do not disparage Mr. Williams; but let us have no injustice to Thackeray.—I am, etc.,

GAHAGAN.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 95 (New Series).

THE terms of our competition last week were as follows:

> On page 25* will be found an extract from a paper contributed to the new *Rambler* by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, entitled "The Desire of the Star for the Moth." Assuming that James Boswell reads this essay to Dr. Samuel Johnson in the Elysian Fields, it is probable that an interesting conversation between this Great Star (the Doctor) and this Great Moth (Bozzy) will ensue. For the best imaginative report of their remarks on Mr. Le Gallienne's substance and style we offer a prize of One Guinea. Contributions should be in the form of dramatic dialogue, and should not exceed 300 words.

* The passage quoted from Mr. Le Gallienne's paper was as follows:

> The Desire of the Moth for the Star has been made proverbial by a great Poet; but, so far as I am aware, no one has remarked that the Attraction is mutual, and that perhaps the Desire of the Star for the Moth in certain Cases is even more passionate than the Desire of the Moth for the Star.
>
> Of course, there are very big successful Stars who affect that the Hero-worshipper Moth is a Nuisance, and build themselves about with Bastions of Privacy, through which no Ray of their Shining can reach the most persevering Moth—but then, you see, they are so sure of their Moths. I wonder if the Time should come when the Flocks of little Pilgrims up to their dizzy Radiance begin to slacken, and the Roar of Moth-Wings outside their guarded Country-seats to grow fainter—and it has happened so with some very great Stars indeed!—if they would not become a little insecure in their Feeling of Starriness, and perhaps even at last unshutter a Window, and let slip a Beam of their celestial Selves; lest the Moths should grow discouraged, and perhaps cease coming at all.
>
> I have heard that some Stars of this Magnitude charge the Moth Half a Guinea for their Autographs—strictly, of course, for the Benefit of the Hospitals. Such Stars are, you can imagine, very sure of themselves. But there is another Kind of big Star that makes quite as fine a Blaze as those of which I have been speaking, yet it is by no means so unsocial: on the Contrary, is smilingly, even eagerly accessible to every Moth that is so kind and appreciative as to take the Trouble to call with its Homage. It often, indeed, asks the Moth to stay for Lunch, and makes it promise to be sure to come again.
>
> For this Kind of Star Press-cutting Agencies were invented, and my Belief is that the Secret of its Affability lies in a hidden Dread within its Heart that it is not really a fixed Star at all, but only a Comet. It dare not, however, admit this, even in the Silence of its own Soul, so it seeks to drown the hideous Whisper in the murmurous Cloud of the Moths.

We award the prize to the Rev. R. F. McCausland, Whitby, for the following:

BOSWELL: I remember, sir, a simile of yours in the *Rambler* in which you say: "An elevated genius employed in little things appears like the sun in his evening declination: he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude, and pleases more, though he dazzles less." Pray what is your opinion of this author, who uses a somewhat similar metaphor in his musings on the Desire of the Star for the Moth?

[*Boswell reads Le Gallienne's article.*

JOHNSON: What hybrid concoction have we here? Prose or Poetry? "Si concionatur, cantat, si cantat male cantat." The approach of the Moth to the candle is an indubitable fact: the Desire of the Moth for the Star is a ridiculous impossibility.

BOSWELL: But is not the Desire of the Star for the Moth a sublime image?

JOHNSON: Sublime fiddlesticks! How can we predicate desire as an attribute of an inanimate constellation? When Mr. Addison exclaims of the planets:

> "What though in solemn silence all
> Move round this dark terrestrial ball,"

there is sublimity in the expression. But this metaphor of the Star and Moth, with its parabolic application to great men and their parasites, is to me a ludicrous conceit. "Bastions of privacy"—a commendable phrase, but how could a Star construct anything? No, sir! the writer is more demented than Kit Smart. Christopher in his "Song to David" would not have collocated Stars and Moths:

> "O strength, O sweetness, lasting rise,
> God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
> The Lion and the Bee."

Lion and Bee, though distinct, are on the same plane of creation; but Star and Moth, preposterous absurdity! I would incarcerate in Bedlam such depravers of metaphor.

Other replies are as follows:

[*Boswell has just finished reading the article.*]

BOSWELL: Well, sir, and what is your opinion of this gentleman?

JOHNSON: Why, sir, that he is a monstrously impudent fellow, and much concerned to belittle his betters.

BOSWELL: Then you would hold him to be rather a Moth than a Star?

JOHNSON: Why, no, sir—neither the one nor the other; but rather one of those idle persons who neither give admiration nor command it.

BOSWELL: Then you would not consider it unworthy of a man of sense to wait on the opinions of great men?

JOHNSON: No, sir! So long as he act with wit and discrimination, such an attitude is both agreeable and decorous.

BOSWELL: So I have always found. And may not the Man of Talent also take pleasure in the respect of his friends?

JOHNSON: Why, of his friends, sir, yes: no man should be insensible to the opinion of his friends. But this person would accuse us of desiring the flattery of fools, and even of inviting it.

BOSWELL: I see no cause, sir, why he makes so great a pother over the adulation of the ignorant.

JOHNSON: Why, because he has never experienced it; and only persons of superior mind can be satisfied with their own esteem.

BOSWELL: It is said that he is a person of nice habits, and takes pride in the beauty of his hair.

JOHNSON: Well sir, I had rather he spent his time in adorning his own person than in defiling the English language.

BOSWELL: Indeed, his manner of writing does not please me.

JOHNSON: Nor me, sir. There is in it a particularity, a laborious search after the fantastick.

BOSWELL: The earlier *Ramblers* were not written thus.

JOHNSON: No, sir! they were excellently well written. Nor would I have permitted wings to roar, or beams to slip.

BOSWELL: What, sir, would you have said had a person sent half a guinea for your signature?

JOHNSON: Sir, I should have said he was a fool.

BOSWELL: And how would you have acted?

JOHNSON: Why sir, I should have taken the money. Intelligent persons should always be ready to profit by the excesses of the foolish.

[E. U., London.]

"The ghost of the *Rambler*——," I began; but my great and erudite friend would not suffer me to proceed.

"Enough, sir!" said Doctor Johnson. "This fellow, I perceive, is a coxcomb. Tell him to resume the darning of the Golden Slut's stockings!"

[J. T. P., Brighton.]

Only four other replies received.

Competition No. 96 (New Series).

WE offer a prize of One Guinea for the best four lines on a dead author. The following pretty verse, quoted in Mr. Frowde's publication, *The Periodical*, may serve to show the spirit of our suggestion, but we do not wish it to be taken as a model in style or spelling:

> "Done are Shakespeare's dayes:
> His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes. . . .
> For, though his line of life went soone about,
> The life yet of his lines shall never out."—HUGH HOLLAND.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, July 24. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon: otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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MR. THOMAS HARDY, we understand, has a new volume of *Poems* nearly ready for the press, which will include his poems inspired by the War. Unlike most of the War poetry, they certainly gained for themselves the epithet "unforgettable."

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING is with the Fleet. A former holiday of this nature, it will be remembered, produced *A Fleet in Being*, and the verses on the cruiser.

WE have received the following from a well-known novelist: "'People think that striking situations, or good dialogue, are got by studying life: they will not rise to understand that they are prepared by deliberate artifice, and set off by painful suppressions.' I agree with the latter half, not with the first, of this passage, which I have just read in R. L. Stevenson's *Letters*," adds our correspondent. "I think one should constantly study life, not slavishly, but imaginatively, as Turner studied landscape, the clouds, and the sea. Out of his great and precise knowledge he *composed* pictures. This, I take it, is the art of book and play writing. If you would invite correspondence on the subject, it might be an interesting, useful thing for the general reader." We do invite it.

MESSRS. METHUEN have in preparation a new series of books for children. This series will consist sometimes of new matter, sometimes of old; sometimes a book will contain one long story, sometimes several short stories: sometimes not a story at all, but something more instructive though not less interesting. The aim of the editor, Mr. E. V. Lucas, is to get entertaining or exciting stories about normal children, the moral of which is implied rather than expressed. The first three volumes arranged for are: *The Castaways of Meadow Bank*, by Thomas Cobb; *The Beechnut Book*, by Jacob Abbott, edited by E. V. Lucas; *The Air Gun; or, How the Mastermans and Dobson Major nearly lost their Holidays*, by T. Hilbert.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD has completed a new epic poem of about 4,000 lines. Its subject is the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnicians six hundred years before the Christian Era. It is entitled "The Voyage of Ithobal." The hero is a sea-captain of Tyre, who takes service with Neko, king of Egypt, to explore the unknown waters beyond the Red Sea. After picturesque scenes at Tyre—where he buys in the Slave Market, with a priceless pearl, an African princess made captive in the Dark Continent, and alone knowing its secrets—he builds three ships at Suez and sets forth. All this is minutely described, together with full details of the voyage of fifteen thousand miles round Africa. Returning, with two out of the three ships, after numerous and exciting adventures, which bring out almost every feature of African life and scenery, Ithobal relates the story of his enterprise in a discourse of seven days before the throne of Pharaoh, who loads with honour the successful captain, the princess (his wife), and his crews.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I noticed some correspondence in your paper with regard to odd rhymes. It is not generally known that extraordinary assonances are as easy to find as they are difficult to reject when once the Muse has played with them. I have done much in this line. The following verse abashes the 'short night' verse, though I say it who shouldn't:

'INTERRUPTION.

FICKLE SAMUEL *loquitur*:
As Baby, rubbing off his eye
The print of strawberry jam,
Will still for cake and toffee sigh
And sing his dithyramb,
So I within my office eye
With joy a new pet lamb,
Although I hear soft Sophy sigh
For her affianced Sam,
The which I grieve to prophesy
I shall not be who am
Wearing two hearts for trophies—I
Whose heart is but a sham.
But, hist! I know that cough is ei-
Ther Kate's or—Amsterdam!
Ten pounds to one 'tis Sophy's! Ay!—
Good Hvar—— *Good evening, ma'am.*'"

THAT useful and interesting book, *Annals of Politics and Culture*, edited by Mr. G. P. Gooch, with an introduction by Lord Acton, which we noticed in our issue of March 9, has a particular interest for bookmen. From 1492 to 1899 the name of the important book, or books, of the year is given, or the literary event of the year, in such a way that it can be found at a glance. Turning the leaves the eye falls on such entries as these:

1851.—Kinglake's *Eothen*.
Stanley's *Life of Arnold*.
Disraeli's *Coningsby*.
1855.—Thackeray's *Newcomes*.
The *Saturday Review* founded.
1873.—Pater's Essays on the Renaissance.
1880.—Shorthouse's *John Inglesant*.
Thompson's *City of Dreadful Night*.
1891.—John Oliver Hobbes' *Some Emotions and a Moral*.
1895.—W. B. Yeats's *Poems*.

"I FOUND the following lines," writes M. G. C., "quoted in a book of essays last April. If any of your readers can tell me where they come from I shall be grateful:

'Look you be sure,
Take here the lure,
Ride you there, ride you for one, two, and three.
Down the King's fist
With the drag of the wrist
Dragged down the pomegranates pierced with the Bee.

On to your courser,
Spare not his horsehair,
Ride to the knight of the tower by the sea.
Long ago bade he
Carry my lady
Into his tower, carry her, carry me.'"

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After more than forty years' service in the offices of the Board of Trade, Mr. Austin Dobson has just resigned his post of Principal of the Fisheries and Harbour Department; and it is his intention to devote his well-earned leisure to literature. Mr. Dobson has been doing that for many years, but we may now doubtless look for more sustained efforts from his pen. Indeed, it is understood that his first task will be to write a life of Samuel Richardson. A complete and scholarly life of this novelist is undoubtedly needed, for Miss Thompson's recent attempt, whatever its merits, could not be considered final.

A passage in an article on the late Bishop Stubbs in the *Church Quarterly Review* shows that the sternest and driest of historians revelled in historical romance. It also throws a little light on the effect which a bishopric may have on a man's reading: "His recreations, he wrote, were 'making out pedigrees and correcting proof-sheets.' But he was also a voracious novel-reader. It used to be said of him that he read *Monte Cristo* once a year before he was a bishop, and twice a year afterwards, and he half admitted the impeachment. As is the case with many students, omnivorous reading was his diversion, special reading his work. He seemed to read everything and to remember everything."

The late Bishop's love of local history was deep, and those who wish to lay their hands on a defence of this branch of knowledge will find it in the passage from a lecture delivered at Reading. After observing in his dry way, "We are not all philosophers, we are not all judges, or we are not all, thank goodness, members of local boards or county councils, but we do live in homes, county towns, villages, old houses or new neighbourhoods, we all have had parents, who had their homes and their family traditions," he went on:

> There is not an acre, I think I may say, in England—certainly there is not a parish or a manor—that has not its place in English history, either as the scene of some considerable act or as the home of some considerable man; and there is not, I think, an intelligent person in England who is not in one way or another a sharer in such interests of tradition, if he would or could realise it. By realising your own personal connection with these, you realise your historical relation to the progress of your country, and by working out the details of the local or personal history in which you are so interested, you may yourselves largely contribute to the ascertaining of historical truth in details. Every parish must have a history, every parish has a register, every person has a parish. Every manor has a lord, and every lord has had a share in the struggles by which our national life has become what it is; and every lord has had a following of his tenants, whose blood, shed for him, as it may have been, quite as certainly as for the cause in which he was enlisted, may constitute for us, who are not descended from lords of manors, our personal link with the past. Of course, some parts of England have been the scenes of more bloody battles and keener political conflicts than others, but it is very rare to find any district which has not its own special traditions and local affections.

Take up what paper we will, we find some reference to the novel that booms and its intrinsic merits. A writer in the "Contributors' Club" of the *Atlantic Monthly* falls to talking about it to his cousin Augustina, a young woman with opinions. Augustina blames the good-natured critic for the public inability to distinguish between big sales and real worth.

> "He should come out and say: 'My dear people, here is a new book, which in regard to style is without form and void. It contains no character that is vital enough to last. But it is a good book, a natural book, a perfectly harmless book. Read it, and you will still be able to sleep the sleep of the just.'"
>
> "And what good would that do?" I asked.
>
> "Well, the critic would tell the truth, and that is good for his soul. It might help to preserve the artistic balance. As it is, the crowd seems to be trying to perpetuate its amateur, lawless opinions. For the crowd," said Augustina, fixing a solemn eye upon me, "in spite of all the boards of education in this world or the next, will never know a piece of literature, even if it should live under the same roof with it."
>
> "Well?" I said helplessly.
>
> "This may be the land of the free," said Augustina, resuming the attack, "but it is not the home of the brave. Witness the general tone of criticism. What we need is some rude old Dr. Johnson to roar out to the good-natured critic, after some particularly genial effusion: 'Trash, sir, trash, and you know it! Is this your method of serving the ends of literature? Are you not aware, sir, that every author needs at first a good sound licking?'"
>
> "Go on, Augustina," I cried, from my corner.
>
> "I am thinking of organising a Society for the Preservation of the Adjective," said Augustina. "Between the publisher and the critic, and the critic and the crowd, it bids fair to decline into a state of chronic invalidism. I have a sentimental attachment for the adjective; a good, virile one has many a time prevented me from the shedding of blood."
>
> "Go on."
>
> "The publisher and the critic and the crowd together have so twisted and wrenched and hammered and beaten the adjective that it is fast going its way to the ambulance and the hospital. The national government should be called on to insist upon all writers abstaining from the use of this important little part of speech until it has recovered its old-time vitality and health."
>
> "Well?"
>
> "Now listen," and she rattled off a long list of words, and stopped for breath. "'Cohesive' is the last, a brand new one, but it is already showing signs of senile decay. Suppose Fielding or Thackeray were to come back from the tomb: with what word could we hail him? Or suppose someone *should* actually write the Great American Novel?"
>
> And this was the last word I could get out of her.

That Boston still keeps up its serious reading in spite of the literary high jinks of the hour, is brought home to us by the current number of *Poet Lore*, in which we find the following questions on *Romola* propounded:

> Does George Eliot mean Tito to represent, somewhat like Browning's Greek in "Pietro," a type of Greek influence and philosophy that is beautiful, but dangerous, needing to be checked by a sense of the equality of others and of obligation to them?
>
> Does George Eliot inculcate through Romola too grim an idea of justice, fealty, and duty?
>
> Is real love faithful in spite of any discovered unworthiness? Or is it weak to be constant under certain circumstances? Did Romola's submission accomplish anything?

A bibliography of recent "love letters" and "visits" might fill a momentary gap. The Unicorn Press sends us *The Visits of Henry VIII.*, by the author of *An Englishman's Love-Letters*. It is a sufficiently rollicking work, in parchment and ribbons. A "Note" informs us: "These Letters have never before appeared in print. It seems a pity, but it is so." The first letter begins thus:

> The library here is large and old. The food, on the other hand, has points. They do you very well. They begin you early in your room, and they pursue from hour to hour wherever you may be. When you see a man coming towards you from the house, or from the conservatories, or from the home farm, or from the railway station, or from any other point of the compass, you may bet that his arms are creaking with viands, not to mention liquors. At lunch they make your eyes bulge. At dinner they gorge you to the sheer verge and steep of apoplexy.

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Later we have amusing particulars concerning Mr. Nummit, a Gaelic poet, who has the misfortune to love the girl already appropriated by Tommy's correspondent:

> His love, of course, is of the hopeless brand, and he knows it. Also he grizzles about it, and is manfully doing his best to get a living out of it. Here is his latest effusion on the subject, which I commend to you for an exercise in scansion:
>
> Ul Moona.
>
> Ugh drafthen na gwht ha lashti
> Fashnatet drifnathot Moona ma busthel
> Flangstrif revocht ma clacher ner Uam
> Ner sneech ner terbacher ner tam ochle drochle
> Vertoch dhu der shee lochhabarten
> Moona, Moona, Moona, lum shughar.
>
> Now the untutored might not take that for poetry, Tommy, but I assure you Nummit knows how to scan it. And when he read it to us with the right stop on his voice, at least two of us broke down entirely and begged for a translation. Whereat Nummit, having smiled and looked meltingly heavenward, remarked: "Ah, you moderns! You have forgotten the beautiful sounds that the blue duck with the ivory bill made for King Boch in the Bitter Islands. You have no fairy green in your eye, and no hayseed in your pockets. In short, the fly from the golden spaces refuses to alight upon you. Come with me into the yeasty wildernesses of Find Horn, where the haddock is still smoked by the bare-legged maidens, and all the very brown sons of Half'un carry sporrans in their waistcoat pockets. Translation, forsooth! Why is not the Gaelic taught in our Heelan schules? Andrew me no Carnegies. I would not gie ye more'n a saxpence for a' the culture sooth o' the Coogit." And clutching his sandy beard convulsively, he ran off the lawn like a frightened deer, and was heard wailing in the shrubbery:
>
> Moon, Moona, Moona, lum shughar.

The task of writing the life of a reigning monarch is not an easy one, but in the case of Edward VII. it has been attempted by Mr. H. Whates in the "Bijou Biographies" (Drane). We have not examined Mr. Whates's pages, but his Preface begins thus: "This little sketch will excite the disdain of the courtier and the surprise of the sycophant. It is written for neither class, but for those to whom loyalty is not synonymous with servility, nor respect with fulsome adulation. An attempt has been made to give an estimate of His Majesty's capacities which shall be free from the nauseating flattery of conventional biography of modern Royalties, and to write an account of the facts of his life from which trivialities and mawkish sentimentalities are excluded."

The new (eleventh) volume of the *Annual Index to Periodicals* has just been issued from the *Review of Reviews* office. In the new volume, which covers the year 1900, the contents of over 190 British and American periodicals published during the year, as against 117 in Volume I. (1890), are classified and arranged on the same plan as that which has found favour in the previous volumes. The bibliographical plan on which the Index is compiled shows all the articles on each subject gathered together in one place in the alphabetical arrangement, instead of being scattered throughout the volume under various, and sometimes synonymous, headings. The numerous cross-references used indicate the headings chosen. This arrangement makes the work very useful, especially to authors and students, for it enables them to see at a glance how far the ground on any subject, or branch of a subject, has already been covered by other writers. This year the price has been raised from 10s. to 15s., because, as we are informed, the receipts from sales at the smaller price do not cover the mere outlay in printing and paper, without reckoning anything for the heavy and exacting labour of compilation.

The *Rambler* has distinguished itself at last. In sonorous periods it defends the sport of cock-fighting, and calls for its resuscitation. Fancy resuscitating Johnson's *Rambler* to resuscitate cock-fighting! We are glad to see that a more practical attempt to revive this cruel sport was defeated this week by the police. Says our mentor:

> As a Champion of Kindness to Animals, the *Rambler* cannot but favour the fine old Sport of Cock-fighting, which has been exposed to much adscititious Detraction at the Hands of the Ignorant. Pugnacity is as natural to a Cock as to a Bull-dog or a School-boy, and the Cruelty of impeding him from the Gratification of his hereditary Instinct is very great. That Instinct, like every other Inspiration of Providence, has a Purpose in the terrestrial System. Indeed, there is perhaps no more pertinent Lesson of Courage and Endurance to be learned than that provided by the Spectacle of contending Game-birds. Even a Round of Boxing under the Marquis of Queensberry's Rules is scarcely more salutary to Education, and the Usefulness of any scholastick Establishment would be enhanced enormously by the Addition of a Pit to the Accessories of the Curriculum.
>
> It has long been my Ambition to revive the Distraction of Cocking, and I shall welcome the Adherence of any Sports-men, who may be disposed to coalesce for the Formation of a Club. With the Aid of a circumspect Attorney, it should not be difficult to circumvent the anile Law, which seems to sustentate the Puritan's Abhorrence of Sport.

While Mr. H. C. Beeching believes that literature can be taught, he discriminates. In the August *Longman's* for example, he desires to bring to the notice of "parents and guardians" the sort of teaching which is given in order to prepare a youth to answer questions like the following in the matriculation examination of London University: "Give a very short account of the life and chief works of two of the following: Milton, Swift, Wordsworth, Byron, Tennyson." Filled with knowledge about, instead of knowledge of, these authors, the students acquit themselves in such manner as Mr. Beeching describes in the case of Wordsworth:

> Of Wordsworth's life such details as his birth at Cockermouth and his burial at Grasmere were generally known, as well as the fact that he lived in retirement; "took up," as one phrased it, "the position of retired poet." The papers then divided themselves into those which offered simply a more or less imaginative list of works, and those which gushed about the "poetry of Nature." "Wordsworth died a natural death. He was the author of the *Excursionist*." "Wordsworth was an early Victorian poet. He wrote the *Excursion*. He also wrote *The Ring and the Book*." "Wordsworth's *Excursion* is one of the finest poems of its sort ever written. Besides this, he wrote numerous preludes, which are very beautiful." "Wordsworth wrote *The Fate of the Nortons* and *Intimations of Immortality*." "Wordsworth regarded Nature as a sweetheart. His principal work is *Tales of a Wayside Inn*." "William Wordsworth is known as the poet of Nature. In his youth he received a university education, and that led him to say that the meanest flower that blew gave him thoughts too deep for tears. It seemed as if a blade of grass spoke to him. Probably the beauties of his home surroundings (Lake District) led him to love Nature. His longest poem was the *Excursion*; but many shorter ones are well known, as *Lucy Gray*, *The Post-Boy*, *The Pet Lamb*, while his *Ode on Immortality* is indeed grand." But for the unfortunate intrusion of the *Post-Boy*, one might perhaps have been almost persuaded that this young gentleman had read the poems of which he spoke so glibly.

Mr. Beeching's final recommendation is that boys should not be expected to cover the field of English literature in a scamper, but that, as in the cases of Latin and Greek, definite books should be set for their study.

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reproduction of the cover of *The Tribulations of a Princess*, by the author of *The Martyrdom of an Empress*. Appended is an account of the book done in a characteristically American way:

> "The spirit of adventure was strong in me in those days," she confesses. And the recital bears out this candour. Fancy a woman, young, attractive, distinguished, visiting her childhood's friend, the Czar of all the Russias, for the purpose of asking him to pardon a Nihilist—a Siberian exile whom she believes unjustly convicted. At the station, she is met by an Imperial sleigh drawn by three magnificent black horses. At the palace, the gendarmes in blue uniforms and tall patent-leather boots, and the chevalier-guards, with their white uniforms and eagle-crested helmets, are stationed in picturesque groups. She is soon admitted alone to the presence of the Czar, who greets her kindly, but grows stern when she pleads the cause of the supposed Nihilist. "'But you must do something, Sire,' cried I, now quite beside myself. '*Must?*' said the autocrat, drawing himself up and gazing at me with rising anger." However, by tact and persuasion, she wins her cause, and with the same dash and pluck starts out with the Czar's passports and a few men attendants over the frozen Siberian plains to rescue the "convict." Perhaps her bravery is partially the outcome of a strange fact in her history—that she was taught to regard herself as a boy until her ninth year.

Bibliographical.

Mr. Gosse's collection of Mr. Austin Dobson's fugitive pieces is now, I believe, in the hands of the fortunate subscribers; and something, therefore, may not improperly be said about it. It is called *Carmina Votiva, and Other Occasional Verses*, and on the title-page is the motto—"Enter a Song, singing—Old Play." The "Carmina" are sixty-three in number, and occupy ninety-nine pages. There is a dedication: "To Andrew Lang, master of many things (the lighter lyre included), by his old friend the Author"; and at the back thereof, by way of motto, is a reprint of the rondel—

> Too hard it is to sing
> In these untuneful times—

which first appeared in *Evening Hours* in 1876. In the preface we are told that the "Carmina" "are alike in this, that none of them are now to be found in any of the author's published [and still obtainable] volumes. Some of them are printed from ephemeral sources, others have never appeared before, one or two have been restored from the earliest issues of his poems."

The volume, neatly printed on good paper, is one to be thankful for. We are grateful, to begin with, for the verses which we recognise as new to us. Not less grateful are we for the republication of lyrics which Mr. Dobson has dropped out of his later editions and his *Collected Poems*, but which many of us desired to preserve. Those of us who possess his early editions are all right on this point; but the younger generation is not so lucky. Take, for example, the following rondeau:

> Rose, in the hedge-row grown,
> Where the scent of the fresh sweet hay
> Comes up from the fields new-mown,
> You know it—you know it—alone,
> So I gather you here to-day.
>
> For here—was it not here, say?—
> That she came by the woodland way,
> And my heart with a hope unknown
> Rose?
>
> Ah yes!—with her bright hair blown,
> And her eyes like the skies of May,
> And her steps like the rose-leaves strown
> When the winds in the rose-trees play—
> It was here—O my love!—my own
> Rose!

Now, this charming little thing appeared originally in the *Spectator* in 1876, and the editor of *Latter-Day Lyrics* (1878) persuaded Mr. Dobson to let him reprint it in the notes to that collection. *Latter-Day Lyrics*, however, has long been out of print; it is, therefore, delightful to find that Mr. Dobson has permitted the republication of the rondeau in *Carmina Votiva*. It will be observed that in the use of the refrain there is a certain play upon the word "Rose" which makes the rondeau, strictly speaking, not according to rule. But that is no reason why the lover of verse should be deprived of so pretty a bit of work. In like manner, one is glad to meet again in this privately-printed volume with the rondels "Change" and "Fair," the lines to G. H. Boughton and R. W. Gilder, and "The Peacock on the Wall." Greatest of all must be our gratitude to Mr. Gosse for bringing together so many stray pieces by Mr. Dobson from books, magazines, weekly periodicals, and so forth. From Mr. Gosse's own Library Catalogue are extracted some half-dozen trifles by his friend, which will be highly appreciated by the possessors of *Carmina Votiva*.

Some of my readers may like to have a list of the art-books of the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, who is dealt with elsewhere in this issue from the purely literary point of view. In addition to work done in connexion with publications of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, Mr. Monkhouse was the author of a book on *The Masterpieces of English Art* (1869); *A Few Words about Hogarth* (1872); critical comments on W. Etty (1874), Sir C. Eastlake (1875), J. H. Foley (1875), and Sir E. Landseer (1877); *The Turner Gallery* (1878), *Turner* (in the "Illustrated Biographies of Great Artists") (1879), *The Italian Pre-Raphaelites* (1887), *Early-English Water-Colour Painters* (1890 and 1897), *In the National Gallery* (1895), and *British Contemporary Artists* (1899). He also wrote a preface to *The Life and Works of Joseph Wright, A.R.A.* (1885), and edited, with revision, Mrs. Heaton's *Concise History of Painting*. To the series of "Great Writers" he contributed, in 1887, a biography of Leigh Hunt. The above mentioned, with his single novel and his three books of verse, constitute Mr. Monkhouse's literary output.

We shall be glad to have the biography of Samuel Richardson, in the compilation of which, they say, Mr. Austin Dobson hopes to expend his earliest leisure. That, however, is no reason why we should altogether ignore, as a publicist has recently ignored, the modest effort in the same direction made recently by Miss (or Mrs.) C. L. Thompson, whose monograph did her considerable credit. Meanwhile, good is the news of the library edition of Richardson, which a London firm is said to have in preparation for us. During the last twenty years our publishers have set forth Richardson, for the most part, in humble guise. Two have given us abridgments of *Clarissa Harlowe* (1890 and 1893) and cheap reproductions of *Pamela* (both in 1891). Of *Sir Charles Grandison* there was a cheap reprint in 1886, and a more sumptuous presentment (abridged, though in two volumes) in 1895. That, so far as I know, is all; and it is obvious that the sooner we have a uniform edition of the works of the worthy but rather tiresome Samuel the better.

Of the sons of the late Dr. Gordon Hake, poet and physician, two have devoted themselves in the main, or to a large extent, to literature. The name of Mr. Egmont Hake is attached to several volumes, miscellaneous in subject. That of his elder brother, Mr. Thomas St. E. Hake, is best known to the lovers of fiction, of which Mr. Thomas Hake has been a fertile producer. One remembers his novel, *In Letters of Gold*, published in the later eighties; and I see that the editor of the *New Penny Magazine* (Cassell) is about to run Mr. Hake's *Within Sound of the Weir* through his popular pages. Mr. Hake is one of the few who can claim a long and intimate acquaintance with that genuine Bohemian of letters—Borrow.

The Bookworm.

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Reviews.

Moral Gower.

Works of John Gower. Edited by G. C. Macaulay, M.A. Vols. II. and III. (Clarendon Press. 32s.)

About a year ago we reviewed the first volume of Mr. Macaulay's learned and sumptuous edition of John Gower, containing the newly discovered text of the French *Mirour de l'Omme* or *Speculum Medituntis*. The present instalment consists of two volumes, devoted to the long English poem in virtue of which Gower's fame, such as it is, survives the *Confessio Amantis*. To this is appended the address to Henry the Fourth, "In Praise of Peace," and a fourth volume, with the *Vox Clamantis* and other Latin poems, will, we suppose, conclude Mr. Macaulay's laborious task.

The *Confessio Amantis* has not, in the past, missed its meed of praise. On the contrary, the critics of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were distinctly inclined to over-rate it. James the First of Scotland and Dunbar, Hawes and Skelton, Puttenham and Sidney, barely differentiate between the merit of Gower and that of Chaucer. The heresiarch John Bale is perfervid enough to declare him "the lamp of his age" and "alter Dantes ac Petrarcha." The immediate popularity of the *Confessio Amantis* is shown by the long list of MSS. which Mr. Macaulay is called upon to catalogue. The poem had the honour of being printed by Caxton, and fifty years after Caxton, in two editions, by Berthelette. Upon Berthelette the current texts, that in Chalmers's *English Poets*, and those of Pauli and of the late Prof. Morley, are based. Not unnaturally, their critical value is small, and for philological purposes they cannot be depended upon. But Gower, in the last quarter of the fourteenth century, stands at the philological parting of the ways, and the importance of an accurate text is, therefore, even apart from its literary value, great. Such a text Mr. Macaulay has spared no pains to provide, and the abundance of excellent MSS. has made his path comparatively straight. The version principally relied upon—one of the Fairfax MSS. in the Bodleian—is contemporary with Gower, and may have been prepared under his superintendence. With it Mr. Macaulay has collated others, representing different recensions of the poem, due to alterations made from time to time, upon literary or political grounds, by the author. He has further supplied a careful linguistic and grammatical study of Gower's English, an analysis of the somewhat diffuse text, a full glossary, and a body of notes bearing upon the sources from which Gower derived his stories and other matters of interest. The whole work is a monument of remorseless and well-informed industry, and is thoroughly worthy to stand by Prof. Skeat's magnificent edition of Chaucer with which, in outward seeming, it is uniform.

And for the literary merit of the *Confessio Amantis* itself? One may demur to the hyperbole of Bale and others, and at the same time be willing to admit that John Gower's masterpiece is neither negligible nor unattractive. Something of the historic spirit, indeed, is required to appreciate it. It is essentially in the mode of its day. Gower himself describes its intention with perfect justice when he says:

> I wolde go the middel weie
> And wryte a bok betwen the tweie,
> Somwhat of lust, somewhat of love.

Gower is half minstrel, half schoolman. He will amuse, with a string of "smooth tales, chiefly of love," such as had certainly not yet lost their fascination for the expiring Middle Ages, even if they can be said to have done so yet: and he will edify, with his constant undertone of the pulpit, and his formal scheme of virtues and vices. The allegorical setting of the piece is ingeniously managed, and extremely characteristic of an age whose imagination had been profoundly impressed by the somewhat frigid personages and methods of the *Roman de la Rose*. It is as follows: The lover walks abroad "whan every brid hath chose his make" in the month of May. His heart is heavy with unrequited love.

> Unto the wode I gan to fare,
> Noght for to singe with the briddes,
> For whanne I was the wode amiddes,
> I found a swote grene pleine,
> And ther I gan my wo complaigne
> Wisshinge and wepinge at myn one,
> For other merthes made I none.

As he is in this somewhat conventional plight there pass by the King and Queen of Love. Venus takes pity upon her servant, and bids him arise and be shriven by Genius, her priest. The idea of this shrift is taken straight from the *Roman de la Rose*, but Gower twists it neatly enough into a sufficiently elastic framework for innumerable stories. The confession proceeds solemnly, book after book, through the Five Senses and the Seven Deadly Sins, and under each head Genius relates titles bearing, more or less remotely, either upon the general character of the vice under consideration or upon its particular manifestations in the affairs of love. These tales were taken from Ovid and the other repertories of such things so popular in the Middle Ages. They are a quaint assortment. Love-Gluttony, for instance, is variously illustrated by the episodes of the Marriage of Pirithous, Galba, and Vitellius Tristram and Iseult, Dives and Lazarus, Ulysses and Telezonus, and Nectanabus of Egypt. Nearly a whole book is filled with the rambling story of Apollonius of Tyre, which afforded the subject-matter of "Pericles," and induced Shakespeare, or Shakespeare's collaborator, to pay an homage to antiquity by introducing "ancient Gower" in person upon his stage as "presenter" of the play. Gower's narrative style has perhaps suffered unduly by comparison with the "Canterbury Tales." To rank with the varied excellence of Chaucer it can make no claim, but it moves easily, with a ready flow of light octosyllabic rhythm, and though occasionally long drawn out, is not wanting in grace and freshness. Mr. Macaulay rightly dwells upon the poetical touch of such as this, which, by the way, recalls a famous passage in "Aucassin and Nicolette," from the story of Medea:

> The worlde was stille on every side
> With open hed and fot al bare,
> Hir her to sprad she gan to fare,
> Upon hir clothes gert sche was,
> Al specheles and on the gras
> Sche glod forth as an Addre doth:
> Non otherwise sche ne goth,
> Til she cam to the freisshe flod,
> And there a while sche withstod.
> Thries sche torned hire aboute,
> And thries ek she gan doun loute
> And in the flod sche wette hir her,
> And thries on the water ther
> Sche gaspeth with a drecchinge onde,
> And tho sche tok hir speche on honde.

Nor is the framework mere framework. Even apart from the stories, the personages of the shriven lover and of the mistress of whom he speaks have their interest. The psychology—the somewhat conventional psychology—of "romantic" love is understood by Gower, and touched, as Mr. Macaulay says, "with delicacy and refinement." And there is something a little novel in the removal of this amorous idealism from the setting of romance proper to that of actual and contemporary life. The lady is human, and not a wraith of imagination, akin rather to Portia or to Clara Middleton than to Iseult or Guinevere. Pity she is nameless, this earliest of a long line of delicate portraiture!

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A Bohemian Pessimist.

The Labyrinth of the World. Translated from the Bohemian of Komensky. By Count Lützow. (Swan Sonnenschein. 6s.)

In his introduction, Count Lützow says that "Komensky was overwhelmed with misery" when he sat down to write this remarkable book. And it is easy to see that the book must have been written by a man waking up from the first shock of the discovery of his illusions. Europe had already gone through five years of the Thirty Years' War, and Komensky's wordly property and his own nerves had suffered in the siege of Fulneck. His house "was pillaged and burnt down, and—to him almost a greater loss—his library and MSS. also perished in the flames." This was in 1621. Then followed two anxious years, during which Komensky, although under the protection of the Lord of Zerotin, must have become too well acquainted with all the sensations of an exile and a fugitive. And the wild Bohemian scenery of his hiding-place doubtless only quickened and troubled an imagination already troubled and quickened enough. In a hut within the borders of a great labyrinth of pine woods—probably far more labyrinthine than they are to-day—Komensky, in the bitterness of inactivity, began and finished this strange book which was destined to become a kind of second Bible for Bohemia, and is still read in the Bohemian schools. Doubtless it was the dark forest behind him which suggested the title of the book. I remember standing on the ruined citadel of Brandeis and looking across "the dolorous orlice," as Count Lützow happily describes the little river which breaks the wood, and trying to imagine the feelings of Komensky immersed in those "never-ending pine forests" to which he had fled from a wild scene of religious and political struggle. Given such conditions, it is little wonder, therefore, that the book is so full of earnestness and of passion. Moreover, Komensky was then thirty years old—that is to say, at the time of life when a man has seen enough of the world to be able to pass a judgment upon it, but has not seen enough, perhaps, to be able to make that judgment absolutely just and complete. Count Lützow, to whom English readers owe a great debt for this admirable translation, which is nothing less, although it is something more than a labour of love, tells us that Komensky described the book as a "drama," and certainly it is full enough of the drama of a confused world. But whereas it was an attempt to find "repose in the most tranquil harbour of his conscience" by one who lived through "the storms and sorrows of the sea of the world," it must be said that Komensky is much more interesting when he is describing the "sea" than when he is describing the "harbour." Count Lützow thinks that Komensky should be regarded as a "mystic," and no doubt there is a good deal of so-called "mysticism" in the closing chapters which are entitled "The Paradise of the Heart." But Komensky had too turbulent a brain to be a true mystic. The tranquillity of Eckhart, for instance, is foreign to Komensky's character. He keeps his eye too closely and too constantly on this present world, and, indeed, seems to know it through and through. But the true "mystics" hold aloof. The world's illusions, its noise, its disasters and its mockeries, these are the things which fill Komensky's mind. These feed his imagery, and sometimes his imagery is splendid. But when he moves off from the world of sight to the world of faith his imagination seems suddenly to fail him, and he becomes actually dull. At the very point where a writer like Eckhart or Madame Guyon begins to feel the stimulus of thought, Komensky draws back impoverished. Invariably he requires the excitement of sensible images and impressions, and certainly whenever he is conscious of these he expresses himself with wonderful vividness. He tells us, to be sure, that "the true Christian heedeth not the tumult of the world," but it was because he disobeyed his own precept that he was able to write *The Labyrinth*. For it is full of the world's heat and tribulation. His "realism" is very remarkable. There is a passage entitled "The Revellers," which reminds the reader of certain parts of Plato's symposium, but it is coarser and more vivid. And since *The Labyrinth* is frankly a kind of *memoires* in which Komensky confesses that he has "mainly depicted the adventures of his own life," we almost feel tempted to believe that he may have had as many "adventures" as Saint Augustine, but was only more cautious in his account of them. At any rate, there are passages which show traces of a man who, at least in imagination, has visited most of the waste places of human psychology. There is evidence of a most restless mind, and he speaks of his own "fickleness." Like Giordano Bruno, he travelled far and wide, ran up and down Europe, and visited even England, and has left us a curious description of his "disgust at sea." The two guides who lead him through the labyrinth of the world describe him truthfully enough where they say: "We see that this fellow is restless and wishes constantly to move like quicksilver." Count Lützow has succeeded in conveying the quaint but impressive style of the original, and since the translator is not an Englishman he deserves to be sincerely congratulated on a scholarly piece of work. It must have been no easy task.

Komensky has weighed everything, but has found everything wanting. His bitterness, however, is the bitterness of a sensuous and fiery character. He has been compared to Bunyan, but he has neither the simplicity nor the innocence of Bunyan. As Count Lützow points out, Komensky, or, to give him the Latin form of his name, Comenius, was familiar with worlds of thought and problems of life and of knowledge and a range of literature which Bunyan never realised. He knew *gli errori chi serpono nella città*. He has a brain far gloomier and essentially mocking and satiric. Nothing which his two guides, Falsehood and Curiosity, point out to him in the world seems to him to be of any fundamental importance. The whole range of human exertion is condemned as so much vanity and vexation of spirit. Everywhere he expresses his huge contempt. From top to bottom he finds, he says, "fearful disorder." And then in a humorous aside he adds: "But as all this had to be called order I dared not say anything." There is, however, one charming note of pathos and regret over lost childhood and youth: "Wait, I will also show him that spot to which we shall not come afterwards. Look, then, backwards towards sunrise!" But Komensky looks for ever towards sunset and the transmutations of things. He has an extraordinary passage on Death, who goes about with a crossbow, and leads mankind "out of the world in some strange fashion." *Sic transit* written everywhere! Nothing is good enough for Komensky. He gives an unconsciously humorous account of human marriage, which seems to have increased his own sufferings, for he describes it as a very "toilsome" affair. And no form of activity appears to him to be worth the bother. Philosophers, historians, jurists and priests all come under the lash of a judgment as insolent as Carlyle's. And when he mentions "those dear Christians" it is in infinite contempt of the sects which differed from his own. As an instance of the book's vivid manner, take this sentence: "Each one struggled for a place before the seat was cold." And he thus describes a political change which had important results for his own fortunes: "Now it befell that, in my presence, a royal throne suddenly shook, broke into bits and fell to the ground." Rumour, he says, "consists entirely of mouths." And as for fame, he can say nothing strong enough in ridicule: "Then looking around, I behold painters who are sitting and gazing at these men and portraying them; then I asked: 'Why do they this?' The interpreter answered: 'That their names may

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not pass away and vanish as a voice; the memory of these men will endure.' Then I gaze, and lo! each one of those who had been painted was then thrown into the abyss, just as the others; they left but the image, and that they placed on a pole, that it might be seen by all." It is all much ado about nothing, Komensky thinks. At last, weary of the whole show, he takes refuge in his own conception of the ultimate good which he discovers in the emotions of a Christian. The truth which he would appear to teach is that the search for reality must be not so much outwards as inwards. But who knows where "outward" ends and "inward" begins?

Evidently, if a mind like Komensky's keeps looking too long at the world it begins to suffer from a kind of intellectual lock-jaw. Indeed, Komensky seems to possess the secret of his spiritual troubles when he makes one of his guides say to him: "Everything is thine own fault, for thou demandest somewhat great and unusual that no man obtains." In other words, idealists have the worst time of it in this world. Komensky is ready enough with his answer to the gay guide: "Why dost thou not take into account," he asks, "the sweat, tears, groans, sickness, want, downfall and other misfortunes that I see in all the estates, countless, measureless, endless?" Even supposing, therefore, that a man's system of philosophy is only the outcome of his temperament, it is not necessarily illegitimate on that account, because the "temperament" is one of the things to be explained. It is precisely the want of correspondence between human emotion and the course of Nature that constitutes the problem of life. But Komensky has his own panacea. He proposes, as the cure of all his ills, the old-fashioned and orthodox method of "kissing" as, he says, "the rod and stick of God." This, as Count Lützow points out, is essentially Slavic. The advice is, flee from the world. It is to be a *sauve qui peut*, and the buffeted traveller in *The Labyrinth*, as in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, frankly announces his determination to take refuge in flight. This is no solution, however, for the modern mind. On the contrary, the modern mind, religious as well as rationalistic, considers such a doctrine irrational. If God is to be reached, He must be got at *through* the world. A great deal of the religious faith with which we are familiar is the result of intellectual poltroonery. But a man's brain is a weapon as well as his arm or his hand, and should be used as a weapon and never sheathed and never surrendered at all. Surely there is a *noblesse oblige* of the intellect. And although the intellect may fail in its long struggle to understand the meaning of existence, yet the struggle is not quite barren because it may, it *does* succeed in creating the positive quality of spiritual valour.

BENJAMIN SWIFT.

A Book of Bitters.

Dinners and Diners. By Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

THERE are many possible means of stimulating the appetite for food. Some men take bitters of one kind or another, and pay penalty in the end with impaired digestion. The method is crude, expensive, and unwholesome. Others, more sensible, approach the physical appetite through the imagination, and thus attain fleshly longing by way of the intellect. Men who depend on bitters and such deleterious aids to the stimulus of the dinner gong should remember that to the healthy mind in the healthy body there is no such spur to eating as the reading about eating—if only the writer is really interested. Who, for example, could read the account of that wonderful breakfast of Amyas in *Westward Ho!* without being fired by the longing for pasties and ale after a morning plunge into the sea? But the book that stimulates to eating is—mark you—not the cookery book, which treats, as it were, *de originibus*. There is nothing of allurement to the appetite in the details of chopped raw meat, beaten eggs, and maltreated fowls. The reader of the cookery book gains knowledge, but with knowledge comes the disillusionment of the scene-shifter at the pantomime. And cooks, as everybody knows, find difficulty in eating at all, and are, unfortunately, inclined to take it out in drink. A book about brickmaking or stone-cutting stirs in you no enthusiasm for cathedrals, and a work that enters too minutely into the prosaic origin of the daintiest of *plats* only helps to jeopardise your dinner. The present writer has been hitherto in the habit of using Mrs. Pennell's *Feasts of Autolycus* as a sort of book of bitters when appetite needs encouragement. For Mrs Pennell deals rather with the dish made perfect, and dwells with no nauseating insistence on the steps by which perfection is reached. But her enthusiasm for the æsthetic side of a cutlet or a salad is infectious, and as you read your mouth waters. Placed in a prison library, the book would add another turn to the torturing screw of deprivation. And as you mount from dish to dish until contentment comes with coffee—in imagination, of course—you feel the exaltation which comes from the reading of stanza after stanza of some loved poet. The appetite and the intellect commingle, and eating becomes one of the fine arts.

With Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis's *Dinners and Diners* comes an alternative bitters, and in quite the most accessible shelf of at least one dressing-room it will find a place among the books which are good to read in the spare quarter of an hour which should be sacred to the cultivation of appetite. Colonel Newnham-Davis deals, as he should, with the choice and the consumption of food in its finished state rather than with the preparation of raw meats. There are one or two *recettes* given, autographed by famous *chefs*, but they may be skipped. Colonel Newnham-Davis takes London in the largest sense of the word for his topic, London as a place to dine in. Where shall I dine, and what shall I have for dinner? Now that so many people dine at large, the question must have occurred to everyone who is in the habit of dining at all. Our author has dined steadily through London, from Richmond to Greenwich. He has dined "on guard" at St. James's Palace, and he has eaten at a "Kosher" restaurant in the City, where you will find a little copy of the Ten Commandments let into the doorpost, and always he takes at least one of us with him. The host is always the same, but we vary. Now we are a young failure who wants to get into the Yeomanry, and we are dined at the St. James's for thirteen-and-six. Now we are an Eton boy, and eat bravely through a Trocadero dinner (twelve lines of print), and drink champagne, costing our host £1 18s. At other times we are Miss Dainty, or Mrs. Tota, or a maiden aunt. Once we are a Princess, whom Colonel Newnham-Davis takes appropriately to dine at Claridge's; and the bill comes to £3 12s. Were Princesses more frequent as guests than they are, one would thank the gods if, like Xerxes, they required but one meal a day.

But what of our host? What manner of man is he? Well, a good man to dine with, the reader will say. From his book it is possible to reconstruct him, or at least to gain some idea of the generous entertainer who scatters so many sovereigns that our mouths may water. He is a "man about town," with a wide nodding acquaintance; for as we wait for the soup he points out Cabinet Ministers, leaders of society, actresses, artists, and men of letters, and once we were within twenty-four hours of dining under the same roof with the then Prince of Wales. Nor is it only the great and good that we encounter, for in the American bar at the Criterion we make ocular acquaintance with bookmakers and "sports." He is also—those fifty or sixty diners excuse it—a trifle corpulent, for we are told incidentally that attendance at a levée is out of the ques-

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tion until the tunic of his early manhood is replaced by something more ample. And—this is most important—he has the right way with waiters and those who direct them. If you want to dine well ask at once for the head waiter or the manager. "If you or I, in the absence of the *mâitre d'hôtel* and the head waiter, fall into the hands of an underling, heaven help us . . . The manager is the man to look for, if possible, when composing a menu. The higher you reach up that glorious scale of responsibility which runs from manager to *marmiton*, the more intelligent help you will get in ordering your dinner, the more certain you are to have an artistic meal, and not to be spending money unworthily." Now our host has the soldier's way with the waiter, the diplomatist's way with the manager, and the combined ways will usually ensure a good dinner. He knows who is the *chef* here, whence he came, and whither he will probably go. He is on distantly genial terms with head waiters—who are, after all, men, and not only automatic money machines, and when he dines the Eton boy at the Trocadero, he introduces him to Mr. Lyons. The Eton boy said the dinner was jolly good. He applied the same epithets to the Empire. And finally our host takes a boyish delight in the appurtenances of feeding. His wave of the hand towards the Cupids on the ceiling, the candelabra, the flowers on the table, the dark-green panelling—that alone makes one hungry.

But London is not built for the three-guinea diner alone. And for the man who cannot afford to spend fifteen hundred a year on taking Princesses out to dinner, Colonel Newnham-Davis provides consolation. In Soho our host finds restaurants where one may eat, without sacrificing self-respect, for half-a-crown (without wine) or even eighteen-pence. Of these, too, he writes with unabated enthusiasm, taking the good where he finds it. To the man who has an appetite and a few shillings in his pocket wherewith to satisfy it, Colonel Newnham-Davis supplies a valuable guide. The man who has the shillings but no appetite, ought to get an appetite by reading of dinners enjoyed.

Fine Pickings.

"The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D." Vol. II.: *The Journal to Stella.* Edited by Frederick Ryland. (Bell & Sons.)

The Journal of Stella. Edited by G. A. Aitken. (Methuen. 6s.)

"The relations between Mrs. Johnson and Dr. Swift have been the despair of judicious biographers," says Mr. Ryland. They are also the despair of judicious reviewers, and we shall say nothing about them. Fascinating as literary biography is, and always will be, it is apt to be valued too much for its own sake. "Chatter about Harriet" long ago fell like a drop-scene between the public and Shelley's writings. The Brontës have to some extent superseded their books, and stories of Rossetti have become more popular than his poetry. Much the same thing has happened with the Brownings; it is in some quarters considered more disgraceful to be ignorant of a fact in their lives than to be unread in their works. The criticism of investigation is become more common than the criticism of appreciation. That is why Mr. Herbert Paul's recent book, *Essays in Criticism*, was so welcome, and yet so staggering, to his readers. It was based on reading, not on rooting.

Swift's *Journal to Stella* is, of course, not to be read without due knowledge of Swift and of Stella. But the book is the thing, and the book is full of the finest pickings. It is an ideal diary, being written by a great man in an interesting age, for the eyes of a woman with whom he was in close intellectual sympathy. It gives us the small change of Swift's mind, with gold pieces slipping in by accident. The very buzz of court and street and coffee-house survives in these delightful pages, written every night with infinite wit and tenderness before the writer blew out his candle. It is easier to say what the *Journal* does not contain than to say what it does contain. All "Queen Anne" is here. And what tantalisations mingle with what satisfactions! "Mr. Addison and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening; and I am now come home to write an hour." Not a word of what Addison said. Again and again he dines with Addison, at a City merchant's, at a great lord's, or in a hedge tavern, and somehow neglects to give us a flash of Addison's wit. But, indeed, Swift rarely reports conversations. He showers suggestions. "I dined to-day [October 25, 1710] with Mr. Addison, Steele, and a sister of Mr. Addison, who is married to one Mons. Sartre, a Frenchman, prebendary of Westminster, who has a delicious house and garden; yet I thought it was a sort of monastic life in those cloisters, and I liked Laracor [his Irish living] better. Addison's sister is a sort of wit, very like him. I am not fond of her." Swift's impatience with the declining *Tatler* extended to Steele, of whom he remarks petulantly in one place: "He is the worst company in the world till he has a bottle of wine in his head."

Petulance lends a rare sauce to the whole of the *Journal*, for it is the petulance of the moment, and proves the sincerity and naturalness of every word. No good critic has ever hinted that the *Journal to Stella* was written for publication. "These letters of mine," he says, "are a sort of journal where matters open by degrees; and, as I tell true or false, you will find by the event whether my intelligence be good; but I don't care two-pence whether it be or no." A few hours later he writes: "To-day I was all about St. Paul's, up at the top, like a fool, with Sir Andrew Fountaine and two more, and spent seven shillings for my dinner like a puppy; this is the second time he has served me so; but I will never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me; unconsidering puppies." Swift is referring, of course, to his poverty. He rattles on:

> There's a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the university, one Harrison, a little pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature; has written some mighty pretty things—that in your 6th "Miscellanea," about the Sprig of Orange, is his; he has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the Duke of Queensberry's sons for forty pounds a year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his chit. Henley is a great crony of his; they are often at the tavern at six or seven shillings reckoning, and always makes the poor lad pay his full share. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to-night: I absolutely refused, and made Harrison lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this because I find all rich fellows have that humour of using all people without any consideration of their fortunes; but I will see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord Halifax is always teasing me to go down to his country house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach-hire, and he shall be hanged first.

Thus, hundreds of times, is a picture of the age flashed on us; and always the style is inimitably naïve, jerky, rapid, and prehensile. In all the hurly-burly there are threads which we keep. The history of Swift's excellent poem, "The Shower," may be gathered as we go along. Thus:

> Oct. 10, 1710.—I am now writing my poetical Description of a Shower in London, and will send it to the *Tatler*.
>
> 12.—I have finished my poem on the Shower all but the beginning.

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13.—Lookee, gentlewomen, if I write long letters I must write you news and stuff, unless I send you my verses; and some I dare not; and those on the Shower in London I have sent to the *Tatler*, and you may see them in Ireland.

17.—This day came out the *Tatler*, made up wholly of my Shower, and a preface to it. They say 'tis the best thing I ever writ, and I think so too. I suppose the Bishop of Clogher will show it you. Pray tell me how you like it.

20.—Tell me how my Shower is liked in Ireland: I never knew anything pass better here.

27.—Mr. Rowe, the poet, desired me to dine with him to-day. I went to his office (he is Under-Secretary in Mr. Addison's place that he had in England), and there was Mr. Prior; and they both fell commending my Shower beyond anything that has been written of the kind; there never was such a Shower since Danae's, etc.

Nov. 2.—Mr. Dopping (an Irish friend of Stettin's) I have seen, and he tells me coldly, my Shower is liked well enough; that is your Irish judgment.

8.—The *Tatler* upon Ithuriel's spear is not mine, madam. What a puzzle there is between you and your judgment? In general, you may be sometimes sure of things as that about Style [a *Tatler* paper written by Swift], because it is what I have frequently spoken of; but. . . . I defy mankind if I please. Why, I writ a pamphlet when I was last in London, that you and a thousand have seen, and never guessed it to be mine! Could you have guessed the Shower in Town to have been mine?

10.—I dined to-day at Lady Lucy's, where they ran down my Shower.

28.—I had a letter to-day from the Bishop of Clogher. . . . He says I bid him read the London *Shaver*, and that you both [Stella and her companion, Mrs. Dingley] swore it was Shaver, and not Shower. You all lie, and you are puppies, and can't read Presto's [his own] hand. The Bishop is out entirely in his conjectures of my share in the *Tatler*.

30.—The Bishop of Clogher says he has seen something of mine of the same sort, better than the Shower. I suppose he means the Morning; but it is not half so good. I want your judgment of things, and not your country's.

Dec. 14.—I suppose you think it a piece of affectation in me to wish your Irish folks would not like my Shower; but you are mistaken. I should be glad to have the general applause there as I have here (though I say it), but I have only that of one or two, and therefore I would have none at all, but let you all be in the wrong. I don't know, this is not what I would say; but I am so tosticated with supper and stuff that I can't express myself.

What have we here but the very impact of an eighteenth century composition on the eighteenth century world? All through the *Journal* literature, politics, and society scintillate in little actualities which time has made precious. Consider this: "I was this morning at ten at the rehearsal of Mr. Addison's play, called 'Cato,' which is to be acted on Friday. There were not above half-a-score of us to see it. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted at every moment, and the poet directing them: and the drab that acts Cato's daughter [Mrs. Oldfield] out in the midst of a passionate part, and then calling out, 'What's next?'" And this picture (May 19, 1711) of a rural Chelsea in the spoiling: "Do you know that about our town we are mowing already and making hay, and it smells so sweet as we walk through the flowery meads; but the haymaking nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing so clean and pretty as further in the country There is a mighty increase of dirty wenches in straw hats since I knew London."

It would be invidious to compare the two editions of the *Journal* before us. Messrs. Bell's takes its place in a complete edition of Swift's works, which is itself conditioned by the Bohn Library, to which it belongs. Mr. Lecky's general introduction to the set, printed in the first volume, is of great value. Messrs. Methuen's edition is a separate publication, and it has the advantage of annotation by a critic, who, already in his edition of Defoe's works, and in his life of Steele, has proved himself one of the keenest and most accurate explorers of the eighteenth century.

Poems of a Novelist

Selections from the Poems of S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., Edinburgh. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

THESE poems, selected (we are told) from eight thin volumes published between 1886 and 1889, represent the excursions into verse of an American novelist, whose reputation has been deservedly won by much ability. The volume has considerable merit and attraction: yet it must be said that Dr. Weir Mitchell shows conclusively that he is no poet. He lacks quintessential emotion, he has not the lyric touch, even his thought (and the verse is thoughtful) is not beyond the compass of the average cultured and reflective mind, and there is a conspicuous lack of metrical ease and felicity. He does not take naturally to metre, but moves (so to speak) like a conscientiously trained swimmer; his work is wrought into verse instead of creating verse by its own impulse. The chief exception to these strictures is the opening "Ode on a Lycian Tomb," and even that transcends his wonted level only in the first three stanzas. It is too long; he has outlasted the inspiration which bore him safely over the commencement. There he had the advantage of Keats's example, and this derivative impulse gives an alien nobility to the stanzas, which ceases when the external guidance fails. It is the idea of the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" reapplied to a new yet kindred theme, which carries off those first three stanzas; and the diction, the style, derive from the same source. But the idea is well reapplied, the style well copied. The "tomb" in question bears (as a foot-note tells us) one female figure in eighteen attitudes of grief, separated by Doric columns. Thus the poem opens:

> What gracious nunnery of grief is here!
> One woman garbed in sorrow's every mood;
> Each sad presentment celled apart, in fear
> Lest that herself upon herself intrude
> And break some tender dream of sorrow's day,
> Here cloistered lonely, set in marble gray.
>
> O, pale procession of immortal love,
> For ever married to immortal grief!
> All life's high-passioned sorrow far above,
> Past help of time's compassionate relief:
> These changeless stones are treasuries of regret
> And mock the term by time for sorrow set.
>
> Ah me! what tired hearts have hither come
> To weep with thee, and give thy grief a voice;
> And such as have not added to life's sum
> The count of loss, they who do still rejoice
> In love which time yet leaveth unassailed,
> Here tremble, by prophetic sadness paled.

That is very felicitous. The fourth line of the first stanza, the first two, the fourth, and the last of the second stanza, are quite memorable, and of high poetic quality. Were they unimitative, without a model, they would suggest great ideas of Dr. Mitchell's power: even as it is, were such a note, or anything approaching it, sustained through any considerable portion of the volume, we could never have made the pronouncement with which we started this review. But they disappear with the turning of the page, to reappear no more throughout the book. Nor is anything to be found there at all on a level with them, though (it might be) in another kind. The rest is hard, and not anywise "high-passioned"—in Dr. Mitchell's Keatsian phrase.

Yet we have said the book shows ability, and has in-

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terest. Its ability is precisely in the kind where the author can get near the art of the novelist; and in proportion as he recedes from that art he fails. It is in the dramatic monologues or narratives, and above all in the actual dramatic pieces, short though they be. They have nothing of poetical quality, neither imagination nor imagery, so far as diction is concerned; their imagination lies purely in construction and characterisation.

"François Villon" is notable for its resemblance in plot to a celebrated play of the present day (Dr. Mitchell being prior, we conclude, in publication), "Cyrano de Bergerac." It is not a play, but a narrative, in form of a dramatic duologue. The plot, as in M. Rostand's well-known drama, turns on a man wooing his mistress through the medium of another. But in Dr. Mitchell's poem it is done through the medium of verses supplied by the other man—no less a person than the poet Villon. The lady, after marriage, discovers the cheat, and declares her love due to the poet, not his employer; with the ultimate result of a duel, when Villon is found serenading under her window. She kisses his dead face, after her husband has run him through the body. It is well told, though essentially after the fashion of the novelist rather than of the poet. One of the few poetic touches is when the noble husband, finding his wife has become alienated from him, yet not guessing the reason, applies to the peasant rhymer to furnish him verses which shall renew her love, as verses won it; and is mockingly refused. The thing is impossible, says Villon, and chalks up drunkenly on the tavern wall:

> If God love to a sexton gave,
> Surely he would dig it a grave;
> If God fitted an ass with wings,
> What would he do with the pretty things?

It is a pretty epigram on the uselessness of verse to the illiterate noble, or of gained love to the man incapable of retaining it.

But the best thing in the book is the short dramatic piece, "Francis Drake." The author has wisely thrown aside all endeavour to make it an acting drama, a play: it is a less possible stage-piece than "Pippa Passes." No stage—hardly the Elizabethan, with its splendid independence of scenery—could represent its shifting and difficult scenes, passing from ship to boat and ship's side; nay, involving the transit of a boat from one ship's side to another. But it is truly dramatic in the reading, and deals with a remarkably interesting story. It is the narrative of how, in the expedition against Panama, Drake's trusted friend, Thomas Doughty, played traitor to him, being won over by Burleigh, before the voyage started, to thwart the scheme, lest it should provoke Spain to open declaration of war. Consequently, when the fleet is delayed for a time by contrary weather in the Straits of Magellan, he incites the seamen and the gentlemen adventurers to mutiny, and compel the return of the fleet to England. Doughty is the real hero of the drama. He is represented (in accordance with history) as a singularly fascinating personage—scholar, soldier, fearless, and with a genius for making friends, which he uses in pursuit of his design. Discovered by Drake, Drake for a time is lenient with him, but at last is compelled to arrest him, and, after due trial, sentence him to death. Under the sentence of death, the singular qualities of the man come out. In sight of the block, he takes the Sacrament with Drake, and banquets gaily with him and his former friends, taking final leave as though he were but going on a journey. All this is historical: but Dr. Mitchell's art appears by the manner in which he makes credible and visible the man's fascination and courage, despite the treachery of his design. Our sole objection to an otherwise most interesting little dramatic piece is that Dr. Mitchell is no humorist. Vicary, the Mercutio of the piece, "jokes wi' deeficulty." An interesting book: though scarce the work of a poet.

Other New Books.

'Twixt Sirdar and Menelik. By Capt. M. S. Wellby.

Gradually we are getting light thrown on the mysterious country whch lies on the borders of Abyssinia and the Soudan. It is one of the few districts which has not been run over by tourists and sportsmen, and the men who penetrate into it can still claim to be looked upon as pioneers. Captain Wellby, the author of the latest book on the country, was a young officer of the 18th Hussars, who, in August 1898, joined Lieutenant-Colonel Harrington at Harrar, and journeyed with the British Agent to Menelik's Court at Addis Adeba. He was fortunate enough to ingratiate himself with the Abyssinian Sovereign, and obtained leave to travel through every part of the country. So, in December, 1898, he started, without any white companion, through the unknown parts of Abyssinia, and through the "devil-infested country of Walamo," as far as Lake Rudolf. He passed round south of the great lake, and then turning north, followed the river Ruzi from its source to where it runs into the Sobat at Nasser, and so on to Khartoum, and down the Nile to Cairo. A glance at the map will show the extent and value of the journey, and the easy and unaffected style in which Captain Wellby tells of his wanderings with a caravan of natives makes the book a fascinating one, even for the general and ungeographical reader. On its value to the student of the interior of Africa there is no need to insist; it is a work which will well repay careful study.

Of Harrar, that important town which should now be under the Union Jack were it not for the limpness which characterises all our dealings abroad, Captain Wellby says: "Anybody who pays Harrar a visit will wonder why the place was ever allowed to slip from our hands, for it is an important district, both commercially and strategically; and as soon as the Abyssinians come to a reasonable understanding, and have more direct dealings with Europeans, its value is bound to increase tenfold." We have allowed this valuable centre of the trade of North-east Africa to pass into the hands of Menelik, and we must now do the best we can to see that the trade does not pass into other hands. The people eagerly inquired why the English did nothing to help the inhabitants of Hargeisa by constructing a line from Berbera to Harrar. King Menelik, it appears, has strict ideas of Court dress where Europeans are concerned, and Captain Wellby tells a pleasant little story of Prince Henry of Orleans, who went into the presence of the King attired in shooting costume. It appears that dress-clothes are what the Abyssinian monarch considers fitting for his dignity, and so he remarked, sternly, when he saw the descendant of the kings of France: "Who is this person who does not know how to appear before a king?" Captain Wellby arrived at Omdurman, after his adventurous journey, in the July following the great battle which broke the power of the Dervishes, and soon afterwards rejoined his regiment in South Africa. He arrived at Ladysmith just before the investment, and went all through the siege. Just a year ago, he was seriously wounded in a skirmish with the Boers, and died at Paardekop, on August 5, 1900. Those who read his book will feel the loss as that of a personal friend, so charming is the character which is expressed in every page of the work. Dog lovers, too, will note, with regret, that the author's little fox-terrier, "Lady," which went through all the journey, was lost in the Soudan between Atbara and Khartoum. (Harper's. 16s.)

The Life and Times of Sydney Smith. By S. J. Reid.

We cordially welcome this cheap edition of a biography, the four editions of which bear testimony to its interest and value. Intended not to rival, but to supplement the biography of Sydney Smith by his daughter, Lady

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Holland, in effect it furnishes a mass of new information, anecdotes, letters, etc., which greatly extends our knowledge of the famous and witty parson, whose reputation in London society and personal intercourse exceeds the actual value of his necessarily ephemeral literary remains, though we are far from underrating the value which his genius has stamped even on these. They are ephemeral only as regards subject and object. Mr. Reid has enjoyed special advantages in the help of Sydney Smith's decendants and all who could furnish fresh light, details, and letters; and he has set the man in his *milieu*, sketching in the brilliant group, or rather groups, of contemporaries who act as reflecting mirrors to set off his own fascinating personality. The result is a book interesting to the last page. For wit and humour are not merely among the most immortal of things; they are of universal appeal, which cannot be said of poetry; philosophy, eloquence, or even novel-writing, apart from the ingredient of humour. (Sampson Low.)

SPRINGTIME IN THE BASQUE MOUNTAINS. BY ARTHUR LASENBY LIBERTY.

As a drill-ground for students of the gentle art of skipping this book is a success. On the second page of the narrative we have a foot-note authorising the reader to jump forward to page 49, "for even the author realises that Part I. is uninteresting." We gladly accepted the privilege, but it was only to find ourselves immersed deeper in the small beer of travel. Of our own motion we leaped to page 149, and then to 249, but although here and there the narrative is crisper, we found it insufferably tedious in the mass. Letters written home by an ordinary pen, and then printed end on end in a book, even when "prepared for the press," do not make literature. This book contains scores and scores of passages like the following:

> We agreed that the path must lead ultimately into the worn track we had followed for so long last evening, which surmise proved correct. Then once again we stood at the self-same meeting of the ways where we had lingered in the twilight to admire the scenery around the Pas de Rolande. But we found three ways met here instead of two, and, further, that we had failed last evening to notice the one by which we had mounted up so easily to-day. In the broad daylight we felt quite clever and superior people, and benignly pitied the follies of the "Pilgrims of the Night."

Mr. Liberty spares us no detail or *cliché*.

To do him justice, he offers his text as an environment to the photographs taken by Mrs. Liberty. Many of these are charming, and they are admirably printed. (Grant Richards. 12s.)

In *Twenty Thousand Miles of Road Travel in Central and Western Europe*, Mr. W. J. A. Stamer essays to write not a simple book of travels, but "a treatise on men and manners, on foreigners and foreign things," and, among other things, to tell us why we English are so hated on the Continent. Mr. Stamer expresses his opinions freely and naturally, and that is the chief merit of his book. His opinions are rather breezy than subtle, and he has much scorn for English husbands and wives, and the London Sunday. The book is certainly not a treatise, but a medley—the medley, however, of one who has travelled far and observed with some care. It will interest those who have travelled in Italy, France, and Germany, as a budget of impressions by a talkative and resourceful traveller over the same ground. (Chapman and Hall. 12s.)

Messrs. Cassell have now issued their serial *History of the Boer War* in a stout volume. It has the characteristic merits of "Belle Sauvage" publications, and at seven-and-sixpence is generous value for money.

Fiction.

The Serious Wooing: a Heart's History. By John Oliver Hobbes. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE morals and customs of certain smart sets of modern society are not edifying, but they are part of the social fabric of our time, and in this, her new novel of manners, Mrs. Craigie has caught them on the wing. She uses the novelist's right to choose the material that suits the planned purpose: hence this clever picture of the unmoral, selfish, indulgent days of such a family as the Ragots. The mother, Lady Ragot, "who looked like a very pretty doll who had, by some accident, got wrinkled," was daughter of the twelfth Baron Dundrum, and widow of the late Sir Algernon Ragot, Baronet, formerly of Holt Park, Suffolk. To her were born three daughters and a son, and the second daughter was Rosabel, who had been married at sixteen—"it was all mamma's doing"—to an imbecile peer. "Shortclough was a *crétin* from the beginning," says Archie Wardle. "I can see him now as he looked on their wedding-day—his swivel eye rolling horribly, and that wobbly under-lip turned down as far as the chin-line." It is to narrate the great episode in the life of the pretty, attractive Countess of Shortclough that Mrs. Craigie has evolved this sparkling background of smart folk. Rosabel is of them, but in her emotional, undisciplined way, she has the desire to escape, to live the life that her inarticulate soul dimly cries for. She is a rebel against her set, fancying that she wants, under her lover's influence, "to work among the poor, and give up the old, frivolous business" She is, at any rate, capable of one thing—a great passion; and to that, so far as this book goes, she is faithful—splendidly faithful. For Jocelyn Luttrel (a Socialist, with three hundred thousand pounds, who gives it all away to his Cause with a stroke of the pen) she defies her world, going away with him, while her husband is still living, but returning, the next morning, when she learns, through her brother, that her flight will jeopardise her young sister's marriage to the Duke of Beauleigh. Through the lies and deceptions of her relatives she is led to believe that Luttrel has forsaken her, and they force her into a marriage with Lord Wroxall, an elderly, faithful admirer. Finally discovering the conspiracy against Luttrel, who has been true to her all through, she leaves her second husband to follow Luttrel, "poverty stricken, through Europe."

Students of fiction in years to come will have no difficulty in placing the period of this book. There are allusions to the opening of Parliament, to "San Toy," to Bennett the murderer, to Anatole France's *M. Bergeret à Paris*, to Mrs. Botha, and to pictures by Lenbach, Sargent, and Constant. Here is the Constant picture of Rosabel:

> She sits, queenly, on a Byzantine throne: there is a sort of heavenly rhetoric about the whole composition: the famous chestnut hair is more sunny than her blazing diadem: her cheeks declare with brilliance, that errors of the blood, not of the mind, might drive the most rare creature to heroism: the proud nostrils all but quiver with the fervour of a pink, celestial thought or two: it is not lifelike, but it is marvellously suggestive of womanhood dressed for conquest, for tragedy, or for a family gallery of painted ancestors—some by right of adventure.

The subsidiary characters are convincingly sketched in. Susie, "who was watching them both with a young girl's half-devising blindness—a thing truer in its judgments than the long experience of human folly can warrant." Miss Luttrel, "spare, with a fine gaunt chest, plunging black eyes, and no nonsense discernible about the knees." Huxter, who "made splendid salmon-flies, wrote for the *Field*, and was a country squire of perfect breeding, small means, and scholarly tastes." Mr. Odo Ceppel, who remarked, "Do not use expressions whch you cannot understand. Do I have temptations? Certainly not. People

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who conduct themselves properly do not know what the word means." It was this gentleman, her brother-in-law, of whom Rosabel said: "If they would only make mutton and mashed potatoes expensive, dear Odo would get perfectly well." Father Stonyhurst, the Jesuit priest, is quite a refreshment in this company of worldlings, who never "mis-read a letter, undervalued a favour, overdid a kindness, nelected a rising power, or dropped too hurriedly a falling one."

> As he [the Jesuit Priest] had spent his own life learning how to die, it always seemed a little astonishing to him, in spite of his great experience as a Director of consciences, that men should be so eager to extract every possibility, as quickly as possible, from existence, and cling to it, and pray to have it prolonged, and love it—even in circumstances when it seemed to offer nothing except pain and disappointments.

The story is told with all the wit and the power of characterisation that Mrs. Craigie has at command. Satire is abundant, and the falseness, the meanness, the pettiness of the men and women who compose the Ragot smart set, are revealed with an infinity of small touches, and a ripple of good-humoured contempt, that produces all the effect the author intended. Her world took Rosabel's flight with pleasant cynicism. It was all part of the game, and her nearest and dearest condemned chiefly Rosabel's imprudence. It would have been so easy, one whispered, to arrange matters with this importunate lover, even after her second marriage. The Dowager Duchess of Beauleigh declared that there was something to be said for her. "She herself never said that something, but one of her glances went a long way." Rosabel suffered from her bringing up. In her heart this pretty sport of Passion despised her set. Life with her lover, so she thought, had an intention and some meaning; "without him it looked forlorn, contemptible enough, and base." It is significant of the times, this picture of a society without religion, obeying no law except prudence, regarding, with amused tolerance and contempt for its very frankness, the action of one of their number who thought their world well lost for love. Rosabel enlists our sympathy. She at least had the courage to be loyal to a great passion.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

LA BELLA, AND OTHERS. BY EGERTON CASTLE.

Eight spirited short stories, "originally published elsewhere," by the author of *Young April*. They are divided into four sections: "Clank of Steel," "Silhouettes," "Temptations," and "Rococo." The third paragraph of the dedication, which is to Walter Herries Pollock, runs: "In my younger days of literary bashfulness, you were the first expert to give me that word of quiet approval which was 'sufficient and necessary' to keep me going on a new and pleasing pursuit." (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)

LOVE AND THE MASK. BY MENÉ MURIEL DOWIE.

This well-written and entertaining novel, by the author of *Gallia* and *The Crook of the Bough*, has for background the heavy clouds of the Boer War in its early stages. Not so much the actual fighting, as its effect upon those who stayed at home, and waited. It is mainly an analysis of the emotional life of Leslie Rose, the heroine. "Life baffled her, as it does most women; the closer they get to grips with it, the more unmanageable does it become. . . A mad mistake to be awake, to be twenty-seven, to be beautiful, to have thought things out, and to want—well, for lack of a word, Leslie called it 'everything.'" (Heinemann. 6s.)

MARY HAMILTON. BY LORD ERNEST HAMILTON

A romance of the days of Mary, Queen of Scots. "Being the chronicles of Anne Cunninghame, sometime waiting woman and humble friend to that most sweet and lovely lady." "Mary Hamilton was twelve years old when I was first sent for to Andrew's Knowes, I being at that time sixteen. . . . She was tall for a woman, though not within an inch of my own great height, and as straight and upright as a ship's mast." (Methuen. 6s.)

MISTRESS NELL. BY G. C. HAZELTON, JUN.

"It is the vogue," says Mr. Hazelton in a foreword, "to dramatise successful novels." The author of the present Nell Gwyn story has pursued the contrary course. His "merry" play of the same name was written and produced before he undertook to compose this tale, suggested by the same historic sources. (Murray. 3s. 6d.)

BOTH SIDES OF THE VEIL. BY RICHARD MARSH.

Eleven stories dealing, in Mr. Marsh's "well-known manner," with matters "human and superhuman." They are all readable. Mr. Marsh's superhumanity is genial rather than creepy, and when he has a story to tell he begins right away, as: "It was beastly weather," or "Directly I entered Walter's room I perceived that there was something the matter." (Methuen. 6s.)

HENRY BOURLAND. BY A. E. HANCOCK.

From America. It begins: "Before daybreak, on the 12th of April, 1861, the hush of Nature's peace brooded over the fair lands of Virginia." In a foreword the author says: "This book is an endeavour by one bred in the North to write sympathetically the annals of a Virginia family. . . . In one sense the narrative is fiction; but in another and truer sense, for most of the incidents have warrant in fact, it is a history of general conditions turned into the concrete." (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE LITTLE TIN GODS. BY JESSIE E. LIVESAY.

A cleverly entitled story, into which we dip and read: "'Sometimes I am sorely tempted to throw up the sponge, and sink to the level of the shopkeepers; for the hall-mark seems to stick to me, I can't get rid of it. Why, oh why, were our pickles so largely advertised?' cried Lady Perry, throwing up her hands in despair." (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

DOL SHACKLEFIELD. BY HEBER K. DANIELS.

A melo-dramatic police story, in which the heroine performs much racing and chasing, and private detecting, and hiding and standing at bay. All written rather breathlessly, with great use of the dash. (F. V. White. 6s.)

THE SEVEN HOUSES. BY HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

A French historical romance by the author of *For the Religion*. "In his padded settle by the gaping western hearth of the great hall sat Guy de Lheeac, Seigneur of that name, and seventh Suzerain in direct succession. . . . 'What news, brother?' cried the Seigneur, rising to meet his fellow-shadow half way? 'Is the pother ended? By the saints! but this coming into the world is a plaguey slow business.'" (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

THE THIRTEEN EVENINGS. BY GEORGE BARTRAM.

The evenings were spent in the smoking-room of the Boomerang Club, where the members took it in turns to narrate strange experiences. They were a travelled lot, learned in strange by-ways of life, and they talked of hypnotism, the mysteries of Obi, "the freaks of modern Corinthianism," Vampires, and so on. (Methuen. 6s.)

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Art and Life.

ART, though in its cruder forms it seems to pervade life, is artificial and negligible. It is the embroidery on the coverlet that keeps us warm at night We are happier with it, but we could be happy without it. A man may say that an appreciation of the classics alone makes life tolerable to him, but put him in an ice-house with Homer, and tell him that he may emerge only on condition of leaving Homer for ever behind, and he will leave Homer for ever behind. Life is, indeed, constantly and rudely reminding us that art is a mere game of make-believe, a diversion and a solace to be employed in the moments when life is a little less business-like than usual. We don't turn to *Adonais* while our friend is dying, but only when he is dead and there is nothing else to do. When life chooses to become intense, art is nowhere, neglected like a mistress in the wars, forgotten like a fable. The toothache will annihilate Beethoven's C minor symphony. Art is a very little thing, and only by borrowing some of the greatness of life can it become great. All the great works of art have simple, primitive, elemental themes, and achieve their greatness as much by their themes as by their execution. What shall be said, then, of the art which, avoiding the grand and permanent simplicities of life, turns for its theme to art itself, seeking to artificialise the artificial, to build a convention on a convention, to embroider the embroidery?

We have been led to this consideration, and to the somewhat facile pomposity of our title, by the perusal of a little book of admirable tales called *Crucial Instances* (Murray) by a novelist who truly deserves that often misapplied epithet, "distinguished"—Edith Wharton. Mrs. Wharton persistently does her best work in writing about art, artists, and the other people who make of art their chief pre-occupation. And, though she not improbably is unaware of her limitation—since she gives prominence in this book to the conspicuous failures of it, her fine and rare talent is quite confined to that narrow circle of artificiality which is called art. Of the seven stories, two are about authors, two are about pictures, one is about a painter, and the remaining two alone—the first and the last—deal with sheer stark life. These latter are both concerned with adultery. One is a flat, painstaking recital of a nineteenth century Italian melodrama. The other is a mediæval legend closely resembling the most famous of all Balzac's short stories, told in a manner which would fain be Balzacian, but is not. Here we are sorrowfully compelled to listen to the strident shouting, over the bleak ways of life, of a voice which, in the close air of the studio, can be full of subtle significance and quiet impressiveness. We guess that the author means to strike us down by imaginative force, but all we are conscious of is a futile beating of the air with violent similes.

> Cypresses that cut the shunshine *like* basalt shafts,
> Maimed statues stretched their arms *like* rows of whining beggars,
> A heavy door behind which the cold lurked *like* a knife,
> A quibbling mouth that would have snapped at verbal errors *like* a lizard catching flies,
> Lizards shot out of the cracked soil *like* flames,
> White domes and roofs flashed *like* a smile.

Not thus, by the reiteration of *likes*, by the machinery of bizzare comparisons, is the tragic atmosphere to be created, but rather by simple and direct fervency of statement.

> This done, he went on shipboard, and is now
> A Seaman, a gray-headed Mariner.

There is tragedy, haunting and profound, got by the simple directness of Wordsworth's art, which suited the simple directness of his theme. But it is a proviso of Mrs. Wharton's gift that she cannot be direct. Her force curiously depends on its obliquity. She can only arrive at her destination by going somewhere else. She can only describe one thing by describing another. She is bound to talk the delicate and dulcet language of hints which Mr. Henry James and herself have perfected. And so she fails whenever her theme demands singleness, simplicity, naïveté. But when she leaves the few simple passions and desires of which real essential life is made, and comes to the unreal bewildering overlay of conventions which the leisured classes have constructed for themselves, and whose "complexity" they bewail, then she is at home; then she can be herself; then she can point at a truth with her elbow while looking the other way, convey a statement of fact while uttering the exact opposite, and generally achieve the highest virtuosity of fencing. One tale in this book, "The Recovery," is a little masterpiece; we say a little one. It is about an American citizen, who, by means of an instrument made for that purpose, daubed coloured pigments on oblong pieces of canvas in a particular way. He thought that no one had ever daubed with such skill as himself. But he had not been to Europe, where this craft of daubing had been carried on for hundreds of years A female admirer arranged for a number of his oblong pieces of daubed canvas to be hung on the walls of a room in Paris, where people could see them. The American citizen also came to Paris. The exhibition of his canvasses was not a failure, but he discovered, to his horror, that the European daubers had daubed in a different style from himself, and a better. For hours he was in despair, and then suddenly he resolved to learn the European method of daubing. And that is all. No question of love, hunger, pain, death; but merely this question of how to daub, which all the characters take seriously, as if it really mattered. And yet a masterpiece, though a little one. The extraordinary jargon of the inhabitants of that world where daubing is done, and when done is discussed, is rendered with a fidelity that will charm the initiate.

> "He's too impossible!" cried Mrs. Davant, sweeping her at once into the central current of her grievance.
> Claudia looked from one to the other.
> "For not going to see you?"
> "For not going to see his pictures!" cried the other nobly.
> "I can't make her understand," he said, turning to his wife.
> "I don't care about myself!" Mrs. Davant interjected.

What would the man who sowed the wheat that made the bread that these people ate make out of this intercommunication of souls? Might he not excusably remark, as the navvy remarked to the Oxford House young man, "H—ll and thunder——"? And yet *we* understand it, appreciate it; and we who can breathe the atmosphere of studios without inconvenience are apt to say that it is none the less clever, exact, truthful, subtle, because only a few persons can make head or tail of it. We can perceive, too, the fine satire of such a stroke as this in the delineation of the hero (What a hero!): "Keniston to his other claims to distinction added that of being hard to know. His friends always hastened to announce the fact to strangers—adding, after a pause of suspense, that they 'would see what they could do.' Visitors in whose favour he was induced to make an exception were further warned

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that he never spoke unless he was interested, so that they mustn't mind if he remained silent." We can perceive the wonderfulness of the faculty disclosed in this truly brilliant *aperçu* of Paris:

> Claudia . . . turned aimlessly into the wide whirling brightness of the streets. Never had she felt more isolated amid that ordered beauty which gives a social quality to the very stones and mortar of Paris. All about her were evidences of an artistic sensibility, pervading every form of life like the nervous structure of the huge frame—a sensibility so delicate, alert, and universal that it seemed to leave no room for obtuseness or error. In such a medium the faculty of plastic expression must develop as unconsciously as any organ in its normal surroundings; to be "artistic" must cease to be an attitude and become a natural function. To Claudia the significance of the whole vast revelation was centred in the light it shed on one tiny spot of consciousness—the value of her husband's work.

Take the story as a whole, take all the five stories, was the achievement worth achieving? We think so. There must be little art, as well as great art. But—and this is the moral we wish to inculcate—the little art is very little, very limited in its scope, its power, its appeal. The besetting danger of the time is, in art, to confuse the fine and subtle, the highly conventionalised, with the supreme elemental. No good quality can atone for the absence of the elemental. Art is not elemental—never will be nor can be. The moment it ceases to be an "attitude" towards life, it will cease to be art. And the artists of to-day are more and more prone to discuss themselves, to find their themes in their own artificial problems. The artists of the golden ages never did so. It is a sign of decadence, this pre-occupation with the inessential. But we are as we are, planted here by a power beyond the ken or art. If the age be decadent, we can help it no more than an old man can help being old. To the decadent age, a decadent literature. Let us make it as excellent as we can, and enjoy it as bravely as we can. But let us not lose our perspective, nor lower our ideals. Let us especially not miss the distinction between fine and great. We who write have a sincere admiration for Mrs. Wharton's original and delicate talent; we have felt the tempation to give it all sorts of beautiful names; it suits us and our time; it is of the hour. But when we turn, for instance, to the poem whose last lines we have quoted above, we grow absurdly conscious of the instability of the whole Wharton fabric.

Things Seen.

The Cornfield.

It stretched down the broad hill-slope, reaching almost to the station-yard, and as I waited on the little platform I thanked the good fortune that set its swaying yellow expanse before my town-tired eyes. A fussy engine tugged away at some trucks back in the siding, between whose metals ox-eyed daisies and meadow grasses grew. Geraniums blazed about a railway carriage that had evidently retired from active service to do duty as a lamp-shed. London was a hundred or more miles distant. I awaited my train contentedly! The cornfield dominated the landscape; every way I looked my eyes came back inevitably to that ripening stretch of wheat, deep amber in the very heart of the land. A small party of prospective travellers joined me on the platform. They were a friendly trio. The matron was young and comely, with small, kindly eyes and ruddy cheeks, the little girls owned shining ringlets with tips still damp from the brush, and their clean starched frocks stuck out stiffly at an acute angle, and crackled with every movement like a brown-paper parcel. Excitement plainly simmered very near the surface. "Tü Lunnon? Ess, zur, me cousin hev alwez a-promised us. Doin' mortal well hisself, conductor o' a tram out Camberwell way, went from these parts fifteen years agone wi'out ten shillin' tü 'ees name. The maidens be jest crazy tü zee all ez they hev heerd on, the waxworks an' the Crystal Palace, brave fine chance fer us, I reckon!" The owners of the crisp skirts executed a war-dance of expectancy at the conjured delights, while the mother mopped her perspiring brow. "You will find London a little warm, just now?" I hazarded. "Bless'ee, country-volk dawnt take no 'eed o' the weather, when they goes 'olidayin', no vay!" I assisted in the conveying of the bundles and the little people into the train, and as they departed I reflected that the ideal holiday for some is Camberwell, for others cornfields; personally, I am for cornfields.

The Unities.

Patiently I waited on the outer step of a bonnet shop in Bond-street. As the roadway traffic broke for a moment there crossed by the refuge over against me a vision in chiffon, fluff, feathers—all the luxuries of the season. Stepping off the refuge she stopped, and with the interrogation point of an expensive toe, turned over something which lay in the road. It was a silver-mounted driving whip. I saw her difficulty, which cost her but a moment's hesitation. She did the only possible thing and passed on, with the slightest shadow of regret on her well-bred face. It looked a very nice whip. But while I hesitated, even before the roadway traffic had resumed its attack, a young man, immaculate, shiny, correct, stepped from the refuge. He, too, hesitated as he saw the whip; turned it over with his umbrella, stooped, picked it up, and deposited it by the kerb. As he lifted his head our eyes met, and it flashed across me that the lady's difficulty and his difficulty would be mine. How could I combine a frock-coat, a silk hat, an umbrella and a driving-whip in a walk down Bond-street? And as I considered, with the whip lying at my feet, a boy with a slab of fish on his shoulder came along. He did not hesitate, or even abate his leisurely pace. In a moment the silver-mounted whip was swinging in his hand and he went on whistling gaily at the unities.

All Jewry.

To the Gentile first and afterward to the Jew, this has been the sequence in the matter of Encyclopedias. But now *The Jewish Encyclopedia* (Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York) has begun to be born. When we look at its first volume, the first of twelve (how could they be other than twelve?) and see its bulk, its beauty of typography and illustrations, its immense list of contributors, in all countries, its incalculable erudition; and when we contemplate the cost of the whole work, which must exceed half-a-million dollars; we are moved to compare Dr. Isidore Singer, its editor, with Nehemiah. Five years ago Dr. Singer, a graduate of the University of Vienna, could speak hardly a dozen words of English. Yet the idea of a great Jewish Encyclopedia, printed in the most widely spoken language on earth, had taken possession of this obscure student. Assuredly he must have known something of the emotions that filled Nehemiah when he had conceived the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem:

> Then went I up in the night by the brook, and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned.
>
> And the rulers knew not whither I went, or what I did; neither had I as yet told it to the Jews, nor to the priests, nor to the nobles, nor to the rulers, nor to the rest that did the work.

Even when Dr. Singer had told his plans to the priests,

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the nobles, and the rulers, he had still to tell it to the publishers, and here, again, his case resembled Nehemiah's. The publishers of Germany and France were cold to him; not one could see his way to an enterprise of this magnitude:

> When Sanballat the Horonite, and Tobiah the servant, the Ammonite, and Geshem the Arabian, heard it, they laughed us to scorn, and despised us, and said, What is this thing that ye do?

True, the German publisher, Brockhaus, did not laugh, but he asked for guarantees which could not be given. In France the Anti-Semitic wave and the Dreyfus case rendered the search for a publisher hopeless. Then the venerable Zadoc Kahn, chief rabbi of France, advised the young man to go west. He crossed the Atlantic, and, paying no duty on his idea, melted—a solitary figure in a black coat—into the crowds of Broadway. Publishers received a card, saw a man, and heard a great idea expounded in broken English with an Austrian Jewish accent. It was impossible that the young Encyclopedist should have made an impressive figure, and after some flurry and hustle he invariably found himself in the street. It was in the street that his eye fell on a street-car advertisement of the *Standard Dictionary*. Arguing that the publishers of such a work must be of the right stamp, our young Nehemiah went to see Funk and Wagnalls. There appear to be five members of this firm; their portraits are arranged pattern-wise on page 7 of the illustrated prospectus of the *Encyclopedia*. A set of stern, smart faces. These men needed to be convinced, and they were convinced:

> Then Eliashib the high priest rose up with his brethren the priests, and they builded the sheep-gate; they sanctified it, and set up the doors of it; even unto the tower of Meah they sanctified it, unto the tower of Hananeel.

And, as usual, the sheep were easily led through the sheep-gate. The vast scheme took shape and parts. Very soon a huge organisation was in working order. No fewer than four hundred scholars, all versed in Jewish lore, have agreed to write for the *Encyclopedia*. In Vienna, in Paris, in St. Petersburg, in London, they are even now corrugating their brows over MSS. and papyri, and writing their articles to be ready by given dates. In New York there is a Board of Consulting Editors. Abroad, there is a Foreign Board of Consulting Editors. Their cultured Hebrew faces, as portrayed by photo-process, are a study. And the portraits of the eager men and women who form the sub-editorial, art, proof-reading, and stenographic staffs convey, as nothing else could, an idea of the magnitude of the machine which Dr. Singer has set in motion. The *facsimiles* of MSS., galley proofs, and what not, repeat the tale. It is the Jewish genius for co-operation over again. The Funk and Wagnalls sheep-gate was but the beginning:

> Next unto them builded the men of Jericho. And next to them builded Zaccur the son of Imri.
>
> But the fish-gate did the sons of Hassenaah build, who also laid the beams thereof, and set up the doors thereof, the locks thereof, and the bars thereof.
>
> And next unto them repaired Meremoth the son of Urijah, the son of Koz. And next unto them repaired Meshullam the son of Berechiah the son of Meshezabeel. And next unto them repaired Zadok the son of Baana. And next unto them the Tekoites repaired, etc.

And so, working next and with each other, Dr. Singer's cohort of scholars may be trusted to bring their *magnum opus* to a symmetrical conclusion.

In the presence even of the first volume one's feeling with regard to this work is one of awe. What a gathering together of the attributes of this marvellous race, in whose eight million living souls are represented nearly all man's experience and skill and learning and memory and wisdom and suffering. One feels all this in the trifles, the chance entries, on which a roving and bewildered eye pauses. The obscure biographies of rabbis, amoraim, copyists, Talmudists, bookmen, and merchants, in lands and cities remote, produce a powerful effect. Dip where you will and learn what was done or said by Cohen Abigdor, the learned and wealthy rabbi of Ferrara, in the middle of the fifteenth century, or by Joseph Ben Isaac Ben Stans Ibn Abitur, who, "according to one of Abitur's own acrostic poems," was born in Merida, about the beginning of the century, when England was ripening for the Norman invasion. Have you yet sufficiently acquainted yourself with the works of that eminent Barcelona scholar of the fourteenth century, Abraham Ben Hayyim Ben Remok? They can show you a MS. of his in the Bodleian. And Russiaen, Lithuanian, Arab, and Greek doctors, mathematicians, poets, chess-players, and men of prayer—"the chosen men of Israel, thirty thousand"—here they are! Perhaps you never heard of the Baron Ephraim Lopez Pereira d'Aguilar, whose farm, in Colebroke-row, Islington, was known a hundred years ago as Starvation Farm, for that he starved his sheep and oxen, his he-goats and she-goats most abominably, but left £200,000 to his daughters. Here are his biography and his portrait.

But why do we potter round in a volume which contains articles on Aaron, Ablutions, Abraham, Anglo-Israelism, Angelology, Apocalypse, and Alpha and Omega? Or why do we seek to compass the magnitude of a work which gives a drawing of Abraham's Oak at Mamre? The oak still puts forth leaves as it did when Josephus referred to it, and the Crusaders rested in its shade, and told each other that here Abraham bargained with Ephron, the Hittite, for the cave of Machpelah. Let the scope and magnificence of this work, now in its first stage, struggle through our sentences. Already we seem to hear the exultant words: "So the wall was finished in the twenty-and-fifth day of the month Elul, in fifty and two days. And it came to pass, that when all our enemies heard thereof, and all the heathen that were about us saw these things, they were much cast down in their own eyes; for they perceived that the work was wrought of our God."

W. Cosmo Monkhouse.

An Appreciation.

It is to be feared that the great British public has not been particularly perturbed by the announcement of the decease of William Cosmo Monkhouse. It takes a great deal to catch and hold the attention of "the average man" in this more-or-less United Kingdom; and Monkhouse had succeeded in impressing his individuality upon two classes only—those who are interested in the pictorial arts, and those who are specially interested in the art of poetry. With his work and influence as an art critic I have nothing to do for the moment; it is as a writer of verse that he attracts me mainly. And as such, one is obliged to admit, his vogue was, and remains, limited. How could it be otherwise? To begin with, he was not an advertising man; and, secondly, there were few to advertise him. He had his influential admirers, who worked loyally for him, so far as it was possible. But not much was possible. It was Monkhouse's misfortune (or advantage—who shall say which?) that the greater part of his time and energy was given, not to verse-work, but to prose-work about pictorial art. He wrote some dozen books on the latter subject; his verse-books are only three in number—*A Dream of Idleness*, published in 1865, when he was only twenty-five years of age; *Corn and Poppies*, printed twenty-five years later—*i.e.*, in 1890; and *The Christ on the Hill*, a single ballad brought out in folio and with sumptuous illustrations, in 1895.

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Now, this record shows quite sufficiently that Monkhouse was not primarily a poet. No convinced and consecrated bard could be satisfied with such an output. Monkhouse could have had no overwhelming leaning towards the poetic life and fame, or he would not have occupied so much of his leisure from official work in the criticism of painters and of painting. He began, to be sure, as a poet, but within three years he sought fame as a fictionist, though he never repeated the experiment. His poetry, we may take it, was the flower, it was not the business, of his life. Something of the man is revealed in the preface to the *Dream of Idleness*—a preface singularly dignified and self-respecting. It was a sign of the old head on the young shoulders. Though he was only sixty-one when he died, he was, in a sense, old from his youth up. He always had, if one may say so, a sort of aged air. And that, perhaps, accounts for the singular maturity of his first verse-volume. *A Dream of Idleness* was more than promising; it was, in its way, a definite, though small, achievement. Its chief weakness was an obvious and admitted indebtedness to Tennyson. The young writer had been markedly impressed by *In Memoriam*, and wrote several pieces on the same metrical model. There was an echo, too, of *Maud* in such lines as these:

I am fallen in love with pain,
 Such treachery lurks in delight,
Then leave me alone to the wind and the rain
 Alone to the starless night:
Alone to the starless night,
 Where the willow is tearing her hair,
Where the aspen is white with a shivering fright,
 And the poplar-tree writhes in despair.

Still more marked was the influence of the Tennysonian blank verse in the "idyl" called "Restored to Sight," and beginning:

O blessed Eve! O blessed Christmas Eve!
When our good Vicar's well-beloved wife
Beheld her home and husband once again.

That Tennyson had always had a magnetic charm for Monkhouse was shown again in *Corn and Poppies*, with its imitation of the elder writer's "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," called "Recollections of Alfred Tennyson," and its open confession—

My soul was steeped in the golden rhyme
 Of Tennyson, the Laureate.

In *A Dream of Idleness*, a notable feature was the writer's frequent use of the sonnet form. In *Corn and Poppies* one sees signs of the interest he had come to take, in the long interval, in the old French forms which Mr. Gosse and Mr. Dobson did so much to popularise in English. The dedication took the shape of a rondel, and in the body of the book there were four rondeaux, to say nothing of a "Virelai Ancien." Of the rondeaux Mr. Le Gallienne gave specimens in the "Morris" volume of *The Poets and the Poetry of the Century*. I prefer to reproduce here the *rondeau rédoublé* which appeared for the first time in the collection called *Latter-Day Lyrics* (1878), and which was never reprinted by its author. I give it because it is characteristic of the man as well as a piece of poetic ingenuity:

My soul is sick of nightingale and rose,
 The perfume and the darkness of the grove;
I weary of the fevers and the throes,
 And all the enervating dreams of love.

At morn I love to hear the lark, and rove
 The meadows, where the simple daisy shows
Her guiltless bosom to the skies above—
 My soul is sick of nightingale and rose.

The afternoon is sweet, and sweet repose,
 But let me lie where breeze-blown branches move.
I hate the stillness where the sunbeams doze,
 The perfume and the darkness of the grove.

I love to hear at eve the gentle dove
 Contented coo the day's delightful close.
She sings of joy and all the calm thereof—
 I weary of the fevers and the throes.

I love the night who like a mother throws
 Her arms round hearts that throbbed and limbs that strove,
As kind as Death, that puts an end to woes
 And all the enervating dreams of Love.

Because my soul is sick of fancies wove
 Of fervid ecstasies and crimson glows,
Because the taste of cinnamon and clove
 Palls on my palate—let no man suppose
 My soul is sick.

Perhaps one reason why Monkhouse, as a poet, never seized and retained the ear of the public may be found in his very versatility. Though his verse-production was small, it was wide in range. He could descend with ease and effect from the heights of "A Dead March" (his *chef d'œuvre*, as I think most judges allow) to the comparative depths of the "familiar"—such as his lines, in his first volume, on "My Friend," and his stanzas in his second volume, called "De Libris." Concerning his books he wrote:

And some are dear as friends, and some
 We keep because we need them;
And some we ward from worm and thumb,
 And love too well to read them.
My own are poor, and worthy new,
But I've an Elzevir or two.

For the writing of familiar verse Monkhouse had undoubtedly a gift.

Possibly some one—Mr. Gosse or Mr. Dobson—may now give us a selection from the verse of Monkhouse. It would be a small volume if it contained only what posterity is likely to care for and accept. Monkhouse wrote little that had absolute finish and felicity He was more interesting, more valuable, as a man than as a verse-writer or a prose-writer. But are not all men greater than their works? Monkhouse was content to make no loud or violent appeal to the outer world. He lived his own life in his own way. And who can blame him? No one is called upon to live for the benefit of the outsider. Monkhouse gave the public three slender books of verse; he was probably under no delusion as to the amount of permanent matter which they contained.

W. D. A.

Correspondence.

Mr. Hall Caine.

SIR,—I cannot refrain from writing to you with regard to the criticism of *The Christian* which you quote from the new *Quarterly*. It seems to me most unfair, if not altogether unjust, to classify Mr. Caine with Miss Corelli. When Mr. Caine wrote *The Deemster* and *The Bondman* there was hardly a paper of any standing in London and the provinces that did not hail him as a genius. Praise was literally heaped upon him. We were told that a new great writer was among us, that he had developed the English novel on new lines, and that he had a wonderful future before him. Among others who acknowledged his genius I call to mind John Ruskin, Wilkie Collins, Thomas Edward Brown, A. T. Quiller-Couch, R. D. Blackmore, W. E. Gladstone, etc., who were unanimous in asserting that he was in the very front rank of living English novelists. But, according to the *Quarterly* critic, all these men of intellect and literary feeling were wrong, and he only is right; for surely it is not possible that he wishes us to believe that Hall Caine once possessed genius, but that of late years it has entirely evaporated? I challenge anyone to read *The Scapegoat*, or either of the above-named novels, and then peruse such a palpably absurd article as

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that quoted in your paper without a feeling of impatience and annoyance. To put the case in a very mild form, Mr. Caine has a sense of style, excellent spelling, and correct grammar. Can anyone say the same of Miss Corelli?

It may be very true that many inferior writers attain an immense popularity, but it does not necessarily follow that all popular writers are inferior, even in these days. Besides, was there ever a time when the critics accepted large circulations without demur? We all know what they had to say about Dickens. It seems to me that the present position of Mr. Hall Caine with regard to his critics has been brought about by the indiscreet things he has from time to time spoken to interviewers, but more especially by the untrue stories which his so-called friends have persistently circulated about him. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that I believe his name will go down to posterity when the name of Miss Corelli is entirely forgotten. If being an admirer of Mr. Caine's necessitates being a unit of the "vast and half-educated public" sneered at by the *Quarterly* critic, then I am proud of being half-educated, and happy to belong to such a public.—I am, etc.,

C. Fred Kenyon.

Ellesmere Park, Eccles.

Sir,—In your current issue you cite, with seeming approval, some remarks suggested to a *Quarterly* reviewer by the contemplation of the many editions of the works of Miss Corelli and Mr. Caine, which, if we may credit their publishers' announcements, are called for by the reading public. We learn that the reading public of England has been converted "from an aristocracy into a huge heterogeneous democracy," and that "whereas formerly the novels which had most readers were those which, in the opinion of all competent judges, were the best," the very reverse is the case now. Unfortunately for the *Quarterly* reviewer, the facts which move him to such melancholy reflections have existed as long as there has been an organised literature; at all times there have been works of inferior literary merit, but enjoying a very large circulation. The *Quarterly* reviewer instances Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot; it is doubtful if even Dickens had such a large average circulation as Reynolds, G. P. R. James, or Harrison Ainsworth; it is almost certain that Lady Blessington and Mrs. Gore commanded a larger sale in their day than did George Eliot. The result is the same if we look abroad. Eugène Sue sold better than Balzac; Paul de Kock sold better than even Dumas, whilst some thirty years earlier Ducray-Dumesnil and Pigault-Lebrun, names practically forgotten now, were far and away the most popular French novelists, far more popular than Madame de Stael, Chateaubriand, or the youthful Hugo. But the most striking example comes from Germany; during the period when Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul, Tieck, Novalis and Fouqué were writing the masterpieces of modern German literature, the *really* popular writers, the men who made money out of literature, were K. G. Cramer and Vulpius. *Rinaldo Rinaldini der Räuberhauptmann* could have given *Wilhelm Meister* or the *Wahlverwandtschaften* an easy beating in the matter of circulation. Personally, I am convinced that if a Dickens or a Thackeray were to appear now they would command that wider sale that is denied, for perfectly intelligible reasons, to Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy or Mr. James.

In reviewing Brandes' *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*, would it not have been advisable to state that the Danish original is some thirty years old, and that for the last twenty-five years the work has been a classic in Germany, the four volumes having been published in a most excellent German translation by A. Strodtmann from 1872 to 1876? Vol. IV., *Der Naturalismus in England, etc.*, is, save for its insufficient appreciation

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tion of Coleridge, the sanest and most brilliant account extant of the great group of poets writing in England from 1790 to 1825.—I am, etc.,

ALFRED NUTT.

Rivals in Age.

SIR,—You say in your issue of July 20 that the "Notes and Queries" column of the *Nottinghamshire Guardian* has run longer than any other such feature in a provincial newspaper. Allow me to explain that a similar column, called "Bye-Gones," in the *Border Counties Advertizer* (Oswestry), has been running since 1871, and I am inclined to think that if it was not the first provincial column of the kind to be published, it was the first to be reprinted in periodical parts. The volumes of *Bye-Gones* from 1871 to 1900 lie before me.—I am, etc.,

E. WOODALL (Ed. *Bye-Gones*).

Oswestry.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 96 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best four-line stanza on a dead author. We award the prize to Miss Mary A. Woods, Clifton-gardens, W., for the following:

ROBERT BROWNING.

The paths of night and death unscathed he trod,
His eye still fixed where, pale in whitening skies,
Love's herald-star assured a sun's uprise,
And darkness slain, and earth "afire with God."

Other verses follow:

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The mountain tops of letters were his aim;
A mountain top received his weary frame:
With hardihood the highest peaks he scaled:
Flushed with success, how was it that he failed?

[P. A., Ramsgate.]

R. L. S.

Far Samoa marks his tomb:
Britain gives his spirit room.
Dead the breather, yet the breath
Comes and comes, defeating death.

[H. J., Hadley Wood.]

POPE.

His *special points* were elegance and wit,
Neat phrasing formed his intellectual scope,
A rare causticity that ever bit—
These were the Cardinals that made this *Pope!*

[F. H. D., Torquay.]

HEINE.

Heinrich Heine! bitter-sweet!
Sweet as opening rose's breath:
Bitter as house where mourners meet:
Sweet as Life and bitter as Death.

[A. G. M., Glasgow.]

SAPPHO.

Quenched are the fires long since: long stilled the heart—
Thy stormy heart: sweet Sappho. But, for me,
Thou Sleepest—and from thy lips, in dreaming, start
Sweet broken fragments of thy Reverie.

[H. C. P.]

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Dear Coleridge, thy flame of life burnt fast:
Weak-willed and tempest-tost from first to last—
Yet Wisdom writ in blood, and Song divine
But prove the strength of weakness such as thine.

[H. G. T., London.]

JOHN KEATS.

The love of beauty "held him, like a star"
That shone unmated o'er this world's endeavour;
And by its splendour, drawn from earth afar,
He built on dreams, which live, with him, for ever.

[A. E. W., Greenock.]

GOLDSMITH.

In winsome words, simple with gold inwrought.
Goldsmith! Well-named thou gavest us thy thought;
But since, alas! thou laid'st thy cunning tools away
Perforce with weary words of gilt we rest content to-day.

[W. F., Duncon.]

TENNYSON.

Freedom he sang: our hearts would brim
Beneath that strong, heroic strain.
He sleeps: our hardlings pipe in vain;
The voice of England sleeps with him.

[C. C. P., Epworth.]

CHAUCER.

Chaucer is dead that made the welk'n ring
With songs that told the world made holiday;
For then all months were May, all seasons Spring;
And are they not to-day?

[TWENTIMAN, Birmingham.]

BROWNING.

Tho' oft thy voice be harsh as raven's croak,
Thy gait more shambling than the camel's roll,
Yet lovable in its strength, like some gnarled oak,
Browning, is thy gaunt gladiator soul.

[S. Y., Eastbourne.]

EMILY BRONTË.

Your body died, and few men shed their tears;
But that bright, quenchless fire that lit your eyes—
That stern white spirit of passionate Love shall rise,
And purify mankind through countless years.

[C. F. K., Eccles.]

RUSKIN.

What need is there of verse to sing thy praise?
Ruskin, historian of the visionary;
Since, from her sunlit stones and moonlit ways,
Venice sings thee one grand apostrophe!

[F. C. H., Cardiff.]

DICKENS.

Ah! Dickens, king of laughter and of tears,
Thy charm outruns the cavalcade of years:
Still are we cheered or softened by thy spell,
And laugh at *Pickwick*, sigh for *Little Nell*.

[J. K. W., Cornwall.]

Competition No. 97 (New Series).

IN the "Literary Lounger" column of this week's *Sketch* appears the following paragraph:—

> With regard to the fashion of re-christening and re-issuing old books, which has grown considerably of late on both sides of the Atlantic, an American literary journal suggests that a big success is in store for the publisher who will bring out a new edition of *Robinson Crusoe* as *On a Desert Island*, and *Æsop's Fables* under the title of *Animals Who have Talked with Me*.

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best re-christenings of six *well-known* books. The actual and proposed titles should be written down in parallel columns, each opposite each.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, July 31. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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No. 294.—AUGUST, 1901.

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The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1526. Established 1869. 3 August, 1901. Price Threepence.
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The Literary Week.

TWELVE French novels, each representing a phase of the fiction of the period, have been newly translated, and will be published by Mr. Heinemann, with coloured plates by French artists. Each book will contain a short biographical note by the editor (Mr. Edmund Gosse), and an introduction by a well-known writer. The sequence of the series will be as follows: Stendhal's *La Chartreuse de Parme*, with an introduction by Maurice Hewlett; Balzac's *Les Deux Jeunes Mariées*, with an introduction by George Moore; Dumas père's *La Tulipe Noire*, with an introduction by Dr. Richard Garnett; George Sand's *Mauprat*, with an introduction by "John Oliver Hobbes"; Mérimée's *Carmen* and *Colomba*, with an introduction by Arthur Symons; Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*, with an introduction by Andrew Lang; Octave Feuillet's *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*, with an introduction by Henry Harland; Dumas fils' *La Dame aux Camélias*, with an introduction by Edmund Gosse; Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, with an introduction by Henry James; Alphonse Daudet's *Le Nabab*, with an introduction by Prof. W. P. Trent; Jules et Edmond de Goncourt's *Renée Mauperin*, with an introduction by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly; and Guy de Maupassant's *Pierre et Jean*, with an introduction by the Earl of Crewe.

MORE than once R. L. Stevenson acknowledged that he owed much to Patrick Walker. To the new edition of Walker's *Bibliographica Presbyteriana*, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish in the autumn, Mr. Crockett has contributed a Preface, from which we take the following:

> And then how triumphantly graphic he is! Consider the account of the killing of John Brown, the carrier of Priesthill, and the appalling spectacle of Peden the Prophet, on that grey dawn when he took his farewell, coming out of the door of the doomed house, saying to himself, "Poor woman, a fearful morning!" and then, twice over, "A dark, misty morning!" It makes one shiver as one reads.
>
> I have always thought that a great deal of the incision and directness of the late Mr. Stevenson's style in narration could be traced to his familiarity with Patrick Walker's account of the death of John Brown. Those curious in the matter, and familiar with the wonderful histories of Alan Breck and David Balfour, will be able to parallel many phrases in a somewhat remarkable manner—that is, not at all literally, but in the spirit of them. Mr. Stevenson himself, when taxed with the fact, only responded unblushingly with, "Well, you're another!"

THE *Daily News* published on Thursday a long and informing article on "The Book Sales of the Season," with a list of fifty-four works that realised £100 or more. Six books brought £400 and more. They were:

Shakespeare. First Folio	£1,720
Caxton. The Ryall Book	1,550
Bunyan. Pilgrim's Progress. First Part. First Edition. Orig. calf	1,475
Shakespeare. Titus Andronicus. 4to	620
Gray. Designs by R. Bentley for Six Poems. "Ode to Poesy" and extra stanza of "Elegy" in Gray's auto.	400
Rappresentatione S. M. Maddalena	400

The first four items are record prices.

"IN a remote country inn," writes a travelling correspondent, "where I was weather-bound for an afternoon last week, I found, somewhat to my astonishment, a sixpenny edition of *John Inglesant*. I read that remarkable book through again from cover to cover, and I now look back upon that wet afternoon and evening as containing the most interesting, and, may I say, the most fruitful hours I have spent for a long time. A few days later I learned from a letter by Mr. Charles Linnell in the *Athenæum*, that since its first issue, in 1881, 81,250 copies of *John Inglesant* have been circulated. Good! That is still some 94,000 copies behind the advertised (American) circulation of *Alice of Old Vincennes*, but 81,250 copies in twenty years of such a book is very gratifying in the interests of sincerity and fundamental brainwork. You may care to paste in your common-place book this, "The True Story" of *John Inglesant*, from Mr. Linnell's letter:

> With the exception of the author himself, the MS. of *John Inglesant* was seen by no one but Mrs. Shorthouse and the lady who copied it for the press. The copy was finished in 1877, but it was put by and was seen by no one till 1880. In January of that year the author took it to Mr. Rickman King, to whom he had been recommended by his brother, Mr. Edmund Shorthouse, and requested him to print it. The first proof was sent on February 20 and the last on June 11; the first bound copy on July 1 (100 copies were printed). Some seventy were presented to the author's personal friends; the rest were sold by Messrs. Cornish Brothers, at one guinea each. One copy was sent to each of the Birmingham morning papers, one to the *Athenæum*, one, at the suggestion of Mr. Linnell (Cornish Brothers), to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., and one to the *Guardian*. On August 18 appeared a very gratifying and talented review of the book in the Birmingham *Daily Gazette*, written by Mr. Walter Sylvester, brother to the then proprietor, Mr. A. A. Sylvester, to both of whom Mr. Shorthouse was a perfect stranger. The *Athenæum* reviewed the book very favourably on October 30, 1880, and the *Guardian* also favourably on January 19, 1881. The Birmingham *Daily Post* also noticed it on January 14, 1881. The MS. was never sent to any publisher, and these were the only copies presented to the trade. The Rev. Arthur Jamson Smith, one of Mr. Shorthouse's most intimate friends, sent the copy he had received to Mr. Arthur Johnson, of All Souls', Oxon, who, after he had read it, sent it to Mrs. Humphry Ward, who took it with her on a visit to Knapdale, the residence of the late Mr. Alexander Macmillan at Tooting, and read some passages to him. Mrs. Ward told Mr. Johnson that Mr. Macmillan would like to have a copy, and one was immediately sent to him. Mr. Macmillan wrote to the author that he would be pleased to publish it. 750 copies were published in two volumes at 25s. They were ready by June 16, 1881. They sold readily. On an afternoon of the following month, July 16, Mr. Gladstone called on Mr. Macmillan, in Bedford-street, "specially to thank him for the copy which had been sent him" in the regular course, "and to ask him to tell the author that he thought it a work of real genius, and of a class that interested him greatly." He added that there were a good many mis-spellings in the Italian proper names. Mr. Gladstone never wrote publicly about the book, but it is understood that he talked about it a great deal to his personal friends. The second edition, in two smaller volumes, was ready in December, 1881, at 12s. It sold enormously. This is the true story of the publication of *John Inglesant*.

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One of our readers seems to have stumbled, at this late day, on an interesting confession by Sir Walter Scott in his own handwriting. While looking over the second-hand books on a stall in the Market-place, in Coventry, he found a copy of the fifth edition of Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, dated 1806. On the inside of the fly-leaf is a short note in pencil, which runs as follows:

> Whilst I read this, I feel ashamed that I have written it because I see many things, which even in my Judgement as the Author appear only worthy to be erased.

Comparison of the handwriting with Scott's, says our correspondent, indicates the genuineness of the note. He adds that he is in a difficulty about the edition. "In the bibliography of the *Lay* in Lockhart (Macmillan, 'English Classics') only four editions are given for years 1805 and 1806, but this, called the fifth edition, 1806. I shall be greatly obliged if you can explain this anomaly. I do not suppose the copy has any great value, unless the note is genuine; in which case I imagine the value would be enhanced." We cannot explain it without further reference; and meanwhile, perhaps a reader can oblige.

Mr. Kipling's spirited remarks, "The Lesson," printed in the *Times* of July 29, scarcely fall within the scope of a literary paper. But for the sake of auld lang syne we quote the following:

> We have spent some hundred million pounds to prove the fact once more,
> That horses are quicker than men afoot, since two and two make four:
> And horses have four legs and men have two legs, and two into four goes twice
> And nothing over except our lesson—and very cheap at the price.
>
> For remember (this our children shall know: we are too near for that knowledge)
> Not our mere astonied camps but Council and Creed and College—
> All the obese, unchallenged old things that stifle and overlie us—
> Have felt the effects of the lesson we got—an advantage no money could buy us!

Is the successful conduct of a first-class magazine an editorial feat or an operation of nature? The Editor of *Harper's Magazine* self-sacrificially inclines to the theory that a magazine "simulates the operations of Nature." The following does not seem too long to quote:

> It is not made out of hand; it is born and it grows. There is a certain inevitability about it from the outset. It is not a matter of so much capital or even of so much brains. The richest man living, assisted by the most brilliant talent that wealth can command, might publish a magazine, as he might own and run a yacht for pleasure, or a factory for profit, and he might make a successful venture. His magazine might win general popularity if wisely conducted with that end in view, or, if so designed, might adequately occupy some special field. Magazines have been started in that way—*i.e.*, from outright intention and with a definite scheme and backed by abundant material and intellectual resources—and have succeeded. But for a magazine to be not merely successful, but institutionally important, entering so intimately into the life and thought of a people that its inevitableness is conceded, something more is necessary. There must be an imperative call for it in the conditions attending its birth, so that its emergence seems spontaneous. It must in itself have the power of creative life, making large demands upon its environment. Even its sponsors in baptism may not comprehend its genius, and must needs wait upon it with patience and docility, such plans as they make for it being modestly tentative. If they unwittingly put upon it an unnatural burden, it will assert itself with that miraculous strength that in the germinant seed lifts a paving-stone. As money cannot make nor mind invent this living thing, so they are not adequate to its continuance. The pattern of what, according to its own genius, it is naturally meant to be dominates its development. It refuses to be the toy of the artificer or of the doctrinaire. Else it could have no life, but only such motion as may be imparted to a machine. There have been a few such magazines in this country and in England, having a "touch of nature" in them from the first, by which they are distinguished from all others. When any new species of organic life appears upon the earth, it is because it is allowed by the existing conditions. Thus it is with human institutions. The class of magazines of which we are writing come in like manner, by permission, and the circumstances permitting them enter into their texture and complexion. In the case of *Blackwood* and in that of the *Atlantic Monthly*, it would seem that a group of writers called each of these periodicals into being to serve as their organ of expression. How many of our readers know who were the first publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*? Then, again, as in the case of *Harper's*, and afterwards of *Scribner's*, the character of a publishing house and relations already established with its constituency through its publications, become the fostering elements of a magazine's growth.

One of the English magazines that may claim to have affinity with a natural growth is the *Cornhill*. Thackeray preferred to compare it to a great ship, and himself to its captain. But, ship or tree, the *Cornhill* has reached this month its 500th number, and Mr. Austin Dobson writes with sparkling drops from the Castalian spring. Preserving Thackeray's simile, he says (in the current number):

> For two-score years the tumbling spray
> Has fallen from our bows away;—
> What change of skipper and of crew,
> Since first the Cornhill sailed the blue,
> Grain-laden, Master, Thackeray!
>
> Trollope, George Eliot, Gaskell—nay,
> Our own dear "Blackstick" of to-day,—
> What wealth of genius old and new
> For two-score years!
>
> Once more we steer across the bay,
> With no vain thought our hearts are gay:—
> Our log is clean, our course is true;
> What we have done we mean to do—
> We hope, once more, to lead the way
> For two-score years!

Hurrah!

The *Cornhill*, by the way, contains a very readable anonymous article on "The French Press." The writer points out how the instinct for news is growing in the French papers at the expense of those traditions which still make them the most literary newspapers in the world:

> The desire first and foremost to get at the fact, rather than to produce brilliant "copy," has during the last decade been creating a veritable revolution in French journalism. We had the most signal proof of this when the *Matin*, at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, for the first time in the whole history of French newspaper organisation, made special arrangements with the *Times*, sending to London M. Stéphane Lauzanne to provide its readers with such of the latest information concentrated at Printing-House Square as could interest Paris. By this initiative it shattered the protective monopoly of the Havas Agency and spurred its contemporaries to imitate it. Two great daily newspapers, the *Echo de Paris* and the *Journal*, sent correspondents to London, and English facts and English opinion are now constantly reported in their columns as elaborately, and on the whole as accurately, as is Parisian life in the English newspapers.

Several correspondents point out that the "Notes and Queries" column of the *Manchester City News* has been running for a considerably longer period than "twenty-one years and a half." The time claimed by Mr. Potter Briscoe (in regard to the *Nottingham Guardian*) has a "run longer than for any other such

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feature in a provincial paper." The Manchester paper's notes were begun, it seems, in the issue of January 5, 1878, and have been continued without interruption ever since, a period of twenty-two years and a half. During the whole of that time they have been edited by Mr. John Nodal. For the first eleven years of the publication of these Manchester Notes and Queries in the columns of the paper they were reproduced in volume form, and these reprints fetch a high price on the rare occasions when they are offered for sale. Other contributions have also been published separately by their writers, including *Reminiscences of Manchester Fifty Years Ago* (1880), by Josiah T. Slugg; *Outlines of the History of Saddleworth* (1888), by Morgan Brierley, and numerous smaller books and pamphlets.

Our recent Johnsonian competition has found an imitator in the place of its kindly engendure—namely, the *Rambler*. "The hebdomadal Academy," says the Editor (What have we done to be called hebdomadal?), "playing Moth to the *Rambler's* Star, has instituted a Contention among the Wits [good], who are invited to imagine a Conversation between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell on their Perusal of Mr. Le Gallienne's Paper in Number 210." More than this, he has commissioned Mr. Helm to essay the same feat. For reasons which will be obvious, our heart inclines us willing to see verisimilitude in the following speech by dear old Bozzy:

> Mr. Boswell: Just now, at the Ferry-stairs, I encountered the last Victim of those horseless Vehicles, the oily Stench of which is wafted across the *Styx* when the Earth-wind sets this Way. He informed me that the Academy, a critical Journal of much Influence in *London*, has offered a Prize for the best imaginative Report of a Conversation between you and me, Sir, on the Substance and Style of an Essay which, as he happily had the *Rambler's* No 210 in his Pocket when he was run over, he permitted me to read.

The conversation ends as follows:

> Mr. Boswell: Sir, you are harsh. But you, Sir, were the special Star of all Moths of fine Taste.
>
> Dr. Johnson: Very likely, Sir. Look at poor *Noll Goldsmith*, who demands of every new Comer from *London* if his Comedies are yet played and his Poems recited in Schools and Colleges. Pooh! Sir, Mankind has always been the same. Do you think, Sir, that *Tully* did not want to be praised in the *Forum*, or that *Plato* did not derive Satisfaction from the Applause of his Disciples? Why, Sir, I do not deny that the *Literary Club* was more agreeable to me because *Burke* and *Reynolds* and *Langton* professed to delight in my Conversation.

The *Bookman* for August contains an illustrated article on Mr. Hall Caine and his work, which will be read with interest at the present juncture. The writer, Mr. J. E. Hodder Williams, is enabled to give the first full and authentic biography of Mr. Hall Caine published; and at the same time his article contains interesting particulars of Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, *The Eternal City*, with a description of the author's plan and purpose in writing it. On the same authority it is stated that Mr. Hall Caine contemplates laying his next novel in the Isle of Man; and it may derive something of its character from the recent failure of Dumbell's Bank. In short, it is likely to be concerned with Capital and Labour. But Mr. Caine will rest first; and then there is that lawsuit in which literary folks take so much interest.

Audrey, by Miss Mary Johnston, the author of *The Old Dominion* and *By Order of the Company*, is announced for publication early next year by Miss Johnston's publishers, Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. Miss Johnston's two previous books have already reached a sale of over 426,000 copies in England and America. As we have already pointed out, Miss Johnston is very young to have achieved so remarkable a success. In this connection it is interesting to note what Mr. Joel Chandler Harris says of these two novels. He recently wrote: "I think Miss Johnston's two books represent, with respect to their art, their style and their noble ideals, the high-water mark of American fiction that has appeared since Hawthorne died. I have read pretty nearly every American story of the better class, especially the so-called historical novel: none compare with Miss Johnston's books." Such is Uncle Remus's opinion.

As Lord Beaconsfield's novels are little read nowadays, and less talked about, it is rather refreshing to find an article on them in the *New Liberal Review*, by Mr. George W. E. Russell. Mr. Russell entered Parliament in 1880 for the express purpose, as he tells us, of dethroning Disraeli. But he always enjoyed his books, and in his present eulogy he reads bits aloud to us in the manner of a choice reader. There is no better way to create an appetite for an author. Take this "dig at philosophy" in *Vivian Grey*:

> Watch that lively looking gentleman who is stuffing Kalte Schale so voraciously. The leader of the idealists, a pupil of the celebrated Fichte. . . . The first principle of the school is to reject all expressions which incline in the slightest degree to substantiality. Existence is in his opinion a word too absolute. Being, principle, and essence are terms scarcely sufficiently ethereal even to indicate the subtle shadowings of his opinions. Matter is his great enemy. My dear sir, observe how exquisitely Nature revenges herself on these capricious and fantastic children. . . . *Methinks that the best answer to the idealism of M. Fichte is to see his pupil devouring Kalte Schale.*

"An excellent piece of chaff at the expense of a grave young lady," is Mr. Russell's remark on the following:

> "What a pity, Miss Manvers, that the fashion has gone out of selling oneself to the devil."
>
> "Good gracious, Mr. Grey!"
>
> "On my honour, I am quite serious. It does appear to me to be a very great pity. What a capital plan for younger brothers!"

After *Vivian Grey* came *The Young Duke*, and Mr. Russell recalls the words of the elder Disraeli when he heard of it: "My son write a book about a duke? Why, he has never seen one." In this book Mr. Russell finds much that is tawdry, vulgar, and grotesque, but he amuses us with the following passage, descriptive of a debate in the House of Lords:

> Lord Exchamberlain thought the nation going on wrong, and he made a speech full of currency and constitution. Lord Deprivyseal seconded him with great effect, brief but bitter, satirical and sore. The Earl of Quarterday answered these, full of confidence in the country and himself. When the debate was getting heavy, Lord Snap jumped up to give them something light. The Lords do not encourage wit, and so are obliged to put up with pertness. But Viscount Memoir was very statesmanlike, and spouted a sort of Universal History. Then there was Lord Ego, who vindicated his character when nobody knew he had one, and explained his motives because his auditors could not understand his acts.

Venetia is read still by students of the lines of Byron and Shelley, on which it is founded. Mr. Russell quotes the description of the death of Marmion Herbert (Shelley):

> The sea had washed on the beach another corpse—the form of Marmion Herbert. It would appear that he had made no struggle to save himself, for his hand was locked in his waistcoat, where at the moment he had thrust the *Phædo*. He had been reading to the last, and was meditating on Immortality when he died.

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After his first brief Premiership, that is to say, after the General Election of 1868, Disraeli went into his study and wrote *Lothair*, perhaps his greatest novel. Mr. Russell's account of it is interesting, if not new:

> Lord Houghton, who reviewed it in the *Edinburgh*, wrote thus to a friend: "There is immense and most malevolent curiosity about Disraeli's novel. His wisest friends think that it must be a mistake, and his enemies hope it will be his ruin. He told Longman he believed he was the first ex-Premier who had ventured on a work of fiction. If he had said this to me, I should have suggested M. Guizot's *Méditations Religieuses*."
>
> The popularity and, in a pecuniary sense, the success of *Lothair* were instantaneous and immense. But the judicious grieved, and the solemn shook their heads, and the critics (possibly because they found themselves defined as the men who had failed in literature and art) were unmerciful. And, indeed, it was easy to make fun of *Lothair*. The hero was a namby-pamby creature, and, though his career in some points resembled that of Lord Bute, whose submission to Rome had been the social wonder of the moment, he had little enough in common with that interesting and virile character. Then the unbridled and unblushing adulation of rank and wealth, so happily caricatured in *Lothair*, set the ordinary Englishman against the book; and the descriptions, exact though they were, of such homes as Knole and Trentham, and Stafford House and Norfolk House, seemed, to the unitiated, apocryphal and absurd.
>
> The portraits of eminent persons were recognised as life-like. Probably the late Duke of Abercorn and the late Duke of Sutherland were pleased; but Cardinal Manning regarded the portrait of himself as an act of political revenge; and Bishop Wilberforce wrote: "*Lothair* is all you say. But my wrath against D. has burnt before this so fiercely that it seems to have burnt up all the materials for burning."

It is some years since any new work by A. Mary F. Robinson (now the wife of M. Duclaux, Director of the Pasteur Institute) has appeared in English; and many readers will, no doubt, be pleased to hear that a collected edition of her poems is in preparation. This volume will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, and will contain some new poems, together with selections from the five books of verse issued by the same publisher. Mme. Duclaux's first husband was the late Prof. James Darmesteter, founder of the "Revue de Paris," of which Mr. Fisher Unwin is the English publisher, and she is a frequent contributor to the review.

Bibliographical.

Rumour has it that Mr. Leslie Stephen is engaged on a Life of George Eliot, and somehow or other I do not take kindly to the suggestion. It is not that Mr. Stephen is not to be trusted to produce a readable and even valuable volume; it is that one feels as if one had read about George Eliot almost all that one cares to read. It may be remembered that Mr. Stephen is the author of the memoir of Mrs. Cross which figures in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. That he knows his subject we may be sure. But is there any real necessity for telling the old story all over again? Quite a literature has grown up round George Eliot. There is the biographical and critical study by Mr. George Willis Cooke (1883); there is the monograph by Miss Mathilde Blind in the "Eminent Women" series (1883); there is the official Life and Letters, by Mr. J. W. Cross (1885); there is the little work by Mr. Oscar Browning in the "Great Writers" series (1890); there is a book on the Early Home of George Eliot (1891); there is the miniature Life in the "Westminster Biographies" (1901); and there is the biographical sketch by Mr. Kegan Paul. A book discussing George Eliot as Moralist and Thinker appeared in 1884; and, as for the critical essays on her work, why, they are legion. We have yet to see what Mr. Stephen will do for us, but the prospect is not altogether cheerful.

We shall all, I am sure, be very pleased to have a collected edition of the poems of Miss A. M. F. Robinson (Mme. Duclaux). It is true that she has not resisted the temptation to belong to another nation—that we have to regard her now almost as a Frenchwoman who once condescended to write in English. And her talent as a poet, too, was slender. Her work was pretty, but little more. Still, pretty it was, and, as far as bulk went, there was a fair amount of it. We had *The Crowned Hippolitus* (from Euripides) in 1881; *The New Arcadia, and Other Poems*, in 1884; *The Italian Garden: a Book of Songs*, in 1886; *Songs, Ballads, and a Garden Play*, in 1888; and *A Retrospect, and Other Poems*, in 1893. That is a very tolerable show. We must not forget, either, that we had, in 1890, a volume of *Lyrics from the Works* of Miss A. M. F. Robinson, who, by the way, brought out eighteen years ago a novel called *Arden*, but has not repeated the experiment.

The editor of the *Thrush*, I observe, promises us a sonnet by "the great Lord Lytton." The phrase is ambiguous, for it is conceivable that Mr. Mullett Ellis may mean Robert Lytton, while, more probably, he may mean Bulwer Lytton. I fear he stands alone in regarding either of the Lyttons as "great." And, as regards Bulwer, we all know that he was not a poet at all, though he wrote, I take leave to think, a good deal of really vigorous verse. He was also truly remarkable for his versatility—for his unquestionable successes in so many fields. It is not, I submit, permissible to despise the man who produced *My Novel*, *A Strange Story*, *The Coming Race*, *Harold*, *The Last of the Barons*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Richelieu*, *Money*, *Caxtoniana*, and *The Student*. Yet no one has dreamt of including him among "English Men of Letters," "Great Writers," or any similar series. He seems to have had little or no attraction for the critics. I can recall no estimate of him more recent than those of George Brimley, Nassau W. Senior, and W. Caldwell Roscoe. Perhaps he will find a sympathetic "appreciator" some day—a little less enthusiastic, no doubt, than the editor of the *Thrush*.

The late Mr. R. H. Newell was, if I remember rightly, one of the American humorists whom Mr. John Camden Hotten introduced originally to the English public. One recollects that, for a few years or so, the *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers* had a considerable vogue. Personally, I found that a very little of them went a long way. One of the most notable of Mr. Newell's books was that entitled *Avery Glibun; or, Between Two Fires*. The preface to this was one of the shortest on record: "*Avery Glibun* being my first essay in sustained fiction, it seems remarkably prudent to say no more about it." I find that Mr. Newell published in England about fifteen years ago a story called *There Once Was a Man*. His name, probably, is known to very few English people of this generation.

I note the announcement of a new farcical piece, which the authors have entitled, comprehensively, "Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson." I wonder if they have ever read, or even heard of, a book by Anthony Trollope, called *The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson*, which I recollect perusing some thirty years ago. Modern playwrights are fond of putting the words "Smith," "Brown," and "Jones," into their titles, but of "Robinson" they have hitherto made but little use.

"I see," says a correspondent, "that Mr. William Watson has been singing the praises of Simon de Montfort—perhaps on the principle that led C. S. Calverley to 'enthuse' over an organ-grinder 'for a change.' I have an idea that Mr. Watson is not the first bard to celebrate De Montfort's character and achievement, but I cannot recall the name of his predecessor in eulogy. Can any of your readers help me? Of course, I am well aware that Joanna Baillie's De Montfort was not the historical Simon."

The Bookworm.

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Reviews.

The Prince of Pessimists.

Schopenhauer: a Lecture. By Thomas Bailey Saunders. (Black. 1s. 6d. net.)

In 1858 appeared in this country a *Cyclopædia of Biography*, in four volumes, which dealt with the living and dead celebrities of several nations. It is remarkable that this work skipped from Francis Schooten to John Schorel, as though the philosopher did not exist who, in 1818, brought out *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*. Schooten, and not Schopenhauer! it seems incredible, but the fact remains. At this date Schopenhauer furnishes the bible of all who preach the incurable badness of human nature, and the advantage of annihilating desire. And—fitting revenge!—the *Encyclopædia Britannica* devotes nearly ten pages to Schopenhauer and none to Schooten and Schorel. Mr. Bailey Saunders has accomplished a useful task in giving us a concise account of the leading ideas of Schopenhauer's philosophy, for the benefit (perhaps) of those persons who fight shy of the colossal *World as Will and Idea*, because its author advises that it be read twice, "and the first time with great patience."

Says Mr. Saunders: "That the world is the manifestation of Will everywhere one and the same is the truth which he declares his system to embody and all his writings to expound and illustrate." Will is "all and every kind of energy . . . an effort towards being." Says Amiel, who felt flattered by Schopenhauerism, "he refuses to believe in the new man, in any real progress towards perfection"; and with this statement we may well associate the philosopher's own words in Haldane and Kemp's translation of *Die Welt* (book iv., ch. xli.):

> Death reaps unwearyedly. Yet . . . everything is always there and in its place. . . . The plant always thrives and blooms, the insect hums. . . . The cherries that have already been enjoyed a thousand times we have again before us every summer. The nations also exist as immortal individuals, although sometimes their names change; even their action, what they do and suffer, is always the same, although history always pretends to relate something different, for it is like the kaleidoscope, which at every turn shows a new figure, while we really always have the same thing before our eyes.

This passage brings us face to face with the doctrine of predestination. Schopenhauer's man is born with certain ancestral qualities; they are himself; his actions are merely the result of their movement. Hence the theological drama of temptation is lodged in the exercise of those qualities, and its *dénouement* is predetermined by what they are and the way in which they are related with one another. Man is merely the phenomenon of a will, and, since he is not the arch-willer at whose behest he crept into being, he is not free. He is naturally, and even in his altruistic struggles and tears, inexorably selfish. Duty is a meaningless expression. As for love, "All love, however ethereally it may bear itself, is rooted in the sexual impulse alone." And sexual impulse in general is "simply the will to live," the will, of which all persons and things are the expression, seeking to express itself once more, and as harmoniously as circumstances allow, in the offspring of two lovers:

> The delusive ecstasy which seizes a man at the sight of a woman whose beauty is suited to him, and pictures to him a union with her as the highest good, is just the sense of the species, which, recognising the distinctly expressed stamp of the same, desires to perpetuate it with this individual.

The lover is the dupe of the species, of the world-will.

These ideas involve a great contradiction of Christianity; they are not, however, so morally debilitating as they appear at a first hearing. For an intellectual man who wakes up to the thought that the universe is, as it were, playing at life and playing with him as the result of an immense desire to feel its own life, must necessarily acknowledge in himself a hostility to the Power that speculates in his ignorance for its own amusement. The clank of his shackles arouses his combativeness; he breaks them. This act does not imply freedom—there are many slaveries; but the slavery of Kentucky in bad old days was not the slavery of Georgia. Bondage to the world-will may, however, be temporarily escaped by means of the intellect when it declines to be enfeebled by sensual indulgence and to fetter itself by the concept "duty." The result is clairvoyance in the limited, yet mystic, sense of seeing things as they are. No one for long sees things as they are. Their colour is in the eye, their sound in the ear; but the one is misread, the other misheard, even if we allow that ear and eye receive authentic impressions. But, says Mr. Saunders in eloquent paraphrase:

> To the man whose intellect is most fully detached from his will [the things of the world] reveal themselves in their true nature. He sees them not as they are in relation to other objects, . . . but in their real significance. He sees in each of them the manifestation of the Will at a particular stage, the outline of the ultimate form or archetype which it embodies. . . . Every object thus contemplated for its own sake alone and in its eternal meaning is, according to Schopenhauer, beautiful.

The clutch of the world-will is, one apprehends, least disastrous on the artist—especially the musician who, in his medium, represents "not this or that particular joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain, but joy and sorrow, as it were in the abstract, and pleasure and pain as they are in their very essence."

And this brings us back to Schopenhauer's disdain of history, that ocean of particularities—history, which Bolingbroke followed an ancient author in calling "philosophy teaching by examples." He sees in history no motion towards the Tennysonian "far off divine event." He sees simply the maëlstrom of man's badness, and that badness is, in his estimation, very bad indeed. It is hardly profitable to quote him in the full tide of his misanthropy, but a few lines may be devoted to explain it. It is not considered unlucky to rail at life from an armchair. There seems a fortification in distrust and abuse. It is sometimes good policy to affect to despise a treasure. The egoist who between 1788 and 1860 revelled in knowledge and the comforts of the body stuck to his own life with the pertinacity of any optimist for all his despising of life and men. He lived on the ground floor to be safe against fire; he carried his own razor about with him to avoid infection. He was, we may conjecture, a man who would not have willed self-annihilation. But he saw, as one born on the eve of Europe's blood-drunkenness, man's rage for havoc and revenge, and in the spectacle of negro slavery in the United States man's appetite for cruelty and the fruits of grinding wrong. He read his London *Times*, too, and was aware of crimes committed for insurance money in moral England. Our pet hypocrisies were glass to him. It is to be feared much goodness was brick to him. Yet he acknowledged a kind of altruism, which we may call the transference of self. His dull life was not always dignified; the throwing of a middle-aged seamstress downstairs brought him into irksome contact with the law. But what of his life? It is not his philosophy, though his consciousness of personal imperfection may have enhanced his sense of the imperfection of mankind. No one has denounced more logically, more eloquently, than he the miseries and vices of mankind. To read him when in pain is to hear a man swearing for us. That is his smallest service, but it is a noticeable one.

Nietzsche falls foul of his impulse to be the unriddler of the world. We demur. The hymn tells us to "dare to be a Daniel," and Daniel was a prophet. Prophecy may not

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be meat, but it is wine. Tempted by a splendid mirage, man explores the desert. He who has read *The Critique of Pure Reason*, as Schopenhauer would have men read it before they proceed to his own masterpiece, is in need of refreshment. Schopenhauer provides it not only in the speculation, which we suspect is the staple of prophecy, he provides it in his brilliant wit, his aphoristic wisdom, his English reasonableness, which atone for his envious diatribes at the expense of Hegel, the colleague who emptied his lecture-room. It is true that, as Amiel says, he "simplifies" too much, and that his concept "Will" becomes paradoxical in excessive application. But he is—how un-Kantian this seems!—continually referring to and criticising life. He is, when all is said, the most practical of German philosophers.

Hebrew History and Letters.

The Social Life of the Hebrews. By the Rev. Edward Day. (Nimmo.)

That the glory which the piety of eighteen centuries has woven around her history has at length departed from Israel requires no better proof than this well-written little book. As one of the "Semitic" series, edited by Prof. Craig, of Michigan, it aims at being, in the words of its prospectus, "popularly scientific," while its author, as a clergyman of we know not what denomination, cannot be supposed to write without, at any rate, an ulterior view to edification. Yet, instead of the magnificent race of conquerors towering above the neighbouring peoples as much by their inherent superiority as by the visible protection of Heaven, he shows us the Hebrews as a few savage clans, of mixed origin, learning the arts of life, religion, and everything we call civilisation, with some difficulty, from the more cultured peoples among whom they had thrust themselves. He does not even disguise their inferiority in warfare, of which he says they made "sorry work," and somewhat sarcastically adds that it was lucky for them that they "were seldom opposed by forces more disciplined than their own before the Assyrian armies, in the ninth century, began to devote attention to them." We are inclined to believe, even without the proofs that he offers, that Mr. Day's picture of Israel is truer to nature than that instilled into us in our youth, but it certainly is not so picturesque.

To come to particulars, Mr. Day divides his social history into two periods, which he calls "The Time of the Judges" and "The Time of the Monarchy." In the first of these, the clan was, as he says, the form of social organisation, and it was not until the last-named period that the Hebrews showed any sense of nationality. Under the Judges, we see them passing from a nomadic people into an agricultural one, and in so doing acquiring some of their later characteristics. We may cast aside, says Mr. Day in effect, any attempt to extenuate the cruelties committed by them in their conquest of Canaan, because it never really took place; and the wars of Joshua, as recorded in the Bible, are irreconcilable with the fact that the Canaanites remained superior in numbers to the Hebrews. He thinks it was from these Canaanites, situated as they were in the midst of the great empires of Egypt and Assyria, and the, perhaps at one time, equally great power of the Hittites, that the Hebrews first got the passion for trade that has since distinguished them. This was probably an unmixed blessing, but the same cannot be said for the religious notions that they borrowed from the same source. For the Canaanites had everywhere set up a quantity of local gods, passing under the generic name of Baal—Mr. Day, indeed, does not hide his belief that Yahweh was at one time recognised as a Baal Himself—and the worship of these Baals was attended with licentious orgies, which were never really abandoned by the Hebrews till the Captivity. Yet it is difficult to see that the Hebrew religion can have suffered much by this adulteration, for we are told later that "at its best, in the eighth century, Yahwism did not have a very salutary influence upon the social life of the people as a whole," and it was only the Great Prophets who had a conception of the national deity higher than that of the nations around them. We even read that "much of the moral obliquity which we discover among the Hebrews of the Monarchy must be charged to Yahwism, though for the character of Yahwism they were themselves at least partially responsible." After this, it is perhaps needless to say that Mr. Day writes avowedly from the standpoint of the Higher Criticism. Yet his book is modest in tone, and will well repay perusal.

History, Prophecy, and the Monuments. By James Frederick McCurdy. Vol. III. (Macmillan.)

This volume is in effect an independent book, dealing with the period of Hebrew history from the reign of Josiah to the Return of the Captivity, the aim of the author being to spin, from both sacred and profane sources, such a consecutive and consistent narrative as cannot be drawn from the Bible alone. He has by his other works shown himself well fitted for the task, and writes easily and well. As might be expected, too, from the Professor of a University so imbued with Scottish feeling as that of Toronto, he does not scruple to look at Hebrew history through what may be called Sunday-school spectacles, with the result that he attempts to explain away "the propensity to cheat and deceive" that he finds among the earliest Hebrew traditions, and gets out of the difficulty by the extraordinary *dictum* that "no community becomes honest and veracious unless, by business training, it is made to realise, as a people, the advantages of honesty and veracity, and the evils of cheating and crookedness in matters of bargain and sale." Yet he does not permit himself to conceal the fact that the Return from the Captivity fell very far short of the expectations formed of it by the Jews: or that, as he puts it:

> No contrast could be greater than that between the prophetic picture of Israel's restoration and its actual process. . . . Instead of a host of eager patriots triumphantly reclaiming Jehovah's land, and thronging thither from the ends of the earth, a feeble band of settlers were huddled between the mounds of Jerusalem, which long remained without the bare essentials of walls and temple.

Nor does he think Cyrus' measure more successful from the spiritual point of view:

> The new Jerusalem [he says], which was to be a light to the Gentiles and the hospitable shrine of votaries from the north and west . . . became the seat of formal and exclusive worship, with a minute and rigorous ritual as the handbook of the most spiritual of religions.

Yet it was only by some such means that the mass of the people could at once preserve their nationality and at the same time turn from the polytheism of the Monarchy to that monotheistic faith which he thinks was always present to their prophets: and in this he sees a sufficient reward for all their sufferings.

Turning to more mundane matters, Prof. McCurdy gives an explanation of the perpetual tergiversations and rebellions of the Hebrews against their suzerain for the time being which seems to us both new and plausible. From the time of "poor old Solomon," as Prof. McCurdy disrespectfully calls the king who was himself probably a vassal of the Pharaoh Sheshonq I., down to that of the miserable Jehoiachin, Hebrew history is but a long series of attempts to throw off the yoke of Assyria, Egypt, or Chaldæa, as each power in turn came to exercise supreme control over Palestine. This has been often put down to

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fanaticism, but it is evident from Prof. McCurdy's history that this cannot have been the real motive, for while none of the predominant powers attempted to interfere with the national religions of their vassals, the Hebrews always showed themselves more than willing to run after "strange gods," and to worship them either concurrently with or to the exclusion of their own. Nor was there among the pre-Exilic Jews that overmastering sense of patriotism which has sometimes induced a small people like the Swiss to rebel at all risks against what seem to be overwhelming odds. For with the Hebrews, as the separation of the Ten Tribes showed plainly enough, clan-feeling was almost always stronger than nationality, and the independence which both Israel and Judah enjoyed under the great powers of Asia was preferable to the enslaved condition in which the united tribes existed in the time of the Philistines and the Canaanites. But Prof. McCurdy lets us see in more than one passage his conviction that it was the objection of the freeholders and merchants to the taxation necessary for raising the tribute due to the suzerain, which time after time forced the hands of the Hebrew kings, and thus drove them into rebellions that their better judgment must have condemned. This seems likely enough, for the reluctance of the Hebrew to sacrifice either person or purse for the good of the community has always made a Hebrew state most difficult to govern, and even in the time of David it was found impossible to raise an army without the aid of foreign mercenaries. But the conclusion might possibly lead Prof. McCurdy into admissions he might not care to make. For we gather from certain *obiter dicta* of his in the work before us that he is one of the people called "Pro-Boers," and if ever there was a lesson against shirking national responsibilities it is to be found in the history of the Hebrews before the Captivity.

A Handbook to Old Testament Hebrew. Edited by Samuel G. Green, D.D. (Religious Tract Society.)

This book is intended, as we learn from the preface, not as an exhaustive study of the language, but merely to ground the reader in "the Hebrew of the Old Testament." As such it seems well adapted for its purpose, being both clearly written and well printed. Besides the usual exercises and chrestomathy, it contains two vocabularies—of Hebrew-English and English-Hebrew respectively—and after a short study of it the intelligent learner ought to find no difficulty in reading the Hebrew Bible in the original.

A Three Months' War Diary.

On the Warpath. By Mrs. J. D. Leathes-Culley. (Long. 3s. 6d.)

This slender volume comprises the diary written for the entertainment of a friend by a lady who spent something short of three months in Cape Colony and the Orange River Colony, about the time when Buller joined hands with Roberts at Pretoria. She came out with a general notion of being useful, and thirty-six boxes of assorted usefulness for distribution. Being a woman for whom the word impossible had no meaning, she found the men who could help her each more delightful than the other. Thus, "Sir Alfred Milner is simply charming":

> I determined to make Ficksburg my objective, and his Excellency says I need not fret any more as to my permits, which is as good as saying he will get them. What a strong, able face he has—this "whitest man in South Africa!"

She excepts always the Dutch element from eulogy:

> You have no idea at home, and the average officer has none, because his presence imposes silence and deceit, of how really this [Cape] colony is an enemy's country. Even men in Imperial pay do their best to hamper our transport, and yet our officers believe every word these creatures say.

Even Kitchener she thinks too easy; but though

> a good many people have downs on Lord Kitchener, my own opinion is that he is the only man with backbone and disregard enough for breaking eggs to deal with this South African pudding.

Mrs. Leathes-Culley is one of the people who have the knack of making things hum, and in spite of what she wonderfully calls the "stick-in-the-muddiness" of the Afrikander officials, she hustled her way up to the north with admirable celerity. The journal of her progress is of the most flowing and unstudied kind; she is quite happy in setting down the name of a place as "something like Tea-pot," and so leaving it for investigation by those that come after. Another thing, on the way up, aroused her sporting Englishwoman's indignation:

> The road is strewn with dead horses, dead creatures whose attitudes suggest too much suffering to set down for you, and, above all, needless suffering, and as such a most grievous and a great blot.

But the gallant lady is not especially prone to criticism or lament. She is full of fun. Half out of and half through a window in the dead of night, overwhelmed by sudden misgiving as to whether it were her own, she "had a vision of the Commissioner sitting up in bed with his hair on end, startled by the sight of the 'confoundedly aristocratic lady' being precipitated violently into his room on her head in the small hours of the morning"; whereby she was "more amused than she had been for many a long day."

The great event of her expedition was the defence of Ladybrand by 150 men, mostly Yeomanry, against 2,500 Boers, with seven guns. Mrs. Leathes-Culley remained in charge of the hospital, and fetched water in pails, under a cross-fire; in which act her invaluable Eliza Mills, or some other well-inspired person, snapshotted her with good results. As to her emotion, she writes:

> When a woman tells me she *likes* hearing bullets whistling round her head, as one did to-day, I know she must be either an imbecile or a liar; but it is quite possible to put up with it when an object is to be gained by doing so.

Two particular impressions the diarist brought away with her from Africa:

> The first, that Mr. Atkins in hospital is the bravest, patientest, most thorough gentleman God ever made; the second, that lying is in the very atmosphere of South Africa, and the statement of an Afrikander about as real as the mirage on his native veldt.

In simple, artless, straightforward way, this narrative of what a brave gentlewoman saw of a corner of the campaign is quite readable.

Where Caxton Lived.

The Story of Bruges. By Ernest Gilliat-Smith. Illustrated by Edith Colomb and Herbert Railton. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

It would seem that no year passes without its new book on Bruges, in Flemish, French, or English. It is little more than twelve months since we reviewed Mr. Wilfrid Robinson's handy "Historical Sketch," and now Mr. Gilliat-Smith, who, like Mr. Robinson, is an enthusiastic Brugeois by residence, has, as it was inevitable somebody should, added an account of the "Ville Musée" to Messrs. Dent's "Mediæval Towns" series. The book, of course, does not pretend to be a history of the Flemish city, now so calm and pensive after the centuries of strife and uproar which have surged around its tall belfry and its almost matchless Hôtel de Ville. That has still to be written, and

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it is only some Kervyn de Lettenhove, steeped in the Flemish spirit, and with all the archives under his hand, who can ever hope to perform so monumental a task. Meanwhile, Mr. Gilliat-Smith's volume is, in many respects, a really excellent handbook, alike to the visitor in Bruges and to the fireside tourist. He is inclined sometimes to be a little "precious," a trifle vague and mysterious in the language of his enthusiasm. To him, however, the City of Charles the Bold and Mary of Burgundy is "the flower of cities all," and those who have fallen under its spell shall say whether there is much—or any—exaggeration in his appreciation.

The main outlines of the story of Bruges are already so familiar that the writer has been wise to make his book anecdotal rather than formally historical. He thus obtains scope for much matter of great interest which might otherwise have had to be sacrificed to the mere marshalling of facts and dates. Those same hard facts are very well narrated, and, in most cases, they are told with admirable accuracy. But we are somewhat puzzled by Mr. Gilliat-Smith's attitude about the relic of the Holy Blood, which, as he justly says, "has had no little influence on the architectural, and artistic, and religious development of the city." The tradition is that the crystal cylinder that is kept in the gorgeous "Chasse du Saint Sang" contains either a quantity of the blood of Christ or of the blood-stained water in which Joseph of Arimathea washed the Divine body. Mr. Gilliat-Smith appears to accept the tradition, despite its grotesque impossibility, and we are well aware how difficult it is for any resident in Bruges to do otherwise. But is he not somewhat out in his facts when he says that the relic, which is kissed by thousands of lips every year, and carried in procession through the town once every twelve months, "is still preserved in the same crystal vial in which Dierick of Alsace received it"? Gailliard, whose *Recherches Historiques sur la Chapelle du Saint Sang à Bruges* shares authority with Canon Van Haecke's more recent monograph, *Le Précieux Sang à Bruges*, states categorically that the cylinder has been "changé ou renouvelé" five times, and he gives dates and the most minute details of the alterations. The matter is not of much importance, though it would obviously add greatly to the curious interest of the relic were it still in its orignal covering. Mr. Gilliat-Smith develops an ingenious theory that, when the day of its decadence came, Bruges was saved from utter extinction by the Church. The city was made a bishopric in 1560, and soon afterwards it became the home of many religious communities, who erected buildings and caused money to circulate, while their presence attracted many rich and gentle families. We are disposed to think that there was once a good deal of truth in this; but it is true no longer, and the Bruges of to-day is painfully pauperised. What may happen when the ship-canal that is to connect it with the sea is finished it is hard to say. Should the place again become a busy seaport, there is only too much reason to fear that it may be modernised out of all knowledge, as Antwerp has been.

It is a pity that Mr. Gilliat-Smith has not told us a little more about the place of Bruges in literature. He devotes a great deal of space to its architects and painters—space which, for the matter of that, it is impossible to grudge. The two Van Eycks, Gerard David, Roger van der Weyden, Memling—whose finest work hangs in St. John's Hospital—are enough to confer imperishable lustre upon any town; but we find next to nothing in these pages about Caxton and Colard Mansion, for example, despite that their presence in Bruges had the most vital influence upon English letters. The father of English printing lived there for more than thirty years; there he learned printing from Mansion; there he produced the first book ever printed in our tongue, *The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*. It was not surprising that, at such a time, the thoughts even of a merchant like Caxton should turn towards literature. He abode in Bruges during the reign of the greatest bibliophile of the fifteenth century, when the city, as Mr. Blades has told us, "teemed with authors, translators, scribes, and illuminators," as well as with great libraries. Caxton produced his first five books there—a circumstance which, had it no other claim upon us, would invest Bruges with profound interest for every lover of letters. Great, too, may well be the pride of any city which knew Dante, and the references to Bruges in both the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio," certainly suggest that Dante had visited Flanders, which, indeed, was probable enough. The father of Flemish poetry himself, that Jacob van Maerlant whom enthusiastic native critics would place second only to the immortal Florentine, although nobody in the wide world but themselves ever reads him, was Recorder of Damme, and consequently a Brugeois. Sir Thomas More is supposed to have partially composed his "Utopia" beneath the towers which arise, brown and grey and weather-beaten, from the Flemish plain. In the sixteenth century—or, as Mr. Gilliat-Smith would say, in "the fifteen hundreds"—Bruges was as literary as in the days of Philip the Good; indeed, Justus Lipsius found it the Athens of the Netherlands. In later generations it has done little direct work in literature, but has been the cause of much bookmaking in many tongues. Mr. Smith's effort is the newest, and by no means the worst, of the long series. We could wish, however, that it suffered less from a drawback which afflicts all the volumes in the "Mediæval Towns" series—most of the illustrations are ruined by excessive reduction; while the index is a farce. All things considered, however, it is the best guide we know to the wonderful old city, which was great alike in commerce and in war, in art and in architecture, and remains to-day stately yet gracious and tender in its decay.

Empire Makers.

Letters Received by the East India Company. Edited by William Foster. Vol. V. (Sampson Low.)

This collection of letters and reports from the factors of the East India Company to the Governors at home is prepared by Mr. Foster, with great knowledge and pains, "under the patronage"—whatever that may mean—of the Secretary of State for India. The enterprise is sufficiently bulky to daunt a less persevering editor. The ninety-three letters of the present volume occupy three hundred and fifty-two pages, and only cover the events of the first six months of the year 1617. But as apparently someone can afford to print them, they are welcome, for the artless narratives of these half-educated merchants possess a distinct interest, not only for the historian of commerce, but also, in the light that they throw upon a little-known side of early seventeenth century life, for the humanist. The year 1616 had been noteworthy for the arrival in India of Sir Thomas Roe, sent as a formal Ambassador from James the First to the Great Mogul, in the hopes of negotiating a treaty which would give the factors a more definite and unassailable position in the Peninsula. There is not a great deal about Roe's affairs in this instalment of the correspondence, but already it was becoming obvious that he was not likely to attain his main object. Jahángir received the Ambassador in friendly fashion enough, and led him a pretty dance in following the wanderings of the Court through the thick jungles and rough hills that lay between Ajmere and the Vindhya Mountains. The presents

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that accompanied him were seized upon with truly Oriental eagerness. A pair of mastiffs especially pleased the king, and were provided with palanquins and special attendants to keep off the flies, while Jahángír fed them himself with a pair of silver tongs made for the purpose. One of the gifts, indeed, was misunderstood. This was a picture of Venus and a Satyr, which suggested "a scorn of Asiatics, whom the naked satyr represented, and was of the same complexion, and not unlike: who, being held by Venus (a white woman) by the nose, it seemed that she led him captive." Roe shared in the "hunting or hawking on tanks by boats, in which the king takes wonderful delight," and when Jahángír was not "prevented by a drowsiness which possesseth his Majesty from the fumes of Bacchus," was admitted to familiar chats in the palace during the cool of the evening. But no treaty was signed, and before long it became apparent that none would be signed, Jahángír preferring to treat the regulation of the English trade as a local matter, to be settled by his favourite son, Khurram, the governor of the province within which the factory at Surat lay.

Most of the letters before us deal with the extension of the East India trade by settlements at Bantam, in Japan and elsewhere; and particularly with the mission of Edward Connock, Thomas Barker, and others, "to attempt the establishing of a trade in Persia." They made good their footing, and, in spite of the intrigues of the friars, began to sap the Portuguese commerce—already declined—with Ormuz. But, as so often in the history of these ventures, success was jeopardised by the jealousies of the factors themselves, Barker, in special, who seems to have been an ill-conditioned fellow, intrigued against Connock, and calumniated him to Sir Thomas Roe. Roe was deceived, but we agree with Mr. Foster that the documents make plain the baselessness of the charges. He says truly of Connock:

> Ambitious, fussy, strangely wanting at times in tact and judgment, he made many enemies and left few friends; yet the honesty and unsparing energy with which he carried out the duty entrusted to him command our respect, and, on the whole, his is a welcome addition to our gallery of portraits of the men who founded English trade in the East.

Of the factors as a whole, it must be admitted that their loyalty to the Company left something to be desired, and that the unrestrained liberty of their position was too often abused. They brought the English name into contempt by the facility with which they gave way to the temptations of the luxurious East. Their personal bickerings fill an astonishing space in the letters, and the quick interchange of complaint and counter-complaint must have sorely harassed the Directors at home. William Leske, a clergyman who went out as minister to the factory at Surat, had to be sent home, as "a most licentious, ungodly liver, and one that prefers his epicurism, drunkenness, and intolerable, insolent pride before the divine worship of God." Upon his way home he took occasion to compose a specious letter, wherein he endeavoured, quite falsely, as it appears, to turn the tables upon his accusers. George Cokayne writes to the chief factor at Bantam to complain of the discontent he has with Hugh Gritt, to whom on one occasion he "could frame no better answer than with half-a-dozen good cuffs." George Play is put upon by Barker, a dishonest scheme of whose he will not further, and is "branded with the name of knave, Puritan knave, prying knave, and threadbare knave." In the last epithet, he insinuates, there is some justice, since "to brave it in cloth of gold I cannot, as he doth, unless I should wrong the Company." It is evident that many of the factors carried on a private trade of their own, to the loss of the Company, and although efforts were made to put down this practice, the Directors at home were really helpless. Nor were they wholly free of blame themselves. They should have paid better salaries. But there is much to show that in many respects they did not know their own business. They sent out unsuitable and badly packed goods. Their ships were ill-equipped and ill-found. Pepwell, the captain of the *Charles*, writes:

> Manifold are the abuses of them your Worships put in trust about the arming and victualling your ships. The muskets are generally naught, being not well metalled, ready upon three or four shots to do more harm to their fellows than to the enemy; the powder, a great deal of it, little better than coal dust clammed together; the cordage full of tar, which causeth it to be of an extraordinary weight and seemingly great, which being stretched proveth of too small a size for your ships (besides the tar in hot countries burneth and spoileth the hemp); some of our boltropes rotten; our bread full of worms and mouldy, much old bread being shuffled in amongst the [new] to the spoil of the rest, nor can the pursers give a just account of it, being delivered by the baker (I guess) at adventure; the wax candles more than half tallow; the cider weak and naught.

A few miscellaneous points of interest in the volume may be noted. Here is an early observation of the characteristic taste of Japan in matters of art:

> The pictures of the planets and others of high price which came in these ships, and cost £3 sterling per piece, were wrapped together face to face, and as it seemeth were not dry; so that in opening of them one spoiled another, and are not all of them together worth a penny, being utterly defaced, and had they come in their full beauty could never have sold here for a quarter part of the money they cost in England. So it is no use sending such matters into these parts, for they esteem a printed sheet of paper with a horse, a ship, or a bird, more than they do such a rich picture. Neither will anyone give 6d. for that fair picture of the Conversion of St. Paul.

Among the Englishmen who came out to India in Pepwell's fleet was one Thomas Herbert, who was a younger brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and of George Herbert the poet. He seems to have been rather a ne'er-do-weel. Sir Thomas Roe sent for him, and the factors were glad to be quit of his company. On the way the "hasty and cholerick young man"—it is really very English—endangered the safety of his party by beating and firing at a native. There was no preferment for him with the Ambassador, and before long he drifted back to England. Finally, it is to be observed that the letters of the traders and ship-captains which make up this correspondence, though often pretentious and stilted enough, are sometimes racy examples of the vernacular, and must afford a happy hunting-ground for the editors of the *New English Dictionary*. "Brabbles," for idle, cavilling talk, is a pleasing term. A factor writes "that the Dutch are almost off the hinges at Japara for nimming the junks," and the painful commentator of "Henry the Fifth" may garner the phrase.

Other New Books.

A Historical Geography of the British Colonies. Vol. V. By C. P. Lucas.

The fifth volume of Mr. C. P. Lucas's *Historical Geography of the British Colonies* contains the history of Canada up to the "happy calamity" which made that country a British possession. The scope of the work has necessitated a certain compression which has prevented Mr. Lucas from doing full justice to the romantic detail in which the history of New France abounds. But the book is thorough, sober, and full of interest. It is the special object of this series to exhibit the influence which natural conformation and climate have exercised upon the course of events, and in this volume the crowning importance of

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the great waterways in both the military and the social history of Canada is well set forth. But of more interest to the general reader is the comparison between the aims and methods of French and English colonisation. In neither case did the home country follow any consistent or definite policy. But whereas the leaders of French Canada were men of long vision and large ideas, enterprising, resourceful, versatile, their English rivals were slow and matter-of-fact, often short-sighted, seldom united in any common policy. Cartier, Champlain, La Salle, Frontenac, and Montcalm are names which it is not easy to match from the annals of the English colonies. Against them stands out the heroic figure of Wolfe, but Kirke and Johnson and Shirley are men of lesser mould, and Washington is as yet in the making. "The path of English colonisation has been strewn with lost opportunities"; yet the progress made has no parallel in history. Success has not been won—in the field of colonisation it never can be—by the genius of a few, but by the stubborn perseverance and practical instinct of thousands. The very limitations of the Anglo-Saxon race have conduced to its success. The idealist may found an empire, but not a nation. Here and there it is hinted that the lessons of Canadian history are not inapplicable to South Africa, and the volume closes with something like a profession of faith in the future of a South Africa which will be, as Canada is to-day, the home of a nation deriving strength and unity from the very differences within it, and from the hard-fought battles of its past. (Clarendon Press.)

THE WORK OF THE NINTH DIVISION. BY SIR H. E. COLVILE.

This book, by Major-General Sir H. E. Colvile, cannot be approached as if it were an ordinary book on the war. It must naturally be controversial, considering the amount of argument of a heated sort which has been expended round its author's name and actions. We may say at once that there is nothing of the furious partisan about Sir Henry's work; he tells in spirited, but temperate, fashion—from his own point of view, of course—what he saw and did when he was in command of the Ninth Division. The only way to review the book adequately would be to pick out the parallel passages from it, and from the official despatches and books by newspaper correspondents, especially on Paardeberg and Sannah's Post. That is not possible here, and so it will be sufficient to point out that if the reader keeps the despatches, and some one of the histories of the war already published, at hand while he is studying Sir H. E. Colvile's book, he will be able to understand a good many things that hitherto seemed obscure. The points dealt with by Sir Henry are Paardeberg, Poplar Grove, Sannah's Post, Winberg, Lindley, Roodeport, and Heilbron. Into matters which are still subjects of controversy we will not enter, but we may observe that Sir Henry is a practised writer, who carries his reader pleasantly along, and avoids as much as possible hearsay, giving only his own impressions of what he has seen and done. The maps and plans are excellent. It is a book to be read, but not to be read alone. (Edward Arnold.)

SURREY. BY WALTER JERROLD.

Mr. Jerrold, like the other writers of volumes in this series, has a proper enthusiasm for his county. He does not merely state facts, but endeavours to make them live, to give them an appropriate setting. The ordinary guide-book is a thing which one endures just as one supports many other necessary discomforts of life; but there is no question of enduring Mr. Jerrold's book—one can enjoy it as the personal expression of the point of view of a man who appreciates his subject.

Surrey is emphatically a royal and lavish county; yet it gives liberally and of its best only to those who approach it with a lover's intimacy. Its great highways are admirable in their kind, but its byways, its woods, its shy valleys, are incomparable. So also are its downs and heaths. The enthusiasm of John Evelyn and John Aubrey does not, to-day, seem in the least overstated, though Aubrey had no birth-tie with the county; to Evelyn it was "the country of my birth and my delight." And, indeed, the lover of pure English scenery need not travel more than thirty miles from London to come upon ripe perfection, and the antiquarian may set out from Bermondsey and steer south or south-east and find everywhere material for his contemplation. So far as we have been able to discover, Mr. Jerrold has omitted nothing of importance which could practically assist the tourist of the right sort; his itineraries are complete and well-arranged, and his narrative is marked by a pleasant allusiveness. The additional articles, by competent authorities, upon the birds, flowers, geology, and entomology of the county, are concise and full, and many of Mr. Symington's line-drawings are accurate and suggestive. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

THE STORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND. BY F. E. SMITH.

Our first colony, and the little spot from which has grown the British Empire as we know it now, is the island of Newfoundland, of which Sir Walter Raleigh wrote: "If this should be lost it would be the greatest blow that was ever given to England." When he wrote it was the one visible sign of that greater England in which he was so passionate a believer, and stood for the Empire that was to be. There is no doubt that the island was discovered by John Cabot (setting aside the wanderings of the Vikings), and the date was early in 1497, for on August 10 of that year King Henry VII. entered in the Privy Purse expenses: "To hym that found the New Isle, £10." The early history of Newfoundland is of some interest, and is well summarised by Mr. Smith. It suffered even more than most colonies from Little Englanders on the one hand, and from injudicious friends on the other, but the real interest of the island lies in the history of to-day. There are three burning questions in Newfoundland: the French shore, the Federal Union with Canada, and the Reid Contract. In a volume of the size to which the "Story of the Empire" series is limited it is, of course, impossible to deal at all fully with such vexed questions as these, each one of which has used a vast quantity of printer's ink on its own account, but Mr. Smith seems, within the limits at his command, to have put the case as lucidly and impartially as possible. His chapter on the French Shore is specially to be commended as containing the gist of the matter in remarkably few words. This question is one on which Englishmen will do well to inform themselves, as it has been chronic for many years, and may become acute at any moment should a change of government occur in France. (Horace Marshall.)

THE ENGLISH CHURCH, FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST TO THE ACCESSION OF EDWARD I. BY W. R. W. STEPHENS.

This is the third volume issued, and the second in chronological order, of an elaborate history of the Church of England, written on the co-operative principle. It extends from the middle of the eleventh century to the middle of the thirteenth, and its principal subjects are—first, the struggle between the ecclesiastical and civil powers in the state of which Lanfranc, Anselm, and Becket are the leading figures; and, secondly, the renewal of activity in the Church brought about by the reforming spirit of Edmund Rich and Robert Grosseteste, and by the coming to England of the Dominican and Franciscan orders. It appears to be the object of the Dean of Winchester

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and his fellow-writers, while making "a careful study of original authorities and the best ancient and modern writers," to put their results into a form convenient for the general reader. They give no detailed references to the texts, contenting themselves with a brief bibliographical note of each chapter. And certainly the three volumes before us provide excellent summaries, alike learned, clear, and judicial, of the periods with which they respectively deal. The general reader will probably find this in every way the best book of the kind to put on his shelves. (Macmillan.)

STUDIA SINAITICA, No. VIII. EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY M. D. GIBSON.

THIS instalment of the treasure discovered in the Convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, comprises three MSS. The first item is an interesting Arabic fragment, evidently from the pen of a Christian in defence of the mother of Jesus against Jewish obloquy. Its object is to prove her descent from David. Incidentally you may learn several unfamiliar details of the early world and them who peopled it, notably the perpetual service before the body of Adam, and the idea that it must be carried to Jerusalem, there to rest at the centre of the world.

The second item is the story of Aphikia—a sort of corrective of the scandal of Bathsheba. It is followed by the Acts of the martyrs Cyprian and Justina, in Arabic and Greek. (Clay. 10s.)

Fiction.

The Inheritors By Joseph Conrad and F. M. Hueffer. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS book is an allegory, a satire *à clef* if you prefer it. The Inheritors are a new social and political development, an unmoral, grasping people, bred of these days, a menace to England, who will inherit the earth by force of possessing every needful quality except meekness. The story depicts their corruption of Parliament and the Press in the interests of a great chartered company; the disclosure of the whole gigantic fraud by an emotional novelist, sent out to bless, but returning with a curse in his mouth; the consequent downfall of the promoters. In Churchill, the old-fashioned literary statesman, you may recognize ———; in the Duc de Mersch you may see another ———; Polehampton, the publisher, might be ———; Gurnard, the statesman of a newer, less principled school, is certainly intended for ———; even Lea, the publisher's reader, who has nothing to do with the story, is probably identifiable. In so far as certain "inheriting" tendencies are about just now, influencing the originals of these characters, their identity is valuable; yet the first interest should be the story, and that the authors have failed to make either persuasive or vital. To set down the history of a big political swindle is one thing: to prove it, to make it live, is another. This book never lives. We are told this and that, we are called upon to witness the various stages by which a rogue like de Mersch acquires power and prestige; and we comply with never more than languor. We knew it all before. The novelist who would lay bare a venerable truth must dress up his find with more spirit and skill than this, and with more flavour. Political comedy, above all varieties of comedy, must be carried off with a high hand, with gusto. There is none here.

And a satire must be more normal. Indeed, a political satire cannot be too normal, too close to ordinary human nature. And yet to these national castigators it has seemed good to introduce into their history of twentieth century fact, as the leader of the Inheritors (surely a natural enough product), a supernatural visitor, fresh from the imagination of Mr. H. G. Wells, who calls herself a "Fourth Dimensionist," and to whose influence is attributed the downfall of de Mersch, his associates, and his chartered company in Greenland. As if everyday reasons were not—as in life—enough.

Apparently, without the fascinations exerted upon Granger of Etchingham, the journalist and rising author and narrator of the story, by the Fourth Dimensionist, beginning with a conjuring trick played upon a Sussex labourer, and continuing with the impersonation of Granger's dead sister in his aunt's house in Paris—without this, he would never have been so weak as to write against his conscience, and play into the hands of the de Mersch party. Hence her inestimable value. And, of course, one can call her by any other name—such as "The Imperialistic Spirit." To our mind, however, she remains a blot on a book which without her would be more reasonable and many times more effective.

The Inheritors has many deft passages, some of the character-drawing is brilliant, and the writing is never slovenly, rarely anything but above the ordinary level. The author of *Lord Jim* and Mr. Hueffer, however, should beware of ultra-delicacy of expression. We remember no book in which so many sentences collapse upon dots.

Bush-Whacking, and Other Sketches. By Hugh Clifford. (Blackwood. 6s.)

MR. CLIFFORD is not only one of the most capable and successful of our younger Eastern administrators, but he is also fast proving himself one of our best tellers of contemporary Eastern tales. The fascinating Malay Peninsula is his habitat, both as Resident and as writer, and his first-hand knowledge, his simple human feeling, and his genuine literary gift (witness the phrase—a seaman's "knotty snore") combine to make its strange people and primal natural conditions very real to those who walk in frock-coats and fichus. Moreover, his tales are true—not in the sense that the events portrayed happened, though he says they did, but in the sense that they might have happened yesterday, or may to-morrow, exactly as he tells us. The present writer knows Malaya pretty well, and loves it as Mr. Clifford does, and has even been in parts of it that Mr. Clifford does not know, and his verdict is that here is the real East. Through the stories, too, there runs a delightful series of pictures of the Englishman of the uncovenanted Civil Service out there—who he is, why he is there, what he thinks and feels and does. A better book for a lad who has his way to make in the world, and is thinking of putting his slim shoulder to one of the great wheels of the Empire, we cannot imagine. It will help to make a white man of him.

Mostly Fools, and a Duchess. By Lucas Cleeve. (White. 6s.)

WHEN the reviewer had read this story for an hour, he began to look for some safe place to deposit it out of sight, where it would never be found, but as there was no hollow tree or dry well near his own particular bit of green earth, he proceeded, and was by and by glad that he had. It is a story—of a character partly to be guessed from the reviewer's first impulse—of contemporary Society, dealing with a beautiful, philanthropic, and frail duchess, a corn-factor who finances her philanthropy, a young lord who is presented as the type of the man of to-day, and a German prince. It is written breathlessly, and with the peculiarly frank frankness that is supposed to mark the conversational young married ladies before a dressing-room fire after a ball. At least we have understood—from Mr. Jerome, was it, or Mr. Percy White?—that these ladies talk so; we

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have never heard them. It is very amusing, and to our surprise, after the nature of the beginning, vice really has its natural results in the end—or some of them, which is, in a modern novel, a praiseworthy concession to virtue. It is astonishingly illiterate—quite entertainingly so. For instance, the prince had an "infatuation for the wife of the Herr Königlicher Polizei-Presidentin"; when he fears the duchess is unreachable he is made to say she is "unereichar"; the corn-factor "had a terrible way of dotting his eyes"; the Italian criminologist is "Lamprosi"; and so on. But it is also full of things like the duke's butler's remark when he perceived that Lord Verity had "chucked" the duchess. "A chuck is painful to all classes alike, but naturally the bigger the parties the bigger the chuck." And this reflection of the duke about the duchess: "She grew so nice to him that he was afraid she was going to be ill, or have a baby, or die, or something." And this:

> The corn factor remembered the day when he sold mouldy flour and made his tarts with condemned fruit, and raised her hand to his lips.
>
> After that, the duchess felt that she could descend no further; she *must* go up again, like an india-rubber ball that has touched the ground.

The story is not precisely a *roman à clef*, but no doubt many readers will think they find portraits in it.

The Domine's Garden. By Imogen Clark. (Murray. 6s.)

A first book always excites a dutiful critic's curiosity, and when the book calls itself *The Domine's Garden* the temptation is naturally to lift the latch and walk straight in. Frankly, the book is worth perusal. In the garden is the daintiest of Dutch maidens, extremely fond of a pretty flower. Says the gardener:

> "You taught me to say 'Noan zo praetty——'"
>
> "Oh! t'at vas yestertay, foolish man. To-tay t'ey are laties' telights ant to-morrow vill t'ey pe 'Yump up ant kiss me,' and t'e next tay 'Tree faces unter a hoot,' and after t'at 'Herp Trinity' or 'Cuttle unto you.' . . . 'Tis like a little child's face, ever laughing. None of its names, many as they are, will do for me."

There is a passage which fairly touches what is at once typical and fragrant in the book. It is the realisation of the Dutch atmosphere of old New York, a realisation in which even so able a writer as Mrs. Barr compares ill with her new sister of the pen. It must be admitted that in this passage the finished English of the last sentences is incongruous, for Miss (or Mrs.) Clark has yet to learn that authenticity in fiction is the beneficent result of surgical pruning. She has yet to achieve that perfect fitting together of events which creates an illusion of reality.

The story is primarily tragic, and relies for its cup of trembling on the diabolical hands of a humiliated suitor, the narrow-mindedness of a Dutch congregation, and the indiscretion of a girl who jockeys her brother's horse. It relies on too much; for so much more will the provinces praise it. But here, it suffices to say that the root idea of the book—that a man should not lie even for love's sake, illustrated by the Domine's concealment of a domestic wrong—might have flowered more noticeably if it had been given room to expand.

The author has humour; we shall not forget the Dutchman who thanked God that "hey nonny-nonny" was untranslatable. Style she has, too. She will, no doubt, be heard of again.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

The Wooing of Sheila. By Grace Rhys.

A very pretty Irish love-story, introducing a barefooted heroine of seventeen. "Michael came down slowly, his heart beating fast, and stopped by the water's edge.

"'God and Mary to you,' he said in greeting.

"'God and Mary to you, and St. Patrick,' answered Sheila courteously.

"'A fine voice you have,' went on Michael in English.

"'It is as God gave it,' answered Sheila." (Methuen. 6s.)

The Skirts of Happy Chance. By H. B. M. Watson.

"Lord Francis Charmian, debonair and indifferent, drove his four bays round the turn and fetched them gently through the archway of Hyde Park Corner." Adventures come to this adventurous nobleman "of fascinating but irresponsible character." They are told by Mr. Marriot Watson in nine chapters, and they make very spirited and attractive reading. At the end of Lord Charmian's adventures comes "Lady Silvia," a short story of philandering, followed by an unexpected marriage. (Methuen. 6s)

Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson.

An American historical novel that has had "a phenomenal sale" in the United States. It begins: "Up to the days of Indiana's early statehood, probably as late as 1825, there stood, in what is now the beautiful city of Vincennes, on the Wabash, the decaying remnant of an old and curiously gnarled ———." The story deals with the capture and recapture of Old Vincennes, and describes the incident of Colonel Clark's march to the relief of the town. The author, Mr. Maurice Thompson, died last February. (Cassell. 6s.)

Love the Atonement. By Frances Campbell

A story in which much is made of Celtic glamour, Vice-regal society, and the "moon-white" ocean. "I know what the sea says. Listen—'Shule, shule, shule agra. Shule go succer agree agra. Aroon, arga, aroon, arga. Shule go succer, slawn, slawn.'" We feel we have underrated Mr. George Moore's martyrdom. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

The Story of Eva. By Will Payne.

A strong, pathetic piece of work. The scene is Chicago, and the title well describes the story, which treats of the problem of a "weak-willed, selfish nature, connected by a genuine love." Philip and Eva are the chief characters, and towards the end this is said of Philip: "He had no plan, no idea, no thought. He burst through the bounds of selfishness, his inertia, his moral laziness, in a storm. It was only an impassioned overwhelming necessity to rush to her, to throw his life before her." (Constable. 6s.)

A Black Vintage. By Morice Gerard.

"Yes, Agnes Bieta! the fisherman's daughter: he could see now those dark eyes which had a trick of deepening after a while when he spoke to her; that mane of unruly hair which was for ever straying in forbidden places; that splendid throat, exposed enough to indicate the shapely contour of the bust under the wide red kerchief. Agnes Bieta!" In looks and deeds Agnes is quite Byronic. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

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The Business Side.

IN his sketch, entitled "A Conversation," in the August number of the *Monthly Review*, Mr. G. S. Street has treated an important subject in a deft and humorous way. Meeting a young fellow in the empty smoking-room of a country inn, he is at once attracted and irritated by the stranger, whom he fancies he has seen before. They take stock of each other, and the elder soon divines that the younger is by way of being a writer. Himself a weary writer, he is curious about his companion's notions on the literary career, and the result is a brisk argument. The thing is very well done, and we shall damage no one's enjoyment by revealing that, before they part, the elder man discovers in the younger his self of ten years ago, even to a pair of knickerbockers. The identity lends much point to the earnest dissuasions of the older man, at first tactfully disguised, and then delivered in scolding terms. "You will advise me against it, like everybody else," begins young Hopeful—as we will call him. "Why, no," answers Experience. "Can you live on a hundred and fifty pounds a year?" That income, he proceeds to lay down, will be, with luck, the commercial reward of a young man who writes in the way of art, on themes which interest him, observing fresh things, or freshly observing old things. True there is the thousand-to-one chance that his writings, written to please himself, will please a large public too; and even in that happy event there are additional chances against finding "an honest and competent publisher." "Can you live on a hundred and fifty a year?" Hopeful thinks it an impossible figure.

"By no means," replies Experience, resolved to talk. "In London, I grant you, the tastes you probably have, the example of your companions, the mode of life of people who amuse you, will make it very difficult. But you may take a labourer's cottage in the country, have sufficient beef and mutton, and shoe-leather for your long walks, and subscribe to the London Library—all for a hundred and fifty pounds a year." The argument, begun on each side with caution, soon waxes strong and familiar. Hopeful, far from being depressed, reiterates his determination for the literary life. Warned that he will one day regret the absence of things he now despises—money, power, established position, the opportunity to influence others—he defends his resolves. When the two disputants discover that they are merely each other, differently dated, the younger, blind to the implicit warning, flies out in scorn of his counsellor: "You complacent beast! You to lecture me on not going to the Bar and standing aside from my fellow men and all that! As though I had no ambitions! Have you forgotten them? What have you done with them? Why, man, it is ten years—ten years!—and you have had time to create a new English drama and purify the public taste and reconstruct a Tory party and write a modern epic—you have had time for a whole Renaissance by Jove! And what have you to show? You have acquired a capacity to live in a labourer's cottage and watch with pleasure a confounded child walking down the village street. That is all, positively all."

Thus in semi-allegory and unmistakable earnestness, Mr. Street raises the question of the worldly status and prospects of writers. We say of "writers," because the word covers both literature and literary journalism, and we think that Mr. Street has both in mind. To his rebellious fellow traveller he says: "Don't suppose you can keep up your idea of writing as an art. You will have to do something which will degrade it—you will write leading articles or dramatic criticism. And even then—but go your ways, and God be with you." It is evident that Mr. Street grieves for us all. But we need not be careful to follow his line of thought, or to adopt his terms. The subject he touches is full of sap; it starts into gesticulatory life at a nod. Nor have other writers been slow, of late, to ascend the watch-tower and shower uncomfortable, half-finished remarks on the little mob of penmen below. The Watcher's muttered words are disconcerting first to one and then another; but most often they affect all. Now, he reports that the novelists who are earning a real living can be numbered on his fingers; now, he announces that the market for refined and scholarly work is being killed by the common and clamorous demands of the suburbs; now, with alarmed and reluctant breath, he speaks of vast horizonal changes in journalism—amalgamations, absorptions, the extension of Tudor-street from London to Edinburgh, and what not; now, he counts the papers that are known to yield no profit, and hints what will happen when yonder cloud of Bad Trade, no bigger than a man's hand, shall hide the sun. Then, hearing laughter below, he comes down to join in it.

Laugh though we may and must, these forebodings do not represent nothing; and one need be in no croaking mood to see that the general position of writers is confused, and by no means roseate among roses. At any rate, we honestly doubt whether there are many writers of less than extraordinary attainments who do not have hours of regret and anxiety born of the present obscure conditions and movements of the writing craft. That craft has reached dimensions which are altogether new, not to say terrifying. The multiplication of readers is past statement, and should be a blessing. But these readers do not provide the literary man with a proportionately greater number of opportunities. They live and move and have their intellectual being in currents of great breadth and irresistible sweep, of which small barques, bound for small ports, can take little advantage. All the world reads, yet the "literary world" is as narrow as ever. Much compromise is necessary, and much is practised. A noticeable thing is the adoption by a single writer of many literary crafts. Such Jack-handiness is not new, but we think it is more common, and more necessary, than ever before. Fishing, as he knows, in troubled waters, your writer-by-trade fishes with many lines. The novelist receives his weekly parcel of other men's novels to review, and would be seriously disturbed if the supply fell off. Your critic hungers to write a novel, and considers it necessary to his career. Your weekly reviewer and journalist, weary of detail and anonymity, is glad to edit a standard work. Novelists and critics write verse if they can, or take a turn at literary topography. When a publisher wants a reader, all Grub-street springs to judge all Grub-street. These are not generalities. We all know men who are thus laudably prehensile? They have to be prehensile because the prizes, though many, are small and elusive. As for the great prizes, they are usually political, and always scarce; and they have been shown by recent events to be subject to seismic disturbances. Speaking broadly, the literary worker of to-day does not know from year to year where his work will lie, what publisher will issue his book, what editor will print his articles, or what new vogues and rivalries will eat into his connections with the public. No doubt it is difficult to state these things with

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out overstating them. An intellect is not brought low in a day. The flux of things works well and ill. A man may turn pale at his breakfast table to learn that his paper has "gone smash," and at luncheon he may meet a literary friend who offers him a smoke and £300 a year, in the act of sitting down. But you can't call the craft which is subject to such fevers, some of which are lingering, a profession. Mr. Street is quite right to insist that writing is not a profession, and it is too much of a dance to be called a trade. It lacks security, or at least does not give the sense of it. It is good for bachelorhood and for the thirties; it is not so good for marriage and the forties. And as, sooner or later, most of us marry and reach forty, there is food for reflection alike for those who, being up, may drop a few pegs, and those who, being lower, hope to rise as many.

The idea of living in the country—we mean thirty or forty miles out—on a low scale of expense is a fascinating one to many writers, who see in this expedient a means of equalising the chances of their lot. They smile in a far-away manner, and talk about a stronghold; almost on their lips you see Pope's "Dear, damned, distracting town, farewell!"

> Luxurious lobster nights, farewell,
> For sober, studious days!
> And Burlington's delicious meal
> For salads, tarts, and pease!

Practically, the subject is impossible of discussion, except in reference to individual cases. We have seen the thing done with nonchalance and evident success by busy men. A man must consider what opportunities he will miss and what disabilities he will incur. We heard recently of a literary position lost by the too infrequent attendance of a country-dweller in town. Great delusions are possible on the subject of rural quiet and inspirations. There are few things so disturbingly quiet or frankly uninspiring as a potato-field under a noonday sun. A very clever, very industrious novelist told the present writer that the fadge of getting to work in the morning after breakfast in the country is nameless and awful. We forget how many saunters round the garden, how many pipes, and how many perusals of the newspaper, "even to the advertisements" (for he bared his soul), were included in those approaches to the Muse. Not all writers could afford it. Certainly a writer spends less in the country, and by going thither he escapes the flat which has cramped his body and the suburb which would certainly destroy his soul. The health of others comes in too, comes in first. There are some allurements which are more suspect. The desire for a quieter, wider life, "moderate tasks and moderate leisure," comes very strongly to a man after ten years of wild writing. He wants to write better and read more. To write as he would like to write after reading these words of Walter Pater's:

> Material for the artist, motives of inspiration, are not yet exhausted; our curious, complex, aspiring age still abounds in subjects for æsthetic manipulation by the literary as well as by other forms of art. For the literary art, at all events, the problem just now is, to induce order upon the contorted proportionless accumulation of our knowledge and experience, our science and history, our hopes and disillusion, and, in effecting this, to do consciously what has been done for the most part too unconsciously, to write our English language as the Latins wrote theirs, as the French write, as scholars should write.

And to know books as he would like to know them after reading these words of Hazlitt's:

> I once sat on a sunny bank in a field in which the green blades of corn waved in the fitful northern breeze, and read the letter in the *New Eloise* in which St. Preux describes the Pays de Vaud. I never felt what Shakespeare calls my "glassy essence" so much as then. My thoughts were pure and free. They took a tone from the objects before me, and from the simple manners of the inhabitants of mountain scenery so well described in the letter. The style gave me the same sensation as the drops of morning dew before they were scorched by the sun; and I thought Julia did well to praise it. I wished I could have written such a letter. That wish, enhanced by my admiration of genius and the feeling of the objects around me, was accompanied with more pleasure than if I had written fifty such letters, or had gained all the reputation of its immortal author.

Alas! desires like these are will o' the wisps, to be seen, not followed. One writes for a living. That is always the first consideration, and it follows from the multiplicity of literary employments which a man must combine in his hand, and their shifting character, that he cannot lightly diminish his chances. All these problems, in all their varieties and overlappings, come home to writers to be solved or shelved. When one comes to think about rules, or guidance, the writer's lot melts very quickly into the common lot, and one is left alone with a few platitudes. If we were asked to name the three things most helpful to a writer in these days, we could but answer: good health, a small private income, and a prudent wife. To prescribe a private income may seem mockery, but we mock no man. A writer differs from a tradesman, a farmer, or a doctor in that, if his work fails, all fails. The tradesman can sell his goodwill, the farmer his cattle, the doctor his practice. In the case of temporary failure the shop, the farm, and the practice can be carried on by deputy. It is not so with a writer. His last writing is his last asset. We said a "small" private income. A hundred a year is an incalculable blessing; a hop-pillow to Care. As for thrift, it simply must be practised if there is to be safety. One might as well go up the Matterhorn without a rope as climb the modern Parnassus without a bank-book or an endowment policy. Unless, of course, one is a philosopher like Leigh Hunt.

Things Seen.

The Evangelist.

A STONE, neatly aimed by some unseen marksman, struck from his hand the little Bible he carried; and the group, mostly children, which had been listening in uncertainty whether to be amused or impressed, broke up with a titter, leaving him to smooth and dust the battered volume, replace it in his pocket, and turn off by the stile from which I had been an onlooker. He gave me a civil "good morning," and then, with a shy smile, began a sort of apology for his unknown assailant, as if it were I, not he, that might be offended. It was a village lad, he surmised; they were so ignorant, these country folk, and so hostile to anyone attempting to help them. It seemed sad in times of so-called education. I assented, and turned to accompany him a little way. The quivering July noon held the meadows silent, and muffled the distant woodland and horizon of down, blue under mist. I don't think, however, that the beauty of the hour or scene appealed to him, for he plodded on, looking neither to right nor left, and talking in a high-pitched voice, with a marked cockney accent. He was assistant in a London shop, he told me, and this was his holiday. Yes, he always spent it thus; ever since, at least, he had been called to righteousness. It was hard work sometimes, as he could not afford both train and lodging, and weak lungs compelled him to sleep under shelter. Some thought he should give up his holiday to his family, but he felt called "to preach deliverance to the captives," and his wife liked him to "go down to the harvest." His tags of Scripture came out quite naturally, without unction, as just the words that expressed his meaning. At the end of a mile I paused to say good-bye. "You *do*, doubtless, see some results of your labour?" I said,

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striving to speak sympathetically. He shook his head. "Not much yet," he answered. "Men's hearts are 'ard, but 'when men shall revile you and persecute you ——'" He left the text unfinished, and stood looking dreamily at me, a rapt expression on his narrow, unintellectual face, with receding brow and thin beard hardly concealing the insufficient chin.

Riches.

ADJOINING the principal *Wein-Stube* of a certain small German town there is a little hanging-garden, to reach which one must pass through a sort of kitchen-yard, and go up a narrow flight of steps. There is a small window looking out on the steps, and during the hour or so that I spent in the garden I listened to some music, which came from that half-shuttered window. It continued without intermission, that simple music, and it had a peculiarly soothing effect. Later, when I came down the steps, I peeped into the window. The room was rather bare. There were two beds in it, a few chairs, and to the right a round table, on which a candle flickered. Seated there, with her back to me, was a young woman, playing without much skill on a half-dumb dulcimer, her head bent forward over her instrument on account of the poor light. And in the middle of the room, with the candle shining full on his face, her younger brother (as I take it), a lad, was fiddling to her accompaniment. Neither played well, but in their shadowy room they were quite quiet, except when now and then they moved to choose another piece of music. They were very self-contained, and very rich, I think.

A Minor Poet of the Seventeenth Century.

THE twin brother to the famous Henry Vaughan of that part of Wales inhabited of old by the Silures is known to the curious and the amateur as Eugenius Philalethes. It was, perhaps, this fantastical pseudonym, reviving memories of something I had once dimly known, that set me searching once more for the few facts of his life—little foundations on which has risen, at least in France, it seems, so wild a story—so impossible and ridiculous a legend. It was the title of a book in a second-hand book catalogue that set me thinking: "The Fame and Confession of the Fraternity of R. C., commonly, of the Rosie Cross, with a preface annexed thereto, and a short declaration of their Physicall work by Eugenius Philalethes. 12mo, calf gilt. The author's own copy." On the margin of the page "To the wise and understanding Reader" Vaughan has written: "This is the Epistle of the Fraternitie itself, and should have been placed after the Preface"; and on page 56: "Heere ends the Fame and Confession of the Fraternitie: that which follows is my owne. Th. Vaughan." The signature is plainly visible. The price was beyond me; but the name of the book brought again to my mind the curious and never settled questions, whether the brother of Henry Vaughan was really a Rosicrucian, and, again, whether the Rosicrucians were really a sect abandoned to Satanism?

Thomas Vaughan was born at Newton St. Bridget, in the County of Brecon, in 1621-2. He was the twin and younger brother of Henry Vaughan, Silurist. Educated at Jesus College, Oxford, whither he went in 1638, he took Holy Orders, and in 1640 became rector of Newton St. Bridget, his birthplace. The Rebels, however, deprived him of his living on charges of bearing arms in the King's Cause, and of drunkenness and immorality, and so he returned to Oxford. It is interesting to remember that about this time Richard Crashaw was turned out of Cambridge for a like devotion to the King's Cause, whence he proceeded to Italy, dying at Loretto a few weeks after his arrival at that strange, and, to him at least, sacred place. But Thomas Vaughan seems to have been of a tougher fibre than poor Crashaw. He soon left Oxford for London, and began to study Alchemy. After making considerable advance in this study, which was, perhaps, half scientific, half magical, he married, in 1651, a lady named Rebecca, who died on April 17, 1658. After this, a kind of despair seems to have grown upon him. We find him leaving London, in haste, to avoid the Great Plague, going with Sir Robert Murray, his patron, to Oxford again, and from there to Albury, where, on February, 27, 1665, he dies, it is supposed, from the effects of chemical fumes. That is almost all we know of a curious personality—a man whom it would probably have been delightful to have known, beyond his more famous brother. And he, too, was a Poet, it would seem; so that one is inclined to think that the mysticism occasionally to be found in Henry Vaughan's work must have been much more evident in his brother, though less capable of expression or at least less capably expressed. The following lines lack something of the facility that one finds almost always in Henry Vaughan; there is a touch of Crashaw, a very humble Crashaw; something of that perfect sincerity with which Crashaw even in his most fantastic moods never fails to impress us:

To God.

My God, my Life! Whose essence, man
Is no way fit to know or scan;
But should approach Thy Court a guest
In thoughts more low than his request.
When I consider how I stray,
Methinks 'tis pride in me to pray;
How dare I speak to heaven, nor fear
In all my sins to court Thy ear.
But as I look on moles that lurk
In blind entrenchments, and there work
Their own dark prisons to repair,
Heaving the earth to take in air:
So view my fettered soul that must
Struggle with this her load of dust,
Meet her address and add one ray
To this mew'd parcel of Thy day;
She would, though here imprisoned see
Through all her dirt Thy Throne and Thee.
Lord, guide her out of this said night,
And say once more "Let there be light."

Anthony à Wood says of him:

> He was a great chemyst, a noted son of the fire, an experimental philosopher, a zealous brother of the Rosicrucian Fraternity. An understander of some of the Oriental languages, and a tolerable good English and Latin Poet. He was neither Papist nor Sectary, but a true resolute Protestant in the best sense of the Church of England.

Was he a Rosicrucian? Was anybody ever a Rosicrucian, and, if so, were the Rosicrucians Satanists? We shall never know. At least he appears to have been devoted to his wife, for every "chemycal" receipt is signed with his own and his wife's initials, as "T.R.V." or "T.V.R.," and followed either by an expression of love for her or of pious devotion; and "the greatest joy I can ever have in the world after her death" was the discovery of an Extract of Oil he had found while she was alive and had lost since. Could so devoted a lover have murmured horrid and hurried prayers to the Devil? One cannot think it. Sathanas, surely, would have been jealous of "the greatest joy I can ever have in the world." Of all his books, and they are numerous, one seems to get a clearer sight of Thomas Vaughan in the bare title of one than in the unreadable, and not to be understood, pages of the majority. "Lumen de Lumine," the title runs in the words of the old Latin

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hymn of the Church, "a new Magicall Light discovered and communicated to the world." His life was, as it were, ever on the eve of some splendid surprise, some altogether gracious and perfect awakening; and, after all, as he bent over the tripod and crucible, and inhaled the fumes that killed him, perhaps it was not altogether unexpectedly, but with thankfulness that at last he had come upon what he had so long looked for in vain, that he found eternity opening before him, and he himself a wanderer in fields of light in the sound of many waters.

E. H.

"Browning's Profoundest Attempt."

In the current *Poet Lore* (Boston, U.S.A.), Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson describes Browning's poem, "Childe Harold to the Dark Tower Came," as "Browning's profoundest attempt to touch the mystery of life." His account of this poem is interesting as a typical specimen of highly wrought interpretation, such as finds favour in Boston:

"Childe Roland" ranks with the great imaginative works, with "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner," and so unspeakably above Poe's "Raven" that one is surprised to have heard it mentioned in the comparison; but the poet himself has left us no key to it outside of his own lines. And the criticism of others stops before it, mainly because of its supreme excellence. We see on reflection that there is really a Dark Tower in every thoughtful person's life, and that consequently the tower differs for each person. The power symbolises the supreme aim of one's life at any moment—something which may be a secret to one's next-door neighbour, to one's husband, wife, or children, and, very likely, to oneself, since we are as often guided by unconscious temperament as by deliberate purpose. At least, the tower stands for some controlling action to which all events and purposes have led up—some experience never, perhaps, to be estimated at its full value until the leisure of the future life—if that be leisure, which I doubt, at least for New England souls. Nor are we ever sure that heaven will afford us on a larger scale the delights of mutual investigation, although I once heard my eloquent cousin, William Henry Channing, predict that we should spend much of eternity in unravelling the strange secrets of one another's lives. Alas! it is doubtful whether we shall ever unravel even those of our own.

The poet Keats, in classifying nature, places at the head "things real, as sun, moon, and passages of Shakespeare," thus placing all else in a secondary and subordinate position. For Browning the tower of "Childe Roland" was a thing as real, as clearly to be dealt with, as little to be evaded, as a moonrise or an earthquake. It was a fact in the universe. You observe that he takes Edgar's first line by itself, and attributes the "Fie, foh, and fum" to the wandering mind. This gives a key to the whole situation. Childe Roland's quest symbolises the whole struggle and achievement of man. As to the details, every man interprets the tower for himself, every man has his own definition: no two persons can have the same tower. The visible materials of the picture are, after all, not so very remarkable. As our associate, Mr. Latimer, has said: "There is nothing in it that does not belong to our New England scenery"—not an item except the tower itself; and that is the most real thing about it, precisely because we cannot see it, except in imagination.. As another of our associate members, Mrs. Marean, has said: "This is a poem in which every reader may legitimately find his own meaning, just as he may in any other tale of a quest; but its descriptive power is of an order not dependent on the significance of the Round Tower at which it leaves us."

The "Childe Roland" poem is simply Browning's profoundest attempt to touch the mystery of life. The Dark Tower stands for the supreme secret of each man's existence: we follow up streams, tread mountains, and reach only this at last. Friends and foes help to guide us to it; but we must go alone. The last finger extended may even be that of a malicious enemy. We may so shrink from it that the sky looks dark, the whole surroundings repulsive. All our early memories come back upon us, veiled in a shadowy mist; yet we go forward. This is the poem. The critics exhaust their variety of conjecture to show what it all means. Dr. Furnivall states that he asked Browning three times whether the poem was an allegory, and that Browning had said each time that it was simply dramatic—as if any human being could tell where "dramatic" ends and "allegory" begins! Given what is dramatic enough, and every human being may draw its own allegory from it. Mr. Kirkman and Mr. Sears Cook think the tower means death; Mrs. R. Gratz Allen interprets the moral as lying in sin and punishment; Mrs. Orr and Mrs. Drewry find that it stands for life and truth; Prof. Arlo Bates "can think of nothing more heroic, more noble, more inspiring," than the whole poem. As I said, every man finds in it his own tower; and, the more towers suggested, the greater tribute to the spell, as woven by Browning. Life's supreme mystery—that is the Dark Tower. It is the scene of each man's problem, the point to which all the paths of his life for the time converge, the concentration of the soul upon its own crisis, its own conflict. It is rarely that anyone else knows precisely what his neighbour's Dark Tower is. Even the time of his approach to it is very likely unknown to his dearest friend. In a long life, or one long in emotion, if not in years, he may even pass through several such towers in succession: he never forgets how he felt when he approached them; but, strange to say, he forgets his exit from them. When he passed through one and has turned round, the Dark Tower has disappeared: even Browning provides no outlet from it; but, fortunately, life does very often, and we emerge. Browning's hero naturally sees for the moment in imagination all previous adventurers as lost. Yet each may, without his knowing it, have lived through the day, and conquered his tower by facing it; and each commonplace friend by his side, did he but know it, may have survived a greater peril than his own.

I know of nothing in literature outside of Browning which is pitched upon the same key with his poem or carries us a step into the same world.

Correspondence.

Life and Literature.

Sir,—The study of life as a means to producing literature is a subject to which, it is obvious, only the person who is intimately interested in literature can profitably contribute. The general writer's view of matters like the one named varies according to the writer's literary inclinations and calibre. To some a study of life must seem the one essential thing, to others quite a secondary one. The writer who gets his material from actual occurrences, from records of crime and such-like sources, may be said to be a student of life, and his whole business is to reproduce the everyday occurrences of life melodramatized to satisfy his own particular imagination and suit a certain public. Can this, however, be called a study of life in any serious meaning of the term? It seems to me that, by a conscious study, the tendency of a writer toward the production of

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genuine literature is thwarted, and that he is impelled, instead, to bring forth work in which the superficial movement of life is there without its meaning, or at least that the meaning is too greatly subordinated to, almost obscured by, a merely interesting narrative of events. Turner's pictures are, in my opinion, no parallel to a question like this; their scope of suggestion is limited. They appeal to the eye—a book appeals rather to the mind; the truth of the one is external, of the other not always so. Even to study life "not slavishly, but imaginatively" (as your well-known novelist puts it), is not directly essential to the production of literary work. To put it briefly and bluntly, the literary man rarely makes it his business to study life at all.

I agree entirely with R. L. Stevenson, who wrote as a literary man. There must be many who see, as he did, that the phenomena of life is absorbed almost unconsciously by the imagination, and that it is the imagination pure and simple which re-acts upon this in a world of its own. The literary man's imagination is informed mysteriously, it seems, and always confidently as if inspired, through the unconscious process of absorption. He is essentially a dreamer, not a student; his imagination sees things; the truths of life are there for him when he chooses to light the lamp. How does he know? is a question he may sometimes ask himself. But it is part of his natural equipment to know, to have absorbed it, to have inherited, perhaps, an embryo stock of wisdom, which his mere outlook on life, curious or dreamy as the case might be, has quietly developed in the dark. Imagination is at once his lamp and his store.

Writers of this calibre are artists in the highest sense. The "deliberate artifice" of Stevenson is in fine an imaginative arrangement governed by principles of art. It is no less true because of that; the question is merely one of method, of imaginative calibre. Stevenson was fully aware of this when he said that people "will not *rise*" to understand it. He might have said they cannot rise to understand it; it is apparently a matter which even well-known novelists do not fully comprehend, or we should have books more intrinsically thoughtful, less characterised by valueless top show.

I believe it to be characteristic of all great writers that they have never consciously or imaginatively studied life. I think they have absorbed it, and, when their time came, written with full, kaleidoscopic knowledge—with a growing and endless insight for art, and truth, and life, because the imagination was there, mysteriously, at once "the lamp and the store." I believe this to be true even of Dickens, who, more than any other novelist, may be accused of having studied life for the purposes of his work. Dickens may have taken an active and curious interest in life; but above all he was a story-teller, and what he produced was a world peculiarly his own. It was no reflex of life as we see it every day; it was something recast from the store of his imagination, fantastically, truthfully, most powerfully, and with no sense of his having studied life for material or for truth. Sometimes a secondary purpose cropped up, but the broad fact remains. It is, in my view, a standard consideration: the genuine novelist has no need to study life. Life enters into him; life and his imagination are one.—I am, etc.,

C. T. Podmore.

Mr Cosmo Monkhouse's Poetry

Sir,—"W. D. A's" notice in your issue of July 27 makes me a little impatient. Had Mr. Monkhouse lived in an age when poetry was a passion and not an amusement, before "Mr. Gosse and Mr. Dobson did so much to popularise in English the old French forms," and when substance still counted—a time when poets enjoyed a real access to the public, and were bought rather than "appreciated"—his picture-sense and his gift of expression would probably have combined with his graver thought to yield us more work like the following:

Life and Death.

From morn to eve they struggled—Life and Death.
At first it seemed to me that they in mirth
Contended, and as foes of equal worth,
So firm their feet, so undisturbed their breath.
But when the sharp red sun cut through its sheath
Of western clouds, I saw the brown arms' girth
Tighten and bear that radiant form to earth,
And suddenly both fell upon the heath.

And then the wonder came—for when I fled
To where those great antagonists down fell,
I could not find the body that I sought,
And when and where it went I could not tell;
One only form was left of those who fought,
The long dark form of Death—and it was dead.

I never met him.—I am, etc., R. Warwick Bond.

10, Lunham Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.

Mr. Hall Caine.

Sir,—Apt alliteration undoubtedly aids the absurd classification of Mr. Hall Caine with Miss Corelli, of which Mr. Kenyon rightly complains. Caine, Corelli, *Christian*, *Master Christian*—the association of the names is irresistible. I would go a little farther than Mr. Kenyon ventures, and would maintain that the popularity of *The Christian* is a sign of health, not of decadence. *The Christian* was the protest of a manly soul against religious humbug, against the fashionable compromise which pretends to be Christianity, but which is little better than civilised heathenism, as it was once called; and it is a good sign that such a protest should be well received and widely read. Of course, religious humbugs felt the scourge and howled—this only proves the artistic power and truth of the book—and the mob of gentlemen who write with ease about everything, but believe in nothing, scoffed at a book which was interpenetrated by virile faith. Some criticisms also were made from confusion and mistake. As some reviewers identified Tennyson with the lover of Maud and with other of his characters, so some would ascribe all John Storm's opinions to his creator; but John Storm is merely an intensely passionate and sincere man, driven to madness by the hypocrisy and falseness of all around him, much in the same way as Robertson of Brighton was nearly driven from his faith by his experiences of fashionable religion at Cheltenham. If others of us looked upon life after the same manner, it might make us mad also. The most maddening thing in my own experience was what I saw one Good Friday in a very fashionable church. In the pew before that in which I was sitting was a lady, an invalid and a cripple, attended by a friend. Just before the service commenced, another lady, attired in the height of fashion, came to the pew, and beckoned the others out, as it was her seat. The poor cripple tottered out with the utmost difficulty, and her pious evictor entered the pew and knelt down to join in the contemplation of the Three Hours' Agony.—I am, etc.,

E. J. Newell.

Neen Sollars, Salop.

The Aims of Art.

Sir,—The reviewer of Mrs. Wharton's book, in last week's Academy, compares art to the embroidery upon a coverlet—therefore, not essential to warmth. I think he misunderstands the aims of art almost as much as does Mrs. Wharton herself.

Perhaps it is the fault of modern art in that it is

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too trivial, but surely there is a necessity of refinement just as much as a necessity to eat, drink, or keep warm! Does the animal part only of man require sustenance? Is it not in the degree that he rises above the animal that he becomes man?

As long as artists are willing to be beguiled into the idea that their activities are not required, or into the dominance of what is called "public taste," their art will remain "oblong pieces of daubed canvas." It will be a sad day for us when the sister arts of Beauty, Word and Sound become less necessary than our daily bread.—I am, etc.,

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Vanity Fair	The Resources of Rebecca.

Other replies are as follows:

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Oliver Twist	The Visits of Bill Sikes.
Pickwick Papers	No. — Goswell Street.
Paradise Lost	Eve and her Eden Orchard.
Tom Jones	Unsentimental Tommy.
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[W. P., London.]

Waverley	In the Days of Prince Charlie.
Ivanhoe	The Knight and the Jewess.
Dombey and Son	The Conversion of a Prig.
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[J. F. M., Edinburgh.]

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Westward Ho!	When Bess Was Queen.
The Talisman	The Saracen.

[F. G. C., Hull.]

Waverley	Charlie is my Darling.
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Vanity Fair	How to be Wretched though Married.
David Copperfield	Charles Dickens as He Knew Himself.
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[P. A., Ramsgate.]

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[A. G., Cheltenham.]

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[F. B. D., Torquay.]

Alice in Wonderland	Such Sudden Surprises.
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The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wyckenham.	A Great World, a Little Flesh, and One Devil.
Vanity Fair	Some Moths and a Candle.
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What Maisie Knew	That Acute Child.

[R. H. R. C., Wilts.]

The following suggestions, more or less wise or witty, are gleaned from other papers:

An Englishwoman's Love Letters	The Parting Was Well Made.
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The Ordeal of Richard Feverel...	The Baronet's System.
Sartor Resartus	Clothes and the Man.
Uncle Tom's Cabin	The Apotheosis of a Negro.
Paradise Lost	How the Liberals Went Under.
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Fox's Book of Martyrs	For Conscience Sake.
The Scarlet Letter	A Criminous Clerk.
Westward Ho!	A Sailor's Life for Me.
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The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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[*Registered as a Newspaper.*]

The Literary Week.

The death of the Empress Frederick has aroused in England much genuine sympathy, and many interesting reminiscences. Her mental activities were many and various; even as a girl she appears to have had wide interests, and, before her early marriage, she is said to have painted an ambitious picture, with the Relief of Lucknow for subject. Her taste in music was, perhaps, rather narrow, though it admitted of strong enthusiasms, and as a collector of antiquities she had taste and the true virtuoso's industry in discovery. She modelled in clay, made designs for glass and porcelain, and was always approachable by artists of any kind. But perhaps her literary tendencies were the strongest and most interesting; for a woman, she had remarkable grasp. Putlitz said of the Crown Princess: "She has read everything, and knows almost everything off by heart. She was as well up in German as in English literature; knew Hebbel's pieces as well as those of her favourite English poets. She almost knew Shakespeare by heart." To Tennyson she wrote: "I almost know the 'Idylls of the King' by heart now; they are really sublime." She had also considerable acquaintance with science; the geologist Lyell wrote to Darwin, after an interview with her: "She was very much *au fait* with 'the Origin' and Huxley's book, with the Antiquity, and with the Lacustrine Museums, which she lately saw in Switzerland. She said that, after twice reading you, she could not see her way as to the origin of four things, namely, the world, species, man, or the black and white races. Did one of the latter come from the other, or both from some common stock? And she asked what I was doing, and I explained that in recasting the 'Principles' I had to give up the independent creation of each species. She said she fully understood my difficulty, because after your book the old opinions had received a blow from which they would never recover."

Mr. Arnold White has a long article in the *Sunday Sun* concerning the King's title. He contends that the word "Dominions" should not be employed, because it suggests possession: "In no sense are the Britains beyond the seas the possessions of England. . . . In no sense can one English-speaking population be spoken of as a 'possession' by another population of the same race." The subject is a difficult one, no doubt, and we are inclined to agree with Mr. White that Lord Rosebery's suggestion "of all the Britains within and beyond the seas" is best. Mr. White, in referring to our competition of last year, in which the word "Englander" took the prize, says that the word is unsuitable because it confirms the predominance of England. The prize was given for the best suggestion, and did not necessarily carry our approval with it.

It will be news to many that Max Adeler (Mr. Heber Clark), the author of that most amusing book, *Out of the Hurly-Burly*, has for many years been a writer on economic subjects, and an editor of trade journals. Mr. Clark is now in London, and is about to publish a new humorous book to be called *Captain Bluitt*.

We referred last week to Mr. Leslie Stephen's praise of walking in the *Monthly Review*. The Russian writer Gor'ki is apparently of the same mind. In spite of the fame and money that have come to him, he prefers the old tramp life which he has led for thirty years, doing odd jobs here and there, and continually on the move. Gor'ki is a man after George Borrow's own heart.

We have said from the beginning that the "booms" of American novels are of little account, and we are aware that Americans of insight know this. It is interesting, however, to see the gradual awakening of a wider public. A writer in the *Chicago Post* says: "American publishers proceed upon the principle that a book is like a cake of soap or a uneeda biscuit." On this method they proceed to furnish ready-made reviews, and the opinions of bishops and millionaires, which opinions the critics do not care to contradict. The article concludes: "English publishers need not hasten to copy these new century methods. Let them continue to distinguish between books and patent medicines, soap, and biscuits. There will soon be a reaction among our own best, sanest, and most useful American publishers. The dignity of literature will reassert iself."

Apropos of Mr. Dobson's promised *Life of Samuel Richardson*," "C.K.S." has some interesting remarks in the *Sphere*. He contends that there is no public nowadays for Richardson, and that only publishers who can afford to treat literature in a princely fashion would think of re-issuing his works. This, no doubt, is very true, but *Clarissa* is an extraordinarily fine novel, and should be read with interest even by moderns. There seems to be room for a separate good edition.

The "Man of Kent," who loves admonition tempered with mystery, gives us the following: "It is interesting to see how badly some authors suffer from swelled head on attaining a moderate success. I know of one novelist whose condition is at present very critical. He has written his publishers, one of the first firms in the trade, informing them that 'I have had offers for my next book from twenty firms of equal standing with your own, and at least twenty other firms of secondary standing.' The writer is a wonderful youth, no doubt, but by far the most wonderful thing about him at present is his conceit."

There are some interesting notes in the current *Scribner* on the old subject of scholarship and poetry. Is a poet likely to do better work for having had a scholastic training? The writer concludes that for the lighter forms of verse an intimate acquaintance with Greek and Latin literature is a distinct advantage, and we agree with him. Certainly in England the best *vers de société* has been produced by men full of classical allusiveness, and the happy faculty of re-pointing old shafts, and in America it appears that success follows in the same road. But where serious verse is concerned, a conclusion is not so readily arrived at. "As for the general effect of scholarship upon poetry in general," says the writer, "a safe conclusion would be, as the diplomatic student said when asked what was the

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Anglican doctrine of good works, 'a few of them won't do any harm!'" The cases of Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold are cited as those of men classically fully equipped. Tennyson and Browning gained by their knowledge, but Arnold "has the air of a poet oppressed by too much learning." We dissent from this: it was not his learning that stayed Arnold's achievement. *Apropos* of this, it is interesting to quote the following passage from a letter of Arnold to his sister:

> The fault I find with Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King" is that the peculiar charm and aroma of the Middle Age he does not give in them. There is something magical about it, and I will do something with it before I have done. The real truth is that Tennyson, with all his temperament and artistic skill, is deficient in intellectual power; and no modern poet can make very much of his business unless he is pre-eminently strong in this. Goethe owes his grandeur to his strength in this, although it even hurt his poetical operations by its immense predominance.

August sits heavily on the American *Bookman*, and in sheer lassitude (as we may suppose) it has allowed the following "Queries About Authors" to invade its pages:

> What does Anthony Hope?
> To Marietta Holley.
>
> What happens when John Kendrick Bangs?
> Samuel Smiles.
>
> When is Marian Evans Cross?
> When William Dean Howells.
>
> When did Thomas Buchanan Read?
> Just after Winthrop Mackworth Praed.
>
> Why was Rider Haggard?
> Because he let Rose Terry Cooke.
>
> Why is Sarah Grand?
> To make Andrew Marvel.
>
> Why did Lewis Carroll?
> To put a stop to Francis Quarles.

The *Thrush* is above lassitude, and sings its various lay as heartily as ever. Those poets who wish to compete for a prize of ten pounds sterling should secure the current number and note the particulars of the competition, which will close "before the 31st day of November." We can well believe that before such a date arrives the floods of verse will have ceased from off the face of the earth. Meanwhile the editor is making considerable efforts to prepare a wider audience for his competing bards. He makes the following appeals:

> Will any lover of pure Literature give a standing order for the regular supply of our Periodical to twenty ships of our Navy, at a price of only fourpence per copy per month? We have received a beautiful poem from a sailor on board one of H.M.S., which we intend to publish.
>
> Will any benevolent Lady give our publishers a standing order for the regular supply of our Periodical, *The Thrush* with the healthy poetry it contains, to twenty Hospitals in London or the Provinces? *The Thrush* is much liked in the Hospitals, though it is rarely seen there.
>
> Will any patriot order our publishers to send a hundred copies per month of our Periodical to our soldiers in South Africa? The soldiers like *The Thrush*; it brings to them visions of home, arouses their kindliest emotions, and awakes in their hearts delightful memories of dear old England.

The writer of several sketches in the *Pilot*, who calls himself Epsilon, has a considerable fund of observation and humour. Writing on "Fish out of Water" in last week's issue, he describes a literary At Home as follows:

> I have seen Facetius Brown, as honest a fellow as ever stepped and a soldier of some repute, reduced to misery in a room full of wits and poetasters. He came in as jolly as usual from his afternoon tramp, with a bundle of illustrated papers and Christmas numbers in his arms. Mr. Lionel Trighte, the Essayist in Verse, was talking about himself to the Honourable Egeria in one corner of the room; Mr. Vein-Vrenze, the Danish bard, was also talking about himself (though he thought he was talking about his wife) in another corner; Miss de Smatterall was telling the rising novelist that she had not the creative gift, but that alone of all women *she* could understand his meaning—and both were so deeply moved by her humility that the tears were in their eyes, while their tea-cups were at their lips. The Lady Maud Monsoon, who had only lately been confirmed, but was really "Flip-flop" of the *Metropolis* (that famous fashionable newspaper), was confiding the plot of her new "Improper Playlet," "The Double-entendres of Jane," to the sympathetic ear of an elderly art critic. Even her mamma, a stout old dowager, who wrote for a children's magazine under the pseudonym of "Snowdrop," was buzzing about literary achievements. Of course it was unfortunate that Facetious (he was the husband of the Honourable Egeria) should mark his entrance by saying in his loud, cheery tones: "Well, I must say you *do* all look glum; I confess I like a little fun at Christmas"; and should then proceed to read them the story of a practical joke from the *Graphic*. But tact was never Facetious's strong point. A frosty silence fell on the company, and the Honourable Egeria glared at him as her poet moved off. In that glare his whole life, as I afterwards saw it, was revealed to me. He knew and was known to but few of the guests at his own house—Egeria's "rag, tag, and bobtail," as he called them. Most of them did not recognise who he was till he took his seat at the bottom of the dining-table; and, in spite of his V.C. and his valuable volume on Scouting, he was generally only regarded as a kind of spiritual *mésalliance* for his wife.

"O. O.," of the *Sketch*, says: "Quite a series of legends has grown up as to the relations between Zola and his publishers. Here are, I believe, the actual facts. In 1862 Zola entered the publishing house of Hachette, where he was head of the publishing department. He received a hundred francs a month there, and, later, this was raised to two hundred. He left in 1866 to take up the literary columns in the *Figaro*. Several years later he made a curious bargain with Lacroix—not Charpentier, as has been usually stated. He was to write a novel every six months, which Lacroix was to publish, and to advance to the author three thousand francs, making six thousand francs a year. But, as the publisher could hardly hope to make such a profit on these two books, Zola was to make it up by giving him a lien on the profits of his other works written for newspapers. He was to make arrangements for the serial publication of his works, and in this manner pay back Lacroix. When Lacroix failed, Zola owed him several thousand francs. Charpentier offered to take Lacroix's bargain off his hands, and Lacroix sold his connection with Zola to the new publisher, who soon began to have the best of the bargain. Zola always speaks in the highest terms of Charpentier's generous treatment, for, as soon as his books began to sell largely, the old agreement was cancelled and a royalty paid on all copies sold from the date when Charpentier first began to publish Zola's works."

In acknowledging the receipt of a copy of Mr. Maude's book, *Tolstoy and His Problems*, recently issued by Grant Richards, the great Russian writer, while speaking highly of the book, wishes to correct one mistake which occurs in the "excellent" short biography with which the work commences. It is there stated that "Tolstoy did not wait for the decree of emancipation, but voluntarily freed his serfs." This is incorrect. Tolstoy explains that he transferred his serfs from "barstchina" to "obrok"—*i.e.*, he let them pay a yearly sum instead of doing compulsory labour; but it was not, at that time, possible to emancipate them.

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ANOTHER interesting point in the same communication relates to the inquiry (referred to in Chapter III. of the book) why no mention of John Ruskin was made in *What is Art?* On this Tolstoy now says: "First, because Ruskin attributes a special *moral* importance to beauty in art"—which is the very point Tolstoy was calling in question. "Secondly, because all Ruskin's works, rich as they are in depth of thought, are yet not united by any one ruling idea," and therefore could not well be summarised either for approbation or refutation. Of Tolstoy's high appreciation of Ruskin's work in general, one is sufficiently reminded in *Tolstoy and His Problems*, where this remark is recorded: "I don't know why you English make such a fuss about Gladstone—you have a much greater man in Ruskin."

MR. EGERTON CASTLE provides his critics with a good deal of ready-made material for their remarks in his long preface to his new romance, called *The Light of Scarthey*, just issued by Messrs. Macmillan. The prototype of Scarthey is the Peel of Foudrey, on the North Lancashire coast, near the edge of Morecambe Bay. A floating light in the estuary of the river Wyre has now replaced the beacon in the story. Mr. Castle has critics behind as well as before him, as the following remarks show. We quote them for their general interest to writers and students of fiction. The story we shall review in regular course:

> It was originally urged by my publishers that, in *The Light of Scarthey*, I relate two distinct love-stories and two distinct phases of one man's life; and that it were wiser (by which word I presume was meant more profitable) to distribute the tale between two books, one to be a sequel to the other. Happily I would not be persuaded to cut a fully composed canvas in two for the sake of the frames. "It is the fate of sequels," as Stevenson said in his dedication of *Catriona*, "to disappoint those who have waited for them." Besides, life is essentially continuous. It may not be inept to state a truism of this kind in a world of novels where the climax of life, if not indeed its very conclusion, is held to be reached on the day of marriage. There is often, of course, more than one true passion of love in a man's life; and even if the second does not really kill the memory of the first, their course (should they be worth the telling) may well be told separately. But if, in the story of a man's love for two women, the past and the present are so closely interwoven as were the reality and the "might-have-been" in the mind of Adrian Landale, any separation of the two phases, youth and maturity, would surely have stultified the whole scheme of the story.
>
> I have also been taken to task by some critics for having, the tale once opened at a given time and place, harked back to other days and other scenes: an inartistic and confusing method, I was told. I am still of contrary opinion. There are certain stories which belong, by their very essence, to certain places. All ancient buildings have, if we only knew them, their human dramas: this is the very soul of the hidden but irresistible attraction they retain for us even when deserted and dismantled as now the Peel of Foudrey. For the sake of harmonious proportions, and in order to give it its proper atmosphere, it was imperative that in this drama—wherever the intermediate scenes might be placed, whether on the banks of the Vilaine, on the open sea, or in Lancaster Castle—the prologue should be witnessed on the green islet in the wilderness of sands, even as the crisis and the closing scene of rest and tenderness.

THE author of a new volume of verse which has just reached us, containing a drama of 109 pages, "and other dramatic and lyric poems," sends us the following "mem.":

> Though not intending to offer this volume of Poems to the public till September, I am sending out copies for review thus early in the hope that the reviewers will deem the evidence of the prospectus (and the fact that a staid Litt.D., of middle age, who has gone through the proofs for me, writes that he "thoroughly enjoyed" the reading) sufficient inducement to take my volume with them on their ensuing vacation, and peruse it at their leisure by the rippling stream or surging shore, in the sunlit woods or on the breezy moors, when they are likely to be in the mood to appreciate to the utmost any merits my verses may possess. This is "a consummation" the more "devoutly to be wished" because I am no longer "a young aspirant," full of hope and courage and opportunity, but feel keenly that if, at fifty years of age, I am still to "do the State some service," I shall need all the encouragement I can get.

IN his remarkable series of articles entitled "Anticipations," in the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. H. G. Wells has begun to handle literature. After contending that variation and experiment are to be the notes of the future—that "there will be the literature thought and effort of this sort of people, and the literature thought and effort of that"—Mr. Wells encourages us to believe that under such conditions the literary "boom" will become an impossible method of creating literary reputations over-night. Already, says Mr. Wells,

> this is becoming apparent enough. The literary "Boom," for example, affected the entire reading public of the early nineteenth century; it was a figure of speech that "every one" was reading Byron, or puzzling about the Waverley mystery, that first and most successful use of the unknown author dodge. The booming of Dickens, too, forced him even into the reluctant hands of Omar's FitzGerald. But the factory-syren voice of the modern "boomster" touches whole sections of the reading public no more than foghorns going down the Channel. One would as soon think of Skinner's Soap for one's library, as So and So's Hundred-Thousand-Copy Success. Instead of "every one" talking of the Great New Book, quite considerable numbers are shamelessly admitting they don't read that sort of thing. One gets used to literary booms, just as one gets used to motor cars; they are no longer marvellous, universally significant things, but merely something that goes by with much unnecessary noise and leaves a faint offence in the air. Distinctly, we segregate. And while no one dominates, while, for all this bawling, there are really no great authors of imperial dimensions—indeed, no great successes to compare with the Waverley boom or the boom of Macaulay's History—many men, too fine, too subtle, too aberrant, too unusually fresh for any but exceptional readers, men who would probably have failed to get a hearing at all in the past, can now subsist quite happily with the little sect they have found, or that has found them. They live safely in their islands; a little while ago they could not have lived at all, and yet it is most often these very men who are most covetously bitter against the order of the present day.

THE *City Press* gives interesting facts about Mr. Commissioner Kerr, whose retirement from the judgeship of the City of London Court is about to take place. The Commissioner's Court has been for forty years an *imperium in imperio*, a place where human nature could be studied under a great dissector. How few of us knew it! But the retirement of Commissioner Kerr means mountains in the City. Of his many sharp utterances the *City Press* has made a little anthology, and these are so full of that charm of the irrelevant, of which we say something in another column, that we will quote a selection:

> If you owed £49 19s. 11d. I could wipe off your debts by your paying, perhaps, 1d. in the pound. As you owe over £50 your debts must go on, hanging round your neck like a millstone all your life.
>
> It is a great pity that unlimited companies—men who trade in the name of a company—are not registered in this country. You don't know who a man is if he trades as a company. In about another half-a-century that will be done.
>
> Never give credit. Always deal for cash; I do.
>
> Talking is the curse of the country.
>
> The system of payment by commission is one of the worst I know. It opens a wide gate to fraud.
>
> The jurymen are paid 1s. for trying a case. They have

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to listen to three speeches. That is 4d. a speech. That is very hard upon them, so I always make jury cases as short as possible.

Mr. Nisbet Bain contributes to the August *Monthly Review* a most interesting article on Maurus Jókai. Not despising personal detail, he draws the following picture of this remarkable writer:

> For the last forty years Jókai has been the best known personage in the Hungarian capital. His slim, erect, elastic figure; his carefully-kept beard and truculently pointed moustache; even his long, spruce, black Francis-Joseph *kabat* or *surtout*, with the invariable dark brown trousers, and the Cornelian dog-headed pin stuck jauntily into the bright neckerchief, form an essential part and parcel of the social atmosphere of Budapest. In the days when he meddled with politics and condescended to employ his leisure hours in averting ministerial crises, he would frequently be observed pacing the corridors of the Parliament House with head erect and hands crossed behind his back, and then everyone knew that the Member for Kassa was about to deliver one of his persuasive speeches in a crowded house. But all that is over now. He has ceased to serve "that old hag, Dame Politica," and only quits his writing-table for a couple of hours every evening to fight his old political leader, Coloman Tisza, for a few florins at the tarok table of their club. But his appetite for work is as voracious as ever. He is up every day at dawn, summer and winter, and has generally written his 30,000 words before lunch. His life is absolutely harmonious: to every hour of the day is allotted its proper labour or pleasure, and he always has "a pocketful of witticisms and comic *apercus*" for the delectation of his innumerable friends. But his greatest happiness is to know that he has only one unforgivable enemy in the world, and that is the phylloxera, with which he wages remorseless warfare in his vineyard-garden at Svábhegy, the place which he loves the most.

We have always entertained a high idea of Jókai's industry, but 30,000 words every day before lunch take our breath away. Of course, one should read 3,000.

Bibliographical.

Messrs. Dent are credited with the intention of adding to their "Temple" Library a number of literary classics. It is not quite clear why they should bother about a new translation of Plato's *Republic*, seeing that that by Davies and Vaughan is still accessible, I believe, in the "Golden Treasury" series, to say nothing of the version by T. Taylor which figures in the Scott Library (1894). The version of Apuleius' story of Cupid and Psyche which they promise to give us is, I suppose, that of Messrs. Adlington and Lang, originally published in 1887. A version of the same story appeared so lately as last year. Of Pascal's *Pensées* a new translation seems scarcely necessary. *Selections* from the *Thoughts* were issued by Messrs. Walter Scott last year. The *Thoughts on Religion* figured in 1893 in the "Lubbock" series of Messrs. Routledge. Going further back, we think of the *Selections* made by Mr. Sidney Lear in 1888, and the translation of the *Thoughts* made and published by Mr. Kegan Paul in 1884.

Of Bunyan's *Holy War*, which Messrs. Dent likewise propose to reprint, we have had several editions lately—two or three cheap ones in 1899, and others by Messrs. Oliphant, Mr. Frowde, and the Religious Tract Society in 1893, 1892, and 1891 respectively. In this respect, it may be said, the public is well supplied. Not so in reference to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's *Letters*, assuming that Messrs. Dent are going to reproduce them in full. A *Selection* from the Letters came out just a decade ago; otherwise there is nothing available but the edition of the *Letters and Works* printed under the editorship of Lord Wharncliffe in 1887, and reprinted in 1893. Especially welcome will be the reproduction of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, which has not been accessible in separate form for a very long time. This is a very judicious selection. Of George Eliot's *Scenes from Clerical Life* there were sixpenny editions in 1897 and 1899, there was also a cheap edition in 1898, and an illustrated edition in 1899. These hardly need adding to yet awhile.

Because this happens to be the millenary of King Alfred the Great, are we to have a surfeit of plays on the subject? It is understood that Mr. Wilson Barrett has penned one, and called it "The Christian King." Now we are promised one from the pen of Mr. Edmund Hill, son of Dr. Birkbeck Hill. It is not so very long since Mr. Alfred Austin presented us with his dramatic poem, "England's Darling." Not so very long ago, too, the Academy contained an account of the verse-play on the subject of Alfred which came from the workshop of Mr. Martin Tupper. The dramatic poets have not given very much attention to the king of the West Saxons. One can hardly rank among such poets Lord Stratford de Redcliffe (1876) or Sheridan Knowles (1831), or John Home, of "Douglas" celebrity (1778); so there are none left to us but Thomson and Mallet, with their masque of "Alfred" and its "Rule Britannia." Alfred has figured, of course, in melodramas and musical dramas and extravaganzas galore.

As Mr. Andrew Lang has been writing about Tennyson for Messrs. Blackwood, it is rather a relief to find that he is not to do the *Tennyson* for Messrs. Macmillan's "English Men of Letters." That book, one is pleased to see, is to be the work of Sir Alfred Lyall, who has penned a *Life of Warren Hastings*, though he has not yet given us, so far as I know, any literary criticism. Most people know him as the erudite and experienced author of such volumes as *Asiatic Studies* (which dates originally from 1882) and *The British Dominion in India* (1893). To students of literature he is also known as the author of *Verses Written in India*, first brought out in 1889, and issued in a fourth edition in 1896. Sir Alfred is rarely mentioned in connection with the minor poetry of our day, though his *Verses* have distinct individuality.

For the rest of the announced volumes in the "English Men of Letters," one does not quite see what points of sympathy there can be between Hazlitt and Mr. Augustine Birrell. On the other hand, the *Crabbe* of Canon Ainger, the *Miss Austen* of the Rev. H. C. Beeching, and the *Matthew Arnold* of Mr. Herbert Paul, should be altogether welcome, Mr. Herbert Paul having already shown, in an essay included in his recent *Men and Letters*, that he has an intelligent as well as a kindly feeling for the author of *Culture and Anarchy*.

It cannot be truly said that Mr. Hilaire Belloc's monograph on Robespierre will be *de trop*. There is room for it, despite Prof. Ten Brinck's book of two years ago, which can scarcely be said to have had much vogue in this country. Of George Henry Lewes's work, first published in 1849, there was a reissue in 1899. It still remains readable by virtue of the writer's pleasant style; but since 1849 much fresh light has been cast upon the character, temperament, and achievements of Robespierre, and of that light Mr. Belloc may be trusted to have availed himself. I take for granted that the memoir by J. B. O'Brien (1837) is out of print. J. W. Croker's article in the *Quarterly Review* for 1835 is, of course, always accessible.

Mr. Herbert's Vivian's *Rambler* is not by any means the first since Johnson's. There was a *Rambler*, describing itself as "a Journal of Home and Foreign Literature, Politics, Science, Music, and the Fine Arts," which came out monthly, I think, between 1848 and 1862, dropping its title in the latter year, and figuring for the next two years as *The Home and Foreign Review*.

The Bookworm.

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Reviews.

Real Love Letters.

The Love-Letters of Abelard and Heloïse. (Dent.)

The letters of Abelard and Heloïse! What a vista of traditional romance, what oceanic sentimentality, easy and acquiescent, does not the name call up! The tomb in Parisian Père Lachaise, tears and *immortelles*, due and facile year after year from the greatly-enjoying sentimentalist of every European race under heaven; literary *immortelles* flung by writers of every age, Pope with the old Heloïse, Rousseau with the *New* Heloïse! Rousseau, it is true, scarcely counts in this connection: his heroine is a mere literary parallelism, like the *New Atlantis* or any other device for procuring a venerable ancient book to chaperon a young and giddy modern book. But Pope's poem, artificial and stilted though the bulk of it be to our modern reconsideration, has itself a classic prestige, and has been all-influential in forming the English tradition on the Abelard-Heloïse legend. For a legend it is, no less than the Niebelungen legend, or any other theme which it is everyone's business to imagine he knows something about. Of the many English pilgrims to the tomb in Père Lachaise, it is safe to say scarce one in ten thousand knows anything beyond Pope's poem and some smattering account (itself far from first-hand knowledge) in a guide-book or other slovenly source of information. It is a boon, therefore, to have, in the handy *format* of the "Temple Classics," a translation of the famous letters. No doubt it was not unprompted by the present midsummer-madness for Englishwomen's, and every kind of woman's, love-letters. Also, one thinks it was nowise impossible, nor even difficult, if the thing were worth doing at all, to have obtained a new translation of the letters, which should be at once scholarly and sympathetic, instead of this eighteenth-century version, admittedly scarce more than a paraphrase. It is too evidently a paraphrase—we are warned of it by such eighteenth-century *clichés* as, "To be always so near the dear object of desire"; and it manifestly takes unconsidered liberties of omission with the original. This, apart from the omission of a very considerable passage, presumably on the ground of delicacy; though there is no need for such omission with a reader of the smallest sense, and we did not suppose a nice delicacy to be a distinguishing feature of the eighteenth century.

These letters, however, may hold surprises in store for the inheritors of smooth tradition. They may, and again they may not; for such a tradition blinds the eye of him who holds it, and to read character or story aright from letters needs some insight, however plain be the speech. Against the traditional waxen view of the relations between the famous pair we remember but one protest—a very vigorous, uncultured, somewhat excessive, and characteristic protest—in Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*. He roundly pronounced the whole popular legend to be humbug, and his visit to Père Lachaise a waste of tears and *immortelles*. That this view should be held by any who have read these letters is blindness, or insincerity, or both. And it is so on the evidence of Abelard himself. The story, as we have most of us gathered it, is that of a brilliant and grave philosophic genius, Peter Abelard, destitute of any fault but that, at the height of his success, he loved too well. He becomes tutor to the beautiful niece of old Canon Fulbert, Heloïse—herself almost as great a prodigy in her own sex as Abelard in his. The grave and high-minded teacher insensibly falls in love with her, finds his passion returned, and they become the victims of their unforeseen ardour. Fulbert discovers them, takes a barbarous revenge on Abelard, and the philosopher is compelled to enter a monastery, while the girl has to seek shelter under the veil.

Where the tale breaks to pieces is in regard to the character of Abelard. He gives you the whole story in the first letter to his friend Philintus; a very remarkable human document, if you take it whole, without sugar—that is, without sentiment. But when can you get the average reader to do this? Abelard is almost as frank as Rousseau, both in what he says and what he does not know he is saying. *He*, at least, burkes nothing. "I was born with those complexional faults which strangers charge upon our nation," he says: "an extreme lightness of temper and great inconstancy." He might have added to those Gallic qualities vanity and arrogance; as, in fact, five pages later, he does. "I was always vain and presumptive." He shows it. He has nothing but supercilious disparagement for his early master, the great Anselm, whose works still attest his solid powers and originality. Mounted on the shoulders of Anselm's labours, the brilliant young pupil saw only his own superiority. He deals out sneers at every teacher he mentions. His father "offered up to Heaven the languid remains of a life he could make no further use of." His mother does not escape. Though she turned a Religious, she "did not entirely abandon the satisfactions of life; her friends were continually at the grate, and the monastery, when one has an inclination to make it so, is exceedingly charming and pleasant." These "charming and pleasant" little notices are all he gives us upon his parents. But he displays with the frankest ostentation his own conviction that the one man worth talking about in that age was Peter Abelard. You begin to understand why he was never without an enemy, why, with all his greatness, he failed.

He did not waste himself on women; but this, he lets you know, was because only a very exceptional woman was worth the sacrifice of an Abelard. He found her in Heloïse. He immediately resolved to win her, and sought a position in Fulbert's house for that very purpose—though his tutorship of her was an unforeseen advantage, which he gladly seized. No staid doctor this—and he tells you so:

> My person was advantageous enough, and by my dress no one would have suspected me for a doctor; and dress, you know, is not a little engaging with women. Besides, I had wit enough to write a *billet-doux*.

He had, and much else besides. The seduction was deliberately accomplished, and betrayal was brought about by his own imprudence. Such a man could not keep silent; his love-poems to Heloïse were quoted by everyone, he spoke of her in all companies. Fulbert was content to banish him the house. An attempt to see Heloïse through her maid failed, because he refused to give that young lady a junior partnership with her mistress in his affections. She became his enemy, and he warns others to be more complaisant. Finally, he did see Heloïse, only to learn that she was with child. He carried her off, and put her under his sister's care. Fulbert he endeavoured to appease by offering to marry the girl, to which the Canon consented. The obstacle came from Heloïse herself, who urged both his advantage and her own wishes against the marriage, before he won her reluctant consent.

Then came the end. If Fulbert had let things rest, one doubts whether a man like Abelard would long have been ardent in a peaceable domestic love. But having saved the girl's reputation by marriage, Fulbert destroyed his own by a dastardly revenge, in these days scarce nameable. Ashamed to face his students or the world, Abelard fled to a monastery, where he hoped absence might enable him to forget her, as he says himself. But he prefaced his retreat by a crowning wrong. Unwilling that any should enjoy what he had lost, he insisted that Heloïse should enter a nunnery before he retired from

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the world. To condemn the unfortunate girl to a life for which she had not the smallest vocation, where she must needs therefore be unhappy, was surely a final touch of supreme egotism.

That things proved as any sane person could have foreseen these letters are witness. Yet it is in these that the pair capture the sympathies which we, at least, could not previously feel for so common an intrigue. The perfectly sincere record of two souls that—even through their own fault—suffer and love is ever irresistible. Here there is added the conflict between heaven and earth, religion and affection. And one's sympathy for the woman is heightened by exasperation at the senseless wrong of the man who put her in that position, and the senseless laxity of those who so easily received her. Nay, Abelard bribed them to receive her, and to make no remonstrance with her. He confesses it—with shame, when it is too late. Her letters are the most eloquent in the volume. The letter to his friend in which Abelard told his story, and admitted he had found no peace in religion, fell into her hands, and awakened all the love she was trying to crush. She writes to demand the help and comfort of his letters in pursuing a life to which he had condemned her, and pours forth the long agonies and revulsions of her lonely struggle. He answers by an endeavour to reconcile her to her fate, exposing his own like sufferings. The only result is that, womanlike, she goes a step further, and tries to secure a sight of him, or at least more news of him. He does not answer. Then, with most feminine wile, she professes that she is reconciled to her fate; his letter has done its work; but she must have spiritual counsel, and rules for her convent. Alas! he takes her at her word, and closes the correspondence except for strictly religious advice about her community. And so the passionate flutter of renewed hope goes out. But to what revelations of a woman's tortured heart it had first given birth! Clearly this was a woman of something very like genius.

> After having passed the day in thinking of you, full of the repressed idea, I give myself up at night to sleep. Then it is that Heloïse, who dares not think of you by day, resigns herself with pleasure to see and hear you. How my eyes gloat over you! Sometimes you tell me stories of your secret troubles, and create in me a felt sorrow; sometimes the rage of our enemies is forgotten, and you press me to you and I yield to you, and our souls, animated with the same passion, are sensible of the same pleasures. But O! delightful dreams and tender illusions, how soon do you vanish away! I awake and open my eyes to find no Abelard: I stretch out my arms to embrace him and he is not there; I cry, and he hears me not.

As the editor, Miss Honnor Morten, remarks, it is difficult to read this beautiful passage without being reminded of Mrs. Meynell's "Renouncement":

> I must not think of thee, and tired yet strong, &c.

Alas! it is just after this that Heloïse hears the "Write no more to me, Heloïse, write no more to me," of her husband. She had already said: "I see your heart has forsaken me, and you have made greater advances in the way of devotion than I could wish." It is these charming *naïvetés*, these revelations of the woman's way in her, which are more attractive than set outbursts of passion; her evident, sweet cajoleries and wiles, her weaknesses and tendernesses and self-betrayals, chasing one another across these pages, engage us more than the passages which stand out as "literature." Those are there, none the less.

> Among those who are wedded to God I am wedded to a man; among the heroic supporters of the Cross I am the slave of a human desire; at the head of a religious community I am devoted to Abelard alone. What a monster am I! Enlighten me, O Lord, for I know not if my despair or Thy grace draws these words from me

And again:

> Oh, for pity's sake help a wretch to renounce her desires—her self—and if possible even to renounce you! If you are a lover—a father, help a mistress, comfort a child! These tender names must surely move you; yield either to pity or to love.

But it is not the externals of literature which make the letters for ever valuable. It is their value as the documents of two souls, whom we learn to understand and feel with across the centuries. Abelard, the embittered, all too-Gallic egotist, here in his letters compels our sympathy and even our admiration. They have nobility: they are only less attractive than hers. We see a man doing a terrible task which must have been torture to such a nature: yet in the end and in the sum, not flinching. Many things become thinkable when we live a few hours in a man's heart. We close the book, feeling that when all tinsel has been stripped from the tale and the man, they were, after all, a remarkable and tragic pair—in some sense, perhaps, great. To go to Pope after them is impossible, though Pope has passages not less than beautiful. For we have felt the reality.

The Soul of Essex.

Romantic Essex: Pedestrian Impressions. By Reginald A. Beckett. (Dent.)

"How unjust the world is to Essex!" These words were written by Matthew Arnold to his wife all but fifty years ago. He had gone down into Essex to inspect schools, and had left London by the old cramped terminus of the Great Eastern Railway at Shoreditch. "What a filthy line is the Eastern Counties', and what bad carriages!" he exclaims; "but how unjust the world is to Essex!" Shoreditch has been superseded by Liverpool-street, and the bad carriages by good ones. The Great Eastern trains are, moreover, the most punctual running in and out of London—by far the most punctual. Yet the world is still unjust to Essex, and beauties which forced themselves on Matthew Arnold's attention thus long ago have not yet drawn many literary men or artists to enjoy and celebrate them. Essex is still stigmatised as a county of inferior charms and superior fogs. Moreover, of late years the county has come to be regarded as a sort of grey hinterland to the East End, across which the jerry-builder, with a hod of bricks on his shoulder, is marching from Ilford even unto Pitsea, as thou goest to Southend. Unfortunately for the picturesqueness of the county, this is partly true. All down the two river-side railways land is being sold at low prices. Clerks, shopkeepers, and spinster ladies of small means eat free lunches in marquees, and buy land at £5 an acre, with free transfers. If our observation has been at all accurate, the thing is being rather overdone. Building estates in name are being created by the score; but when you have seen, for a year or two together, the names of unbuilt streets nailed to trees in quiet lanes where the rabbit crosses your path, and the lark sings unrestrainedly above, the imminence of a townified Essex does not oppress you greatly. Yet London is undoubtedly streaming into Essex along the Thames Valley, thereby remaining true to its ancient development as a river-side town.

Elsewhere, as Mr. Beckett's book abundantly shows, Essex is still a county of unspoiled agricultural charm. Other home counties offer hills, pinewoods, and lordly pleasure houses; but if you love the country for the country's sake, if you care for the smell of crops and the homeliness of dialect, if you can delight in wide lone marshes on which cattle look like insects, and across which the winds of the North Sea rush impetuously; if the

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hieroglyphic of mast and sprit rising from the unseen hull of a hay barge can give you joy; and if you are refreshed by neighbourly kindness and the communism of village life and the talk of village inns, why, then, Essex calls to you, and will yet prevail. In no direction can you pass so quickly from London to regions where the old English country life remains in such quiet amplitude and restfulness. Where, within forty miles from London, can you find such a welcome from sky and water and waving corn as on Foulness Island at the mouth of the Crouch? Over those wide, pale solitudes the wild geese take their punctual flights, on the mud and saltings at low tide the heron transacts his business, and every farmhouse stands up in the vast shining levels with welcome flashing from the glow of its tiles and the glint of its haystacks. In such places you may still talk to old people who have never seen a railway train. And what is this vision of brown sail and golden lading that seems, in its majestic advance, to overtop all, and threaten your little boat with destruction? It is a hay barge in its glory.

But Essex is not all creeks and waterways. Its quiet inland villages, green lanes, low chalk hills, cottage life, windmills and churches give it rare homeliness and an inexhaustible amenity. Mr. Beckett knows it all. You are really prepared for his final exclamation: "With me Essex is a passion—almost a religion." We care less for this expression than for what follows:

> Sometimes in the London streets, especially during long sunny days, the thought comes over me of churches, inns, or clustered villages that I know, how they stand quietly through the hours, the sunlight travels round them and fades, and all the time perhaps there is no one there who appreciates their beauty as I do—at least, I am not there.

There speaks a real lover of the country. Perhaps the feeling which Essex gives in richest measure to her lovers is one of content. Even her finest views do not disturb that sentiment. From the village of Althorne, near Burnham-on-Crouch, you may see three rivers, each of great width—the Blackwater, the Crouch, and the Thames. Yet this vast outspread country is all quiet, all reassuring, and tenderly voiceful of man's labour. It is the same along the inland roads that thread village to village, inn to inn. Mr. Beckett takes us up along the tow-path of the Stour into Constable's country, over the chalk downs of North Essex, through the wheat fields around Witham and Fairstead (the home of old Tusser), and delights our eye with the windmills of the "Rodings" cluster of villages. Take one of his pictures:

> Across a restless expanse of corn you may see and keep in sight for a mile or more—gazing at you with an almost human look—the casements and gables of some great white solitary farmhouse, which, when at length you reach it, you find surrounded by a moat. The labouring arms of a windmill on the horizon show where a village is to be found; for in the Rodings every village has its windmill, always in close proximity to the church. Indeed, the villages usually consist of nothing but church and windmill, with perhaps two or three cottages and a farm. . . . Looking one day into a barn in one of the Roding parishes, I noticed the operation of thrashing with a flail.

That is Essex. Some may see tameness in these suggestions, and, for our part, we have always felt a certain hesitation in recommending a friend to go into Essex. Essex is something of a test. Mr. Beckett, by a happy inspiration, quotes these words of Walt Whitman's: "The trick is, I find, to tone your wants and tastes low down enough, and to make much of negatives, and of mere daylight and the skies." Essex, indeed, offers more than these, far more, and this book is the discreet inventory of her charms. Even Mr. Beckett loves discreetly. "The friendly simplicity of its landscape, of the homes of the people, and of the people themselves—this is the soul of Essex." Mr. Beckett has done the county admirable and intimate justice.

Clio in Mufti.

A History of the Four Georges and of William IV. By Justin McCarthy and Justin Huntly McCarthy. Vols. III. and IV. (Chatto. 12s. each.)

The history of our Georges, of which we saw the first instalment in 1884, is now, thanks to filial collaboration, prettily completed. The volumes before us take us from 1760 to 1837, a circumstance which inevitably points to disproportion, seeing that the first two volumes only extend from 1714 to 1760, and that the concluding period includes the secession of the American colonies, the Napoleonic wars, and "the triumph of reform."

The graces of the leader-writer do not atone for the uncommunicativeness of the historian. The omission of such names as Sir John Moore, Sir David Baird, and Sir Ralph Abercromby is hardly explicable in a history which announces no exclusive intention. But the total lack of information is not, perhaps, so irritating as the incompleteness of it. The business of the instructor assumes the ignorance of the instructed. The latter may feel annoyed when several pages written round about Grenville's Stamp Act fail to explain the nature of that measure, and when "the unfortunate Walcheren expedition" is alluded to merely to observe that it was the cause of a duel between Lord Castlereagh and Canning. It is puzzling to read under the date of 1830 the remark: "There was some doubt as to the position which might be taken up by Canning." *The* Canning died, of course, in 1827, and his son, Viscount Canning, does not enter into this history. We believe that the common statement, repeated by our historians, that Canning inspired the Munroe doctrine, is challenged by Secretary of State John Foster in his *Century of American Diplomacy.*

It must be admitted that father and son have worked very harmoniously together. The younger writer is fonder, as his early work showed, of the *felicitas curiosa* than the parent, who once pounced even on such poeticisms as "the eyes of him." Here the two styles are one style, a style of charming brightness, as of the natural conversation of one who is pleased with his company and undisposed to strain its enjoyment by any specialised excellence. Impossible as it is to praise these volumes from the point of view of the student, it is easy to praise them as romance. Flagrant lopsidedness does not impair their interest. Wilkes, the idol of journalism and democracy, fascinates as if he again bullied and robbed his wife and, in the very teeth of his sovereign, became Lord Mayor of London and member for Middlesex—a Caliban of genius with the morals of an ape and the magnanimity of a saint. Junius—if we accept the current belief which identifies him with Philip Francis—again insults and undermines Warren Hastings. Sheridan once more commits the *bêtise* of serving up *rechauffé* his Linley love-letters to Miss Ogle. Wherever the personal element is strongest our historians are most admirable. And it must be conceded that they have touched in the sovereigns of England and Hanover very cleverly. In Kew Palace we remember to have seen a framed specimen of the handwriting of George the Fourth, written when that gentlemanly monarch was five—that is, in 1767. The words were "Conscious innocence," and their vacuous benignity, coupled with the natural childishness of the hand, seemed to rebuke Thackeray for writing of him with a stick of lunar caustic instead of a pen. George the Fourth is now depicted to us as the flabby artistic temperament. He said he was at Waterloo because he could imagine he was. When, on August 17, 1821, "he made his grand State entrance into Dublin in an open carriage drawn by eight horses," he "wore in his hat an enormous bunch of shamrocks, to which, by repeated gestures, he kept incessantly calling the attention of the crowd. More than once, as he gazed

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upon his admiring followers, he was observed to shed tears." Yet "he could not reconcile himself to the idea of allowing any Irishman to occupy the position of Primate of All Ireland." He was born to kingship, but not to kingliness; of that he had barely enough to rule over Hanover. He was always the animal when the question was one of tickling a favourite nerve. But he overflowed with sentimentalities, of which, perhaps, the most striking was his request to be buried in his night-shirt, beneath which was a locketed portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the woman whom he loved and slandered.

William the Fourth is held up to us as the bucolic boor rather than the sailor king. He is all for the ancient order, but reform surges about him, and demands the warrant of his hand. The "man in the street" (prey of the brutal pressgang), the populations of towns unvoiced in Parliament, the youths and children of factories, had their several grievances ameliorated if not removed, in spite of the Toryism of "the poor eccentric, restless, illiterate personage" for whose sake Hanover still condescended to be one with England.

There is something terrible in the lateness of the reforms, without which life must have been well nigh horrible for countless Englishmen, but it is not strange. Men like Lord Holland and Rigby, Dashwood and Grafton, "whose example might be avoided by Pompey Bum," were "ceaselessly prominent" in the early part of the reign of George the Third. Government meant, as it always tends to mean, the fostering of "diplomatic relations" or the prosecution of hostilities against foreign powers, rather than the attempt to make the ostensibly governed patriotic and contented.

The Lady Julian.

Revelations of Divine Love. Recorded by Julian, Anchoress at Norwich, 1373. Edited by Grace Warrack. (Methuen.)

VERY little is known about her. The nineteen lines and one word that *The Dictionary of National Biography* gives to the Lady Julian—or Mother Juliana, as she is also called—tell all. What she was like we know not. In her book she does not even give her name. She calls herself just "a simple creature, unlettered," the "poor" or "simple" soul to whom these Revelations of Divine Love were shown. We know not why she left the world and lived her long hundred years of life as a recluse, with two women to attend her in her very old age. We know only that she was a woman—history is eloquent with them—who found peace in living the interior life, in prayer and meditation, and inexpressible joy in the mystical visions that she believed were revealed to her. Her home, the scene of her visions, was the Anchorage in the east part of the churchyard of St. Julian, in the parish of Conisford, outlying Norwich. In 1373 the Lady Julian was Anchoress there. In the years that followed, till the Dissolution broke up the Anchorage, Dame Agnes, Dame Elizabeth Scott, Lady Elizabeth, and Dame Agnes Edrygge were also Anchoresses there. They are names only. But the Lady Julian was articulate, and so it happens that the book she wrote in an ecstasy of joy five hundred years ago, is to-day, in green cloth binding, with a decorated frontispiece, being handed over Mudie's counter to the curious.

The busy world has not been very eager for the Lady Julian's book. The original MS.—be sure it was in fair, good writing—"has been sought for in vain." The last known handler of the "old vellum manuscript, 36 pages," was probably one T. Payne, bookseller in the Strand, about 1758, and Payne is now beyond the reach of questions. The earliest printed edition was prepared by Father Serenus Cressy in 1670, more than two hundred years after the Lady Julian's death. The entry stands thus in the British Museum Catalogue:

> Juliana, an Anchorite of Norwich. XVI Revelations of Divine Love made to a devout servant of our Lord, called Mother Juliana. Pub. by R. F. S. Cressy.

It was re-issued in 1843 and 1872, and so we come to the present edition, which has been prepared by Miss Grace Warrack, from an MS. version, in a seventeenth century handwriting, in the British Museum.

It is not difficult to picture the externals of the life that the Lady Julian lived for a hundred years. At that period Anchorites and Anchoresses were as common in rural England as village greens. There was often a tiny dwelling attached to the village church, containing two or three rooms, and there the holy man or woman dwelt, never crossing the threshold. One of the windows looked into the church, enabling the recluse to participate in the services; another opened on the world, "to which all might come that desired to speak." This audience window was covered with a curtain of double cloth, black, with a cross of white, through which the sunshine could penetrate—"sign of the Dayspring from on high." In such a little dwelling the Lady Julian lived after she had yielded herself "to the Divine Goodness for service in the order of Anchorites." There, "in the anchorage, in the east part of the churchyard of St. Julian, outlying Norwich," on the 13th day of May, 1373, the Revelation of Love was showed to her, "'a simple creature, unlettered,' who had before this time made certain special prayers" from out of her longing after more love to God and her trouble over the sight of man's sin and sorrow. She relates that the "Shewings" lasted from about four o'clock till after nine of that same morning, that they were followed by only one other Shewing, on the night of the next day. She gives a minute description of her state before the first revelation, which begins thus:

> In this [moment] suddenly I saw the red blood trickle down from under the Garland hot and freshly and right plenteously, as it were in the time of His Passion, when the Garland of thorns was pressed on His Blessed head who was both God and Man, the same that suffered thus for me. I conceived truly and mightily that it was Himself shewed it me, without any mean. . . . In this [shewing] He brought our blessed Lady to my understanding. I saw her ghostly, in bodily likeness: a simple maid and a meek, young of age and little waxen above a child, in the stature that she was when she conceived.

Well, in these days, medical science has its appointed name for such visions, and its various cures (if their relations desire it) for those who see them. Had her book contained nothing but the ecstatic record of such visions, the memory of the Lady Julian might never have blossomed from the dust of her anchorage. Soul outpourings which merely retell, with the addition of an undisciplined, irritating egotism, what has already been told, for all time, in the Bible, have small power to edify or to interest. Man is interested not by the mystical experiences of other people, but by their experiences of practical life, its conduct and control. The Lady Julian averted her face from the school of the world, in which the striving after a pass degree is to many the chief excuse for remaining in it. She cultivated the part as if it were the whole, and so she fails to help by just that more important part that she neglected. And the same criticism applies to Miss Warrack's Introduction. It is all too transcendental, too emotional, too nebulous. Iridescent arrows are shot into the air. They make beautiful curves, and lose themselves in the blue distance far from the target. In all the Lady Julian's book, in all the great library of this kind of devotional literature,

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there is little of the nourishment that such a passage as this from Tocqueville offers: "La vie n'est pas un plaisir ni une douleur, mais une affaire grave dont nous sommes chargés, et qu'il faut conduire et terminer à notre honneur."

But these *Revelations of Divine Love*, these outpourings of a cloistral, "God-intoxicated" soul have their message, and their message is this: that that correspondence which, in moments of spiritual uplifting, man has with that Eternal something which is not himself, is a personal communication between himself and his God. The subtleties of creeds, the "this is so" of authority, the example of the wise and good, may help him, but the few things which become to him Eternal Verities are revealed only to himself according to the depth of his spiritual genius, and the clearness with which he has clung to what Swedenborg calls the "umbilicus of the Unseen." What philosopher, after years of labour trying to explain the unexplainable in miles of small print and furlongs of footnotes, has not thrown down his pen and, leaning back, with closed eyes, in his chair, acknowledged that he has travelled no further than the intuitive wisdom that was his before the doors of the prison-house had begun to close on his growing mind? Did not Martineau mean something of this kind when, after spending the best part of his life on a monumental metaphysical work, he wrote in the preface: "I am now aware of the tediousness of these metaphysical tribunals, especially when the whole process wins at last, through all its dizzying circuits, only the very position which common sense had assumed at first."

Neither printed books nor the Book of Life made any call to the Lady Julian. To her there were but two "luminous and self-evident" things—herself and her "courteous," "dearworthy Lord," and she knew without, we are sure, aid from others, the few simple truths attainable by the pure in heart who have the will to retire into themselves, and the courage to be true to themselves. Such truths shine out from the tiring record of the miracles that she believed were shown to her, and the wild visions that accompanied her vigils. "Prayer oneth the soul to God," says the Lady Julian:

> His working is privy.
> Nothing is done by hap nor by adventure, but all things by the foreseeing wisdom of God.
> I saw full surely that He changeth never His purpose.
> Sin is behovable [playeth a needful part] but all shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well.
> This is the cause why we be not all in ease of heart and soul; that we seek here rest in those things that are so little.
> We can never come to full knowing of God till we know first clearly our own soul.
> Faith is naught else but a right understanding, with true belief and sure trust, of our Being: that we are in God, and God in us: Whom we see not.

Thus did this cloistral lady five hundred years ago give her quiet answers to the riddle of existence. And the conclusion she reaches and puts on the last page of her book is the conclusion you may hear preached in any pulpit to-day, and in most sincere books. "I desired oftentimes to learn," says the Lady Julian, "what was our Lord's meaning."

> And fifteen years later, and more, I was answered in ghostly understanding, saying thus: Wouldst thou learn thy Lord's meaning in this thing? Learn it well: Love was His meaning. Who shewed it to thee? Love. What shewed He thee? Love. Wherefore shewed it He thee? For Love. Hold thee therein and thou shalt learn and know more in the same. But thou shalt never know nor learn therein other thing without end. Thus was I learned that Love was our Lord's meaning.

What private griefs the Lady Julian had we know not. She is always reticent, with a simplicity of exposition that is very winning; see chapter v., where "our Lord showed me a spiritual sight of His homely loving—the hazel-nut that He held in the palm of His hand, with its three properties: the first, that God made it; the second, that God loveth it; the third, that God keepeth it." The Lady Julian was an optimist. Again and again she raises her confident cry of "al shal be wel and al shal be wel and al manner of thyng shal be wele." So it seemed to her with the world, and all the problems of its difficult days shut out. Not for her was the bitter knowledge that awakens to the wisdom of "the rewards of life are contingent upon obedience to the whole law—physical as well as moral." She gave of her best. That best was only one point of the circle of life; and just so much of it lives as pierced through the unreality of her visions to the truth. And we may well conclude by echoing the words that she tells us "our good Lord" said to her in the sixth revelation: "I thank thee for thy travail, and especially for thy youth."

An Historical Painter.

English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century. Lectures Delivered at Oxford Easter Terms 1893-94. By James Anthony Froude. (Longmans.)

This new and illustrated edition of Mr. Froude's Oxford lectures, on the *Seamen of the Sixteenth Century*, is welcome. The illustrations are excellent, and form a little gallery of some of the most eminent seamen, statesmen, etc., in that age. Drake, Hawkins, Effingham, Essex, Burghley, Raleigh, are some of them; and on the other side the famous Jesuit, Father Parsons. The book has run rapidly through its editions, as one might expect from the popularity of its subject in these Imperialist days; but it is not, perhaps, so highly finished in style as some of the work which made Mr. Froude famous. It has, in other respects, all the old characteristics; the unfailing energy and sense of narrative effects, the power of grouping things into a living whole, and the uncompromising way of discarding even the air of impartiality. Since Mitford, there surely has not been an historian of eminence so openly and cheerfully one-sided as Mr. Froude. Without personally following him to his sources, original or otherwise, it is not possible to seize on any definite utterance as misleading. Yet his whole tone and manner irresistibly enters a *caveat* against any too docile acquiescence in his facts and statements. Providence, one feels, cannot have been so completely on the side of the English as this book shows forth. Englishmen, he somewhere remarks, have a way of always thinking their own countrymen in the right. It is a way which has considerably altered among a section of them nowadays; but Mr. Froude has the infection in a most glorious degree. Some points he certainly seems to make. Father Parsons's document, for instance, does seem to show that the Jesuit named, and probably many of his colleagues, were political emissaries as well as missionaries: that the Government had some reason for their treatment of these men and their distrust of the Roman Catholic population. The account of Drake's voyages is as fascinating as any boy's romance in Mr. Froude's hands. In pure narrative he is irresistible.

But you have Mr. Froude at his best in the story of the Armada. It gives him his chance, so to speak, the chance for those qualities of pictorial style and verve which are eminently his; while his defects are kept, for the moment, out of sight. There are here no controversies to display his violent partizanship, no matters needing judicial sifting to bring out his vehement injudiciality. It is a great scenic, nay, a great epic, passage in history; it comes home to that national pride in which he is steeped; it is full of material for effective colour. And

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here is a master of colour, a master of narration, ready to combine all his materials into an artistic whole, rejoicing to run his course. The result is masterly. You forget, for the time, that he is an unreliable historian, and remember only that he is a great historical painter. It is interesting to note in how many points we are reminded of present conditions. Then, as now, the English Government was unready. Alas! there is not, perhaps there could not be under modern requisitions of warfare, the like compensation. One point strongly brought out is that England was saved despite, not because, of Elizabeth. The Queen, indeed, never lacked courage. But she nowise showed herself the resolute, unfaltering, energetic woman of our school-day teaching. On the contrary, she was all fluctuations and unreason, variable as—woman. Her preparations—or want of preparations—could not be surpassed in fatuity by a modern English ministry. While the Armada was getting ready to be launched against these shores, she prepared, and cancelled her preparations, and changed her mind continually. She paid off her fleet. The danger of leaving the coast open being pressed upon, she put part of it in commission again. Then, on a report that the Armada was not coming, she ordered half the crews to be dismissed—to save their pay, quite in our Treasury fashion. And the reason of her indecision and holding-back action—she was negotiating through commissioners, and feared if anything were done that Kruger (we beg pardon, Philip) might take it ill. It is hard, you see, to remember that one is not writing about the initiation of the Boer War. She cut down Drake's expenses. He wasted ammunition in target-practice, she complained. Ammunition must not be wasted in target-practice, so she measured it out to him at the rate of what would suffice for a day and a half's service. (No, it is *not* a page out of the modern Admiralty records.) She kept her four best ships out of commission to the last moment: they would not be wanted, and it were waste of money to refit them. She kept down the fleet's supplies. Food was issued to the middle of June, and an extra month's supply was hardly squeezed out of her, with positive orders that it was to be the last. When the Armada hove in sight, our fleet had but powder for two days' fighting, and half-rations for scarce a week. It was the same with the land militia. "There were no reserves," says Mr. Froude, "no magazines of arms, no stores or tents." If Parma had landed, it would have been nearly as perilous as if now the French landed.

When it came to the actual fighting in the Channel, again one is struck by parallels with modern times. The English prevailed against the immense numbers of Spain, not only from the superior mobility of their ships, but also because their guns outranged those of the Spanish ships. They sailed round the Spaniards, pouring in broadsides at a distance from which the enemy could not reply, since all their shots fell short. Superior mobility, superior weight of guns—it is the same tale nowadays, only the advantage has shifted from us to our enemies on land. The Spaniards also had been sent out without sufficient supplies of powder; and their admiral—luckily for us—was a hopelessly incapable landsman. But outsailed, out-manœuvred, out-classed in guns, they fought in that day as Cervera fought at Santiago. They were "helpless butts to the English guns," as afterwards to the American guns, yet "not a single galleon struck her colours."

> One of them, after a long duel with an Englishman, was on the point of sinking. An English officer, admiring the courage which the Spaniards had shown, ran out upon his bowsprit, told them that they had done all which became men, and urged them to surrender. . . . For answer they cursed the English as cowards and chickens because they refused to close. The officer was shot. His fall brought a last broadside on them, which finished the work. They went down, and the water closed over them.

Truly, as Shelley's Maddalo says: "'Tis strange men change not." As a finishing touch of irony, the powder of the two fleets, in the crowning battle off Calais, to which our extract refers, gave out shortly after each other (thanks to the joint folly of Philip and Elizabeth), whereby the Spanish fleet was saved from being captured entire or driven on shore—as happened at Santiago.

In conclusion, if not the best work Mr. Froude has done, this volume is yet unmistakable Froude; which is to say that it is always quick, alert, and vital; wherefore its defects will exasperate some no less heartily than its merits will attract others. That is the way of work which is alive.

Other New Books.

PRIMITIVE MAN. BY DR. MORITZ HOERNES.

This volume of Messrs. Dent's excellent little "Temple Primers" deals with a most fascinating subject for all who possess any trace of the archæological mind; nay, for all who are not infected by the shallow and hurried modern impatience of "ancient history"—that term of opprobrium with which the modern flings aside everything without the petty circle of his present life and interests, aping the woman's frivolous disrelish for all outside her yet pettier circle of domestic and personal interests. What can be more fascinating than to penetrate the nebulæ which conceal the far-back cradle of man, to learn the ways of those long-undreamed-of beings who lived, battled, and loved in this Europe of ours long before the Roman girdle was drawn about it, before the Celt and Teuton rolled on Italy, before Greek broke Persian at Marathon? With those prehistoric men this admirable manual (translated from the German by James H. Loewe) in miniature is concerned. Of course, the reader must understand that in so small a volume the dogmatic treatment is necessary for the most disputable and dim of subjects. It starts with the downright assertion of a cosmogony little more authoritative than that of Lucretius. "Our own planet originally detached itself from the sun in the form of a loose gas-ball," and so forth: which simply means that such is the common scientific theory on a subject open to endless revision. So, again, it is asserted that the "dolmens" and such-like huge stone edifices (our Stonehenge, for example) were graves or burying-places, as though no other view were dreamed of or possible, although some of us would contend for a different conception. Quite properly; since only the prevalent theory can be stated in a small primer, and it would be irretrievably confusing to tag every statement with notes of interrogation, so to speak. As for the interest of the subject-matter, one may refer to the section on the pile-dwellers, who have left the broken foundations of their houses in many a lake about the Alps, and the *débris* of their fallen or cast-away properties thick amidst the ooze of its bottom. Bronze axes, needles, bracelets, chisels, swords, daggers, knives, and spear-points, drawn from the floors of the lakes, tell of these strange people, who built their settlements of straw and wooden huts on great platforms supported by piles driven into the bed of the lake above which they stood. It is of such a people and such a settlement that Sir Arthur Helps wrote his romance, *Realmah*. But the whole of this tiny primer is a romance, or rather the material for a hundred romances. It is clear, scientific, and as authoritative as the latest knowledge can make it. (Dent.)

ANCIENT INDIA AS DESCRIBED IN CLASSICAL LITERATURE. BY J. W. MCCRINDLE.

In five previous volumes Dr. McCrindle has translated and annotated the larger classical works on India, the fragments of Megasthenes and of Ktesias, the *Indika* of

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Arrian, the *Geography* of Ptolemy, and the various accounts of the invasion of Alexander. The series is now completed, with a number of lesser excerpts from other writers bearing on the subject. Strabo and Heredotus, Pliny and Ælian, are all represented, and among the miscellaneous sources drawn upon some early Christian accounts of Brahmanism are, perhaps, of the highest interest. Dr. McCrindle's copious notes and thorough knowledge of his subject make his work of high value both to historians and anthropologists; and we congratulate him upon the successful conclusion of an enterprise which has now been in progress for nearly a quarter of a century. Dr. McCrindle's first volume was published in 1877. There is, of course, a large element of myth and a still larger element of vagueness in the classical descriptions of India, especially in those which precede the famous expedition of Alexander; but it is noteworthy that many statements which provoked the incredulity of earlier scholarship have been confirmed, or at least explained, by modern research. Dr. McCrindle, for instance, is prepared, within limits, to defend Megasthenes against Strabo.

> Strabo says: "No faith whatever can be placed in Dêimachos and Megasthenes. They coined the fables concerning men with ears large enough to sleep in, men without any mouths, without noses, with only one eye, with spider legs, and with fingers bent backwards. They renewed Homer's fables concerning the battles of the Cranes and Pygmies, and asserted the latter to be three spans high. They told of ants digging for gold, of Pans with wedge-shaped heads, of serpents swallowing down oxen and stags, heads and all." Now it is certain that neither Megasthenes nor Dêimachos, who was ambassador after him at the Palibothian court, *coined* these fables. That they were but fictions of the Indian imagination is clearly proved by the fact that the names by which Megasthenes designated the races in question are but translations or transliterations of their names as found in Sanskrit literature.

But what was the original intention of these fictions, some of which, it will be remembered, survived into such mediæval compilations as that of the pseudo-Mandeville? They had been thought to be the ingenious devices of traders and gold diggers, designed to frighten away rivals from their profitable haunts. Dr. McCrindle gives another explanation of one of the most famous of these stories, that of the terrible gold-digging ants, "somewhat less than dogs, but larger than foxes," which has helped to saddle Herodotus with the discreditable and undeserved appellation of "father of lies." This yarn, too, appears to be of Indian, rather than Greek, origin, for Sanskrit writers give to small fragments of alluvial gold-dust the name of "paippilika," or "ant-gold." Dr. McCrindle quotes the late Prof. Ball:

> "Sir H. Rawlinson, and, independently, Dr. Schiern, of Copenhagen, were enabled to come forward and state beyond a question of doubt that the *myrmeces* of Herodotus and Megasthenes were Thibetan miners, and, it may be added, their dogs. . . . I pass from this discovery now, save that I mention a contribution which I have made to it, namely, that the horn of the gold-digging ant, which we are told by Pliny was preserved in the temple of Hercules at Erythræ, and which for centuries has been the subject of much speculation, was probably merely one of the gold-miners' pickaxes. I have been informed by an eye-witness, Mr. R. Lydekker, that the picks in use by agriculturists and miners in Ladak consist of horns of wild sheep mounted on handles."

The phase of scholarship which assumed that every statement of Herodotus not immediately intelligible was a deliberate fabrication is now becoming extinct. (Constable.)

Fiction.

Fiction in Tabloids.

The Skirts of Happy Chance. By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Methuen. 6s.)

A Woman Alone: Three Stories. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Methuen. 6s.)

"La Bella," and Others. By Egerton Castle. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)

The Thirteen Evenings. By George Bartram. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Meagre and hollow, but crisp," was the "taste" of the snark; the same may be said of the typical English short story. It is either an anecdote of five or ten thousand words or it is a long story abridged. The characters are accidents in the incidents.

All the writers before us are too clever to betray absolute snarkishness—if the word be permitted us; but Mr. Marriott Watson comes dangerously nigh such a disclosure. The greater part of his book, nicely illustrated by Mr. Frank Craig, is concerned with the antics of an unmarried nobleman who has a passion for impersonation. At one time we see him posing as a private detective, at another as a husband. Once he is commissioned to make love to a young lady who is suspected of having bestowed her affection in an even less desirable quarter. Hence this passage:

> "Tell me," he asked abruptly, seizing her hand, "how would you like a home?"
>
> "I have one, thank you," she said demurely.
>
> "Ah, but a home of your own, to be happy in," he said anxiously; "and a—a husband and—a—a—children?"
>
> "Lord Francis!" said Miss Langley, colouring very swiftly, and rising again.
>
> "I don't mean your children, but my children," he hastened to explain in some confusion.
>
> "I think, if you won't mind, I will go back to the drawing-room," said she freezingly, for all her warm face.

An arch-philanderer is Lord Francis, with a temperament leading so naturally up to situations that, even if "happy chance"—outside the precincts of Tennyson's verse—had worn "bloomers," he would not have failed to take advantage of her. Such a man is dear to the short story, which necessarily avoids negotiations. Mr. Watson makes him distinctly amusing, as we have shown.

The assumption of another's identity is also the theme of one of Mr. Castle's strongest tales. It is in a German setting, and one is reminded of Gottfried Keller's charming "Clothes Makyth Man." But the pure comedy of the Swiss master is here the grimmest tragedy. The point to note, however, is the tenacity with which Romance clings to the idea of privacies laid bare by trick or accident, of intimacies arrived at without tediums and ceremonies. When Mr. Castle's German student is, owing to a misapprehension, commanded to "kiss Elsa"—Elsa whom he has never seen, Elsa whom he knows not from Eve—the sense is tickled below the intellect. Rich in scenic accessories is Mr. Castle, but, cultured as this writer undeniably is, he smacks a little of the "property" shop. The marvellously beautiful Duchessa, who momentarily diverts the artist from his red-haired Maimie with the thin red hands, is, with her ultimate humiliation and his resilient virtue, of transpontine manufacture; so, too, are the patrician fencers, the brothers Lugani, who fight to the death for an empty woman who cannot choose between two such twins of perfection. Consummate technique as an emotional expression is dear to the short story. Fictional violinists we all know, it is anti-climax to listen to Ysaye after reading about them; and so Agnes Castle, in a story at the end of her relative's book, gives us a hero, Darwinianly evolved from the performer on Christy's old organ, who falls in love with the pretty

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German princess whom he instructs in clavier-playing. "What the master played" when he heard that she was engaged "was never written, but as it burst from the seething anguish of his beautiful artist's spirit, so it escaped from his fingers."

Our old friend "the Thing" appears both in Mr. Castle's pages and in Mr. Bartram's. There is something rather ludicrous and ineffectual in that capital T, even when applied to the production of a Frankinstein less crude in his procedure and less imitative in his results than Mrs. Shelley's remorseful creator. But Mr. Castle certainly achieves an effect in the weird not unworthy of Mr. Wells. All through his book the hand is clearly that of an artist. His work always attracts by its vitality and the polish on its style.

Mrs. Clifford is, for the nonce, less vital, but on a higher plane. *A Woman Alone* is a solemn and touching story of a passionate love thwarted by its recipient's selfishness. The woman was ambitious for her husband, and the husband was ungrateful because he was not ambitious either for her sake or his own. His "soul lived in a prison of which his manner was the gaoler":

> "I like the quiet [he said], there are no neighbours to worry one, and there are plenty of books; it is possible to think and study."
>
> "Ah, yes," she answered, "perhaps it is good for study—but also . . . we must live."
>
> "We shall do that together," he said; and she felt his words to be a *cul-de-sac*.

In the story of a man's falling in love with an uxoricide Mrs. Clifford reaches the top of her sensationalism. She is content, however, to go sketching her way through her book, and work more coarsely imagined but more vividly presented scores against her, though it does not persuade one of its inherent equality.

Beyond question, the most remarkable of the four volumes before us is *The Thirteen Evenings*. It bears marks of considerable culture, being characterised by much nicety of phrase, though a book of vigorous brawn and large heart. We have the device of a club, whereof the members tell stories to one another. The soldier who, with a chum of splendid forbearance in friendship, served in the West Indies in the sixties tells of visions seen under the spell of "White Obi," when his past existences flashed before him as they did in the case of Mr. Kipling's Charlie Mears. The autocrat of the club tells how he was locked up in the stocks of a Midland town by a malicious sexton. Others tell of gipsy love and fighting, of Gargantuan drinking, of fabulous snoring. Such a riot of the weird, the pawky, the bucolic, is not often listened to in modern fiction. Here is a characteristic passage:

> We entered the Barley Mow, ordered lunch, and inquired for the bath-room.
>
> "'Nowt o' the sort here, gentlemen," said the landlady.
>
> "Now," said I to the American, "the thing works perfectly. Thorough old English style; wash the face only, once a day, and the feet and back of the neck, with due precaution against cold, every Saturday night."
>
> "I am indeed a degenerate," said he, "for I must bathe or die. . . ."
>
> We . . . found the helper, engaged an empty stable, stripped, and bade him douse us with half a dozen buckets of water each. . . . While we were drying ourselves we heard him talking to someone at the other end of the yard.
>
> Said someone, "What ha' ye been a-doin' wi' 'em, Bill?"
>
> "Slushin' on 'em down wi' watter," answered Bill.
>
> "What's wrong wi' 'em to need that?"
>
> "The Lord only knows. They look middlin' respectable, but ye never know what's what or who's who these times."

A fine intolerance of literary dilettanti, and all the mouthings of their urbanity, is breathed through this work, which is incidentally a fiery dragon against newspaper critics. Its virile pages make even friends Watson and Castle look rather deficient in red corpuscles under their trappings of romance. But one is inclined to overrate the man who has the key of the fields and the village taproom, just because few of us would use it if we could. It is clear that Mr. Bartram draws from a life rich in full-flavoured fact. In the briefer short story he is able to preserve his integrity of vision. Here there are no flats to be joined with pinchbeck artifice. His artistry bungles in repairing the ruins of a wronged maiden. Here he works in three chapters instead of one, and with scant regard for the probabilities which, in matters optimistic, should be held sacred in this dismal world.

Howbeit he proves, as indeed do the writers we have associated with him, that the short story still flourishes with us. It has occasional comeliness of shape: it is not uninspired by originality. Let it try to be truthful.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

TRISTRAM OF BLENT. BY ANTHONY HOPE.

After running its conspicuous course in the *Monthly Review*, this novel appears in an admirably tasteful volume. The story looks to be rather long and complex, and it is, in fact, concerned and written in the author's more serious vein. Its principal characters, Tristram of Blent, and his cousin, Cecily Gainsborough, are placed in very delicate relations to each other as claimants to a large property. Tristram's is the bad claim, and he resigns it, but does not lay aside his pride. The whole story is thoroughly modern. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE LIGHT OF SCARTHEY. BY EGERTON CASTLE.

"This book is my dream-child," says Mr. Egerton Castle in a sixteen-page preface to this "Romance." The idea of the story is romantic and not a little fantastic; and it provides a theatre for "elementary passions, for fighting and loving in despite of everyday conventions; for enterprise, risks, temptations unknown in the atmosphere of humdrum peace and order." The scene is Morecambe Bay, the time early in the nineteenth century. The "romance" is of generous length—more than five hundred closely-printed pages. (Macmillan. 6s.)

FOR ALL TIME. BY CLIVE R. FENN.

A love-story in a modern aristocratic setting, with a lord and a journalist as lovers of one woman. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

AN UNCONGENIAL MARRIAGE. BY COSMO CLARKE.

He painted, she prayed. He wanted to dine out, she feared to be drawn into worldliness. Moreover, in Ruth's ministrations amongst the poor she had met a young minister named Silas Warne, "whose austere piety filled her with admiring awe," and who, when she asked him to share a cab, replied: "Thank you, I never pamper this poor body." Ruth felt "rebuked," and with more zeal than ever invited the great unwashed into her husband's dining-room. The ensuing complications make the story. (F. V. White. 6s.)

SISTER CARRIE. BY THEODORE DREISER.

A clever if depressing story, in which is traced the sordid-successful career of Caroline Meeber, from her arrival in Chicago with a small trunk to her success on the New York stage. The hero, if he can be called such, marries her after committing a robbery, and his downhill course synchronises largely with is wife's ascent of the hill of fame. A good deal of penetration and imaginative sympathy go to the development of the story, which is rather a transcript than a dramatisation. (Heinemann. 4s.)

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The Charm of the Irrelevant.

There are times when we do not find it an easy task to treat the Editor of our contemporary as a serious influence at work in the petroleum world.

We were wondering whether the ravens would feed us in a bookless week, when by the accident of an accident our eye fell on the above sentence. After all, why ransack the literary world for a theme? Why not accept as facts the emptiness of August, the holidays of publishers, and the indolence of bookbinders? There is time to look over the wall. Doubtless we make too much of the book world. It is a world to which the man in the street is bound by only a few intermittent ties. Walk through the vast suburbs of South London—you can never know how vast they are until you have done this—and ask how many publishers, booksellers, authors, critics, or pressmen inhabit the houses. Very few. Hardly any. These trim and beautiful streets, with their gardens, their leaf-strewn pavements, and all their suggestions of solvency and comfort, cannot easily be associated with the literary parliament. These people are concerned with the finished and appropriate book, and so sure are they of getting it that it does not pay to establish large bookshops in their midst. By easy and inevitable channels the book they want passes into their hands. Their conversation is ordinarily of the church or chapel (with swallow flights into scepticism), of politics, of business, and of sport; and the books that please them best are those which touch on life in their own manner, and with a little more than their own courage. In a word, it is precisely because they are not primarily, or sincerely, interested in books that they are so powerful to make the fortunes of the writers who hit their taste. Ah, but they are happy—these wise, quiet, half million people who read little, and read for enjoyment; and you do not see a tall girl of the suburbs walking down Streatham Hill with a library book in one hand and a tennis racquet in the other without learning something of the real relations of literature to the public.

Neither is a sentence like the one which heads this article without its useful and even tonic suggestions. There is a petroleum world. Moreover, there are emotions, anxieties, and hostilities peculiar to the petroleum world. It is just as well to remember such facts. Nay, one of these days the petroleum world may suddenly find itself filled with cheap trippers from the literary world. For, in turning the pages of *Petroleum* (fortnightly, of all booksellers) we found the question asked, "Is Texas Safe?" In the petroleum world they think that there is an appreciable danger that the petroleum fields will one day take fire. If it does we know several publishers who will fiddle while Texas burns. Let them note the possibilities:

> It is the occasional visitor who might in a moment of thoughtlessness drop a match or commit some careless act that would put an end to the value of the field. A fire once started would in all probability wipe out every tank and pipe-line, and spread to every well. It would be practically beyond all human possibility to extinguish the flames, which would burn as long as the wells would flow.

That is fairly interesting, is it not? But then trade and class papers *are* interesting. They are loopholes through which you may look at any moment into worlds larger, busier, and perhaps more important than your own, worlds of which it is useful to keep yourself mildly aware. Every word they contain is more or less irrelevant to your own occupation or interests; and yet, such are their relevancy to other men's interests, and such the intimacy of that connection, that they become curiously documental and fascinating. As a recreative means of enlarging the mind, and sensing the business and desires of your fellow men, there is hardly a better device than that of taking in a paper which deals authoritatively with affairs wholly foreign to your own. There is a cogency in these expert opinions that takes a grip on the mind, and you are interested before you know where you are. Statements which in some moods you might dismiss as altogether remote and rather sordid, assume a good deal of human interest when they are read with imaginative sympathy. One realises how many storms in how many tea-pots rage unknown. For example, we read in the current number of the *Draper's Record*:

> Drastic action has been taken of late by the head of a local shipping house, who has, owing to death, been placed in a position of control. Salaries have been cut down by 50 per cent. in some instances, while in cases where men were alleged to be underpaid advances have been made. The result in several instances has been a rather curious turning of the tables.

We should think so! Under the head of "Legal News," we find a trade comedy of errors which was placed in the City of London Court. The plaintiffs were a City firm of woollen merchants, and they sued a firm of carriers under circumstances which their counsel explained quite lucidly as follows. His clients, he said,

> carried on a very extensive business in various parts of the world, and they sent woollen goods by the defendant company's line in considerable quantities until the circumstances which had given rise to that action. In January last the plaintiffs had orders from two customers in Glasgow. One was Mr. Charles Jacobs, who carried on business as the Star Clothing Company, and he ordered five bales of special woollen goods. The other was Mr. B. Jacobs, who carried on business as the Scottish Woollen Company in Trongate-street. These customers had been in the habit of ordering large quantities of woollen goods from the plaintiffs, and the custom was to ship them by the defendants' service. There was an unusual amount of jealously amongst trade competitors in the woollen trade, and there was much anxiety that other persons in the trade should not know what had been ordered by their rivals for their season's goods. That was the cause of the whole of the trouble which had given rise to these proceedings. When bales of woollen goods were sent by the plaintiffs to customers they bore a private mark which was only known to the carrier and customer concerned. The full name of the customer was, of course, known to the carrier, and that appeared on the shipment note. The defendants were very well acquainted with the two respective marks of the plaintiffs, two Glasgow customers in question, as they had delivered tons of goods on many previous occasions. In January last two separate orders were given by Mr. C. Jacobs and Mr. B. Jacobs. They had both selected special lines, but neither knew what the other was having. The goods were despatched on February 1, but owing to a mistake of the defendants one of the parcels intended for Mr. B. Jacobs was delivered to Mr. C. Jacobs, and one parcel intended for Mr. C. Jacobs was delivered to Mr. B. Jacobs. The plaintiffs were communicated with by Mr. C. Jacobs. The mistake was fully explained, but the mischief had arisen from the fact that one of the parcels which had been opened by mistake by one of the Jacobs was refused by the othe Jacobs. The whole of the bale of goods, valued at £41, ha[d] been cast upon the plaintiffs' hands, for, by the defendan[t] conduct, they were absolutely worthless, except as remnants' the plaintiffs having lost the sale of them in the ordinat[e] course. The plaintiffs would now only be able to sell thery as remnants for £15, and the balance, £20 8s., was nom

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claimed by the plaintiffs. The Jacobs, for whom the goods were originally intended, would not now take them at any price or under any circumstances.

you go about to say that this is not interesting we can only beg to differ. From the *Grocers' Gazette* we learn that notice of appeal at Quarter Sessions has been given in the Royton Pepper Case by a grocer who was fined for selling black pepper as genuine white pepper. Think of the little drama behind this simple statement; the gossip, the indignation, the suspense, the impounded pepper. We will not presume on our readers; we pass over the "better consumptive enquiry" for lard, and the deadly monotony of the market in raw beetroot. There is a note of tragedy, however, in the following bald statement under "Bacon": "The killings in Ireland last week amounted to only 4,854 hogs, being 327 less than the previous week. The killings in Denmark were estimated to have been about 22,000 hogs. The improvement which was noticeable last week has been fairly well maintained." It is the glimpse of the world that struggles through such information that is interesting. These particulars, and a thousand others, are collected and commented on with punctual assiduity week by week.

From another source we learn that

> much difference of opinion prevails as to what is the best form of blades for fans or air-propellers. . . . It is quite certain that no advantage results from unduly adding to the number of blades, probably because each blade becomes sufficiently close to the next to hinder the free access of the air to it, and so throttles the supply, and causes waste through eddying or churning.

We might have known that the air-propeller which cools us in our favourite restaurant was an object of criticism as legitimate as the book we insist on talking of beneath it.

We need scarcely say that a county newspaper is excellent reading. Here it is well if the irrelevancy is qualified by some acquaintance with the district. The conscientiousness with which a really good county paper collects the smallest news from the remotest villages is itself inspiring. The result is a veritable document, a window by which over your Sunday breakfast you may look into the simple heart of old England. There are scores of such papers. One, the *Essex Weekly News*, has given us many an interesting half-hour. There is music and suggestion in the very village names that head the paragraphs: Tolleshunt D'Arcy, Asheldam, Beauchamp Roothing, Southminster, Bulphan, Stisted, and Layer Marney. The humours are many, and racy of the soil. Hardly a crop is raised, hardly a mare bruises her knees, not a well is sunk, not a labourer is fined for going in search of conies but you know of it. The reports of marriages are wonderful, with their array of family names, and the police cases are done with a solicitous geniality and wealth of detail that make them irresistible. Comment and news run hand in hand:

> LATEST FROM COGGESHALL.
>
> I am informed that on Tuesday afternoon, as Mr. Percy ——, son of Mr. W. ——, cabinetmaker, Coggeshall, and one of Mr. ——'s men, were driving home from Feering, they were stopped near the Red House, and had their attention directed to the fact that they and also some things in the cart were on fire. They had been complaining to each other of the excessive warmth for some time, thinking it was due to the heat wave; but when they got out of the trap they found that the backs of their coats, and also their tool basket, were alight. The fire was promptly extinguished. How it originated they are at a loss to explain, neither of them having struck a match. The incident, therefore, must be added to the already long list of "Coggeshall jobs."

Now, what is a Coggeshall job? "Igsplain, men and hangels." Every week the scent of produce and the hum of village councils are borne to you like vegetables fresh from the garden. The charm of the irrelevant is over all

If a man needs to realise that the world is bigger than he computes it to be, he has only to ask himself whether he is a Freemason or not. If he is not a Freemason, then a whole world or flavour of the world is barred off from him under portentous locks and unobtainable keys. The Freemasonry papers are not very fascinating; they are too cryptic, too obviously private and forbidding. Yet they show week by week how intensely this Craft and Mystery is loved by its adherents. You may go from year's end to year's end with hardly a thought of Freemasonry, and wholly unconscious that Freemasons are your companions in train and omnibus; still less that their bosoms are filled with sentiments not unlike the following, which we quote from an address delivered in one of the suburban lodges. After referring to various orders of nobility, and the ignorance of them everywhere met with, the speaker said:

> How different it is with our cherished Order; in the American swamps and the burning sands of Arabia, the Australian bush and the Indian jungle, the Mexican ranches and the icefields of Iceland and Labrador; in the joss-house of China, as well as in the civilised cathedrals and other fanes; in the deserts of the Sahara, up to the very apex of the Pyramid of Cheop; is there a part of the globe where our Order is unknown or where it is not recognised? It is a jewel which dazzles the eyes of the profane!

The cult which has filled the joss-house and been honoured on the very apex of the Pyramid of Cheop is probably known to you, in practice, only by the sight of certain shop windows in Great Queen-street. Yet in England alone there are 2,800 Freemasons' lodges, and one of the Order has recently declared: "It is food for reflection, and I give it to you as an established fact, that wherever you find Freemasonry in the ascendancy, there you find benevolence and charity in their wisest and highest forms." On this we make no comment. We merely point out that it is interesting to know that the men to whom such words appeal are counted in England alone by hundreds of thousands. Truly the world is full of a number of things, and Stevenson knew that we are apt to forget it.

Things Seen.

The Ruling Passion.

IT has been remarked that although life is short, the afternoon can be very long. Very long it seemed to the four men who sat on the sea-wall peering at the receding tide. They seemed to have no other occupation but to watch the beach gleam out from the rippling water, and plainly they grew gladder and gladder as yard after yard of flat, glimmering sand was disclosed. To watch, to nod to each other, to grow hourly a little more eager—that was their afternoon's occupation. There were many delightful things to do on that coast, with boats, with bicycles, with horses, with the legs, but not for those four men. They desired no pursuit but to watch the tide go down, and to see the moist sand lie outstretched before them. And so the afternoon crept away. About five o'clock they rose, smiled, stretched themselves, and throwing an affirmative glance at the great stretch of sand, disappeared. I waited till they should return, wondering why, indifferent to all other allurements, they should wait so patiently for the going down of the tide. Presently they reappeared, carrying a practising net, a bat, four stumps, and a ball. They walked briskly, talking eagerly, like men whose desire is at last within reach. Then they measured out the distance on the sands, pitched the stumps, and played at single wicket till night came up. I never saw them under any other conditions but those of waiting for the tide to go down, and playing cricket when the sand permitted. It was their Ruling Passion, and satiety touched them not.

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The Search.

It was growing dusk, but from the corner of the omnibus where I sat I could see her face plainly enough as she stepped from the pavement into the roadway and raised her umbrella. The rusty bonnet, the straggling gray hair, the spectacles, the skew-hung mantle—all these were ordinary enough; but in the face there was something that arrested me—something of the fixed, foolish, purpose one sees in the faces at Broadmoor. But it did not arrest the omnibus; for the conductor, leaning against the stair rail, and flicking the bundle of tickets in his fingers, viewed her dispassionately. Just then another omnibus passed us, going in the opposite direction, and stopped. The woman entered it and disappeared. The conductor turned, caught my eye, and read my astonishment that a woman should be so indifferent to the direction in which she travelled. "I never stop for 'er," he explained. "She jest gets on and then gets off again. Does that all day. They say she's looking for 'er 'usband. I bin on this road three years and more, and I've known 'er all the time." "Still, why don't you stop for her?" I asked. "She's doing no harm; and her penny is as good as any other penny." The conductor looked over his passengers. "Well, live and let live, that's my motter," he replied. "'Sposin' 'er husband—I'm only putting the case, mind—'sposin' 'er 'usband *was* in the 'bus."

Plain United States.

If you want to study the development of speech, the little book called *John Henry* (Heinemann, 1s.) is worth an hour's reading, and will probably lead to months of investigation. Indeed, Dr. Murray, in his rare intervals of leisure from the contemplation of English on its native soil, might amuse himself with the strange developments of English in its newer home across the Atlantic, of which Mr. McHugh's John Henry is, no doubt, a skilled exponent. We drop the hint of a doubt, since we are hardly competent to act as a Court of Final Appeal on a book where, as John Henry says, "they talk plain United States, and where you get two cosy corners at fifty cents a throw." This in comparing "The New York" with the theatre at which Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin were performing "one of those short-arm duets." This is probably United States, but to us it is not particularly plain. The difficulty began with the opening sentences, which set the key of the book's chastened style:

> I was down on the card to lead a lady friend of mine to a New York theatre where you can roll around in an orchestra chair at fifty cents a throw.
>
> When a guy can buy a couple of cosy corners in a dead swell theatre for fifty cents per coze, he's a mark to blow four plunks to squeeze into one of those joints where they feed you on problem plays and fricasseed pasts.
>
> I figured it out that way and stood pat.

Here is a special kind of slang that requires to be sent to the wash, mangled, ironed and folded straight before it can be recognised as literary wear. And John Henry is, we imagine, as special to New York to-day as Sam Weller was to the London of sixty years ago. He is apparently a young man about town in a small way; perhaps a store clerk whose love of a larger life leads him into acquaintance with "sawdust sports." But he has also a lady friend, and as he says in reference to "one of those swell grub stations" (he means restaurants), "it goes against the grain to stand up and introduce my lady friend to every labourer in the four-flush vineyard who trails up to the table and gives me a glad look." That same lady friend, too, has many synonyms. She is The Real Thing, the Proposition in Peaches, the Extreme Limit, the Whole Output, the Original Package of Sweetness, and on the last page but one John Henry remarks that "Clara Jane is a wise guyine"; so that we may conclude that the rose who is so sweet under so many names is merely Clara Jane, the lady friend who shares his experiences with Sarah Bernhardt's short-arm duets and the fancy feed store. It is not what happens to John Henry that is interesting, it is the way he describes it; not the thing he says, but the way he says it. Mysterious and engaging words spatter every paragraph, and it is a humiliating confession that we have to make when we say that we do not understand them. New York undoubtedly knows how much a "plunk" denotes, though Mr. Pierpont Morgan recognises it only when multiplied by a million. But what is a "goo-go"? And what is the change when it is a "con goo-goo"? How do you "tease a trolly"? What portion of a billiard saloon is "the dope"? What sort of people are "pikers," and "Torrid Tamales"? "Cinch," "dub," "gabby," "dago"—what mean they? These are the words in which John Henry thinks, and though they look like English they are "plain United States," or, rather, we should say, plain New York, in the sense that backslang is plain London.

But no man can write plain United States for nearly a hundred pages without being occasionally intelligible to a Britisher. And the acute reader—modesty forbids more personal indication—has in one instance at least a clue. Thus:

> She said she was svelte.
>
> I suppose that's dago for a shine.
>
> That's the way with some women. They can't come right out and call another woman a polish. They have to beat around the bush and chase their friends to the swamps by throwing things like "svelte" at them. Tush!

Now we get here some indication of what a shine is, and, by implication, what a polish is. But what about dago? It is an interesting little problem for those who like linguistic quadratic equations, and this little volume, appropriately adopted into the family of the "Dollar Library," is full of such problems, though in many of the equations the known quantities are sadly less than the unknown.

But it is the lover of language as a swift and easy conveyance for thought who will welcome John Henry. Put him on a shelf, and wait. On both sides of the Atlantic the decay and the rejuvenescence of the speech of Shakespeare is in simultaneous progress. Year by year words are buried, and words are born year by year—for they are very human, and follow the fortunes of men—stately words drop into degradation as descendants of kings are found in butchers' shops. Across the Atlantic we fire alternate sarcasms. "Elegant!" says England superciliously, naming a word that has come down in the Western world. "Awfully!" is America's return. So far we are quits. There are two honest words laid prone, impossible for all practical purposes of literature. Imagine—if imagination grasps anything so duo-hemispherical—the occurrence of something "awfully elegant." But while England and America are both engaged in slaying the old words, new ones, quite promising babies, are continually being born. They spring obscurely, and many die in infancy, being overlaid, or insufficiently published, or hypertrophied (such as the hydrocephalous offspring of science); now and then they are judiciously strangled by the firm fingers of a linguistic doctor. But the fittest survive, and come to maturity. Their origin is various. They may come like the "Boycotts" from the country, like the "Jingoes" from the London music-hall, or like the "Dabs" from a public school in the ordinary course. But if they are wanted they are accepted, and found their families, and win their way into *Debrett* or *The New English Dictionary*. And while in England slang—the slang of the streets, of the schools, of the Universities

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and of the Services—is always adding fresh blood to the language, the same process goes on in America. Indeed, in America at present we should say that the birth-rate of words and the rate of infant mortality are rather exceptional. For it is not enough to be a county word to get into *The New English Dictionary*; it must be a continent word. And with words, as with men, it takes three generations to make a gentleman, though we should hesitate to fix the period of a verbal generation.

Thus, perhaps, our intention of placing *John Henry* on the shelf and waiting developments is explained. How many out of John Henry's *crêche* will grow up into good, healthy dictionary words? Those that are wanted, is the obviously correct answer. And there is no reason why one should—even in nineteen hundred and fifty—"patter away for the pasteboards" when one need only go for the tickets. But will there come a time when Mr. Brodrick answers a question with: "Oh! ask me easy, just to tease me"; or Mr. Chamberlain squashes Mr. Labouchere with: "Quit your joshin'"? John Henry brings us a crowd of squalling linguistic infants. "There's no literary fiff that can give me the elbow," he remarks, and if we understand him aright he figures to put the whole bunch upon the rates. We must discriminate. Doubtless some of these baby words may reach manhood. But infanticide is inevitable. For, if we may steal John Henry's monumental phrase, he "talks like he'd been struck in the grammar by a ferry-boat."

M. Coppee Talks.

The *New York Times Saturday Review* prints an amusing interview with M. François Coppée, written by Mr. William Wallace Whitelock. Although M. Coppée's attitude in the Dreyfus case has not been that of his English admirers, he remains for them an interesting and typical literary figure of Paris. The talk, which we take the liberty of quoting, with abbreviations, ranged, it will be seen, over many literary topics:

"You continue out the Rue Bellechasse until it changes into the Rue Vaneau, cross the Rue Babylone, and a hundred steps further on you tumble into the Rue Oudinot." Such were the instructions of the wandering blanchisseuse whom I stopped in the Boulevard St. Germain to ask the way to the house of M. Coppée. Her instructions proved correct—at the end of the journey I tumbled into the Rue Oudinot. The room into which I was shown was the dining-room, and the author had come out of his sanctum to receive me. Unfortunately, however, we managed to get the hanging lamp directly between us, and for some time we bobbed around that lamp, trying to find one another, in the silly way that is so amusing to onlookers. At last, however, we caught each other, and the grave Academician, who had by this time become somewhat ruffled, led me into his study, in which were seated two gentlemen who looked exactly alike, save that one wore his beard pointed and the other wore his parted down the middle, doubtless for the sake of distinction.

"I suppose you received my card," I said, "stating the purpose of my visit."

"Yes. You want to interview me, don't you? Well, now, you won't mind my friends here, will you?"

I bowed to the friends, who had arisen and who bowed also, but no names were mentioned. The one with the pointed beard resembled the Czar of Russia strikingly, but I hardly believe it was he. It is not always an easy task to interview one man, but three at once are disconcerting, especially when they all stand looking inquiringly at you, in a foreign language. The first painful step, however, once over, friends are distinctly an advantage; they keep matters from dragging and bring out phases of conversation that would otherwise remain unillumined. The object of the friend with the parted beard, I found, was to keep in the conversation at all costs, while the Emperor was content to listen.

"Well, now, ask your questions, and I'll reply," said M. Coppée.

"Well, monsieur, in regard to foreign authors in France, who are those most read to-day?"

This was a fortunate question, asked at haphazard, as it started an animated converstion which continued for half an hour without flagging. Two other callers had arrived in the meantime, one of them a Greek who spoke French fluently, and the other a monosyllabic young man with a silk hat and a monocle.

"Ah!" cried Monsieur Coppée, in answer to my question, "who are the foreign authors most read in France! Don't make any mistake about literary internationality—such a thing does not exist, has never existed, will never exist; it is an impossibility. It does not exist even among literary men. As for me, I am an ignoramus; I'll tell you that right at the start. I know no other language than French. But, after all, what does the effect of the few foreign books we read amount to? Besides, when books are translated, they are transformed. I read Byron and I say to myself, 'That is fine!' but how do I know whether I am admiring the same Byron that you admire? What do I know of his style? Nothing. But, to speak frankly, the French nation is, on the whole, not open to the literary influence of other countries; it has exerted much more influence on the outside world, I think, than the outside world has exerted on it. A while ago everything was Ibsen, but we have recovered bravely from that. I would not like to say that Ibsen has no talent, but we were told that he was a second Shakespeare. Well, we found out that he was not. If you want to know who was the second Shakespeare, I will tell you who it was—Balzac. There is a man who has created a world and peopled it with the children of his imagination, an entire world."

"We are just learning to appreciate him in America," I said, "but in that we have simply taken a lesson from the French themselves; they did not appreciate him during his lifetime."

This remark brought down a veritable storm upon my head, even the Emperor and the monosyllabic young man doing their part to swell the uproar.

"Ah!" cried Monsieur Coppée, "that shows how little you know about it! You should have seen us in our youth all trying to live after the manner of Balzac, trying to imitate him in everything. We were carried away by him; there was nobody but Balzac."

"That reminds me of an anecdote," insisted the man with the pointed beard, "that reminds me of an anecdote that will show you how popular Balzac is in France; I'll tell you my anecdote."

"All right, do so," said M. Coppée, "I'll go out into the other room."

Unfortunately the rest of us could not go out into the other room, and we were enlightened as to the impossibility of exchanging a complete set of Voltaire for a set of Balzac as experienced by the narrator. All of this, however, seemed but to go to prove the truth of my statement that the great "comedian" was not appreciated in France until after his death, as there was not one of those present who could remember previous to 1850.

After M. Coppée's return from the other room the conversation turned on Kipling, although it was some time before I was clear as to whom we were talking about. The pronunciation of foreign names in France is one of those phenomena which never cease to hold fresh surprises.

"What is your opinion of him?" I asked the Academician.

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"Ah, c'est bien un homme de talent, there is no doubt of that; but there is something hard, something rough about him which I don't like. He is more a man of action than of books. As to his poetry, I can't judge, as I have not read any of it; I must take your word for that." Imagine "Gunga Dhin" in French!

The monosyllabic young man, it seems, had just read *Quo Vadis*, which, for some reason, has only recently made its appearance in French, and as but a straw is needed to turn the course of conversation, M. Coppée was led to a discussion of the story.

"Ah, yes, it is all very pretty, but it is not up to Cardinal Wiseman's Roman historical novel *Fabiola*, which everybody was reading thirty years ago. You are all too young to remember it, of course, and no one ever talks about it now, but it was far ahead of *Quo Vadis*. And then Châteaubriand—ah, they are not to be mentioned in the same breath! That's the way with these things, people forget that they have read the same story before. When a few years ago everybody was reading Dostoiewsky's *Crime and Punishment* and exclaiming at the beauty of the last scene, where Raskolinkow takes leave of Sonja, they forget how Jean Valjean had taken leave of Fantine, although it is exactly the same thing over again."

"I will send you a copy of my latest book," said M. Coppée at parting. "Is your address on your card?"

The book, of course, did not come, but I have since read this propaganda of Ultramontanism, and with the reading came the revelation of the calling for which the author was really intended: he should have been a priest. This is a new phase in his activity, but it is, I feel sure, only a belated exposition of a long latent tendency. I had imagined his countenance with the background of field and forest as the appropriate setting; I was mistaken, it is from the lectern or from the twilight of the confessional that it would be seen to the fullest advantage. He would be a popular confessor, I am sure.

Correspondence.

Life and Literature.

SIR,—Although Mr. Podmore expresses himself as agreeing so entirely with Stevenson's remarks, I fail to see in what particular this coincidence of opinion takes place. Decidedly not in Mr. Podmore's disparagement of the study of life as the chief business of the literary man. Stevenson merely said that life was not a place where dialogue and incident could be found ready-made—that is all. In no way does he deprecate the study of life. He simply points out what not to expect to find by such study. The purport of his remarks seems to be roughly this: All things are body and soul, or something analogous. Life itself is the inward thing or soul which is manifested in the world around by observable incidents and occurrences. Each soul takes to itself a body, fit and suitable for that soul alone:

> For of the soul, the body form doth take,
> For soul is form and doth the body make.

In a book, the thought, the insight, is the soul. Being a new thing, it must have a new body for its expression—no ready-made thing will do which has already served its purpose for some greater or lesser object. The elements of it may be found in the world around, but they are detached fragments, that must be moulded and welded, and fitted together bit by bit—everything superfluous or foreign being rejected, and everything that can do aught towards the furtherance of the author's purpose being pressed into service. Life itself is infinitely too complex, and its normal manifestations far too heterogeneous in nature, for any of them to be taken as they stand, and made to play the part of exhibiting the development of the single, simple aim which is the essential of any and every literary work.

This, so far as I can see, appears to be the expanded meaning of Stevenson's remarks. Of the study of life itself, apart from its being made the hunting-ground for incident and dialogue, he says nothing, but if we are to judge by his own work, by the careful and minute observation that characterises it, and, more than all, by his own concentrated habit of mind, we cannot fail to be led to this conclusion—that Stevenson, of all men, made his work a record of what he learnt from life by careful and unremitting study.—I am, etc.,

T. W. COLE.

21, Coleford-road, Wandsworth, S.W.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 98 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best Apology supposed to have been written by a dead author. We award the prize to the Rev. R. F. McCausland, Hawsker, Whitby, for the following:

SIR EDWER LYTTON (LORD LYTTON).

"*Pelham*," writes one of my gentle critics, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, "is a wonderfully clever novel of the superfine, kid-glove, and silver-fork school." Well, I wrote *Pelham* in 1828, and between that date and 1869 I published more than forty volumes. They were all popular, and, if I mistake not, some of them in the twentieth century have achieved the posthumous honour of a sixpenny edition. "Kid-glove and silver-fork school!" Possibly. *C'était mon coin de la vie.* I was hurt, however, when Alfred Tennyson called me "a bandbox"; but I would rather look like a bandbox than a dirty monk with a plebeian clay pipe.

Again, I notice Mr. George Brimley, in criticising *My Novel*, writes: "It is only the amusements, the pleasures, and the passions of the idle members of English society which Sir Bulwer-Lytton has ever succeeded in painting." *Que voulez-vous, mes amis? Il faut cultiver mon jardin.* That wag, Mr. Calverley, has recommended his pupils to

> "Listen how Maltravers and the orphan forgat all but love,
> And how Devereux's family chaplain made and unmade kings."

Yes, I wrote, an aristocrat myself (pardon the egotism), of the aristocracy, with an occasional scoundrel like Paul Clifford or Eugene Aram. Thus I offered the world of readers a clever blend of my contemporaries Messrs. Benjamin Disraeli and Harrison Ainsworth. Many liked my spice of philosophy about the Real and Ideal (capital letters, please).

> "Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
> With dandy pathos, when you wrote."

Come, Alfred, that is too bad! But, granted I did no more, I have secured my niche as novelist, dramatist, and poet—not seventh-rate (*pace* Mr. A. C. Swinburne)—in what you later writers call the Early Victorian period, but I, the Temple of Fame.

Other replies are as follows:

ISAAC WALTON ON THE "COMPLETE ANGLER."

A quip, which will pleasure some good body, that was lately told to our company by a worthy Prelate, did vastly divert some who heard it. The Bishop was examining some students, and asking one of them, "Who was the judicious Hooker?" he promptly did reply: "Isaac Walton."

As for myself I was no less diverted by this wittiness than glad to perceive that the memory of my treatise is not lost among men. Wherefore I am the more emboldened to execute what hath long been my design, and to add a posthumous epilogue to my discourse on fishing.

And none the least of my reasons hereof is, that most anglers do now rashly affirm, that by reason of the subtlety and greater wariness of trouts in this generation, my treatise is well-nigh obsolete, and its perusal shall serve rather for curiosity than for instruction.

That the twelve flies, to be used in fishing on the top, of Master Cotton have been more cunningly devised by the new host of artificers is quite plain: as also, that gut is more choice than hair to be set next the fly. But they, who prate of the education of fish in this age, do but weave a cloak for their unskilfulness, or strive to enhance the wonderment thereof, if peradventure they shall have captured some silly trout.

What if the more captious make exception of my natural history, yet let them not talk as though Master Cotton did not let his fly come

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sailing over some goodly fish, which he had espied feeding far up the stream, and oft did draw him to the net; erstwhile mocking my long line down stream.

Nor do I count it a defect that my book treateth not of the rearing and hatching of trout and salmon: yea more, I deem it not to pertain to the office of a sportsman to speak of the coddling and nursing of the quarry which he shall pursue.

In all humility we confess the imperfections of our treatise, but we thank all honest anglers, that they have done us the compliment to make all their dainty volumes of such sort, that they be but new-fangled commentaries upon the ancient scripture of the Complete Angler. [F. G. C., Hull.]

ELIA DEFENDS HIMSELF FROM THE CHARGE OF BEING DEAD.

GENTLEMEN,—How seldom doth it happen, as in the present trial of wits, that an author's being a dead man is accounted to be a special qualification! Rather is there rooted in the minds of most of you a highly reprehensible fallacy: the notion, to wit, that to be still alive is some natural ground for self-complacency in a man, whilst to be dead is to have sustained the very last affront of which humanity is capable.

I have no wish to pick a quarrel with the living (I dare wager there are still some excellent fellows left among you). But why should they who are still in the flesh go out of their way, as many do, to imply a rascally comparison between our state and their own? Why should even a numbskull, who was wont to stand tongue-tied before a genius when in life, mumble his name familiarly as "Poor such-a-one" the moment the breath, forsooth, has left his body? Believe me, I cannot, for a moment, conceive of myself as being referred to in such a fashion but it arouses my spleen.

Without being puffed up in vainglory because we exist no longer (I speak here on behalf of several of the defunct literary crew around me), we are far from admitting that, in arriving at a state in which there is complete immunity from rates and taxes, we have any reason to quarrel with our condition.

Having said thus much, I will not deny the presence of some malcontents among us. On my honour, gentlemen, I had not been incorporate an hour, myself, before encountering those who openly twitted me with having been *reduced to their level*.—Your humble servant, "ELIA."

[DELIA, Gateshead-on-Tyne.]

JANE AUSTEN.

GENTLEMEN,—Since I quitted the retired neighbourhood in which, near a century past, I wrote and gave to the public certain little stories of mine, I find my name is become exalted to a tolerable eminence in the world of letters. It may be supposed that not even an extra-mundane author can be altogether insensible of so flattering a fact, yet is my satisfaction incomplete: for I protest it is too much that you should unite in ascribing to me the monopoly of the sense of humour amongst female writers.

So unique a distinction I the less desire as I know it to be wholly undeserved.

I have never been censured for lacking high spirits, and should they have called forth your generous but too exclusive ascription of the faculty, upon them must rest my apology for your criticism.

It were perhaps a merit in a woman that she should have a fine sense of humour, but none that she should be its sole possessor among her sex: else might she indeed claim to be less the perfect woman than the mere monster.

Pray let me not be thought to be the latter.

The reason for your oft-repeated eulogium of one woman's humour may lie in some vague anxiety on your part to discharge your conscience for the general libel.

When on earth I ever found an exquisite satisfaction in the delicate perfume of wild flowers: but, one day chancing to visit a neighbouring hot-house, I was assured by the gardener that such perfumes had no existence.

Wherefore I am led to ask—if a woman's humour, by her very nature, be of a more delicate quality than is a man's, is that a reason for allowing it no being?—Your perplexed Friend, JANE AUSTEN.

[SAGITTARIUS, Gateshead-on-Tyne.]

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON, TO THE EDITOR OF THE "THRUSH."

In the "puff" of your forthcoming pages I see my own name distinguished by the adjective "great." A contemporary considers the epithet misplaced. I ask myself: Should I be concerned? The truly great is the Ennobling. The many romances which flowed from my pen were coloured, perhaps, by a too exuberant Fancy, and marred by the too lavish use of Capital Letters; my excursions into the Unseen too wild and daring. Still, the humours and tendernesses of domestic life; the glorious opportunities of the traveller, discerning alike natural scenery and Man; the elevating power of Truth and Virtue—these things were depicted with affection and, I trust, with sincerity. I never stooped to portray villainy that was not thoroughly dramatic, nor poverty devoid of Dignity and a feeling for the picturesque. The Exalted in Society were in my eye the Exalted in mind as well as station. Those less favoured by circumstances were trustful and devout. Can your present writers say the same? To them, calumniators alike of rich and poor, I would quote the words of my own Philosopher: "Humble yourselves, my descendants, for your father was a twat (tadpole). Exalt yourselves, my descendants, for it was the same Divine thought which created your father that develops itself in exalting you."

E. BULWER LYTTON.

[M. E. J., Chorley Wood.]

FRANCIS BACON—LORD VERULAM.

GOOD MASTER EDITOR,—I come not to make "apology"—my philosophy, my writings, give no occasion: they are my pride, my life, my honour. But now another man's honour hath been foisted on me by certain unwise enthusiasts, to my pain and indignation. Vainly have I entreated the ingenius Master Shakspere to hereby claim his own—he doth but laugh, and pass it lightly by. Therefore I, who did once administer justice in England, now ask justice for my friend, the glory of England. To him must be given the sole honour of his noble work: *I* had no part in his exalted imaginings. Strange that I, who banished imagination from the study of Nature, am now declared the most imaginative poet of my time, and the most secret of all time.

He who hath done me this disservice (*Passimum genus inimicorum hominum*), Ignatius Donnelly, the foolish discoverer of a cryptogram that never existed, lately passed over to us. He craved speech of me—but I would none of him. He hath done me but a scurvy turn. Did ever man utter such nonsense as he hath credited me with, clumsily and foolishly enwrapped?

Here, we have but one language, Truth: and we know ourselves. Could I have written worthy Master Shakspere's plays? Read but my Essay on Love (I lost a rich wife by it—she liked not my view), could the man who wrote that essay have written "Romeo and Juilet," "Venus and Adonis," or any of that passionate poet's works? Never. But this wisdom at least have I—not to prank myself in another man's honour, having, God be thanked, enough of mine own. *Suum cuique*: let the Shakspere we love own the works that we love—they are his and his only.

FRANC, St. Albans, Canc.

[W. S. B., Blackheath.]

THE APOLOGY OF R. L. S.

My apology is many-sided. Here is one facet of it. A young fellow, loving me, though he had never seen me, subscribed to my Edinburgh Edition. The furnishing for his monthly visit to the bookseller spelt many a scanty meal, many a suspicion earned and expressed of a mean and miserly temper in him, yet his shelves gathered one by one my poor works. With a lovable rashness he married, and the little home was opulent in love, and in little else. Then I died, and those who had never loved me, but scented profit in my passing, avidly grasped the circumstance, and the edition doubled in value. Then, too, did sickness and illhap strike the new-made home. My volumes were there, and fifteen pounds profit might have been made for the asking for the damned stuff, yet, without a word between the two, it was an article of their faith, as perfectly shared as their love, that aught else in the little house should go before the books. And other treasures, dear to the heart of a young housewife, did go, and two of the six rooms were sorely stripped. But I remained, and they ate little and loved much; and, after the day's work, first hard against the window to save the oil, and then by lamplight, the boy read to the girl of the Sire de Maletroit's door, and of the night with Villon, and of Prince Otto and his Princess, and of that little beast Huish, and all the rest of the sorry trash. And they were happy.

To the devil with apologies. This one facet is a justification.

[W. B.]

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A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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[*Registered as a Newspaper.*]

The Literary Week.

We have received the following appeal in favour of a public memorial to the late Mr. Robert Buchanan—it is signed by the Rev. Thomas Varney, of Southend, where Buchanan spent several years of his life, and Mr. Coulson Kernahan:

> It has been suggested to us that the residents of this town would be pleased to see steps taken towards a public memorial to so distinguished a man, and we have good reason to believe that such a movement would meet with a generous response. But, sir, it seems to us that in the case of a poet of such eminence as Robert Buchanan a memorial of this sort should not be confined to any particular town.
>
> Will you therefore favour us by inserting this letter, and by allowing us to say that the Mayor of Southend-on-Sea (J. Francis, Esq., J.P., Wilson-road, Southend-on-Sea) has kindly consented to act as treasurer, and any contributions forwarded to him will be duly acknowledged in the public press?
>
> We should like to add that this letter has the approval of Mr. Buchanan's relatives, who hope, however, that the response will be marked, *not* by the extent of the amount subscribed, but by the number of subscribers. They venture to suggest, therefore, that subscriptions be limited to a comparatively small sum, so that Mr. Buchanan's humble admirers (of whom there are many) may not hesitate to contribute their mite.

The well-known author of the famous book, *Siberia and the Exile System*, Mr. George Kennan, who so freely and adversely criticised the methods of the Russian authorities, entered Russia through Finland about a fortnight ago. He assumed that, as several years have passed since the book was published, and a new set of officials has sprung up, he would be unmolested; but on Friday he was visited at the Hôtel d'Angleterre by a detective, who told him that he must consider himself under arrest in his room for the day, and then in the evening conducted him to the railway station, whence he was sent across the frontier. It is thought that an article with reference to him which appeared the other day in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* accounts for the attention paid to him by the Government. In the article it was stated that it was audacity on Mr. Kennan's part to go to Russia, and surprise was expressed at his being allowed to remain there after the exposures in his book, which has been translated into several European languages.

Am Bàrd, which has for subsidiary title *Ar Tir agus ar Teanga*, is the latest born of magazines, and is devoted to Gaelic. It is not all Gaelic, however:

> With this number of *Am Bàrd* the youthful Cuchulain—*fortissimus heros Scotorum*—enters upon the second day of his life. His birth, as we have said, was difficult, and not unaccompanied by danger to the infant hero; but the morrow finds him refreshed and strengthened indeed. Following the precedent established by his illustrious ancestor, he has already begun to work miracles, rising irresistibly from his cradle and crushing under his thigh the heads of two saucy clò-bhuailtean that were brought him to play with. However, like the magnanimous nephew of King Conor, he is not given to boasting.

This masterful babe has our good wishes.

Mr. W. P. James pertinently points out that the "true story" of the publication of *John Inglesant* given by Mr. Linnell to the *Athenæum* a fortnight ago, directly contradicts the oft-repeated story that the book was rejected by James Payn as "reader" for Messrs. Smith, Elder. Mr. Linnell expressly stated: "The MS. was never sent to any publisher." It is known, however, that Mr. Linnell advised Mr. Shorthouse to send a copy of the book to Messrs. Smith, Elder. Perhaps this privately printed copy was regarded by the firm as an offer of the book for publication; but Mr. Linnell, who knows all the facts, will doubtless furnish an exact explanation.

A young writer of promise who hopes to hit the public taste with a novel is in these days provided with a kind of Morris tube, represented by the small committee of taste before whom his advance sheets come. "Those who have read the advance sheets" is the now familiar designation of the said committee, which may be taken to consist of the publisher, at least two readers, a wife or two, and half-a-dozen people who had no claim to see the MS., and are sworn to secrecy. Be this as it may, "O.O." of the *Sketch*, writes: "I hear great things of a novel, *The Potter and the Clay*, which is to be issued in the autumn. The author is a girl just out of her teens, but those who have read the advance sheets of her first book are confident that it will create something of a sensation. It is a romance of military life in India, and tells of the magnificent struggle of a young officer between love and honour."

The same literary gossiper tells an amusing story in connection with the dispute between Messrs. Pearson and Mr. Hall Caine, whose novel, *The Eternal City*, has been issued this week. A resident in the island gave a Douglas bookseller an order to send him the *Lady's Magazine* for twelve months. He now refuses to pay for the subscription, as he contends he ordered the magazine solely to read *The Eternal City*, and that when the story was stopped the *Lady's Magazine* was not according to its original promise and prospectus. The bookseller is suing for the amount of the subscription, and the case is to be most vigorously defended.

From Messrs. Newnes comes the announcement of a new quarterly publication, to be entitled *The Ideal*. Each issue is to contain forty pages of text, and a number of illustrations produced in as perfect a manner as possible, including not less than eight full-page etchings, photogravures, and mezzotints. Where it appears desirable, the illustrations will be reproduced in colour, and the letterpress is to be printed on hand-made paper. Sumptuousness appears to be the aim of the publishers, both in matter and price. The latter is fixed at thirty-eight

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guineas for the four parts, or ten guineas for a single part.

THE Linen Hall Library, Belfast, has lately received from Mrs. Burns Thomas a number of books and pictures relating to her great-grandfather, Robert Burns. Among them is a volume of pamphlets, which belonged to the poet, containing documents on the relations between the Scottish Parliament and Charles I., published in Edinburgh in 1640; an addition of *Smectymnuus*, printed in Edinburgh in 1708, etc. Another interesting book is *A Manual of Religious Belief*, written by William Burns, the poet's father, for the instruction of his children. Another is the Bible of Mrs. Everitt, the donor's mother, presented to her by her grand-uncle, Robert Armour, the brother of "Bonnie Jean." Among the pictures are an engraving of the original portrait of Burns, by Nasmyth, in the National Gallery of Scotland, and an engraving by Bengo of a picture of Burns by Hahnisch. In addition to this gift, the library possesses a valuable collection of books, pamphlets, and pictures, acquired a short time ago from Mr. Andrew Gibson, the well-known authority on Burns literature.

THE letter issued from the Works Department of the Town Hall, at Westminster, to the second-hand booksellers in Charing Cross-road, comes at a moment when we have to deplore the final closing of Holywell-street. Here is the text of the note:

> SIR,—I am directed by the City Council to call attention to the projecting shelves placed outside your premises, illegally, and to the obstruction of the public way; and to require the removal of the projections.—Your obedient servant, JOHN HUNT, Town Clerk.

There has naturally been a general outcry, both on the part of booksellers and bookbuyers against what appears to be an arbitrary and foolish regulation; a regulation which we believe, however, will never be put in force. We cannot conceive how the narrow tasting-shelves of literature in the Charing Cross-road can be described as an obstruction. The thoroughfare is wide, and not by any means overwhelmed with traffic; furthermore, the right to have these shelves constitutes part of the value of the premises, and to abolish them thus summarily would be to injure seriously a particular and most innocent trade. It would, indeed, be bad public policy to do away with what may be regarded as an inexpensive aid to the Education Department. Are we no longer to see Lamb's "poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls"? There are many other matters, which constitute real abuses, to which the Works Department might profitably devote attention.

IN a note in the *British Weekly*, on a new translation of *Salammbô*, Ian Maclaren says: "It seems, indeed, impossible for any novelist to interest his readers in life long ago, for however much we appreciate the accuracy of the staging, we are always outside the characters." This, if it were true, were a hard saying, but is it true? The changelessness of human nature is the theme of novelists, and whether the subject be the revolt of the Carthaginian mercenaries, in the third century B.C., or a revolt of paid workers to-day, the essentials remain the same. If the writer fails, it is because his grip of life is weak, or he overlays his work with wearisome detail. Mr. Ian Maclaren's remarks, for a countryman of Scott, strike us as particularly unfortunate.

IN a recent issue of the *Daily News*, Mr. G. K. Chesterton has an admirable and timely article on "The Position of Sir Walter Scott." Mr. Chesterton is a critic to be reckoned with; he has the broad outlook which is so necessary, yet so rare, as well as the fine simplicity which sees to the core of things. He contends that if Scott is neglected to-day, it can only be because modern readers have lost touch with the true spirit of romance:

> Walter Scott is a great, and, therefore, mysterious man. He will never be understood until Romance is understood, and that will be only when Time, Man, and Eternity are understood. To say that Scott had more than any other man who ever lived a sense of the romantic seems, in these days, a slight and superficial tribute. The whole modern theory arises from one fundamental mistake—the idea that romance is in some way a playing with life, a figment, a conventionality, a thing upon the outside. No genuine criticism of romance will ever arise until we have grasped the fact that romance lies not upon the outside of life, but absolutely in the centre of it. The centre of every man's existence is a dream. Death, disease, insanity, are merely material accidents, like toothache or a twisted ankle. That these brutal forces always besiege and often capture the citadel does not prove that they are the citadel. The boast of the realist (applying what the reviewers call his scalpel) is that he cuts into the heart of life; but he makes a very shallow incision if he only reaches as deep as habits and calamities and sins. Deeper than all these lies a man's vision of himself, as swaggering and sentimental as a penny novelette.

SCOTT did not pile incident upon incident, he gave time for the blood to dry upon the sword; "the deeper presence of romance is far better felt when the sword is at the hip, ready for innumerable adventures, too tremendous to be pictured." And again: "Romance, indeed, does not consist by any means so much in experiencing adventures as in being ready for them." That, it seems to us, is perfectly true, and also the following:

> There is one quality which is supreme and continuous in Scott which is little appreciated at present. One of the values we have really lost in recent fiction is the value of eloquence. The modern literary artist is compounded of almost every man except the orator. Yet Shakespeare and Scott are certainly alike in this—that they could both, if literature had failed, have earned a living as professional demagogues. The feudal heroes in the "Waverley Novels" retort upon each other with a passionate dignity, haughty, and yet singularly human, which can hardly be paralleled in political eloquence except in Julius Cæsar. With a certain fiery impartiality which stirs the blood, Scott distributes his noble orations equally among saints and villains. He may deny a villain every virtue or triumph, but he cannot endure to deny him a telling word; he will ruin a man, but he will not silence him. In truth, one of Scott's most splendid traits is his difficulty—or, rather, incapacity—for despising any of his characters. He did not scorn the most revolting miscreant as the realist of to-day commonly scorns his own hero. Though his soul may be in rags, every man of Scott can speak like a king.

Mr. Chesterton's appreciation by no means blinds him to Scott's faults; he admits him to be "an unequal and chaotic writer," but his immeasurable zest and vitality carry him into the very strongholds of romance.

MR. CHARLES WHIBLEY gave us a *Book of Scoundrels* five years ago. Mr. Max Beerbohm has now written a *Book of Rascals*. There seems to be no opportunity of splitting hairs about these semi-synonyms, for we are told that this book of Rascals is "a series of sketches of famous scoundrels, from Jonathan Wild to the Tichborne Claimant."

THE revolt against the use of advertisements in literature seems to be making headway in America. The New York *Nation* has a scathing article on the subject, entitled, "Every Author His Own Press Agent." After pointing out that the author is nearly as much to blame as the

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publisher for the undignified methods now used to catch the eye of the reading public, the *Nation* traces the history of the change very amusingly:

> The change in the attitude of the author is illustrated by a little incident which occured in London in 1858—a prehistoric age, as far as the art of advertising is concerned. Edmund Yates then wrote, for a periodical called *Town Talk*, a short account of Thackeray's personal appearance and his literary successes. To be sure, the sketch was not wholly flattering, but so much the better, for no one could then accuse it of being simply a puff. What was Thackeray's proper course under the circumstances? No enlightened man in this year of grace 1901 will hesitate for a moment to say that he should have clipped the article and sent it with his own photograph to his publishers, Bradbury and Evans. They should have ordered immediately five hundred proof-slips and mailed one to each newspaper in the United Kingdom, with some such circular as this:
>
> "Dear Sir,—Since we advertise freely in your columns, you will probably wish to reprint in whole or in part, with proper credit to *Town Talk*, the enclosed sketch of Mr. Thackeray, whose popular novel, *The Virginians*, we are now publishing in monthly parts at 1s. each. The sale of this work is, as you doubtless know, absolutely unprecedented in the book trade. If you can use a cut we shall be happy to send you, carriage prepaid, an excellent electrotype portrait of Mr. Thackeray. [Was this before the days of electrotypes?] Trusting you will do your best for us, and will send us a marked copy, we remain, your obedient servants,
>
> "Bradbury and Evans.'
>
> Incredible as it may seem, however, nothing of the kind happened. Thackeray did not even offer Mr. Yates an autograph copy of *The Newcomes*. Instead, he demanded that Mr. Yates should apologise for printing facts about the colour of his hair and his manner of speech, learned in the privacy of the Garrick Club, of which both were members. Evidently Thackeray was labouring under the delusion that an author is a member of a learned profession, bound by some such fantastic code as that of reputable doctors and lawyers. It is conceivable that if he had seen on every bill-board the legend, "Read *The Virginians*! A Great Historical Novel! Incidents of the French and Indian War! Brilliant Characterisation of George Washington!" he would have felt as horrified as the President of the New York Academy of Medicine if he saw his name on a poster in every street-car with the advice, "Go to Dr. —— for Appendicitis! Operations While You Wait!" But we have left Thackeray's benighted notions far behind us.

Mr. T. Edwards Jones writes from Ipswich: "The following I take from my common-place book, written eighteen years ago, and I should be happy to find it was even now the means of sending further readers to Bailey's 'Festus,' which recently has been written of so much":

> Helen: Our life is comely as a whole; nay, more,
> Like rich brown ringlets, odd hairs all gold.
> We women have four seasons, like the year.
> Our spring is in our lightsome girlish days,
> When the heart laughs within us for sheer joy;
> Ere yet we know what love is or the ill
> Of being loved by those whom we love not.
> Summer is when we love and are beloved,
> And seems short; from its very splendour seems
> To pass the quickest; crowned with flowers it flies.
> Autumn, when some young thing with tiny hands,
> And rosy cheeks, and flossy tendrilled locks,
> Is wantoning about us day and night.
> And winter is when those we love have perished;
> For the heart ices then. And the next spring
> Is in another world, if one there be.
> Some miss one season, some another; this
> Shall have them early, and that late; and yet
> The year wear round with all as best it may.
> There is no rule for it; but in the main
> It is as I have said.

We are accustomed to think that the modern book is very well designed and manufactured, but librarians think otherwise. A leading organ of the profession says:

> It is high time that something was said and something done, if possible, to bring home to publishers the discreditable get-up of many modern works. . . . Cheap books, of course, cannot be expected to be other than cheap and shoddy in these particulars, however artistic and fair their outer presentment may be; though, strange to say, some of the really cheap books are wonderfully tough, and stand handling well. But when one pays six shillings for a novel it seems to us not unreasonable that the book should be expected to hold together for, let us say, half-a-dozen perusals at least. Judged by this surely not wildly extravagant standard of durability, a great number of books at and about this price will be found wanting. But when really expensive works, ranging in cost from fifteen shillings to pounds, are issued in this shoddy manner, we feel that, as librarians, we are justly entitled to complain. Our readers will be able to recall many recent examples of the kind of thing we refer to, in all classes of literature, but we have specially in mind some of the fine-art monographs that have been issued from the press during the last two or three years. Apart from the bad stitching, and the fact that a heavy volume is attached to its case by mull and paper alone, the valuable plates—always a source of weakness—are innocent of guards, and, worse than all, the paper is all "surface," with no wear in it. This means that the book—which has, perhaps, cost three, four, or even five guineas—has to be rebound or recased before it is good for anything, which entails not only extra expense, but an irritating delay, before it can be put into circulation. And the badness of the paper is, of course, irremediable.

Even in America they are finding out the emptiness of the Omar Khayyam craze. Our readers would hardly believe the lengths to which it has been carried in the States. We have not seen the volume (*The Rubaiyat*, H. O. Sheppard, Chicago), to which the following abbreviated remarks, from the pen of Mr. Edgar Saltus, in the *New York Journal's* literary supplement, refer; but the free-and-easiness of his language is open to reproval:

> There is a malady known to pathologists as epilepsy of the epiglottis. We have symptoms of this complaint every time a new version of the *Rubaiyat* appears. We had a touch of it when the first dishwater was produced. We suffered at the spectacle of the succeeding slabs of veal and now nausea overcomes us again, for here is more drivel on an altar which should be sacred to every poetaster, however cheap.
>
> The present sacrilege, an anonymous Chicago production, deserves every kind of reception except perusal. From the mawkishness of the binding on through the abomination of its letterpress down to the petty misdemeanor of its illustrations it constitutes our *beau idéal* of what bad taste should be.
>
> But it will have its uses. Though just what it would not be honest to state.
>
> Last year or the year before a patient plodder produced an historical novel. The wretched book took. Now we are all so swamped by similar rubbish that History herself has become a horror.
>
> Prophesying along these lines, it is easy to foresee that, in view of the *Rubaiyat* inundation, sooner or later FitzGerald will be hated for having turned a dead bard into a noxious fad.
>
> "Save Goodness only," sang Omar, "there is nothing good." And what goodness could he or anyone possessed of as much taste as would fit on the head of a pin find in the present dilution or in the brew of the scavengers that have preceded it?
>
> When verse is not impeccable it has no excuse for being. It is true that as verse goes the original itself is not first chop. Sense it contains and profound philosophy with it, but you must fumble for the plums through layers of platitude.
>
> But here is the gist of it all. Those plums FitzGerald took and through a wizardry of his own turned into jewels. He did better by Omar than Omar did for himself.
>
> Though Prof. Cowell got to the grave before him, it was he who resurrected the corpse, revamped it, tore the shroud of platitudes aside and set the Tentmaker's tent with colours which it never knew.

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The necromancy of the performance was applauded by all the world. And now to what base uses the grave has come this latest of its many defilements shows.

Obviously if this sort of thing is to continue the day is not distant when the *Rubaiyat* will be in letters what the "Carnival de Venise" is in music—a gem lost in the mire of its various and villainous variations.

Mr. Saltus is quite right. We will overlook his ink-slinging excesses.

The *Shanklin Gazette* prints an article by Dr. Dabbs, in which he comments on the "unconscious poetry" which is to be found in certain classic novels. He selects, in illustration of this, a passage from *Barnaby Rudge*, which, spaced as blank verse, runs thus:

He raised
His head; gazed upward at the quiet sky,
Which seemed to smile upon the earth in sadness,
As if the night, more thoughtful than the day,
Looked down in sorrow on the sufferings
And evil deeds of men; and felt its peace
Sink deep into his heart. He, a poor idiot,
Caged in his narrow cell, was as much lifted
Up to God, while gazing on that wild
Light, as the freest and most favoured man
In all the spacious city; and in his ill-
Remembered prayer, and in the fragment of
The childish hymn, with which he sung and crooned
Himself asleep, there breathed as true a spirit
As ever studied homily expressed,
Or old cathedral arches echoed.

Dickens, in this respect, was certainly a great sinner; the passage could be paralleled from almost any of the novels, particularly the later ones. His sentimental passages often have a tendency to slip into metre; one has only to read him aloud to become rather painfully aware of this. As to the unconsciousness of the mannerism, we are not so sure. Was Blackmore unconscious of it in *Lorna Doone*? It is certainly a blot upon an otherwise almost perfect book.

Bibliographical.

We are told that Mr. Henley's forthcoming volume of poems is to include his *epilogues* to "Beau Austin" and "Admiral Guinea." I was not aware that he had written anything of the kind. He did, indeed, pen a *prologue* to "Beau Austin," which is printed along with the text of the play. There has been rather a revival of the prologue and epilogue of late years. Mr. Swinburne, it will be remembered, wrote a couple of prologues for performances of the Elizabethan Stage Society ("Dr. Faustus" and "The Spanish Gipsy"); Mr. Watts-Dunton wrote an epilogue for an open-air representation of Banville's "Le Baiser"; and there are other modern instances which I cannot recall at this moment. It is not likely, however, that the revival will last. Present-day audiences are too impatient to tolerate either prologue or epilogue; they are in a hurry to see the curtain rise, and equally in a hurry to get away even before the curtain falls. A collection of the best prologues and epilogues in the language would be an interesting work. Who will compile it? Meanwhile, there is a little book on the history of the subject which the author (if he be alive) might well reprint. It is very readable.

Mr. Fraser Rae's projected edition of the plays of Sheridan will be welcome in so far as it is, I understand, to be based on the author's MSS. (or prompt-books?). One would certainly like to have a text which we could be sure Sheridan accepted as the right one. Otherwise, there are editions of the plays galore. There was one quite recently in the Macmillan "English Classics" series—a careful reproduction of the best of the early editions. That ought to satisfy most people. But, in truth, during the last ten or eleven years, Sheridan's plays have been much exploited. Messrs. Chatto issued them in 1890. In 1891 they engaged the active attention of Messrs. Ward and Lock, Walter Scott, and Gibbings. Messrs. Routledge reprinted them in 1892. Then, in 1897, came a reprint of a compact edition of the Works which Messrs. Chatto had published originally in 1874. This is excellently adapted for the general reader.

The name of "Max Adeler" is not nearly so well known in England as that of "Mark Twain," but there was a time when his books sold over here freely. In the late 'seventies and early 'eighties there were many English editions of his *Old Fogey*, his *Elbow Room*, his *Out of the Hurly Burly*, his *Random Shots*, his *Transformations*, and so forth. In 1898 there were new editions of the *Elbow Room* and the *Hurly Burly*, while last year there were reprints of the *Hurly Burly* and the *Random Shots*. This would seem to suggest that he still has a public in England, though probably not so large a one as when he first appealed to English readers. The taste for American humour seems to have gone off somewhat; we raise our own "humourists" now.

Among Messrs. Macmillan's announcements is one of a new translation of poems by Victor Hugo. This, if well done, should be a benefaction for those who cannot read the poems in the original. Not much of Hugo's verse is accessible in English. *Fragments* from his *Legends and Lyrics* appeared in 1894, but that was all in the 'nineties. In the 'eighties we had the versions by Dean Carrington (1885), and *Selections, Chiefly Lyrical, Translated by Various Authors* (1885 also). All of these left the field open for something more comprehensive and satisfactory. Messrs. Macmillan announce, further, a new edition of the *Works of Goldsmith* and a new translation of *The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius*, neither of which appears to be imperatively called for, seeing how often Goldsmith has been edited and Marcus Aurelius translated of late years.

I see that Messrs. Chatto and Windus announce a new novel by Mrs. B. M. Croker, called *The Catspaw*, and a new book of short stories by Mr. G. R. Sims, entitled *The Blind Marriage, &c.* Each of these books illustrates the constant interchange of titles between prose fiction and the stage. Thus, a play called "A Blind Marriage" was produced in London just five years ago; and as for "The Catspaw," it is the name of at least three plays—one of them by Douglas Jerrold (1850) and another by the illustrious Max O'Rell (1895).

In the book to be called *Shakespeare and Music*, the compiler, I gather, will bring together all the bard's references to the gentle art, and illustrate them by a reproduction of the airs referred to in the text. He is aware, we may be sure, of the existence of *A Collection of the Vocal Music in Shakespeare's Plays, including the whole of the Songs, Duets, Glees, Choruses, &c., engraved from original MS. and early printed copies, chiefly from the collection of William Kitchiner, M.D.* This was edited by John Caulfield. The most modern work of the kind is *The Handbook of Shakespeare Music*, "being an account of 350 pieces of music, set to words taken from the plays and poems of Shakespeare." This was edited by the late Alfred Roffe, and published in 1878. It is a very readable and useful publication, though, necessarily, no longer "up to date."

A correspondent takes exception to my remark last week *re* Hazlitt and Mr. Birrell, and suggests that I should take down from the shelf my copy of *Res Judicatæ* and re-read what Mr. Birrell has already said about Hazlitt. "In this short essay," says "T. E. J.," "Mr. Birrell shows himself delightfully well-acquainted with the 'more than twenty volumes' of his hero, and readily shows how much he admires the author, if he does not love the man." That is just the point. Mr. Birrell, I gather, proposes to write, not a criticism on Hazlitt, but an account of his life. And a biographer, I think, ought to be more or less in sympathy with the person whose career and character he undertakes to unfold.

The Bookworm.

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Reviews.

"'Tis Greece, but Living Greece ——"

Modern Greece. By Sir Richard Jebb. (Macmillan. 5s.)

ONE-AND-TWENTY years have passed since Sir Richard Jebb —then merely Prof. Jebb—published a little volume on *Modern Greece*, of which the second edition has just appeared. It consists merely of a couple of lectures addressed to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, a magazine article on "The Progress of Greece," and a supplementary paper on Lord Byron's connection with Greece. But the book had a wide influence on its first appearance. In the years which followed the Russo-Turkish War and the Berlin Congress, England had lost interest in Hellenism. The nation which had fought for freedom in the 'twenties of the last century, and welcomed as king a brother of our present Queen in the 'sixties, had rather disappointed expectations. No new Sophocles had sprung to light from the new-ploughed Hellas, no Plato of a later date had surveyed all time and all existence, no Demosthenes had emerged from among the mouthing journalists of Athens; no Pericles had arisen to turn modern Athens into the semblance of the old; nor had Epaminondas attained reincarnation as a warrior of a later day. Greece was a disappointment, a nation that had lost its way. And then came such enthusiasts as Dr. Mahaffy and Prof. Jebb to reassure us. Though much has happened in the one-and-twenty years since *Modern Greece* was published, the book remains as a curious instance of prophecy fulfilled. Even in 1880 the Prof. Jebb of those days could see the outcome of the virtues and the limitations of the defects of the modern Greek, defects and virtues which, as we shall presently show, marked his predecessor of twenty centuries ago. For, as Sir Richard brings out clearly in his masterly sketch of those twenty centuries, there is nothing more remarkable in the Greek race than its tremendous vitality. Nor is the vitality of the Greek that of the Jew, who maintains individuality by refusing to coalesce; it consists rather in the absorbent power which our own race has exhibited on the American continent. Englishman, Italian, German, Spaniard, Hittite, Hivite, and dweller in Mesopotamia, feel the magic as they touch American soil, and in a generation or so are lost in the general Anglo-Saxon solution. So it has been with the Greek. It was the mission of Rome to make laws for the world and "debellare superbos." But the Greek intellect conquered Rome, and made the Byzantine Empire its own in all but the framework of state. The Greek intellect absorbed Christianity and gave form and name to one-half of the Christian Church. For centuries the Greek spirit was Europe's barrier against Eastern barbarism. "Thrice a strong enemy came up against it," says Sir Richard Jebb, "and with each of the three that trusty warden of our marches waged a combat of four hundred years; it beat back the Persian; it beat back the Saracen; and, after a third struggle of four centuries, it was only in death that it yielded to the Turk."

Greece, however, was not dead; it suffered only the attack of catalepsy which has come upon it more than once when its spirit has seemed overwhelmed by the onrush of barbarism. The idea still lingers, and, indeed, has some basis in fact, that the ancient Greek type has been lost. It has certainly been blurred and defaced; but at the intervals of centuries it reappears almost in its pristine clearness. In race, in language, and in character the Greek of to-day is the manifest child of his remote forefathers, and the changes that are apparent are due mainly to the centuries of enslavement which have come between. Even in his best days the Greek was not brave with the bravery of the Anglo-Saxon, and Byron's sneer at the "hereditary bondsmen" has been echoed by many equally sincere admirers of the Greek spirit. But as he was two thousand years ago, so he is now. In 1830 Prof. Fallmerayer, of Munich, sought to show that racially the Greek was no Greek, but a Slav, and the paradox gained wide acceptance and applause, for the Byronic enthusiasm for the nation struggling to be free had died away. But Carl Hopf and Sir Richard Jebb have strained the paradox and shown its residuum of truth. Never, perhaps, was the Greek spirit so submerged as in the centuries which followed the great pestilence of 747 A.D. The country was depopulated, its numbers would probably have compared unfavourably with those of the population of South London to-day. Into the vacant places came Slavonians, who for a century and more remained in a majority—men of tall figure and blonde hair, diverging widely from the Greek type. By the time that the first crusade was waging, Greece had forgotten the names of her most famous places; Delphi was known as Kastri, and Marathon was Vrana; Salamis was Kiberi, and, strangest of all, Olympia, which had given its name to the popular calendar, was lost in Miraka. But even the tall men with blonde hair had to give way in the end; for the process of absorption was going on. "For every one Slavonic name of a place in the Peloponnesus there are now, according to Leake's computation, about ten Greek names, either ancient or early mediæval." With this is closely connected the question of language; and here we find an even more easily verifiable continuity. It is true that the classical language was by 900 A.D. practically unintelligible to the common folk, and that the current speech was infected and debased by Slavonian words. But by the twelfth century the people's language began to have a literature of its own, which lasted unchanged until the national awakening in the last century. Then the strength and beauty of the classical tongue began to reassert itself. Speech was purged of corruptions; dialects mutually unintelligible through the long isolation of villages separated by trackless mountains, found again the main stream of the national language; and the Greek of to-day, as any scholar may see by looking down the columns of an Athenian paper, differs from his classical language only in the development towards analysis, which is the tendency of all synthetic languages. The subjects of Agamemnon, could they make the experiment, would be able to make themselves reasonably intelligible to the subjects of George.

Persistence of national character is not so easy of rapid proof; but even here Sir Richard Jebb succeeded in making out a good case, which has by no means been damaged by the cross-examination of Greece in the stress of war. The *Græculus esuriens* of Juvenal survives, as everybody knows, the versatile gentleman who is ready for anything but the earning of a living with his hands. His preference for a town life persists, with his love of the market-place and the discussion of local affairs. But withal there remains his ancient inability to look beyond his city; the city to-day, as in the Athens of Pericles, remains the sum as well as the unit of political expression. As to this Sir Richard Jebb has a passage which must be quoted in his own words. Government, he points out, is centralised in Athens, and there is no public opinion elsewhere:

> Along with excessive centralisation another cause has been at work—the tendency of the Greek character to set the interests of a district or a town above the general interests of the nation. This "particularism"—scarcely less marked to-day than in the Greek commonwealths of old—may be traced now, as formerly, in some measure to the physical configuration of the country, and to the want, still seriously felt, of easy communication. The old Greeks

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had common national characteristics, but never formed a nation; the Greeks of to-day are a nation with a strong national sentiment, but sometimes with too little unity of national purpose.

There is the rock on which Greece has always split. In the old days this mattered little. The "Athenian Empire," which a modern ironclad could have blown into the air during a week's leisurely cruise, lasted but the lifetime of a short-lived man, and has left no more trace than the obscure struggles of Choctaws with Blackfoots. But the Athenian Empire of the mind remains firm. All men born of women are either Platonists or Aristotelians, though they may not know it. Is modern Greece going to choose the "rational" life or the "intellectual" life? We do not like the look of that "disproportionately large number of men who, having received a university education, become lawyers, physicians, journalists or politicians." Athens has too many Cleons who shout in the market-place, and Greece has too few tillers of the soil. If the choice were open—but no nation can choose its destiny—one would wish Greece to take its place among the "little nations," with Denmark, who gave it a king—maintaining the old Greek type and leaving to Great Britain the more expensive Roman task of giving laws to the nations. But those shouting Cleons, those screaming journalists, those out-at-elbow lawyers—while the currant crop is waiting and the roads call for engineers—these things make us fear that Greece has not yet found herself.

Why?

A Commentary on Tennyson's "In Memoriam." By A. C Bradley, LL.D., Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

Here is a commentary, and a very good commentary, on a famous English poem. So far as the commentary proper is concerned, it could not be much better done, if it were to be done at all. Yet a certain portion of the Introduction (which, in this case, is a main and very important part of the book; so much so that the title of "Introduction" is misleading) makes us question whether that kind of thing needed to be done, and for whom. It describes how the poet, in the loss of the one beloved object, finds the world darkened. He longs for "the touch of a vanished hand," and only the solace of a physical presence can satisfy him. The soul is too abstract and awful a thing to be thought of with consolation. But gradually he realises that love may survive the loss of the physical presence: he begins to transfer his interest from the physical presence to the soul itself, which ceases to be a mere inhuman abstraction, and becomes a living and beloved object, no less present to him than the bodily presence had been. With this change, the bitterness of regret passes; while even the past loses its pang but retains its power: "the 'days that are no more' become a life in death instead of a 'death in life.'" At the same time, his distaste for the external world gives place to a renewed interest in it. "The dead man lives in the living, and 'moves him on to nobler ends.' His vision of the ideal man that is to be is a memory of the man that trod this planet with him in his youth." Such is Mr. Bradley's *résumé* of "In Memoriam," the poem in a nutshell of prose.

Now, all these things are true; but for whom did they need saying? What kind of reader is it who needed them to be "explained" to him? What kind of reader is it who could not deduce them from the poem itself? They are not subtle or remote. They are so little remote or subtle that we might expect to encounter them in many an "ideal" novelist. Why should they be solemnly expounded? We can discern but one answer. A large proportion of people "study" poetry who have no business *dans cette galère*, who are not native to it, and take a purely extra-poetic interest in it. To them it is merely "teaching," packed into verse—which they do not understand. They are congenitally inapprehensive of imagery and indirect speech, the putting of the part for the whole, of the seen for the unseen, of the high-priest's garments for the world and all the heavens; though this be the essence of the poetic method. Yet they ploddingly read it, by the aid of a "crib," as a dull boy reads his classics. To the poetic reader the "argument" which we have adduced from Mr. Bradley is the least important and most commonplace thing in Tennyson's poem (though we do not say it is unimportant or unessential). To them it is everything. To get at it, in a fashion of conscientious painstaking, before which one groans, they will laboriously master this unknown tongue—with a dictionary. No doubt they derive a pleasure from it; the pleasure which a man derives from the acquisition of a foreign language, the pleasure of his own cleverness, of successfully exercising his mental muscles. But to confound this with poetic pleasure! To suppose such people lovers of poetry! Yet for whom but them can such aids be meant? True lovers of poetry may need an aid to Dante; because, apart from his mediæval atmosphere and allusions, he is full of recondite subject-matter. Shelley's metaphysic subtleties may often demand exposition to those who are no Platonists. Much of Wordsworth is highly remote, so that none need be ashamed to ask an interpreter: and so with others. But did this Tennysonian nut need such formal cracking? Does anyone native to poetic speech find obscurities in "In Memoriam?" If so, how will he fare with those others we have named? And is it good that one should help the unpoetical to conceit themselves poetic-minded? For such seems to us the fruit—if it be not the object—of exposition like this.

Waiving the matter of its necessity, the book is well done. It should be, for "In Memoriam" is no very recondite poem, and a commentary on it, therefore, presented no formidable difficulty. Yet we would not be understood to mean that there are no points on which notes are useful and enlightening. Such points do crop up in every poem or poet, though they are hardly what we understand by "obscurities," and here Mr. Bradley's commentary is of undoubted value. Such, for example, as the note on "the primrose of the later year." On the other hand, it was scarce necessary to explain—

O friendship, equal-poised control,

by adding, "Metaphor from a yoke." And the elucidations of possible difficulties in the sense may be useful to many, though it would torture us beyond endurance to read a poem with such "edification by the margent." But besides the commentary, there is an Introduction, from which we have quoted; and if we have found in it matter for cavil, let it also be admitted it contains much of real value. It begins, after dealing with the origin of the poem, by pointing out the measure of structural unity which exists in it; the grouping of certain sections, and the frequent connection between them and the sections immediately following. The whole of this portion on the structure of the period will be found very useful. It is the portion called "The Way of the Soul," on which we commented with some distaste: but that on the ideas employed in the poem is again very useful; being an attempt to give a synopsis of the religious and philosophic system (if system it can be called) of "In Memoriam." Here and there we hesitate to accept his conclusions: but there is every room for difference on such a matter. It is very difficult, for

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example, to determine the degree or kind of Tennyson's Pantheism. The section beginning—

Thy voice is on the rolling air

seems as sharply pantheistic as Shelley's "Adonais"; yet he previously repudiates the theory of reabsorption in the universal soul:

Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet.

Mr. Bradley credits him with definitely holding the reimbodiment of the soul in another "star" after death. We should scarce have deduced this from "In Memoriam"; but, in truth, his utterances there are often vague and apparently contradictory, as though his views were in a state of incomplete condensation. This makes Mr. Bradley's *résumé* the more acceptable, coming, as it does, from a comparison of the poet's utterances throughout the range of his poetry. We would suggest, however, that the nature of the "feelings" on which Tennyson rested his higher beliefs might have been stated more forcibly. He undoubtedly meant intuitions received in an exalted state of the soul; internal, yet felt as coming from a source independent of one's individuality. Many passages show this.

It is quite true that Tennyson conceives of the soul "as detaching itself, or being detached, from the 'general soul;'" that it is regarded as developing self-consciousness through its bodily experiences; and that what is deepest in it is spoken of as will, the "main miracle, apparently an act of self-limitation by the Infinite, and yet a revelation of Himself by Himself." In this Tennyson seems clearly to Platonize; to regard the soul as a spark of the *Anima Mundi*, glowing and growing in the body, revealing the Infinite to the individual (as in those trances to which there are frequent allusions in his poetry), and tending always to reunion with that world-soul whence it came. This is not clearly expressed in him, but is a complement of that Platonic doctrine towards which he often appears to incline. No one, we think, has noted how that peculiar state of trance, into which Tennyson has told us he could throw himself by repeating over and over his name to himself, is alluded to in his poetry. For example, in the "Princess," where the hero repeatedly describes a seizure in which he seems to himself a shadow among shadows. Mr. Kipling, in his current story, *Kim*, mentions that such a power is common among Easterns, though rare among Europeans; and is exerted in the same way, by repeating one's name to oneself. It would be interesting had we further evidence of such peculiar states or faculties among poets. But if they exist, their biographies carefully eschew mention of them. We know a case of such neglect, or ignorance, in our own experience. Possibly they are withheld, as likely to be derided by a matter-of-fact generation.

Mr. Bradley concludes his Introduction by some comments on Tennyson's alleged plagiarisms. He inclines to the view that Tennyson was given, more than most poets, to unconscious reminiscence. It appears to us a most immaterial matter, in a poet whose power of imagery and expression is so marked, whether he took an occasional phrase or image from another writer, and why or how he did it. And this, indeed, seems Mr. Bradley's own conclusion. For the rest, let us say, once more, his commentary is all that any one can desire, if one should desire at all a commentary on "In Memoriam." But we are not yet convinced that one should desire it.

Carpet Drama.

Crabbed Age and Youth. By W. Kingsley Tarpey.

The Paying Guest: A Problem Farce in Two Acts. By Lucy Snowe. (Johnson. 6d. each.)

THESE two pieces are the third and fourth numbers of a series entitled "Carpet Plays," edited by Mr. Lucian Oldershaw, who was sometime secretary of the Oxford University Dramatic Society. The series is aimed at "amateurs, schools, society entertainers, or any persons outside the dramatic profession"; the contents are "selected for their literary and dramatic qualities"; finally, by means of diagrams, etc., "every attempt is made to supply a stage manager by the printed word."

We think that *Crabbed Age and Youth* may probably succeed among amateurs. It is thoroughly and uncompromisingly conventional; it exactly resembles a thousand and one curtain-raisers that we have seen; and there is not a trace of naturalism anywhere in it. It is mildly amusing and mildly sentimental. The histrionic amateur is one of the most nervous creatures on earth, and such "literary and dramatic qualities" as these are calculated to soothe and reassure him. He will accept the play because it contains nothing of alarm. "*Scene:* A morning room, comfortably and tastefully furnished. At the back a French window stands open to the garden, which is gay with flowers and shrubs." A French window is indispensable in these plays, but Mr. Lucian Oldershaw does not explain how such a "property" is to be managed in the T. R. Back-drawing-room. In the comfortable and tasteful morning-room we find Colonel Trevor (in this literature there are six names for Colonels, and Trevor is one—some of the others are Tremaine, Anstruther, and Carlyon), aged fifty; his young second wife, aged thirty; his daughter, aged twenty; a Major, aged forty-seven; and a boy named Frank, aged twenty-four. The Colonel designs that his daughter shall wed the Major, but the damsel loves Frank, who has more or less saved her life in a carriage accident. It is curious how gratitude as an incentive to marriage pervades the play. The Major has saved the Colonel's life, and so the Colonel wishes to reward the Major with his daughter. The Colonel was kind to his wife in a difficult situation of her career, and so she gratefully married him and learned to love him afterwards.

Of course Frank obtains the hand of his bright charmer, and the Major, who, by an accident not unknown on the stage, has overheard a certain conversation, is left out in the cold. Part of the result is that the Colonel discovers that he ought not to have married his wife. Here is a fragment of the scene:

> COL. [*sadly—coming forward to table*, L.C.]: Not angry, surely.
>
> LAURA: I ought to have said it to you—but—I was afraid——
>
> COL.: I can quite understand that, dear.
>
> LAURA: Oh, I can see you're hurt and disappointed—but think of Bertha's happiness.
>
> COL.: We won't think of Bertha just now, we must think of ourselves first.
>
> LAURA: Ourselves!
>
> COL.: I cannot undo the wrong I did you. But there are ways in which the burthen may be made less hard to bear.
>
> LAURA: Undo the wrong! Henry, what are you saying? What wrong have you done me?
>
> COL.: I ought to have thought of—"Crabbed Age and Youth." [LAURA *stares at him in horror.*] I took advantage of my temporary kindness to you, my paltry claim upon your gratitude. I ought to have known that these can never supply the place of love.

However, the end of all things is happy. The wife cries out that she has hurt her husband's feelings and

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that he can never respect her again, and he answers: "Laura, darling, don't speak so wildly." . . . And lo, a complete understanding!

The Paying Guest is less satisfactory. Preliminary instructions are given to the effect that "it cannot be played too briskly," that the "'problem' will look after itself," and that the "farcical elements" should be "developed." But Miss Snowe has depended for her humour on events which are too gorgeously impossible.

Satire at the expense of ducal families and their trading propensities is very well, though somewhat trite, but it must be managed with some discretion. The farcicality of the following passage seems to us to exceed even the bounds set by the canons of the Strand Theatre:

> VERITAS: The late Duke *bought* the title and inheritance from the rightful heir!
>
> DUCHESS: *Bought*—the title?
>
> VERITAS: He (the late Duke) was travelling in America—as plain Mr. Smith—having amassed a very large fortune in—ahem!—*commerce*. He happened to meet the heir to the ducal coronet of D'Outre-Mer, who was also travelling, but under less agreeable circumstances, being, in fact, exceedingly hard up. This young man had abandoned his native country on account of a quarrel with his father, and had by severe experience learnt that *Money* is a more potent factor of happiness than *Birth!* Mr. Smith——
>
> DUCHESS: Mr. *Smith!*

We think that the gifted amateur is likely to swerve badly when confronted by any of half-a-dozen situations in *The Paying Guest*. We permit ourselves to hope that Mr. Lucian Oldershaw's series will improve as it proceeds.

The Thirteen Colonies.

The Thirteen Colonies. By Helen Ainslie Smith. 2 vols. (Putnam's. 12s.)

THE romance of colonisation is, in the abstract, epical and heroic; it contains in itself all the elements which go to the building up of character and of nations. Yet to study in detail the histories of any colonies, and particularly those of the Thirteen, is to be confronted with such records of folly and failure as well as wisdom and success that one is left wondering at the marvellous outcome of such mixed activities. That the United States of America as they are to-day should have developed from their comparatively recent and obscure beginnings is surely the most extraordinary fact of the modern world, a fact which leaves far behind the wildest speculations. And that development dates mainly from the Declaration of Independence.

Mrs. Smith's narrative carries us, of course, only to the point of that Declaration. Her work is compact and well-ordered, and as full of detail as the limits of her scheme permit; indeed, we find the volumes rather overweighted with detail, in parts so scrappy and full of abrupt quotation as to be confusing. But in the main she is to be congratulated on an industry which gives us in so handy a form, and in one work, matter which has hitherto been scattered and not always easy of access. Each colony has its separate narrative, and each narrative is illustrated by reproductions of most interesting portraits, maps and early illustrations.

The discovery and settlement of the northern continent can be credited to no individual nation; it was the joint work of such European peoples as went down to the sea in ships. But the discoveries of John Cabot in the reign of Henry VII. certainly constituted England's claim: the King's patent was granted to him "for the discouerie of new and unknowen lands." His son Sebastian claimed to be the pioneer, but there appears to be no evidence that he ever even crossed the Atlantic; the honour must be credited to old John, of whom Lorenzo Pasqualigo wrote in August, 1497:

> The King has promised that in the spring our countryman shall have ten ships, armed to his order, and at his request conceded him all the prisoners, except such as are confined for high treason, to man his fleet. The King has also given him money wherewith to amuse himself till then, and he is now at Bristol with his wife, who is also a Venetian, and with his sons; his name is Zuan Cabot, and he is styled the great admiral. Vast honour is paid him; he dresses in silk, and these English run after him like mad people, so that he can enlist as many of them as he pleases, and a number of our own rogues besides.

In 1498 he coasted the continent between 67½ degrees and 36 degrees north latitude, and so, in spite of protests and papal bulls, established the English claim "to possess the land, with all its islands and waters, to settle it, and to drive out all intruders and compel their allegiance." Yet for many years France, Portugal and Spain were the chief colonists, their attempted rule over the natives being marked by hideous cruelties. It was not till the reign of Elizabeth, and the rise of Gilbert and Raleigh, that any serious efforts at colonisation were made, and those efforts failed lamentably. With the transfer of Raleigh's patents to Richard Hakluyt the younger there came a change; commercial colonisation began to draw the breath of life, and in 1606 James I. sanctioned the formation of two Virginia companies, and Virginia became a "Fifth Kingdom" of the Empire. By what was delightfully known as "the adventure of the purse," the South Virginia Company raised funds for the new enterprise, and in January, 1607, the nucleus of the first colony set sail from England.

It is impossible here to attempt to follow in any detail the history of even one of the Thirteen Colonies; in general outline each proceeded on much the same lines: in each there soon arose conflict between the colonists and the holders of the charters; in each the holders of the charters quarrelled with the sovereign power, and it, in turn, made exorbitant and impossible demands upon the people. Charles II., strangely enough, was wiser than many of his successors. When Sir William Berkeley put down rebellion with too high a hand the King exclaimed: "As I live, the old fool has put to death more people in that naked country than I did here for the murder of my father!" Most of the gradually growing colonies were in a state of continual tumult; the wonder is that anything was accomplished. Yet by degrees their strength increased; charters were granted and resumed; governors, for the most part self-seeking, though there were noble exceptions, came and went or were transferred to other fields, and all the time the ordinary occupations of life went on,—crops were cultivated, timber was cut down, the seas were swept with nets, and soon centres of education and religious instruction were established in spite of such off-handed gentlemen as Attorney-General Seymour, who, to the proposal that a church and college should be provided in Virginia, replied: "Damn your souls, grow tobacco."

The history of the great Quaker Colony of Pennsylvania, the eighth in order of foundation, presents features which distinguish it agreeably, in many respects, from its sisters. In consideration of the cancelling of a debt of £16,000 incurred by Charles II. to Admiral Sir William Penn, that complacent monarch granted to the Admiral's son a territory covering forty thousand square miles. It had always been a dream of Penn's to found a Quaker colony in the new world, and when the opportunity came he made the most of it. He was thirty-six at the time

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of his great acquisition, and for as many more years was absolute ruler. Says an historian of the colony:

> The creation by one man of such a huge, prosperous, and powerful empire, and its possession by himself and his children as a feudal barony for such a length of time, has, we believe, no parallel in the history of the world. Kings have possessed themselves of such domains, but never before a private citizen who scorned all titles.

Penn's success lay, no doubt, in his frank honesty and a kind of inspired common-sense. He was a man of commanding personality, and though a Quaker and a scorner of titles, by no means averse from the shows of this world. Indeed, he never ceased to be a courtier, and when, after the overthrow of James II., the Crown, in the person of William, assumed the government of the colony, though leaving the land untouched, he soon succeeded in clearing himself of the charge of being a favourite of James at no cost of faith and only £350 in money. But he was otherwise impoverished, and the colonists, who clamoured for his return, most ungenerously refused to advance him the £10,000 which he required. A deputy-governor proving a failure, Penn succeeded in freeing himself from his liabilities, and returned to the colony:

> Nothing in colonial history has more pleasing colour than this second visit—Penn's sessions with Council and Assembly; his meetings with the Indians, which gave them pleasure and lasting satisfaction; his travels on horseback into the interior of the province, to New York, and Maryland; his meetings with Friends everywhere; and his winning manners among all men, red and white, high and low. At Pennsbury Manor he lived with his family, it is said, in more luxury than any other colonial governor ever supported. When he chose he sent his barge down to the capital, twenty miles below, to bring the Council to confer and to dine with him. . . . The living rooms were richly furnished in Turkey work, plushes, satins, and even carpets, which were enjoyed by few but princes in those days. The house was upon an estate beautified by a landscape gardener from Europe.

This remarkable and luxurious Quaker did everything upon a lavish scale; his private generosities were numberless, he dressed in the manner of the Court, and even encouraged dancing. He was, too, a statesman of justice and foresight, certainly the greatest of all the governors of the Thirteen Colonies. He died under the shadow of debt, and had even offered to sell his government to the Crown; but before the matter was arranged he passed away, and the vast estates remained to the enrichment of his successors.

We have said enough to indicate the value and interest of Mrs. Smith's history. These volumes should certainly be on the shelves of any serious student of colonial expansion. If the lessons which they convey are obvious, they are lessons which cannot be too seriously considered.

Other New Books.

SOME LITERARY LANDMARKS FOR PILGRIMS ON WHEELS. By F. W. BOCKETT.

Mr. Bockett is of the company of mild cyclists. With an audacity for which he may hardly be forgiven, he says of cycling: "It is as the Gentle Art that it will be with us to the end." After which remarkable statement he proceeds to make one still more remarkable: "The fact is, that the art of angling has been able to flourish for so long under false colours simply because Isaac Walton wrote about it in so inimitable a manner." We had not ourselves thought the good old man's influence to be so powerful.

But Mr. Bockett may be allowed to cultivate his amiable heterodoxies for the sake of his agreeable gossip. For this is a pleasant little book, full of quiet observation, and it recalls many memories of names, all interesting and many great. Mr. Bockett thinks better of the author of *Sandford and Merton* than most people, and we agree with him. Thomas Day had convictions which took active shape, and he was no mean philanthropist. Certainly, as Mr. Bockett says, he deserved a more discriminating epitaph than that engraved upon the tablet in Wargrave Church.

Mr. Bockett's pilgrimages take us to Farnham, where Cobbett, that hard-headed smiter at governments, was born; to Albury, by way of Newland's Corner, where Martin Tupper continued to write forgotten books long after his name had become almost a byword (Mr. Bockett does not mention that his grave may be seen in Albury Old Churchyard); to Moor Park, redolent of the sweetness of Dorothy Osborn and less savoury memories of the author of the *Tale of a Tub*. Others of the papers are concerned with the homes and countrysides of Jane Austen and Gilbert White, of Charles Kingsley and Charles Lamb, of Tennyson and some of the moderns who have infected Hazelmere with literature and red bricks. Mr. Bockett does not tell us anything new, but he deals with the old associations in a kindly and reverent spirit, and he has an eye for scenery and the quietness of remote villages. Of Wargrave he says:

> I wonder whether you can find anywhere else so many pretty, flower-decked houses, so many smart-looking inns; has any other village such a wonderful, well-to-do, easy-going air about it? Every house seems to be a quaint little palace of quiet enjoyment. Surely all the male inhabitants must wear brown velvet coats and soft felt hats, and all the women must be beautiful dames of the Du Maurier type. But where were they all? Not a soul was to be seen.

That is pleasant enough; the kind of writing to fall in with the mood of a not too literary pilgrim who sits under a hedge with a pipe in his mouth.

The *format* of the book suits its subject: it is light, of reasonable pocket size, and has a number of pretty line drawings by Mr. Symington. It has also, unfortunately, three deplorable reproductions of portraits; that of Shelley, in particular, which stands as frontispiece, is a positive offence to the eyes. (Dent. 6d. net.)

A DIARY OF THE SIEGE OF THE LEGATIONS IN PEKING. By NIGEL OLIPHANT.

Mr. Oliphant, when the troubles of 1900 broke out, was occupying a civil post in the Chinese Postal Service; but he had previously seen some military service in India with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, an experience which proved of great value when the siege began. The diary opens on June 1 and ends on September 30, the actual siege having been raised on August 14. The record is full of the details of defence works, small engagements, and constant and harassing alarms. Day after day the little garrison was reduced, often, it must be said, from the sheer carelessness of men who entertained the fatuous belief that the Chinese could not shoot; day after day the strain and deadly monotony became greater; day after day the rations dwindled, though never to starvation point. Again and again a more intelligent and determined enemy might—at any rate, in the earlier stages of the investment—have rushed the barricades; but, fortunately, no serious attempt to do this appears to have been made. They were content with occasional violent fusillades and continual sniping, day and night. On July 5 Mr. Oliphant's brother David, a most promising officer in the Chancery office of the Legation, volunteered to clear some trees from before one of our positions, and was killed; less than a week later Mr. Oliphant was wounded in the

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left knee, and had to retire to hospital and a period of compulsory inaction. The record of each day hardly varies from its predecessor; the horrible monotony of the affair must have constituted one of its most deadly elements. But the relief column, as all the world knows, arrived in time; indeed, there is not a little implicit evidence to suggest that the siege, after the first blaze, was a somewhat half-hearted venture.

Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a preface, mainly genealogical, to the volume, which has, further, a clear map of the Peking Foreign Quarter, showing the positions of the various legations and the Chinese and Foreign barricades. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM. BY ELEANOR C. GREGORY.

This well-written, clear, and in its way useful little book, we, nevertheless, cannot commend for common or popular reading. The unguided and irresponsible use or following of such manuals opens the gates to all manner of mischievous errors, perverse or hysterical. Level-headed and sober people will find in it much information, of a not too recondite or technical kind, on the subject of which it treats. For, contrary to the popular notion, mysticism eminently demands that excellent quality we call sensibleness, which is far from being the common possession it is supposed to be. Miss Gregory's own book has much of this estimable quality. Though it entitles itself "*Christian* Mysticism," the greater part of it is devoted to a review of eminent mystics which is curiously eclectic. Plato and Plotinus rub shoulders with Origen and Dionysius the Areopagite, Paracelsus and Jacob Böhme with Eckhart, Tauler, and Thomas à Kempis; St. John of the Cross, facing St. Theresa, points uneasily over his shoulder to the unexpected vicinage of Maeterlinck. In a summary, Miss Gregory deals with the leading features of mysticism, finishing by some comments on its possibilities of error and abuse. With one remark we are inclined to disagree. The "modern Roman Church," she says, regards visions and ecstacies as "the very sign-manual of a mystic." May they not be accidental rather than integral to mysticism? But this, we believe, is in substance the view of "the modern Roman Church." Any dwelling on such things as principal and essential parts of the higher life is, we fancy, carefully discouraged. Such, at least, is the attitude of some recent writers belonging to that Church; as it was the attitude of many among her mystics themselves. Incidentally she quotes from Mr. Clifford Harrison (better known as an elocutionist than as a writer on such matters) a very good and pregnant passage regarding the possibility of action on others through media more subtle than the recognised external activities:

> If waves of force pass through earth and rock; if certain forms of light pass through our bodies and substances which we call solid; if the electric force can be transmitted . . . without the clumsy apparatus and medium of wires; it may well be that psychic and mental force can be and is transmitted and exercised in . . . unknown and mysterious, but absolutely natural, ways in the unrecognised ether of thought.

In another passage he further enforces this argument. To the few who can make any profitable use of such books, Miss Gregory's modest pages will be welcome. (H. R. Allinson. 1s. 6d. net.)

LIFE BY THE SEA SHORE. BY MARION NEWBIGIN, D.Sc.

This is a simple, helpful guide to the ordinary zoology of the seaside pools such as children take a too ignorant delight in. In the hands of a mother the book might be the making of a holiday. Special efforts have been made to make identification of specimens easy, an all-important point. In describing rock-pool life Miss Newbigin has the East Coast specially, but not exclusively, in mind. Her chapter headings are sixteen, and range from "Sponges, Zoophytes, and Sea-Firs" to "True Crabs" from "Sea Anemones and their Allies" to the more exciting "Bivalves and Cuttles." Miss Newbigin is a pleasant, patient teacher, and tries to persuade her young readers to face technical words with courage. After all, as she says, the term "Decapod Crustacea" gives a perfectly clear idea of a group of animals which would otherwise have to be called "hard-coated animals with ten legs," a longer and less descriptive phrase. We can cordially recommend this book, which, we should add, is illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings. (Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d. net.)

TIME-TABLE OF MODERN HISTORY, A.D. 400-1870. COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY M. MORISON.

A most invaluable work is Mr. Morison's, and in its way almost deserves the adjective monumental. It is a general compendium of historical dates, viewed from almost every possible aspect. It begins with parallel tables of dates. On the two large pages you have spread out, for instance, at the outset, England, Scotland, France, Spain, and the Western and Eastern Empires of Rome; in parallel columns, with parallel dates. Then follow genealogical tables of the dynasties belonging to the principal countries, the countries treated successively. To this succeed the names and dates of all the rulers of history. Finally, ancient and modern history, from the Egyptian dynasties downwards, is spread before you in one great chart. As an appendix, there is a succession of historical maps, from the barbarian migrations of Europe onwards, comprised in seven plates, which makes the volume also an excellent historical atlas—some of the maps not to be found in any other historical atlas. No student of history should think his shelves complete without this uniquely valuable book. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

Messrs. Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co. have issued a second edition of *Playing at Botany*, by Phœbe Allen. We are not surprised that these nursery dialogues, making botany easy, and playfully accustoming childish lips to big words, has found favour. "'Dicotyledon, Monocotyledon,' spelt Rhoda to herself: 'Well, those certainly are hard words to begin with; perhaps if I say them over several times every day I shall get used to them. Still, for common use, I shall say 'crooked-veins and straight-veins, and I shall know what I mean, if nobody else does.'" In the company of Hugh and Rhoda, and their friends Miss Buttercup, Miss Ranunculus Bulbosus, Miss Dog-Rose, Master Peasblossom and the rest, a child may be expected to progress easily and happily in the knowledge of plant life.

His Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII., by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, is an enlarged and chronologically extended edition of the same writer's Life of the Prince of Wales. The story is brought up to February 14 of this year, the day on which the King opened his first Parliament. Massive in blue and gold, with the royal arms on the cover, and well illustrated from many sources, this volume has the right look of regal solidity. When we add that Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes has discharged her task with care and discretion, there is little more to be said. "The King and State Policy," "The King as a Country Squire," "The King as a Philanthropist," "The King as a Sportsman," and "The King in London," are among the chapter headings.

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Fiction.

Tristram of Blent. By Anthony Hope. (Murray. 6s.)

There is understood to be little of primal simplicity in Mr. Anthony Hope, the author. He has the reputation of being *rusé*, the product of an advanced civilisation, learned in the ways of the world. And yet, when you examine *Tristram of Blent*, which was chosen and set apart to be the first serial of an important monthly organ of culture, you cannot but perceive that even the inventor of Dolly Mickleham and Mr. Carter, those highly-subtilised wits, may not stray very far from the original *naïveté* of story-telling without soon straying back again into the safe middle of the beaten path. Put bluntly, the plot of *Tristram of Blent* is amusingly like the plot of a *Family Herald* novelette, with the addition of some scandal and a little cynicism. First you take an Old House, and to freshen up the conception you make the title descend when necessary through the female line. Such an Old House was the house of Tristram, of Blent. The Lady Tristram had sown her wild oats to the horror of society. She had, in fact, left her husband and run off with another man. But on the death of the husband the irregular union was instantly legalised, and within a fortnight Harry Tristram was born. After that the Lady Tristram's behaviour was unimpeachable. She lived at Blent with Harry, Harry's father being now dead, and Harry was brought up as the heir of a great name. You next indicate, as a deep secret, that the Lady Tristram's first husband did not, in fact, die until the day after she married her second, and that, therefore, Harry is illegitimate. Here, again, to freshen up a worn idea, you locate the death in Russia, thus involving a pretty confusion between the old and the new styles of chronology. Four persons are aware of this secret—Harry and his mother, a scholarly editor of memoirs, and a certain Madame Zabriska, a pert and lively young widow of much charm and some good-nature. You cause the widow to reside in the dower house of the Tristrams, you bring down the scholarly editor as a guest to a neighbouring mansion, and then your serial is fairly begun. Will the secret remain a secret? The reader is soon on tenter-hooks, and the more so when Madame Zabriska confides, out of mischief, in her bachelor uncle, who wishes to marry the rich heiress on whom Harry Tristram has set his heart. The uncle and Harry meet by a fine old melodramatic Pool:

> "You are paying attentions to Miss Iver—with a view to marriage, I presume?"
>
> Harry made no sign. Duplay proceeded, slowly and with careful deliberation:
>
> "Those attentions are offered and received as from Mr. Tristram—as from the future Lord Tristram of Blent. I can't believe that you're ignorant of what I'm about to say. If you are, I must beg forgiveness for the pain I shall inflict on you. You, sir, are not the future Lord Tristram of Blent."
>
> A silence followed: a slight drizzle had begun to fall, speckling the waters of the Pool; neither man heeded it.

In a few minutes they are at grips; and the uncle is just being thrown into the Pool by the vigorous illegitimate, when the rich heiress supervenes in a dog-cart.

This was called Plot in the excellent Wilkie Collins days, and it is plot still.

The rightful heiress of Blent is a poor young girl of the name of Cecily. When Lady Tristram dies, Harry, who has conquered all difficulties and deceived everyone, surrenders to this damsel of the Tristram blood. Her he cannot deceive. He confesses all, and Cecily becomes the Lady Tristram. Full of sympathy, she offers to marry the man whose place she has taken, but Harry very rudely refuses. About a hundred pages later, however, he accepts the offer and marries her. It needs, you will suppose, a singular audacity to make Harry the rightful heir after all. Mr. Anthony Hope is nothing if not audacious, and Harry accordingly *is* the rightful heir. Twenty pages of bickering between Lord and Lady Tristram concerning the deception practised upon her by him in the matter of their marriage, and the tale felicitously ends. It has been an interesting tale, studded with strong situations, and constantly stimulant of the reader's curiosity.

We find in the manner of the narrative less than usual of Mr. Hope's characteristic qualities. He seems to have put a bridle on his capricious wit, with the intention of telling a plain tale plainly. He seems, indeed, to have had the ambition to write a novel precisely in the style of Mr. W. E. Norris, and he has marvellously succeeded in imitating the imperturable calmness, coldness and correctness of that observer of modern society. His way of beginning a chapter is perfectly Norrisian:

> Not knowing your own mind, though generally referred to as an intellectual weakness and sometimes as a moral fault, is none the less, now and then, a pleasant state to live in for a while. There is a richness of possibility about it, a variety of prospects open, a choice of roads each in its own fashion attractive. Besides, you can always tell yourself that it is prudent to look all round the question and consider all alternatives. The pleasure, like most pleasures, is greater when it comes once in a way to a person unaccustomed to it.

The entirely obvious and innocuous could not be more neatly rendered. Sometimes, of course, like Mr. Norris, he unfortunately slips into a smartness which is merely feeble:

> Lord Southend was devoted to his wife—a state of feeling natural often, creditable always.

For the rest, the book shows accurate if superficial observation. It discloses a mind divided between cynicism and benevolent toleration, an author ingenious enough never to offend either the majority or the minority; an author, too, who is "settling down" into his niche after the vagaries of a brilliant youth. We suspect that *Tristram of Blent* is deficient in literary importance, but we should be doing it less than justice if we concealed the fact that it had mildly diverted us.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

The Striking Hours. By Eden Phillpotts.

Fourteen short stories of the Dartmoor country fill Mr. Phillpotts's new volume, which bears these words of Dr. Martineau's as its motto: "God has so arranged the chronometry of our spirits that there shall be thousands of silent moments between the striking hours." A few titles are: "Sam of Sorrow Corner," "Right of Way," "The Best of Three Falls," "The Devil's Tight Rope." (Methuen. 6s.)

By Rock and Pool on an Austral Shore, and Other Stories. By Louis Becke.

Fourteen short stories and sketches of those South Seas and their islands which Mr. Becke knows so well. Mr. Becke concludes with hints to travellers, wherein it is refreshing to read that "the reader must not imagine that the Samoan group is the only one in the South Pacific where an enjoyable holiday may be spent." The Society Group, the Hervey Group, etc., are "well worth visiting." We shall really think about running over to

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Tahiti; it all sounds so simple. Mr. Becke insists, however, on the need of some knowledge of native etiquette. (Unwin. 6s.)

SOULS OF PASSAGE. By AMELIA E. BARR.

A Scottish love-story by the popular author of many stories. Glasgow, money, and match-making are the key-words to this pleasant novel. "'I expected a scene,' said Mr. Lockhart, 'and she made no more ado about one hundred thousand pounds than if I had been handing her a bawbee. . . . A wonderful lassie! She's as prudent as Angus Dunbrack himself, and I needna say mair than that. It implies a' things convenient and commendable." (Unwin. 6s.)

THE DEVASTATORS. By ADA CAMBRIDGE.

The devastators are the husbands and wives who devastate marriage, and the story is a tragedy of ill-assorted marriages, relieved by at least two delightful characters—Dr. Dallas, the lover of animals and the owner of innumerable white rats; and Margaret, the ill-starred young wife. The moral, or one of the morals, is this: "Taking the many sides of the case into consideration, a rough justice is done in the end: and the woman who makes herself cheap and miscellaneous, and still more the woman who uses her beauty treacherously—knowing its power and the physiological weakness of the man's defence against it—has not much to complain of in the final issue, which leaves her, usually, worse off than it leaves him." (Methuen. 6s.)

AN EPISODE ON A DESERT ISLAND. By the Author of "MISS MOLLY."

We have here a series of letters which, on a superficial examination, remind one of *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*. They are the outpouring of a woman's heart, and are first dated from a rectory, then from a yacht, and then from a desert island on which she is cast with John Elton and a placid sailor. John is not the hero of the story unfolded in the letters, but he has his points, and was right in insisting on giving the heroine her Christian name, Louise. "It's rotten to go shouting through a desert island, 'Good morning, Miss Mauvesyn.'" (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

NO VINDICATION. By MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN

When a baby boy is saved from shipwreck, adopted by a poor woman, and is known by his clothing to be a gentleman born, we know pretty well what to expect. Familiar as the general plot of this novel is, it is very pleasantly written by the author of *Trewinnot of Guy's*. There are several pairs of lovers, and the note of the story is happiness. (John Long. 6s.)

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER. By MAXWELL GRAY.

This story, by the author of *The Silence of Dean Maitland*, is a country-house love-story, with soldiers and horses in it, and an act of peculiar blackguardism in the way of forgery of correspondence. But the total effect is cheerful, the story and its setting being alike gay and sunny. A serviceable August novel. (Heinemann. 6s.)

WOMEN MUST WEEP. By SARAH TYTLER.

Domestic humour and pathos are Mrs. Tytler's materials here, as in so many of her other stories; and we cannot describe *Women Must Weep* better than by quoting a few of its chapter headings: "Mrs. Hepburn's Visitor," "Lady Cumberbatch's Call," "Jane Knows," "Jane Goes," "Jane's Employer and Bob's Discovery," and "The Knot Cut." (John Long. 6s.)

A MODERN SLAVEDEALER. By A. P. CROUCH.

The hero goes to West Africa to grow rubber for the London market, and his adventures make the story, the clue to which we find on page 135: "You say that the men were bound, and that this tall negro was driving them on with the lash. . . . They were not ordinary labourers, then, who had been rioting. Our St. Thomé plantation hands would not submit to such treatment. Besides, there is no police-station inland nearer than fifteen miles, and if he wanted to put them into custody he would have brought them to this town. No, señor, those men were slaves! Slaves in a port belonging to a European nation at the end of the nineteenth century! It seemed incredible!" (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

TOM GENUFLEX. By AUNT CHERRY.

Tom is a High Church curate, fresh from Oxford, and vowed to celibacy. On the Rectory lawn, surrounded by school-girls and women playing tennis, Tom "felt himself to be indeed in peril." Often he kissed the silver-gilt cross which hung under his long clerical coat, and murmured "Lead us not into temptation." Tom's dealings with a lively French governess, and his loyalty to his faith and duties are set forth in this naïve story, which can be obtained from "The writer, at Llwyn-y-brain, Whitland, South Wales."

THE HERETIC. By ROBERT JAMES LEE.

Religion and sceptism supply the motives of this story, which opens twenty years ago in a boarding-house in the now unlikely quarter of Aldersgate-street. Three young men are warmly discussing the preaching of Dr. Joseph Parker, who will find something to amuse and interest him in pages 16—20. After a man who has twice been pronounced dead by a doctor has come to life, the author says: "We have now reached a point where we may advantageously pause to ascertain where our story has led us, and the peculiarity of the spiritual phenomena by which we are surrounded." (John Long. 6s.)

THE FLY-WHEEL. By GEORGE WEMYSS.

The fly-wheel is moral, not mechanical; and its action is to equalise and moderate the good fortune of Hetty Acheson, who in the first chapter succeeds quite unexpectedly to £10,000 a year. One of her difficulties was the right bestowal of a living. "Oh, my power is great; but my power is crippled by the fact that I am a woman. My sex makes me impotent. I—I dare not offer Archie Fawcett this living." Daren't she, though? (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE COWARD. By R. L. JEFFERSON.

On the twenty-first birthday of Henry Catesby, the fascia on the front of his father's shop was altered by the proud father from "Samuel Catesby, Wholesale and Retail Grocer and Italian Warehouseman," to "Catesby and Son," etc. But Henry did not feel honoured by the honour, for he wanted to write books. Awhile he combined grocery with literature. "I shall not easily forget" [the story is autobiographical] "the day when one of our customers came to the store and, during the course of conversation, inquired, casually, if I were the Henry W. Catesby who was writing that splendid story in *Paulton's Magazine*." Later Henry comes to London, where he has literary and other experiences. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

JESSE. By GEORGE MARLOWE.

We should call this a domestic melodrama if the author had not called it "A Realistic Fairy Tale." Anyhow, it is sumptuously written—in the sublimated novelette manner. The hero has "unutterable feelings." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

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London.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARE has revised his handbook entitled *Walks in London*; and Mr. Allen, his publisher, has issued it in the month which the country cousin unwisely dedicates to a round of London sight-seeing.

Sight-seeing—what a word! It means, perhaps, the negation of sight; but let it pass. The country cousin knows London, necessarily, by its conventional prominences; and it is unjust to deride his enthusiasm for the Tower and Madame Tussaud's. For him Mr. Hare's book is meat and drink, and it is useful to every Londoner who values the destiny which has permitted him to breathe the air of this city in which even a cold eye must find the population of Babylon, the learning of Athens, the power of Rome—we wish we could add the pride of Venice. For this very reason one's impulse is to close guide-books with a snap. How shall London be enclosed in a book? One does not walk its streets for twenty years without turning from their "sights" to their substance, and from their obvious to their inherent greatness. It is well to visit Lincoln's Inn, the Charterhouse, the Savoy, Mercers' Hall, the Royal Exchange, the Monument, the Museums, Printing House Square, and the old snuff shop in the Haymarket; no close student of London will neglect these. Yet these are not London, and it is not to them that a Londoner gives his heart. Last evening, walking along the Strand, we found Holywell-street "stopped." Only an hour before, a little board with half-a-dozen words painted on it had been planted at its east end, and this old London lane had been closed for ever. Soon the crowbars will be at work, and the tall houses that have nodded to the moon these many years will fall. Mr. Hare will note in his next edition that in the autumn of 1901 Holywell-street was demolished to make way for the new boulevard, and country cousins will pass over the entry as not concerning them. But a few Londoners will remember the grey and drizzling evening in which Holywell-street became a "no thoroughfare." They will see the shadows of its cavernous shops, and the last glow of its innumerable books, and they will remember how St. Mary's tower just peeped above its medley of leaning walls and sagging roofs. What is it that makes such vanishings poignant? Is it not that we are accustomed to see houses and streets outlive the men who dwelt in them? When a man dies we think "our turn is not yet," but when a house falls we feel the larger rhythm of mortality.

The "sights" of London are mostly of national, rather than of civic, interest; and London's real life must be studied in its streets, houses, and crowds. Mr. Henry James has said that even on its meanest and remotest streets London lays the stamp of the mighty whole to which they belong. We have always liked to think that, yet we have had our doubts since we saw Garratt-lane in Wandsworth, a long, unlovely road in the valley of the Wandle, overlooked by Wandsworth prison and the pleasant ridges of South Wimbledon. Here, within the four-mile radius, is a region in which you cannot easily feel that you are in London. The river, with its mills and factories and outlying flats, the unkempt new streets, busy but unpaved, and the thin, unfamiliar traffic, give one the idea of a dreary self-contained town; and the knowledge that it is part of London conveys a new impression of London's inexhaustible variety—as though she were so big that she is capable of forgetting some of her limbs. The sight is curious, but it is not a "sight" within the meaning of the country cousin's acts. Neither would it be safe to set him down in a great suburban highway and proceed to interpret its physiognomy. Yet such a study can be intensely interesting. After what law and manner does London creep outward over the fields? Well, she does not creep—she leaps. She plants a colony three miles out on a highway, intending an isle of quiet. The colony grows, and gradually the intervening space becomes peopled along its edges. But to the last you have London at one end and its busy colony at the other; Time never hides their duality or effaces the signs of their thin and early connection. Often, therefore, London seems to have advanced in rings or strata divided by emptier, greener neighbourhoods. Take the Kingsland-road. You know the Kingsland-road? There is no straighter march out of London than this highway, which runs north from Shoreditch to Dalston, and then, changing its name, flies on through Stoke Newington, Tottenham and Edmonton, to green Hertfordshire. A little way along it, from Shoreditch, you come to the Ironmongers' Almshouses, standing back from the road and spreading their long red roofs to the sun. You look through the railings; the sunshine glints on the gold necklet of Sir Robert Jeffery, the founder, standing in his niche; it falls softly on the garden grass; it gleams on the windows, where forty poor ladies are drinking tea. All through the eighteenth century these almshouses, which now flank a roaring highway, stood alone in the fields. The white country road wandered past them between hedgerows. Then a few Georgian houses rose opposite (they are there still), and Hoxton was seen forging its way through the fields. That dull area of factories and small houses which we know as Haggerston was a group of country seats, in one of which Halley, the astronomer, was born. To right and left of the road were meadows and market gardens. Some of these gardens flourished until sixty years ago, when they were built over; and the names of the streets tell where the myrtle (Myrtle-grove), and the laurel (Laurel-street), and the lavender (Lavender-grove), and the bosky thickets (Woodland-street) were frugally planted when the nineteenth century was young. Well, but we are anticipating. The old ladies who smelt the roses and dibbled their potatoes in the Almshouse garden when Swift was writing to Stella looked up to see the carriers' carts creaking up to Stoke Newington and Enfield. Stoke Newington was the colony, planted on the hill-top far from London. Newington Green, with its red-brick houses, its wrought-iron lamps and gateways, and the venerable sward with its weather-worn palings, is still a living witness of the eighteenth century. It shows how the Kingsland-road must have been dotted with carriages and the carts of wine-merchants and tea-men, while it yet ran between hedges, and was crossed by rabbits.

Now to this very day a rural character is seen between Shoreditch and Dalston. Shoreditch hums, Dalston hums, but between them there is calm. Not all these close populations, not all these tramcars and 'buses, and reforming vestrymen, have been able to disguise the country road joining two distinct and separated places. The moment it leaves Shoreditch the Kingsland-road takes a character of its own. It does not continue Shoreditch, but makes a new start. You find brush-makers, japanners, whip and harness-makers, glass bevellers, tin and plate workers, blind makers, shoe factors, paint rid on

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merchants, even a vendor of "materials for drum and tambourine makers." These miscellaneous trades are, as it were, "without the gate," and the road in which they cluster is just springing northward—a wide and hopeful highway. See how the draymen shake their reins and break into a trot! Soon—just after it crosses the Regent's Canal—the road widens with rural extravagance. The pavement becomes a market. Here are dumped articles that recall the 'sixties: queer kitchen utensils, seashells for garden and rockeries, a shade of wax fruit, a globe from a dame's school, a faded portrait of Palmerston. Observe the ancient, easy curve of the road, the broken sky-line, the red tiles, the wooden drinking trough outside the "Swan," the air of space, and leisure and quiet dealing. Observe, too, the little houses on the west side of the road, with their gardens, and hedges, and flowers, and plaster cherubs. Look at this faded name, "Sarah's Place," on a house half way to Dalston. The name is no longer used, the houses being absorbed in the great artery. But it recalls the time of the intermittent fringe of houses and of first ownership. Sarah was the helpful wife or daughter of the man who built the row. In "Susannah's Cottages, 1835," "Hiram's Cottages, 1827," "Mansfield's Cottages," and "Richard's Cottage," you read the same story of an extending London, and the exultation of her sons advancing up the Kingsland-road to sit under their own fig trees. You walk on up the great free road, and in ten minutes you are in the bustle of Dalston, and have passed from London to London. There is not a great or moderate road in London that does not reveal its story as plainly, for the persistence of early character in a street is astonishing. Eighty years ago the City-road set out to be a green suburban highway. Pleasant houses were built, and within living memory fruit was grown in their gardens. You may find these houses in patches of fallen grandeur around the Eagle Tavern. Their gardens are covered with workshops and cheap restaurants, projecting from the old building line; and their iron balconies, that were once twined with creepers, tell the tale of a green and comfortable suburb planted too near to London and overtaken by the Solway tide of business. The City-road resigned itself to a chaotic destiny. It is now a great work-a-day artery. It is of noble breadth, and the tramcars, climbing through the haze of a winter evening to Islington, seem freighted with the very burden of London's labour. At the hill-top the scene changes, and the traffic crowds merrily into the high-street of an old village, where you can almost see the toll-gate and the herds of cattle coming from the North of England to the slaughter.

The High-streets of London, mark you, are always worth study; and if you would know how a once rural street may preserve its sleep amid circumambient modernity, just turn from Oxford-street into Marylebone High-street. Or you may stand on Camberwell-green and see roaring tides of humanity go this way and that, but, by some miracle, leave Denmark-hill to be a place of quiet breathing, where the way-worn kerbs and weather-stained oak palings wander up a lovely hill, flanked with old houses and silent lawns, whose cedars imprison the night. You wander over Herne Hill, where apricots are ripening in Ruskin's garden, and descend to the new villadoms of Dulwich. Or you climb to Norwood, and just when you need to be reminded that London, though composite, is single, and that she embraces all this hill-and-dale of streets, you come to the crest of Gipsy Hill; and there, far away, over trees, over houses, over infinite haze and river smoke, in the very die-cast of your narrow view, majestically poised, the Dome and Cross! Incomparable, indeterminable, inviolable City, who shall praise or blame her enough? As the genius of Shakespeare has caused some to think him superhuman, so the magnitude and variety of London suggest thoughts that pass the bounds of reverence; and one is tempted to think that death itself must be mitigated to those who have known such plenitude of life; that even to the swathed ear there will be borne the innumerable sigh, the murmur of children playing in the streets, and the tinkling of the fire-bell in the station.

Things Seen.

The Snob.

The little museum was full of such things as render history actual, giving it that dignity of association which makes remoteness live. Through a narrow window I overlooked the plain where armies had clashed in civil contest; on the walls were displayed swords and spurs, pistols and accoutrements which that "old sloth, the plough," had discovered in its slow, unconscious fashion. I was conjuring up a vision of the opposing armies, and, indeed, had so far succeeded as to be aware of converging columns and the first thrill of onset, when my dream was broken by the arrival of other visitors. Of these, two were clergymen—one round and shining, with a full voice and crab-like eyes; the other lank and rather unkempt, with a manner which suggested polite boredom.

The little round man spoke with marked deference, and discoursed in set phrases of the museum's treasures; the other appeared to listen, but evidently his attention was not fixed, and once his eyes wandered to me; a flash of intelligence passed between us, and I could have supposed that the narrow shoulders rose to a shrug. Other people came in, but still I heard the voice flow on in dull and practised cadences.

On a little desk in the middle of the room lay a Visitors' Book. The round man planted himself before it and turned the leaves ostentatiously. The other stood indifferently by in an attitude of peaceful resignation. Then the little man, having secured an audience, wrote in the book, and said, in a full, pulpit voice, "I've entered your name, the *Honourable* and Reverend." At which the Honourable hurriedly departed, the audience grinned, and only the little man appeared not to understand.

The Swimmer.

We seemed to be sailing between sky and sky; the blue below was even deeper than the blue above, a colour more alive, more human in its variableness. Here and there the boat cut across lighter streaks, which indicated the set of a current about submerged rocks; again she swept on her musical way over incalculable depths. The tide was at the full; the island we had left lay astern, dimming to a purple cloud in the west; the island we were approaching gradually took shape, and revealed seaworn granite cliffs, from whose fanged summits swept up peaceful slopes aglow with heather. All about us, I knew, were the most deadly rocks and ledges, which at half-tide made the channel bristle with peril; but we sailed on under the bellying canvas with a security which made us brothers to the gulls screaming in our wake. I felt the freedom of wings.

A quarter of a mile from the little white landing-place to which we were bound, I was attracted by something moving above the water. As we neared it I saw a human face, the face of a man in whose eyes was the splendid joy of the strong swimmer. He seemed absolute master of the element in which he moved; now he turned upon his back to face the east, now he surged forward into the track of the westering sun. All at once my supposed freedom shrank into something hardly better than an exalted bondage. His was the true liberty, fearless and alone.

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Insanity in Literature.

THE books published lately in Paris are certainly calculated to discourage the boldest reader. They reveal a curious double current of insanity: the insanity of hate and the insanity of indecency. The dominant note of both phases of insanity in this terrible literature is a lugubrious dulness. The old *esprit Gaulois*, as we understand it, was gay and gracious even when it was obscene. Wit, playfulness, good humour, went with its coarseness, and it was not without a human, healthy, sentimental touch. But all that seems fast becoming a memory. Anatole France is our single link with the urbane and classic school. The old-fashioned grace and gaiety of the race remain with us as long as he writes, and with him we still taste the beauty, the finish, the clarity, and simplicity of exquisite French prose. But Anatole France is one, and the others, alas! are many. They are so many and so very dreadful that I open a new book in dismay, asking myself if it can possibly prove worse than the preceding one. To do it justice, it nearly always does prove worse. But it is not the hate, the obscenity, the improbability of all this modern fiction I find its worst features: it is the awful dreariness, the dead level of its dulness. Not a trace of wit or humour, not a smile or a ray of sunshine; it is the astonishing absence of spontaneity and charm that most surprises me after this.

When you remember Daudet, both the man and his books, with his infinite tenderness, his humour, his charm, and laughing delicacy of touch, and then turn to the appalling books of his son, Léon Daudet, one asks oneself in sorrow what can be the value of heredity. Or rather, it would seem, we are forced to conclude, that only the evil remains, and blemishes of the father spread and grow to blight all freshness in the son. A. Daudet wrote one unjust and ugly book, *L'Immortel*, a book which revealed the rancour and hate at the bottom of his heart. It showed that this great, lovable child could hate with vindictiveness and bitter intensity. It was a blemish. But how charmingly redeemed, and what treasures of sweetness, indulgence, kindliness, and abundant good-humour went along with it! But see what a moral disease in the son this point of bitterness and rancour in the father has become. For Léon Daudet's literature is the very insanity of hate. He offered us a first taste of its quality in his abominable *Les Morticoles*. Still there was a vestige of lucidity left to give a kind of uncertain promise of talent. The author had not quite gone mad in the sombre depths of his hate. It was the *mauvaise action* of the father in his *Immortel* repeated in a more repulsive form. Léon Daudet had failed in medicine, and infamously avenged himself by black calumny of all the medical profession. Medicine survived the attacks, and doctors and surgeons were found to be as indispensable and respected as before. There was one bad doctor the less in the world and a worse author in his stead. Since then Léon Daudet has written many other books which have attracted slight notice, and deserved less. Having lost what meagre measure of freshness in style youth gave him, he has grown prematurely aged through dulness.

Léon Daudet's last book—which, along with the fresh monstrosity of Pierre Louys *Le Roi Pausole*, suggested to me the idea of insanity in modern French literature—*Le Pays des Parlementeurs*, tumbles us into such depths of gratuitous calumny as to make the book, if it were not offered in deadly seriousness as a study of the French politics of our day, a caricature of the wildest kind. The unfortunate Rothschilds, under the name of Warmeschwein, are incorporated in a single individual who "smells of death." He is the father of the sect which also "smells of death," and holds the fortunes of France in the hollow of his iniquitous hands. The book is dedicated with tenderness and admiration to Edouard Drumont, "prophet in his land." The servants who reply to Rothschild's imperious ring are senators and deputies. They crawl on their knees before him and receive weekly cheques. The Presidents Waldeck Rousseau and Brisson simultaneously brush his trousers and receive with gratitude a kick for their pains. He calls the Prime Minister *his* minister, and threatens him with a loss of office in case of disobedience. President Faure, Léon Daudet gravely asserts, was assassinated by the Jews in "a subtle and lewd way." This is a delicate reference to the cause of the late lamented President's death. Rothschild has a "bureau des souillures." This is where all the Christian Parliamentary consciences are purchased and Christian souls are irreparably soiled and corrupted. Those Parliamentarians rich enough not to need bribes go there "attracted by the odour of death and the delights of putrefaction." And this is supposed to be a serious picture of modern Paris! There is really supposed to exist somewhere in Paris a ghoul or vampire like Léon Daudet's caricatural Rothschild, in a sort of moral cavern, in which he devours poor Christian souls by the thousand. Ministries rise and fall at his potent will, and he holds the country through terror of war, which it knows he can proclaim by a nod. He has only to give the signal to his friend and slave the Emperor of Germany, or bid England prepare her battleships.

All this would be comic enough if it were not so lamentably sad. To witness this steady degradation of the wittiest, the most interesting and brightest race of the world through a pitiful and base army of raging pamphleteers and pornographers! To see what nationalism has made of a once charming and sprightly talent like Jules Lemaître's! To read such foaming and infamous nonsense written by men not regarded by their fellow citizens as fit subjects for Le Salpêtrière or some refuge for diseased minds! For all these shameless lunatics of the pen are stark, infuriated anti-Dreyfusards. Even Gyp, who used to make us laugh with her very improper but witty studies of fashionable and titled Paris, where, according to her, there does not seem to be a virtuous woman or an honourable man (I will not say "gentleman," for Gyp seems never to suspect what that article may be)—Gyp has become as dull and vulgar as Drumont or Rochefort. Her novels are now only gross attacks upon foreigners and Jews. In her latest, *Friquette*, she shows us a wicked Jewish millionaire planning to seduce a little circus star, an angel of purity and innocence. He, too, smells of death—is he not a Jew? How about St. Joseph, the Virgin Mary, the twelve Apostles, not to speak of Christ? Well, when Gyp wants to paint the superlative wickedness of the Hebrew millionaire she makes Friquette cry: "Oh, he is a dreadful man! He is a Dreyfusard. He subscribes to the *Aurore* and the *Siècle*!" Apart from the question of politics and race, is not this a frightful descent for the amusing and witty Gyp? To have written *Le Petit Bob*, and then gravely tell us that a man is an ogre of vice and villainy because he subscribes to the *Aurore* and the *Siècle!* Maurice Barrès, who once had real talent, who gave us a most remarkable description of that strange, beautiful little town of St. Louis amid dead lagoons, Aigues Mortes, lost it in the morass of hate invented by nationalism and the Ligue de la Patrie Française. He and his seven Lorrains have soothed our expectations into sleep that waketh not again. Bourget, dilettante in politics, has kept clear of virulence and hate. He only clamours for revived faith, which is legitimate; and is too elegant and intelligent, though dull enough, heaven knows! with his eternal psychology and intellectual casuistry, to wallow in anti-Semitism. Let all the world be Catholic, in the perfumed, artistic sense of the word, and M. Bourget will allow the poor Jews to live. There are domestic

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reasons why he cannot consistently talk of the race as "smelling of death."

The other phase of insanity in literature is even more deplorable and more hopelessly sad. It is scarcely drearier reading, but how much harder! To wade through the mire of virulent hate offered us as an intellectual promenade round Parisian parliamentarism by Léon Daudet is the sorriest entertainment for our leisure. But it is still less revolting, less marked by irremediable decay and deliberate prostitution of talent than Pierre Louys' singularly evil *Roi Pausole*. Worse books than this atrocious pornography have reached me since its appearance, but by more insignificant writers. All bear the same stamp: an absence of emotion, of one moment's sincerity among the host of foul personages who move in these countless pages; an unapproachable, inconceivable depth of callous depravity, a heartlessness surely never before exhibited by a whole class, however small, still representative; a lack of anything approaching hilarity, a morose, uniform, vicious sadness, the sadness of the damned soul condemned to sin, not because he likes it, but because it is his punishment as a damned soul; not even allowed the dignity of tears, remorse and repentance, but constrained to grin and sneer, to stain and dim with his infamous, pestilent breath the mirror of honest life. In Zola's books you hold your nose at times, but there was the writer's sincerity, a certain heavy conscientiousness and conviction to help you through the mire, and then sometimes Zola bursts out in the lyric and profoundly emotional mood. But these insane erotics have no lyric hours, no moments of emotion, no sincerity or conviction. They do not ask you to hold your nose. They simply make you long to build an asylum for the lost souls of literature. Not long ago I heard, at a dinner table, advanced the conclusion that the recovery of the consumptive Pierre Louys, some years ago, just after the appearance of his first literary crime, *Aphrodite*, is a proof against the existence of Providence, for had he died, as all expected then, he would not have perpetrated the worse horrors that have followed it. Certainly it would have been a clear gain to French letters had the *Roi Pausole* not been written. When writers, with as good a will as the ineffable Louys, who are just as sickly and inexpressibly corrupt, as destitute as he of gaiety, wit, humour, and virility in the best sense of the word, who, to quote his brother in literary insanity, Léon Daudet, are as morosely attracted by the delights of putrefaction and the odour of moral death, but who write less well, read this master's lucubrations, his persistent study of remorseless and infinite lubricity, they think success in such a path no difficult achievement, since all demanded of the writer is not to have a story to tell, not to try to tell one, not to be ashamed, to go one better than the last pornographer, to rob life of all joy and charm and sweetness and cleanliness.

HANNAH LYNCH.

"The English of the English."

UNDER this title Mr. Julian Ralph has written an article in *Harper's Magazine*, which, as we think, abounds in mistakes. Yet we have a certain sympathy with an American, whose intention it is to turn the tables on English censors of the American tongue. We have all railed at Americanisms, without sufficiently defining or qualifying our repugnances. And now Mr. Ralph comes along and levels a general charge of eccentricity against the English of the English. We like his courage. Unfortunately, Mr. Ralph does not seem to have ascertained what the English of the English really is. Again and again he attributes to us usages with which we are quite unfamiliar. His article goes to show how difficult it is for a stranger to find out what is typical of the country in which he finds himself and avoid taking accidents for essentials and freaks for habits.

Mr. Ralph's opening statement should have given a different tone to his article, which is written in a vein very near to taunt. He says of his own countrymen:

> We speak English; but we have built up our forms of English expression upon the English of a few shires of the old country as it was spoken between two and three centuries ago, while they have been blending and changing the speech of all their home peoples during the same period. The result is that an American can hardly utter a sentence in England without calling attention to the difference between his speech and that of the people about him.

Allowing this broad statement to pass as correct, ought it not to chasten Mr. Ralph's spirit, and give him a certain respect for that English which is based, not upon the speech of a few shires, as it was heard two and three centuries ago, but upon the speech of all the shires as it has been developed in the country of its birth and nurture? Little does this thought lower Mr. Ralph's crest. Just as little does the fact that several thousand miles of water divide England from the United States appear to suggest to him that differences are inevitable and even desirable.

Many of the differences of speech which Mr. Ralph names are so trivial and so easily grasped that they hardly seem worth mention; others are wrongly stated. Here is Mr. Ralph's first batch:

> If you ask a guest at your home in England whether he likes his meat rare, he asks what you said, because he does not understand you. He calls meat underdone when it is not thoroughly cooked. If you tell him you fear the asparagus is canned, he is at a loss again, because he would have said it was tinned. To ask him to pass the powdered sugar will again set him to wondering, for he calls it icing sugar, generally, though he knows that it is sometimes called caster or sifted sugar. And if you have candy on the table you may not call it so without betraying your foreign origin, for he calls candy "sweets," abbreviated from "sweetmeats," and used to designate all preserves, puddings, pies, candies, and jams.
>
> To go farther along the eccentricities of English at the dining-table, most persons know, I suppose, that the beet is called beet-root, corn-starch is corn flour, corned beef (or a particular cut of it) is called "silversides of beef," and napkins are serviettes.
>
> If in a shop I say, "I want a paper of pins," the clerk says, "Thank you. A great many Americans in London, now, aren't there?" "Oh yes," I say; "I meant a packet of pins." To ask for a spool of cotton is to set a clerk to staring at you, and to speak of a baby-carriage is to speak of the unknown, because spools of cotton or silk are called reels, and baby-carriages are known as perambulators—shortened to "prams" in the speech of millions.

English hosts who would not understand a request to be served with meat rare are surely themselves rare. "Underdone" is the more usual word, but the use of "rare" would be both understood and welcomed at most tables. The difference between canned and tinned is trivial. As for powdered sugar, the request for it would hardly excite remark, the expression being really more instantly intelligible, and, we believe, nearly as frequent in England as icing, caster, or sifted sugar. Candy on the table might be called sweets, if its identity were not immediately seen; but there would be no confusion with the "sweets" that had preceded it, an expression which is only used "to designate all preserves, puddings, pies, candies, and jams" *collectively*. Beet is not called beet-root, for beet is used of the vegetable as a basis of sugar in manufacture, beet-root of the vegetable served at dinner. "Napkins are serviettes." They are, but we rejoice to say that serviettes are napkins. Both words are used, and we believe that the elect prefer

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napkins; at any rate, we do. Similarly, if we wanted some pins we should be as likely to ask for a "paper" as a "packet," but we should not expect, on the strength of our use of "paper," to be asked what sort of passage we had. Mr. Ralph draws a pathetic picture of an English lady shopping in London, and asking for a dress preserver, an egg-whisk, a coal-scoop, and a camisole, instead of the American dress-shield, egg-beater, coal-scuttle, and corset-cover. He should know that an English housewife regularly speaks of an egg-beater. She certainly does not ask for a coal-scoop when she wants a coal-scuttle, though a small shop-keeper, intent on the jargon of his trade, may recommend a coal-scoop to her attention. She calls a coal-scuttle a coal-scuttle, meaning an open vessel made of galvanised iron. But when she buys a coal-box she asks whether the coal-scoop is with it, meaning its short-handled shovel. She may ask for a camisole in preference to the American corset-cover, but we can inform Mr. Ralph that she is far more likely to ask for an under-bodice or bodice-slip than either. Nor does our habit of calling a letter-box a pillar-box lead us, as Mr. Ralph supposes, to call a lamp-post a lamp-pillar. An elevator is certainly a lift, and as elevators become more common this brevity becomes more acceptable. "A picture-mat is a mount." We have no wish to recriminate; our whole point is that these differences are immaterial, or merely interesting. But we cannot conceal our satisfaction that in England a picture-mat is a mount. Mr. Ralph says that the American instalment plan is in England the hire-system. We use both expressions. "The American word yard, meaning the space around or beside a house, is unknown." Really! "The English do not understand what a pocket-book is. They understand the word porte-monnaie, but never use it. Purse is their word for the thing they carry money in." Are we to understand that the word purse is unknown in America? Because if so, it seems rather curious that the very first sentence of the latest addition to the American "Dollar Library" of novels describes the heroine as taking money from her "purse." "One buys most dry goods at a mercer's." Does one? "Chickens are not chickens, but are fowls." We have observed this to be so; but we always *asked* for chickens. "When you inquire after the health of anyone, he or she is always fit if in good health, and seedy if not well." Surely this does not exhaust our stock of health-reports. "Scrub-women are charwomen." That is true, and we fancy they will insist on remaining charwomen. But why call the word an "eccentricity"?

Mr. Ralph's least excusable fall comes at the end of his article. Tired of comparing the two languages on common ground, he says:

> I am going to be so bold as to say that Dickens, greatest celebrator of the London poor, either had no ear for even the coarsest variations of his mother-tongue, or else became so Londonese himself, that he did not notice the talk all around him. What he set down as the speech of the masses I never once heard in London, and what the cockney lingo really is he gives no hint of in a single line that I can recall in all his books. . . . It may be a shocking thing to say, but Barry Pain knows London better than the great genius at story-telling did, for the speech which has clung to these masses missed the ear of Dickens, who not only let it go, but invented out of the whole cloth, not any dialect, but a number of methods of expression such as I never heard in use in London or anywhere else.

Mr. Ralph has not suspected that the Cockney dialect is constantly changing, and has changed greatly within living memory. Dickens reproduced what he heard, but it was not the speech that Mr. Barry Pain hears to-day. Moreover, it is not possible for a novelist to reproduce the Cockney dialect faithfully and continuously. Mr. Pain does it in short verses and sketches; but a novel in which the pure lingo of 'Arry were kept up from page to page would be intolerable.

Correspondence.

Life and Literature.

SIR,—I am afraid that Mr. Cole does not quite apprehend either Stevenson's meaning or the purport of my own remarks.

Stevenson says: "People think that striking situations or good dialogue are got by studying life." This implies that a study of life is not directly essential to the production of a story, as the anonymous gentleman who first broached the subject clearly saw. Ergo, when I support this implication, do I not agree entirely with R. L. S.?

Mr. Cole misrepresents Stevenson when he says the latter "merely said that life was not a place where dialogue and incident could be found ready-made," etc.; he seems quite blind to the literary sense of the matter. Stevenson, by implication, and as a man of letters, certainly does put the study of life in a secondary place for the literary purpose. To say that he "deprecates" it is another matter; he need not go out of his way to do so; the study of life was a business altogether subservient to his art. As Mr. Cole says, "Life itself is infinitely too complex . . . for any of them to be taken as they stand," etc.; which is one reason why a novelist inclines to create a coherent world of his own, in which to try the depths of the wisdom he has half-unconsciously acquired while looking out upon the "heterogeneous normal manifestations" of ordinary life.

Mr. Cole's rather abstruse interpretation of Stevenson's meaning is really beside the point; we all know that art is largely imaginative selection. Of the study of life itself (which *is* the point), Stevenson, says Mr. Cole, "says nothing," apart from the quotation given above! Mr. Cole then boldly judges that Stevenson was a student of life, on the evidence of his work. "Stevenson, *of all men*, made his work a record of what he learnt from life by careful and unremitting study."

This is hard on Stevenson; for his books of travel and his essays are rather impressionistic than studious, and his novels are the work of one to whom romance and art were everything.—I am, etc.,

C. T. PODMORE.

22, Albert-place, Longsight, Manchester.

The New "Hazlitt."

SIR,—Of your grace, may I inquire through your columns whether it is too late for Messrs. Dent to reconsider the prospectus of their Library Edition of Hazlitt? These publishers have laid all lovers of the English classics under a heavy debt of gratitude for their admirable editions of the works of other authors, and I looked for this prospectus with considerable interest. But, now that I have seen it, I must confess frankly that I am much disappointed with it.

The type of the proposed page is much too small. In the edition of Hazlitt's writings comprised in seven volumes of the "Bohn Libraries" (containing three-fourths of the works mentioned in the present prospectus), with all its faults, the page is set up in a larger and more readable type; and I, for one, hesitate to spend four guineas upon a smaller type edition, which only promises to add about thirty per cent. (and that of less considerable matter) to what I already possess in Messrs. Bell's edition. The first volume, as projected, will contain essays which occupy 574 of Messrs. Bell's pages, and to that bulk of material must be added Mr. Henley's Introduction—which, it is to be hoped, will be long rather than short. Here is too much compression. Then, too, when one observes the

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infrequency of paragraphs in many of Hazlitt's writings, one cannot help thinking of the clumsy appearance which will be presented by page after page of unbroken print in Messrs. Dent's *format*.

Of the *Napoleon* enough has been said by competent critics. Although the latest edition is in the hands of the remainder booksellers, this work is an example of sustained literary effort, such as is afforded by none other of Hazlitt's.

I may say that I miss from the prospectus any promise of the indices which are the gravest want in the Bohn edition. For the purposes of ready reference, indices are especially invaluable in the case of works of a miscellaneous character, such as those of Hazlitt, who touches again and again upon the same topics—often in the most unlooked-for connections.

To sum up, I should have preferred to give, say, six or seven guineas for a really complete edition, printed in a larger type upon a lighter page, and furnished with ample indices. As it is, what with the close-printing, the small type, and the incomplete character of the proposed edition, I am not tempted to risk four guineas upon it. I know that I am not alone in holding the opinion which I have attempted to express in this letter, and would fain hope that Messrs. Dent might still see their way to issue a revised prospectus.—I am, etc.,

Edinburgh. "N."

Owing to pressure on our space several letters are held over.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 99 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best verse, not exceeding sixteen lines, entitled "Sea Birds." We award the prize to the writer of the following (H. C. P.), whose full name and address do not appear to have reached us. Will he kindly send them?

O happy bird, low poised above the blue,
 Scorning the toilsome earth,
Since downward first thy circling pinions flew
 From the high crannied home which gave thee birth;
Two kingdoms are thy own: o'er sky and sea
Thou wanderest ever free.

O happy bird, thou hast no thought nor care—
 I would not have thee know—
Whether 'twas hate or love or wild despair
 That forced that yearning cry so long ago:
"Ah! could I with the halcyon take my flight,
When the blue wave flowers white!"

[H. C. P.]

Other verses are as follows:

With your grandly sweeping motion, O ye strong birds of the ocean,
 You are flying, dipping, flying o'er the waves that rise and fall;
In higher air soft gliding, or deep in waves low hiding,
 You mock their undulations as you float above them all.

Far, far at sea we meet you, and in wildest storms we greet you,
 With steadfast will, untiring wings, a-battling for your life;
A-swishing and a-swirling, through strongest winds self-hurling—
 And it's oh, the deep enjoyment of a strength divine—and strife!

You seem an incarnation of the spirit of the nation,
 With the roving and the force—the independence of the sea:
In the air there's room for wheeling—and there's no fear of the ceiling:
 And it's pleasant just to try your wings as far as you can see.

And you do not care a feather if it's bright or stormy weather,
 And rightly—given trust and stern endeavour—where's the care?
So, though salt sea-spray be blinding, we must go on never-minding,
 Like you, dear birds, for, truly—God and Love are everywhere!

[W. S. B., Blackheath.]

Ye who the seas outbraving,
 Wherever the black waves throng,
Make mock of the ocean's raving,
 Make mock of the storm-wind's song:

Who fill the air with your clamour
 Amid the Antarctic floes,
And shatter the silent glamour
 That broods o'er the northern snows.

Sea-birds, old ocean's daughters,
 Ye know our island race,
Sons of the winds and waters,
 Who roam from place to place,

Who follow your flight out yonder
 Betwixt the sea and the sky,
And crave no lot but to wander
 And rest not till they die.

[W. H. C., Cambridge.]

Like bow drawn light along the strings,
To the sea's lute, a soft wind sings;
Songs of faint, sweet, unworldly things—
Of breeze and surf—Ah! flash of wings—
 Sea-birds go by!

Poised on a wave's turn—then away!
Grace of white curves 'neath boulders grey,
Lost in the haze across the bay,
What long-shut doors open and stay,
 Sea-birds go by!

Gleaming and song with an empty sky,
Piercing call of a gull's long cry!
Far hundred leagues the cities lie,
We want them not, the sea nor I,
 Where birds go by!

[E. C. M. D., Devon.]

Other verses received from the following:

A. E. W. Greenock; A. A. B., West Bromwich; F. B. D., Torquay: T. C., Buxted; M. H. J. L., Folkestone; H. P. W., Otterburn: F. H. C., Tunbridge Wells; A. R. P., Hampstead; J. R. W., St. Ives; E. H., Chelsea; J. P., New Tredegar; P. R., Birmingham; R. R. W., Sudbury; A. D. B., Liverpool; E. R., London; E. C. J., Cairnforth: J. F. H., Ramsgate: E. H. H., Streatham; A. F., Exmouth: H. V. S., Shepherd's Bush; P. L. B., Tonbridge; C. C., London: M. A. M., Stirling.

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——— ().—&c.

——— ().—&c.

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The Literary Week.

A good deal is being said in American papers about the decline of the "Kipling fad" in France. We are told that as soon as Frenchmen really began to read him, they found that they didn't like him in the least. But this is easily explained. The writings of Mr. Kipling have widened even our own vocabulary and vision to a remarkable extent. It would be strange if a writer who exacted attention and agility from readers of his own blood, and who, to begin with, is essentially English, should find an unquestioned home on Gallic bookshelves.

The vicissitudes of Editors would make an admirable subject for enquiry in the slack season. Newspapers go on, but editors do not. Mr. Lehmann, who threw himself so vigorously into the direction of the *Daily News*, has resigned his post, not on account of any change in his convictions, but because of certain difficulties in the domestic management of the paper. Mr. Lehmann talks of his experience as though it had been a kind of holiday task; but perhaps if it had been a more extended one, he would have come to think less complacently of the midnight oil.

Mr. George Moore, as was to be expected, has been drawn into replying to certain strictures passed upon the propriety of some of the details in *Sister Teresa*. Mr. Moore's defence, it must be said, is temperate and just. "It should never be forgotten," he writes, "that what seems good to-day seems wrong to-morrow, and critics of art and morals would save themselves from many mistakes if they waited for their opinions to ripen." As an instance of his own critical indiscretions, Mr. Moore cites his early opinion of Tolstoy's *Resurrection*, which he advised Messrs. Walter Scott not to publish on the strength of having read some thirty or forty pages. Mr. Moore adds: "When the book appeared it was sent to me, and before I had read half of it I regretted my foolish opinion, and as I approached the end of the book my remorse can be more easily imagined than described."

The Letters of T. E. Brown were so cordially received last year that Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. are publishing a volume of sermons from the same hand. The sermons in this volume are a selection from a large number which Mr. Brown preached at Clifton, in the Isle of Man, and elsewhere. The Bishop of Hereford is to write a short introductory note to the volume.

Messrs. Dent have begun to issue Thackeray's novels in their all-embracing "Temple Classics." A beginning has been made with *Vanity Fair*, in three volumes. There is no need to say that the edition is neatness itself. It is a pity, however, that the dedication is printed "To B. W. Proctor." Bryan Walter Procter (Barry Cornwall) spelt his name thus, not Proct-o-r. Mr. Walter Jerrold is responsible for the notes and marginalia. Headings like the following, doubtless, act as a sort of index when looking up a passage, but do they conduce to one's enjoyment in reading?—"Of auction sales," "She is a social success," "Jos, in a pitiable state," "Lady Jane is indignant," "He thinks less of the Colonel," etc.

Another edition of Thackeray's works is to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan at 3s. 6d. the volume. The original illustrations, and facsimiles of the original paper wrappers, will be included.

A complete pocket edition of Dickens's works will shortly be issued jointly by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the owners of the copyrights, and Mr. Henry Frowde, of the Oxford University Press. It will be printed on the Oxford India paper, and will include all the additional stories and sketches which appear in the Gadshill and authentic editions. Upwards of six hundred illustrations will appear, being reproductions from the original drawings by Seymour, "Phiz," Cruikshank, Landseer, Leech, etc. At the beginning of each book a list of the principal characters mentioned in the volume will appear.

A number of American writers, with some of whose names we are unfamiliar, have been confessing to the coinage of certain words. Most of these efforts do not strike us as happy or valuable, though Mrs. Atherton's "littleist," as a synonym for "realist," is suggestive. "Dendral," meaning woody, is, of course, accurate, but ugly; and "viewpoint," for point of view, is much too American for our taste. The verb "to fin" is not bad, but is it new? We suspect that fish have "finned the sea" before.

Mr. Henry Frowde informs us that the whole of the edition of the Oxford University Press collotype facsimile of the First Folio Shakespeare was subscribed for within six weeks of the issue of the preliminary prospectus. We understand that the volumes cannot be ready for distribution until the autumn of 1902.

Lovers of humorous verse have been astounded to learn that the unforgettable line,

> Where the Rudyards cease from kipling, and the Haggards ride no more,

was not, after all, written by J. K. Stephen. At least, so Mr. H. Maurice Berkeley says, in a recent letter to the *Outlook*. Mr. Berkeley states that the line was his, and further, that he was the author of the Walt Whitman parody in *Lapsus Calami*. He had, however, no opportunity of communicating with "J. K. S." on the subject, as he was not aware of their inclusion in the volume until some years after its publication, and at a time when Stephen was mentally unfit. "Any one who knew the man at all well," says Mr. Berkeley, "would bear me out in saying that he was likely enough to have published the lines, in all good faith, believing them to be his own."

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Poetry will not be wanting for our refreshment this autumn. Mrs. Meynell has a new volume of verse in preparation, which Mr. John Lane will issue. Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson will also be represented by a collection of her verse, which Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen will issue; it will be dedicated to the Right Hon. George Wyndham, M.P.

The *Dublin Evening Mail*, kindly forwarded by a reader, brings us a catalogue of the books belonging to the late Mr. Charles S. Parnell, which were sold by auction in Dublin on the 14th, and the prices they fetched. The list is long and miscellaneous, representing, however, a well stocked library. The prices are small throughout, most of them being under a sovereign, and very many under ten shillings. The highest price paid for any book at the auction was for "Shakespeare's Works," in 1 vol. It is a fourth folio edition with Droehout's portrait (mounted) and Ben Jonson's lines beneath, a name cut from the top of title; the last four leaves are imperfect, portions of them being frayed away, otherwise a fairly good and clean copy. The book is almost 14 by 9 inches, old calf, London, 1685. When Colonel Tottenham, D.L., after a spirited competition, was declared the purchaser at £35, he was warmly applauded. Striking evidence of the value of Parliamentary eloquence was given when Mrs. Cassidy was declared the purchaser of 30 volumes (1857-80) of Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates*. They were put up at 2s. 6d., and the only bid was Mrs. Cassidy's.

As we anticipated, Mr. Charles Linnell has dealt with the apparent discrepancy (pointed out by Mr. W. P. James) in the history of the publication of *John Inglesant*, which we noted last week. Writing to the *Athenæum*, Mr. Linnell says: "Mr. James says this statement ('the MS was never sent to any publisher') 'seems to contradict, and to be intended to contradict, the story that the book was rejected by James Payn as "reader" for Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.' Yes, Mr. Payn did reject the book, but not the MS. Let me confirm the statement 'The MS. was never sent to any publisher.' When Mr. Payn wrote: 'it had bored him in manuscript,' he had forgotten that he had read *John Inglesant* in print. Moreover, the identical copy sent to Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., and read by Mr. Payn and returned by him to me, is still in my possession. Let me say that the book was sent to Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., together with a letter. My letter was brief: 'Would Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. read the book, and, if they thought well of it, could they undertake its publication?' The reply to that letter will be found in Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.'s letter-book."

The same paper prints an "uncollected poem by Charles Lamb," contributed by Mr. R. A. Potts, who says that it was written for the Coleridge-Lloyd-Lamb volume in 1796, under the title "To a Young Lady Going out to India," but was rejected by Coleridge, whereupon Lamb sent it to the *Monthly Magazine*. There it appeared under the heading "To a Young Lady," over the initials C. L. It seems strange that it should have been overlooked by Lamb's editors, but we suppose that Mr. Potts is right in stating that this is the case. The lines are as follows:

To a Young Lady.

Hard is the heart that does not melt with ruth,
When care sits, cloudy, on the brow of youth;
When bitter griefs the female bosom swell,
And Beauty meditates a fond farewell
To her lov'd native land, prepar'd to roam,
And seek in climes afar the peace denied at home.
The Muse, with glance prophetic, sees her stand
(Forsaken, silent lady) on the strand
Of farthest India, sick'ning at the roar
Of each dull wave, slow dash'd upon the shore;
Sending, at intervals an aching eye
O'er the wide waters, vainly, to espy
The long-expected bark, in which to find
Some tidings of a world she left behind.
At such a time shall start the gushing tear,
For scenes her childhood lov'd, now doubly dear.
At such a time shall frantic memory wake
Pangs of remorse, for slighted England's sake;
And for the sake of many a tender tie
Of love, or friendship, pass'd too lightly by.
Unwept, unhonour'd, 'midst an alien race,
And the *cold* looks of many a *stranger* face,
How will her poor heart bleed, and chide the day,
That from her country took her far away.

Our contention, last week, that the Cockney dialect is constantly changing, and that, therefore, Mr. Julian Ralph's charge against Dickens that he does not reproduce it accurately falls to the ground, is borne out by Mr. Ashby-Sterry's remarks on the same subject in his popular "Bystander" column in the *Graphic*. Mr. Ashby-Sterry says:

> It is thirty-one years since the great novelist died, and it is sixty-four years since the publication of *Pickwick*. In sixty-four years a dialect, which everlastingly varies, becomes absolutely changed. Therefore, it is not to be wondered at that the conversation of Old Weller and Sam is entirely different to persons of the same class in the present day. . . . I have been informed by those who read *Pickwick* when it came out in shilling numbers that everyone was astonished at the accuracy with which the cockney dialect of those days was reproduced, and I myself can remember old people in the days of my youth, who perpetually substituted the "v" for the "w," and *vice versâ*, and used other Wellerisms. Language in a big city is constantly changing, and the slang of the streets of yesterday often becomes the polite conversation of next year. Years ago the elimination of the final "g" was considered to be the prerogative of the uneducated. Recently the custom has been annexed by the upper classes and accounted a sign of good breeding and refinement. Though no one knew the London language of his time better than Dickens, he never obtruded his knowledge pedantically. He was an artist, and he knew better than to make his dialect so realistic that the majority of his readers could not comprehend it. The writers of Scotch stories often make a mistake in this direction. They fancy because they understand a difficult dialect their readers are equally clever. The late William Black never made this mistake. Even if you have not been taught Scotch at school you can read his works with the keenest delight. Probably it is this element, among others, which makes his novels so everlastingly popular.

Mr. William Archer's "real conversations" in the *Pall Mall Magazine* are an unfailing mid-monthly joy. This month Mr. Archer, the dramatic critic, exchanges views with Mr. W. S. Gilbert, dramatist and librettist, and naturally some very smart things are said. Mr. Gilbert confesses himself a *laudator temporis acti*, and deplores the plays which do not round off the fortunes of their characters, but end in a frayed fourth act. Hence he praises the French plays and adaptations of twenty years ago for their artistic finish and aplomb, while Mr. Archer argues that the anti-climax of the fourth act of a play like "Mrs. Dane's Defence," is itself demanded by art. Incidentally Mr. Archer mentions Mr. Gilbert's own adapted play, "The Wedding March":

> Mr. Gilbert: Now, *there* was a thing that simply flowed from its French into its English form. I had only to reduce it from five acts to three. How long do you think it took me to write that? Just a day and a half—and it brought me in £2,500!

The conversation scintillates onward until it produces the following interesting passage:

> W. A.: Excuse my saying so, but, except on some purely technical points, I don't think you are a *laudator temporis*

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acti at all. On the contrary, I think you take a very liberal view of the theatrical situation.

MR. GILBERT: Oh, I am far from denying that there has been progress in many ways; and I admire as much as you can a great deal of the work of such a man as Pinero. Indeed, I know there has been progress, by a very convincing proof—namely, that I find myself left altogether behind.

W. A.: Not left behind, surely—your energies have been diverted into another channel than that of comedy and drama.

MR. GILBERT: That is partly the fact; but it is true, none the less, that I have been left behind. On the one or two occasions when I have returned of late years to prose drama, I have found that the public did not care for my work. They were accustomed to something different, and no doubt something better. Most of my earlier work is forgotten by theatre-goers, who have learnt to look upon me simply as a writer of light libretti. They regard any attempt an my part to write seriously as they would regard an attempt on the part of Mr. Passmore to play Hamlet. It is convenient to "label" an author, and I am labelled "cynical librettist." Woe to me if I attempt to show that, in labelling me with so narrow a definition, audiences and critics are in error!

W. A.: I wonder if you are not drawing too large a conclusion from one or two experiments? At any rate, I am sure that if you had stuck to the non-musical stage, the non-musical public would have stuck to you. But I do think—pardon the pertinacity of my optimism—that if you were now beginning your career, you would find the circumstances more propitious to serious work than you did in the 'sixties and 'seventies. It was you yourself—was it not?—who complained in those days of the tyranny of "the young girl in the dress-circle." Well, the young girl in the dress-circle has—shall we say grown up?—in the past twenty years.

MR. GILBERT: It is a mistake to suppose that I ever complained of the influence of the "young girl in the dress-circle." It is to her that I attributed the fact that most of the plays produced in the 'sixties and 'seventies were sweet and clean. I have always held that *maxima reverentia* is due to that young lady. I am so old-fashioned as to believe that the test whether a story is fit to be presented to an audience in which there are many young ladies, is whether the details of that story can be decently told at (say) a dinner-party at which a number of ladies and gentlemen are present. I put forward this suggestion with diffidence, for I am convinced that it will not be received with approval. Nevertheless, I have always kept this test well before me in writing plays, and I have never found myself inconveniently hampered by it.

"MR JOSEPH CONRAD'S *Lord Jim* is the last great book of English literature," says Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in the same magazine. There are many who think with him. Mr. Chesterton proceeds in the following strain:

> The question almost arises whether it is worth while to keep pace with new books, whether there are not many other things more worth studying, such, for example, as old books. Moreover, the world existed for a long time before printing was invented, and will, we may hope, exist a long time after it is repudiated by humanity. Assuredly every book ever written by a living man is worth something, but it is doubtful whether reading any book is worth as much as watching a sunset or smoking a pipe. Then, again, there is the enormous neglect of the work that has already been done in literature. How ignorant we are of masterpieces! How few of the great works of the language we have each of us really read is a horrible mystery; it will probably never be known until the last day. I admit I should very much like to see what would happen if some poet with a talent for agreeable impudence were to include in his blank verse epic two or three comparatively little known pages from *Paradise Lost*. I doubt if he would be detected. I believe that if I were only gifted myself with moral courage, I could hail the author of *Sartor Resartus* as a young man of whom more might be expected, and point out that the faults of Mr. W. Wordsworth are only those that lend a fascination to youth. . . . As far as literature is concerned indeed, I think that a man might very well get as much cultivation as he is likely to get without coming within two hundred years of the present date. But no one who is fit to live in this world cares pre-eminently, or even especially, about literature. There are a great many books now being produced which will be forgotten twenty years hence, but which it is highly desirable that we should all read, precisely because they will be forgotten twenty years hence.

FROM Messrs. Black comes some excellent "holiday reading" in the shape of sixpenny editions of Mr. E. W. Hornung's novel, *Under Two Skies*, Mrs. W. K. Clifford's *The Last Touches and Other Stories*, and Dr. John Brown's *Rab and His Friends, and Other Papers*. The other papers include the personal memoirs of Dr. John Brown's father, "Mystifications," and "Marjorie Fleming." Messrs. Black also issue a sixpenny edition of Dr. Farrar's college story, *Julian Home*.

MRS. STEVENSON has explained, in a letter to a friend, why the task of writing the biography of R. L. S. was entrusted to Mr. Graham Balfour:

> I want to tell you why I insisted, in spite of his reluctance, that my husband's cousin, Mr. Graham Balfour, should write the biography. When Mr. Colvin, owing to continued ill-health and the peremptory claims of his official work, relinquished the task, I was at a loss for a time where to look for his successor. After much deliberation it seemed to me—and to Mr. Colvin—that Mr. Balfour, a relative, a friend, a member of the family at Vailima during the concluding and perhaps most interesting period of Mr. Stevenson's life, was more fitted than anyone else to take Mr. Colvin's place. Mr. Balfour's close intimacy during those troublous years in Samoa gave him a sympathetic insight into my husband's character that no other biographer could aspire to; while his ardent admiration, intensified by the ties of kinship, made him eager to know *au fond* the man whose mind and personality thus possessed for him a double fascination. Indeed, of all Mr. Stevenson's friends there was none so adequately equipped to write his biography. Though at first Mr. Balfour shrank from an undertaking so unforeseen and difficult, he in the end gave way to my wish, admitting the justness of my contention that the work was a duty he had no right to shirk. An added interest is that a great deal of my husband's unpublished manuscript has been incorporated in the work.

The life, as has already been announced, is to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

WE have before now acknowledged our respectful bewilderment at the book notices published in the Boston *Conservator*, the organ of Walt Whitmanism. A review of a book entitled, *Cosmic Consciousness*, by Mr. Richard Maurice Bucke, is written in a strain of saltatory and staccato encouragement to the possible reader, who will, at least, realise the necessity of perusing the book for himself if he wishes to learn anything about it. The reviewer is elaborately uninforming. Thus:

> The propositions of the cosmos are tested from a new point of view. You will doubt. You will denounce. You will think this discoverer a fool. The vision does not yield itself to the first reader. Nor does it surrender to the first glance of any reader. It evades, hides, shuffles, passes, returns, and flies away. It will make you mad. You will think many times that you have got it. Then when you look you will find that it has gone again. You will resort to the schools, whose professors will tell you that they never had such a theory on the lists of their teaching. You will go to the churches and look in vain in their creeds for some reflection of its central conviction. The drama is pushed a little farther into space. Insight goes a little deeper. A mystery has been invaded. The argument is to some extent mathematical. But it is nevertheless and chiefly pictorial. Bucke sets forth that which may be better seen than argued about. He declines to adopt the attitude of controversy. He is well aware that the notion is one which no amount of rudimentary logic can assist to clear. Either you see it or you do not. There is no harm

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done if you do not see it. You are simply postponed. That is all it means to you. The extra terrestriality of the vision does not make it one to be classed with vagaries. Though as for that term—"vagary"—no sound heart is much scared. But Bucke has gone about the chief business.

"It is proposed to prove by fairly clear and circumstantial evidence that Shakespeare visited Bath with his 'acting company' at least three times—in 1593, 1597, and 1603." Such is the aim of an article printed in the August number of the Bath *Beacon*, published in that town by Messrs. Meehan. The *Beacon* is a pleasant little paper, which is not afraid to attempt such feats. We notice in another column that the *Beacon* has recently raised "the question of the real meaning and purport of Art." We wish we had the *Beacon's* courage.

Count Charles de Soissons, in a volume entitled *In the Path of the Soul*, has printed a series of eighteen essays on modern writers, composers, artists, and musicians, whom he claims to belong to a distinct spiritual order. Here are their names:

Paul Verlaine.	Max Liebermann.
Gabriel D'Annunzio.	Sasha Schneider.
Gerhart Hauptmann.	George Sauter.
Henryk Sienkiewicz.	Theodore Roussel.
Count Albert du Bois.	H. B. Brabazon.
Charles G. D. Roberts.	Jan Matejko.
Ignacy Paderewski.	John Henry Lorimer.
Rudolf Zwintscher.	Augustin Rodin.
Giovanni Segantini.	Arnold Böcklin.

Bibliographical.

The notion of issuing Anthony Trollope's Barsetshire tales —*The Warden*, *Barchester Towers*, and *Dr. Thorne*—in a uniform style is excellent; but why not go farther, and add to the series the remaining "Chronicles" of Barset? The three stories named, having been issued in 1855, 1857, and 1858 respectively, are out of copyright; surely, however, an arrangement could be made with regard to the other Barsetshire books, the last of which came out in 1866? Why, I may add, should we not have a uniform edition of the Chronicles of Carlingford? Mrs. Oliphant's series of stories will last, I should say, at least as long as Trollope's, and should be similarly distinguished. There would be *Salem Chapel* (1863), *The Rector* and *The Doctor's Family* (1863), *The Perpetual Curate* (1864), *Miss Marjoribanks* (1866), and *Phoebe Junior* (1876). Here, again, there would be proprietorial rights to be considered; but I should think the difficulty could be readily got over. My own view is that it is by their Barsetshire and Carlingford books that Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant will be best remembered.

Mr. Frederic Harrison's monograph on *Ruskin* will, of course, be very interesting, and, no doubt, well worthy of the series in which it is to appear—which is not, perhaps, the most flattering thing to say when we remember the *Goldsmith* of William Black and the *Sheridan* of Mrs. Oliphant. It is at least questionable whether there is anything to be gained by adding to the "English Men of Letters" series. Mr. Harrison, to be sure, will give us his view of Ruskin, but there are so many others! Putting aside the little compilations by little writers, we have the essay by Mrs. Ritchie (1892), the two-volume biography by Mr. Collingwood (1893), the full-blown "study" by Mr. J. A. Hobson (1898), the book by M. de Sizeranne (1899), the handy memoir by Mr. Spielmann (1900), and the expository monograph by Mrs. Meynell (1900). These seem sufficient. Mr. Harrison's volume will be somewhat of a luxury.

As we are to have the Collected Poems of Miss Mary Robinson, why should we not have the Collected Poems of Miss Katharine Tynan, who is quite as true a singer as the Anglo-Frenchwoman? We *are* to have them, and they will find, of course, a heartily responsive public. As a writer in prose and verse, Miss Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) has been tolerably fertile since 1887, when her *Shamrocks* appeared. We have had from her—*A Nun, her Friends, and her Order* (1891), *Ballads and Lyrics* (1892), *Irish Love-Songs* (1892), *An Isle in the Water* (1895), *The Land of Mist and Mountain* (1895), *The Way of a Maid* (1895) *A Lover's Breast-Knot* (1896), *Oh, what a Plague is Love!* (1896), *The Wind in the Trees* (1898), *The Handsome Brandons* (1898), *The Dear Irish Girl* (1899), *The Land I Love Best* (1899), *She Walks in Beauty* (1899), *Three Fair Maids* (1900), and *A Daughter of the Fields* (1900).

It is pleasant to find the publishers doing their own bibliography, if only in fragmentary fashion. Thus, at the back of the title-page of their new sixpenny edition of Dean Farrar's *Julian Home*, Messrs. A. & C. Black give a list of the successive editions of that story. Published in December 1859, the tale was reprinted in 1865, 1869, 1871, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1877, 1880, 1883, 1886, 1890, 1895 (with illustrations), 1896, and 1899. All this points to a pretty steady popularity, and will surprise those who thought that the Dean's school and college stories had practically dropped out of circulation. Clearly, the British public is a very loyal and persistent patron.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert's pronouncements in the current issue of the *Pall Mall Magazine* are notable for his lack of allusion to the fact that he himself was, at one time, one of the band of burlesque-writers on whom he offers some genial remarks. His first dramatic work was a burlesque—"Dulcamara, or The Great Quack and the Little Duck," a travesty of "L' Elixir d'Amore." This was in 1866. Then came "The Merry Zingara" (1868), "La Vivandière" (1868), "Robert the Devil" (1868), and "The Pretty Druidess" (1869)—all of them burlesques on popular operas. I mention the fact here, because none of these libretti have ever been brought together in volume form, and are to be picked up at the second-hand bookstall or nowhere.

The Théâtre Gilbert, as issued and recognised by himself, is contained in the three volumes of *Original Plays* published successively in 1876, 1881, and 1895. In addition to these are two volumes, each entitled *Original Comic Operas*, issued, with title-pages undated, by Messrs. Chappell & Co. in conjunction with Messrs. Chatto. Some of these comic opera libretti find a place among the *Original Plays*. A good deal, however, of Mr. Gilbert's dramatic work remains uncollected—not only his burlesques and his German Reed pieces, but "An Old Score," "Randall's Thumb," "Creatures of Impulse," "On Guard," "Thespis" (his first work with Sullivan), "Committed for Trial," "The Ne'er-do-well," "Brantinghame Hall," "The Fortune-Hunter," and so forth. It is singular that among his *Original Plays* he has not included "Iolanthe," one of the most witty of the Gilbert-Sullivan series.

Purchasers of Mr. Birrell's *Collected Essays*, which came out only about eighteen months ago, will not, perhaps, be wholly gratified to learn that he has another volume of *Obiter Dicta* in the press. This is to range, it seems, with the first series, which appeared in 1884. The second series dates from 1887, *Res Judicatae* from 1892, and *Men, Women, and Books* from 1894. Certainly Mr. Birrell is not overproductive.

In this week's *Sketch*, "O. O." makes the announcement that "The first volume of the translation of George Brandes' great work, 'Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature,' will be published next month. It is entitled *The Emigrant Literature*." For once in his life, "O. O." is a little behind the times. The first volume of the "Main Currents" has been "out" for weeks past.

The Bookworm.

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Reviews.

Much Achievement and More Promise.

Aphrodite against Artemis. By T. Sturge Moore. (Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Sturge Moore has written a tragedy, mainly, but not wholly, in unrhymed verse; and this, again, mainly, but not wholly, decasyllabic, upon the story of Phædra and Hippolytus. The theme was a familiar one to the Greek dramatic poets. A treatment of it by Euripides is, of course, extant. It will be remembered that Browning contemplated a drama upon the same subject, and actually wrote for it a prologue of remarkable beauty. The root-idea of the story, the contest for the soul of man between the rival impulses, symbolised to the Greek mind by the two divine figures Artemis and Aphrodite, is also the root-idea of the most elaborate of Mr. Meredith's recent poems. Obviously the perpetual recurrence of fine minds to this and other shapings of the classical imagination cannot be dismissed as mere scholarship or archaism. Such an explanation may sum up *Atalanta in Calydon*; it is not adequate to Mr. Meredith's mythopoesy, and we do not think it is adequate to the play before us. The fact is, that polytheism is not altogether so obsolete or so untrue an expression of certain qualities of man and man's relation to the cosmos as has sometimes been thought. The concepts formed by the Greek poets of the dwellers in Olympus—concepts only in part determined by the more primitive characters of those divinities as objects of cult—do after all represent a view of life not wholly alien to modern speculation. The unity of things is a philosophical presupposition; but to the imaginative mind, especially in hours of reflection upon the baffling problems of psychology, the diversity of things is often the more apparent. To be concrete, the soul of youth is still, as it was in the days of Euripides, the sport, not seldom to tragic issues, of warring ascetic and amorous ideals; and while this is true the symbolic statement of the fact embodied by the Greeks in the personalities of Artemis and Aphrodite must continue to have its meaning.

So much for a justification of a poetic attitude towards classic myth, which goes far beyond Mr. Sturge Moore's play. His problem, like that of Mr. Gilbert Murray, in *Andromache*, is to preserve the immortal elements of the mythic ideas, and at the same time to find for them a rendering which shall be his own, and therefore modern, to re-create rather than to translate. That he has wholly succeeded we do not claim, but the experiment is exceedingly interesting. In the first place, Mr. Moore succeeds in realising that appeal to the imagination through the eye which is one of the subtlest engines of the higher modern dramaturgy. The pictorial qualities of the piece are high throughout. For example, the Attic conception of a chorus and its lyricism is modified and brought into closer relation to the action with the happiest results. Here is a charming scene in which the house maidens chaff Hippolytus, who has stung them by his indifference, upon his absorption in the woods:

CYDILLA.

He thinks a girl a silly thing.

HIPPO.

Prefers a nymph of Artemis
Who kilts her petticoat like this.

[*She kilts hers, the others laugh, and, leaving* CLYMENES *with the fawn, gather round* HIPPOLYTUS, *pinning up their skirts.*

CYDILLA.

[*Lifts his bow and pretends to draw on him*

They touch his heart this way.

MALIS.

And make
A wound that's real enough to ache.

DOTO.

Or may a dryad of the trees
Have tossed her rustling locks to the breeze. . .

[*She looses her hair, and floats it on her hands, bowing towards him: the others do the same.*

HIPPO.

[*Continuing* DOTO'S *words.*

Whispering dew-drenched secresies;
Sighing, "If at last I please."

CLYMENES.

[*Leaves the fawn asleep, and, stooping beneath the table, peeps up.*

Or just a head above the pool,
Through which down-trembles whiteness cool.

[PHÆDRA *enters by the door on the left, but draws back without being observed; the others bob under.*

DOTO.

Or, laughing 'mid the bubbling falls,
Glancing between the rocks, who calls?

MALIS.

With sand in her hair and bracken bed,
A roof of grey rock overhead,
Who peeps with eyes like blackberries,
Desirous of a mortal kiss!

After the crisis of the tragedy, the body of Hippolytus is borne off the stage with a dirge of litter-bearers and huntsmen, which again seems to us very effective from the point of view both of literature and of stage requirements:

He is young and dead, he is loved and mourned.
Who will remember him?
His mother is a shade,
Nor had he ever a maiden adorned
Slitting the stalks so slim
To make a daisy-braid,
And for him no bride had been carried home
No wife, to bid her boys
And girls to ne'er forget,
He leaves: of the sweet in a honeycomb
He hardly dreamed; his joys
Were horses, dogs to pet.
Such were his sport-fellows—such mourn
Briefly a week or two.
Yet surely did he vie
In promise with the summer dawn
Lavish in silver dew,
Pleasant to every eye.
Over him clip your locks and throw
Lentisk and dittany,
Anise and aloes-wood,
And Syrian essences—things which grow
At home, or o'er the sea
Are brought and reckoned good
To feed the flame that mantles a pyre,
As prowess graced his youth
Sob-ended like a song.

Mr. Moore is at his best in these lyrical passages. In handling the blank verse of dialogue he has curious lapses. His task was not an easy one—to be sufficiently modern to secure sincerity and poignancy, and not to depart so far from the classic manner as to sacrifice dignity or to incur the suspicion of caricature. He does not quite escape either pitfall. In such a speech, for instance, as the closing one of Hippolytus to Phædra:

HIPPOLYTUS.

Outrage no more my mother's cleanly soul,

the idiom of the neatly-packed stichomythic line, always a little ludicrous in English, is too closely retained. On the other hand, there is a singularly pathetic touch when

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Aphrodite talks of Phædra's "extra loveliness," as though she were a kind of soap, and when Theseus laments his wife with the words:

> Well,
> Thou wast a pretty bit, and mad'st me mad
> As others erst had.

One feels that the insistence on the *vieux marcheur* in the hero is out of the plane. We do not wish to discourage Mr. Sturge Moore, for there is much achievement in *Aphrodite against Artemis*, and more promise, but we hope he will bear in mind what a valuable aid a sense of humour is in writing a tragedy.

A Journalist's Apologia.

My Life's Record: a Fight for Justice. By F. Reginald Statham. (Gibbings. 3s. 6d.)

From the literary standpoint this book is disappointing. Seeing the writer's intimate personal connection with South African affairs, and the multifarious abilities for which he takes credit on the title-page, one hopes for considerable sidelights on South Africa and South African matters, and for an autobiography reflecting life and touching men from many standpoints. All such anticipations are unjustified. It is a strictly personal record, conditioned throughout by a narrowly controversial object—to defend the author from the aspersions which have been cast on his politico-journalistic career. Outside this purely personal object Mr. Statham will not go. It is, in fact, an *apologia pro vitâ suâ*. We know how interesting such an *apologia* may be made. We know how interesting Cardinal Newman made it. He had been connected with eminent men and remarkable events. With the defence of his own career he skilfully intermingled sidelights on those men and events, so that it became not merely the story of a man, but the story of men and a movement. Mr. Statham has not had Newman's opportunities. Yet it is obvious that his South African career closely intertwined his life with men and things—not to say a country—on which the British public is eager for knowledge, and on which he was competent to give knowledge from a standpoint other than that adopted by most of the writers who have poured forth information on South Africa. But he will have none of it. Whenever he touches such an opportunity, he either indifferently passes it with a few hard generalities, or refers you to his book on such and such a question. He will give you nothing but unalloyed Statham. The result is a dry and jejune volume, which largely defeats his own apologetic purpose by making it certain that few will read it. He gives us unimpeachable testimony that South Africa, or at least Natal, considered him a brilliant journalist. But the wit and brilliance of which these testimonies speak are severely absent from the present volume.

This springs partly from a defect of character so apparent in his book as greatly to handicap that sympathetic appeal without which no *apologia* can be successful, however ably argued. Mr. Statham displays an unconscious egotism of almost Rousseauish openness, though (let us add) without the attendant Rousseauish weakness. Down to the smallest particulars, his own interests and his own affairs seem solely to engross him; and other matters only as they revolve, dimly seen, around his own personality. Having set out to vindicate his character, no detail is too petty to be pressed into that service. He must put down an early copy of verses, with a dash of vague religious sentiment by which he sets especial store, "though I believe hardly a soul was aware of its existence" (referring to the religious sentiment, not the verses). You know them, reader. They are the verses of which you still say, with a pathetic mixture of pride and deprecation, "I was only sixteen when I wrote them." But they are an evidential document of some importance to Mr. Statham. "It will probably be agreed," he says, "that the lad who could write verses of this kind at sixteen was not very likely to be successful in the rough-and-tumble business of ordinary business competition. But neither was he, I think, likely to be a wilful organiser of fraud. . . . To myself, the reference to these earlier efforts conveys the assurance that whatever I was after the catastrophe of my life, which occurred in 1865, I was also before it." For our own part, we are nowise satisfied that Iago may not have written sentimental verses, with a little vaporous religiosity, at the age of sixteen. But we admit that we do think it very unlikely Iago would have published them at the age of discretion. The man who could do that is much more likely to organise sentiment than to organise fraud. On the like principle Mr. Statham unsparingly sets down every testimonial of conduct and progress from the masters of his various schools. Now a lad may conscientiously refrain from turning so much as a Latin verse at school, yet afterwards turn his coat with ease and fluency. Not that we accuse Mr. Statham of not turning the one or turning the other. But we do affirm that a scholastic report is no guarantee of subsequent character.

The same unconsciously self-centred note is struck throughout the book; as where (speaking of the Boer War) he says: "That calamity has come about because my warnings were disregarded, and other counsels were listened to." Would you not say a statesman, looking back on his administrative warnings, instead of an African journalist? Yet, apart from the form in which it is put, Mr. Statham has good reason for referring to his predictions. He held that our ruin (as he considers it) at the Cape began with the signing away of the whole Hinterland of South Africa, 400,000 square miles, to seven private persons; and that troubles would grow so long as the Chartered Company was dominant in South African affairs. Whether the premises were right or wrong, there can be no question that the prophecies read remarkably in the light of present events. A few weeks before the war Mr. Statham said in a lecture:

> This country can, if it likes, send fifty thousand or a hundred thousand soldiers to South Africa, and spend fifty millions or a hundred millions in shooting down men fighting simply for their liberty. And when England has done this, and earned the scorn and contempt of the whole world in doing it, the trouble will be only beginning.

One may dislike the language, but the thing has come true. Again, before the famous Parliamentary Committee on South Africa had begun its sittings, he wrote:

> It is possible that the crime [of rehabilitating Mr. Rhodes after the Raid] may be committed. If it is, the misfortunes that will follow will be appalling. The whole peace of South Africa will hang by a thread. Irritation and suspicion will infest every corner. Race enmities will be awakened, . . . and will infallibly lead up, sooner or later, to one of the most terrible and desolating wars of modern times. These men, whom you call Boers, whom you deride for their surface failings, are not men who can lightly be dispossessed of their independence. They have their faults, no doubt; but put them in the position of having to fight for their independence, and they will display all the endurance and valour of those whose descendants they are—the Huguenots, who sacrificed everything for freedom of thought and religion; the Netherlanders, who successfully stood out against the forces of the greatest European power of the sixteenth century. In the Transvaal, in the Free State, in the Cape Colony, in Natal, these men who constitute the dominant factor in South Africa are to be found, bound together by those subtle ties of blood and nationality which survive accumulated oppressions and the flight of years.

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> The cause of one, when it comes to extremes, is the cause of all; and if they see the men whom they regard as an unpunished malefactor visibly supported by the British Government, it will be against the British Government that they will range themselves in sullen hatred or in open defiance. It is possible that this may happen, and if it happens, either the whole structure of civilisation in South Africa will be wiped out, or South Africa will cease to form in any respect a portion of the British Empire.

Again, you may distaste the bias of the writer; but the accuracy of his predictions is very striking—except the final prediction, which yet remains to be decided.

With regard to the general purpose of the book, it involves matters at once too political and too intricately private for discussion in these columns. Mr. Statham frankly relates an error of his youth which has since been brought against him. Without considering the excuse he alleges for it, it may certainly be said that he deserves admiration for the courage with which he has lived it down, and no right-minded person would remember it against him. In general, though we may sometimes doubt the prudence and judgment of his actions, one need not sympathise with his opinions (sufficiently shown in our extracts) to affirm that his book leaves the impression of an honest and honourable man, somewhat too sensitive, and rather inclined to let sentiment overbalance clear-headedness. His defence seems good—but we would it had been less drily personal and matter of fact. An *apologia* without the literary touch, without something more than a skeleton-record of personal facts and events, is like to fail of its own aim by not being read.

Parochial.

Before the Great Pillage. By Augustus Jessopp, D.D. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

We read in Dr. Jessopp's preface an expression of surprise that Fate should have found for him no more distinguished career than that of a country parson. But as a country parson he magnifies his office. To be more just, it is rather that little world of the parish that he would magnify in its history while he makes moan over the present season of its decay. And you who read, though you may not be altogether of his world, cannot but become sorrowfully aware that what as a nation we have gained by the sub-division of labour, and the development of labour-saving mechanism, is in a great measure counterbalanced by the loss of individual versatility, variety, and initiative.

The parish, Dr. Jessopp would rather emphatically have you to know, is strictly and solely an ecclesiastical institution. It was in its flowery days, "before the great pillage," a little constitutional kingdom of which the coasts lay for the most part along the lines of the manor. Yet its corporate life was, as it were, in another dimension. It was the community of the township "organised for Church purposes, and subject to Church discipline," its autonomy limited by a system of inspection and restraint on the part of a central authority—the bishop and his representatives. The centre of the parochial interest was the church, and how the wonderful parish churches of England generally came into existence is a matter for conjecture. The monks? About as likely to build cavalry barracks as a church for anyone but themselves, replies Dr. Jessopp. He does not like monks; he even compares them to Dissenters; which is rather severe! The Freemasons? "I no more believe that the Freemasons, whoever the Freemasons may have been, built our churches than that they built Noah's ark." No:

> The evidence is abundant and positive, and is increasing upon us year by year, that the work done upon the fabrics of our churches, and the other work done in the beautifying of the interior of our churches, such as the wood-carving of our screens, the painting of lovely figures in the panels of those screens, the embroidery of the banners and vestments, the frescoes on the walls, the engraving of the monumental brasses, the stained glass in the windows, and all that vast aggregate of artistic achievements which existed in immense profusion in our village churches till the frightful spoliation of those churches in the sixteenth century stripped them bare—all this was executed by local craftsmen.

This conclusion is continually fortified as one antiquary after another unearths the old churchwardens' accounts:

> We have actual contracts for church building and church repairing undertaken by village contractors. We have the cost of a rood-screen paid to a village carpenter, of painting executed by local artists. We find the names of artificers, described as *aurifaber*, or *worker in gold and silver*, living in a parish which could never have had five hundred inhabitants; we find the people in another place casting a new bell and making the mould for it themselves; we find the blacksmith of another place forging the ironwork for the church door, or we get a payment entered for the carving of the bench-ends in a little church five hundred years ago, which bench-ends are to be seen in that church at the present moment. [Which is convincing evidence of the durability of the wood.] And we get fairly bewildered by the astonishing wealth of skill and artistic taste and æsthetic feeling which must have been in this England of ours in times which till lately we assumed to be barbaric times.

In these same churchwardens' accounts we see vestiges of England, merry with its holiday processions, miracle plays, athletic sports, church ales, and the like; just as in the more effectually preserved Rolls of the Manor Courts we see England punching its neighbour's nose, ploughing its neighbour's furrow, and kissing its neighbour's wife. We see, too, evidences of the extraordinary accumulations of wealth which the wardens were called on to administer, and Dr. Jessopp goes at length into its sources. In silken fabrics, gold and silver vessels, and jewelled shrines alone, so great was their wealth that in many cases a watchman "regularly slept" in a chamber constructed for him in the church. (It occurs to one that that watchman would have been more effectual if he had regularly watched.) Such chambers, no doubt, are those commonly pointed out by Mrs. Miffs as "the priest's." But at last this store of chalices, basins, crosses, candlesticks, rings, buckles, girdles, cloth of gold, raiment of needlework, pixes *magni ponderis* was the parish's undoing. Not only were almhouses and hospitals, richly endowed by the piety of ages, robbed to the last pound by the greedy ring that surrounded the boy king, but——

> The immense treasures in the churches, the joy and boast of every man and woman and child in England, who day by day and week by week assembled to worship in the old houses of God, which they and their fathers had built, and whose every vestment and chalice, and candlestick and banner, organs and bells, and picture and image, and altar and shrine, they looked upon as their own, and part of their birthright—all these were torn away by the rudest of spoilers, carted off, they knew not whither, with jeers and scoffs and ribald shoutings, while none dared raise a hand or let his voice be heard above the whisper of a prayer of bitter grief and agony.

This completed the disendowment of the parish; nothing was left but the bare fabric; and upon the disendowment of the parish (we quote Dr. Jessopp) came in Pauperism. The final blow was struck by the Local Government Act of 1894, by which a parish is defined as "a *place* for which a separate overseer is or can be appointed." In the parish council neither rector nor churchwarden has any standing; the old constitution is gone.

That, of course, is very lamentable, and Dr. Jessopp has written here a very interesting book about it all; but he cannot be said to take a large view of the matter. There stand the country churches of England, symbols of a unity that no longer is, like sacraments out of which the Presence

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is fled. The shrines were plundered, it is true; but the faith that reared and adorned them would have restored them. The faith was uprooted, overturned, extinguished, corrupted, reformed (according to your point of view), and thenceforward the ecclesiastical parish was an anachronism. In a country tender to anachronisms it lingered on for three centuries after it was logically defunct; now it is, in practice, superseded by the "congregation."

Running Reading.

A Book of Brittany. By S. Baring-Gould. (Methuen. 6s.)

On the first page of his preface Mr. Baring-Gould defines the purpose of this book as being "to prepare the mind of the traveller to appreciate what the guide-books point out to him as worth seeing." In other words, it is not a guide-book but a Discipline. Mr. Baring-Gould begins his disciplinary treatment by a quotation from Alphonse Allais, a licensed wild wag of Paris, whom, however, the author seems to take seriously. Alphonse Allais says in his subtly observant Gallic way: "What characterises the English tourist more than anything is the air of profound *ennui* which never leaves him from his arrival at Calais or Dieppe to the moment of his return to his native land. France visibly bores the Englishman; he is interested in nothing, listens with a *distrait* air to the explanations of the guide, takes a vague look at the monument or work of art pointed out to him, and never seems to arrive at any place save in order to go on immediately to another." Now, though this inclusive statement may have been fractionally true of the haughty generation which went to the East when Kinglake wrote *Eothen*, it is handsomely incorrect to-day. Everyone knows it is incorrect, including Alphonse Allais and Mr. Baring-Gould. Yet the latter endorses his quotation: "This is true, but it is true because the majority of visitors do not comprehend what they see."

The inference, of course, is that *A Book of Brittany* will cure that boredom, so far as Brittany is concerned. After reading this volume, illustrated with sixty-nine illustrations, the tourist, hitherto bored by non-comprehension, will piercingly understand.

Last year we had the opportunity of watching the effect of Mr. Baring-Gould's similar compilation about Dartmoor, on tourists in the middle of Dartmoor. *A Book of Dartmoor* has been sadly mauled by Devonian archæological and topographical experts, but it certainly did appear to suit the average Dartmoor tourist. It "prepared his mind" by putting him in a good humour with himself. He assimilated a chapter of "fine confused feeding" about menhirs, venville rights, and hut circles, and then went forth to "appreciate." He stood on tors, and remembered vaguely and inaccurately the accurate and inaccurate statements which Mr. Baring-Gould had set in heaps before him. In a few hours he had forgotten all. But those few hours were everything, for during them he "thought he knew," and to think one knows is the height of touristic bliss, the pinnacle of globe-trotting self-respect. *A Book of Dartmoor* flattered the weakness of those who imagine that useful knowledge can be picked up by casual perusals on a wet afternoon. And *A Book of Brittany* will do the same. It is a harmless book. It may, or may not, be grossly inaccurate—that is a point scarcely worth inquiring into. Much of it must be accurate, since Mr. Baring-Gould is an experienced craftsman, whom nothing but a miraculous celerity leads into error; and the simple gentle reader is continually diverted and amused by a pen which has learnt in the fields of fiction how never to be tedious.

The plan of the book is magnificently embracing. We start off with an ethnological chapter on "The Breton People," a perfect orgy of facts cited from the most erudite sources. Footnotes like this impress the amateur:

> See an article by M. le Casquet, "Etude Ethnographique sur les Bigaudens," in *Bulletin de la Soc. Arch. du Finistère* (p. xxvii., 1900).

It would be interesting to know how many tourists obey the injunction to "see." But one must not assume that Mr. Baring-Gould relies always on the opinions of others.

> It has been supposed and asserted roundly that there are traces among them of a still earlier type—of a people resembling the Mongols. Of this I have my doubts.

From ethnology we proceed to prehistoric stones, and this chapter is full of the picturesque:

> In some places childless women still rub themselves against menhirs, expecting thereby to be cured of barrenness, but in others, instead, they rub themselves against stone images of saints. Near Carnac is a menhir, at which a singular ceremony took place till comparatively recently, and may perhaps still be practised in secret. A married couple that have no family repair to this stone when the moon is full, strip themselves stark naked and course one another round it a prescribed number of times, whilst their relations keep guard against intrusion at a respectable distance.

There is no more tantalising phrase in your mind-preparing book than "comparatively recently."

Then follows "The History of Brittany," in fifteen pages, "so as to enable the reader to obtain something of historic perspective":

> The history of Brittany continued to be one of fratricida[1] conflict and slaughter.
>
> The death of Solomon was the signal for . . . internecine strife.
>
> The history of Brittany continued to be one of sanguinary internal strife.
>
> The miserable history of strife and bloodshed continued.
>
> Charles suffered his men to butcher fourteen hundred of the inhabitants of both sexes and of every age, whilst he was himself mumbling his prayers.
>
> France was crushed under the heel of England.
>
> We must now pass over a century that was not without broils and bloodshed.

We next arrive at architecture:

> To go through the province and not to be able to discriminate between architectural styles, and to estimate the approximate date of a building, or of its several parts, is to miss one great source of instruction and enjoyment.

What could be truer? Hence twenty-five pages, including an illustrated disquisition on the evolution of the arch! Finally, in the way of preliminary matter, is an essay on the Breton "pardons," interesting because it contains a fine example of Mr. Baring-Gould's spacious manner of beginning new paragraphs:

> One of the most remarkable pardons is now a thing of the past.
>
> The pardon referred to was that of S. Servais, &c.

Having thus cleared the ground, Mr. Baring-Gould divides Brittany out into sections, and becomes anecdotic about it, section by section. Legends seem to have an extraordinary fascination for him, and he pours them inexhaustibly forth in a sweeping torrent. Many of his legends comprise bits of what the American calls "snappy dialogue," but whether the novelist in Mr. Baring-Gould is responsible for this dialogue, or whether it is always veritably culled from venerable authorities, we should not like to say. Here is an example, *apropos* of the origin of the Abbey of Lehon:

> One day, Nominoe, King of Brittany, was hunting by the Rance, when he lighted on a few hermits living in this

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warm and secluded spot, who at once clamoured for a grant of land on which to erect a monastery.

"But where is your *body?*" inquired Nominoe. "No saint, no site."

To understand this we must go back to pre-Celtic usage.

The last town with which Mr. Baring-Gould deals is Rennes. What surprises us is that he does not give an account of the various legends of the *bordereau* and the attempted assassination of Labori.

The Treasure of the Simple.

A Saint of the Oratory: the Life of Blessed Antony Grassi of the Fermo Congregation. By Lady Amabel Kerr. (Burns & Oates. 4s. net.)

This is the story of a simple—of a onefold—man. He was born in the little walled town of Fermo, and there, but for his annual visit to the Holy House at Loreto, and a single journey to Rome, he lived out his blameless days. He was born at the end of the sixteenth century, and on sufficient evidence of heroic sanctity, confirmed by posthumous miracles, was raised to the altars of the Church in the recent year of Jubilee.

What was this old man, two hundred years dead, for whom a few months ago the great basilica of St. Peter was ablaze? A simple old clergyman in a country town, who had kept himself unspotted from the world, and had helped other people to be good. He had lived days of quiet regularity, humbly submissive in all things to the rule as it had been learned from the Roman Oratory, and in all things striving to model his conduct on that of St. Philip, its founder. Five or six hours each day he spent in the confessional, and his own cell was open to men at any time. Penitents declared that he read their hearts, and by intuition could discern the sins that in a hurried life had escaped their memory. He had an unequalled gift in exciting contrition, and the seven devils of scrupulosity yielded to his exorcism. Priests counted as a special grace the privilege of reciting the Divine Office with him. Members of religious communities besought him to say Mass in their chapels, as though the Holy Sacrifice itself gained in efficacy from his exquisite devotion and recollection.

This Life, by a devout Roman Catholic lady, bears every sign of being a labour of love, but is not therefore to be regarded as in any sense a critical work: and it is not easy always patiently to tolerate its rather conventional phrases. Only at one place do we find any betrayal of the secret man that lies hid even in those whom, by comparison, we call simple. This old man, who in the street would take off his hat to his enemy's guardian angel, who received revelations as to the dismissal of his friends from purgatory, and would employ his recreation time in packing, for application to sick persons, minute portions of the wrapper in which St. Philip's vest had been laid, was stricken at times with panic lest he should lose his faith. At least, a curious reader may be permitted to conjecture so much from such passionate protests as that to a certain nun: "I would rather lose my blood and my life than lose faith." The possibility, at least, was present to his mind.

Other New Books.

THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE AND THE JACOBITE MOVEMENT IN HIS FAVOUR, 1701-1720. EDITED BY CHARLES S. TERRY.

This is the fourth volume in the series of "Scottish History from Contemporary Writers." We some time ago noticed a history of America on the same plan; but (perhaps from the better availability of material) Mr. Terry's book is much superior to the American one. It is, in fact, of great interest and value. The plan is to set before the reader a sequent history related by contemporaries—as far as possible by the actual participators in events, men who helped to make the history they relate. For this purpose all contemporary memoirs, letters, and the like documents, have diligently been brought together, the requisite portions of each selected and arranged in historical sequence to form a connected narrative, and the whole mortised together by such brief passages of intermediate narration as were needed to fill in the gaps between the several documents, and lead intelligibly from one to the other. The result is a most lively and pictorial way of getting history: it is history actualised, allowing us to glimpse the hopes and fears of the actors themselves, with all those little dramatic touches thrown in of place, person, and surroundings which organic and unified history perforce eliminates. It is more kindred to recent histories of the Greek or Boer war, with their letters from correspondents, than to the grand style in history; but more vividly attractive than these because the narrators are not journalists looking on, but often the men who did the work in arms or diplomacy. You get their personalities at first hand, as in the case of the Comte de Forbin, who commanded the attempted landing of the Chevalier de St. George on the Scottish coast—a brusque, outspoken Southerner, who utters all his sentiments (to use his own words) "with the vivacity of a true Provençal." This gentleman tells the French authorities his opinion of their plans with the roundest contempt, and has the heartiest scorn for the English who surrounded the person of the Chevalier. When they were pursued by the English fleet, and one ship came near them, "it is almost inconceivable how much the sight of that single Vessel, some four leagues ahead of her consorts, alarmed the English on board my Ship. They gave themselves up for lost, and their alarm caused me considerable satisfaction." Of such delightfully characteristic touches his narrative is full. This volume covers the whole period of the elder Pretender's attempts; the story of Charles Edward and the forty-five having been dealt with in the previous volume. It has index and illustrations, and is compiled with excellent judgment. (Nutt. 4s.)

FROM SQUIRE TO PRINCE; BEING A HISTORY OF THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF CIRKSENA. BY W. P. DODGE.

In spite of its romantic-sounding title, a concession to the spirit of modern publishing, when even sober history must strive to look as like romance as she may, to capture the public attention by a side-wind, this book is simply a history of the orthodox type. It is an account of the rulers of East Frisia, from the founder of the little kingdom, Count Ulrich I., to the extinction of the dynasty. It is history of the biographical kind, in which the people and matters of social or constitutional progress make small figure. Mr. Dodge's style is of the plain and practical order, with no special virtue save clearness: but this history of a little-known dynasty in an equally little-known country has a certain value and interest. It does not pretend to special research, and is absolutely silent as to sources and authorities. Indeed, it has not so much as a preface. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

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THE PORTER OF BAGDAD, AND OTHER FANTASIES. BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

A reviewer has some hard tasks set him, and one of the hardest is to decide how kind or severe he ought to be with essays so slight, and yet so prettily harmless, as these. The poor porter of Bagdad goes home each day and dreams himself into palaces, and sees in imagination the deeds and deaths of warriors and lovers, "one brightness and beauty melting into another." After this opening allegory Mr. Macmechan gives us "fantasies" on such subjects as "Madonna," "Ghosts," "Comrade Wind," "On Names," "Entrevues," "Mors Triumphans," etc. We cannot describe these brief compositions better than as rather sugary and sentimental "Things Seen." They would be improved by more quotation. As it is, we have a great deal of matter after the following pattern:

> The violin, the 'cello, and piano are weaving a three-plied magic web of rippling, floating sound. They have caught in their net the senses of the crowded drawing room, and hold them fast Although it has entered into our souls as a king takes possession of conquered cities, the music is at no time arrogant. Now and then the piano almost ceases from those notes that are like large raindrops falling into still water at sunset, and the strings sink into moanings gentler than a dove's; but not a silk rustles. The people seem scarcely to breathe.
>
> I do not know what the trio means to the other men and women; but to me it shifts and turns a hundred times, in endless variation of cadence about the simple theme,
>
> "Beata, mea Domina!"
>
> the old refrain that has sung itself all through my life, as it seems to me. There are many fair faces to fill up the pauses of the music; but I see only one—the face of the Lady who has many names and whose dearest title is Beata.

The book is produced in excellent taste. (Morang, Toronto.)

AN AUTUMN TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. BY ANDREW IREDALE.

This is a bookseller's account of his visit to America with two members of his family. Mr. Iredale crossed the Atlantic with no more ambitious aim than to see something of the great cities and natural wonders of the States, and his book is ordinary in the sense that it records the impressions which these sights make on the minds of most Englishmen who travel. But the narrative is not the less pleasant reading, and Mr. Iredale's eye for books gives it a rather special character. His description of the Congressional Library in Washington has some points of interest. Who is the individual referred to as follows?

> Prominent amongst the readers was a distinguished-looking man who attracted our attention. He was tall and stately, and his hair abundant and long. His flowing white locks fell over his massive shoulders; quite a patriarch he looked; but we were told he was a poet. His coming work, which is to be his *chef d'œuvre*, is to eclipse in beauty of diction, in dignity of verse, and in versatility of thought, all that America has yet produced, and he dreams of being his country's laureate. This work is to be published in the coming autumn.

Sometimes Mr. Iredale was not so far from home as he thought himself. Thus:

> Mr. Hutcheson introduced us to the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Library, where every book is a treasure in itself, with some special history attaching to it, and where the rarest and most valuable books are kept. I was much amused when told the story of one book which was handed to me for my inspection. It contained the autograph of a famous English novelist. When Mr. Hall Caine was inspecting the Library two years ago, he took one of his own books and wrote his name in it. That volume is now actually in the holy of holies.

The following description of gambling by passengers on the ship's speed in great liners is interesting:

> In the smoking room, after dinner, the prospective mileages for the day are put up for auction; the committee or syndicate, guided by the previous day's performance, fix a range of, say, from 464 to 484 knots, and each number—464, 465, and so on—is sold separately. The sum realised for a fixed mile may run up to two pounds, more or less, and as there are twenty single miles to sell, it will be seen that these alone may yield a total of, say, £30. Then comes the excitement, the keenest competition, for all distances below 464 are sold in one lot, which is called the "low field"; and all above 484 in another lot, called the "high field." It sometimes happens that the "high field" will make ten to fifteen pounds; or the "low field" may make an equally large sum. One gentleman twice won the "pool" during the voyage, netting at least eighty pounds.

Commendably brief and bright, this little book deserves readers. (Iredale, Torquay.)

THE HISTORY OF THE PARISH OF HAILSHAM. BY L. F. SALZMANN.

We are always glad to welcome topographical history, particularly when it is done as well as this. Mr. Salzmann is to be cordially congratulated upon his work, which is unusually complete; and not only is it full of facts, but it also possesses considerable human interest, although the parish does not seem to have produced many men in any way remarkable beyond its own boundaries. The village is described almost house by house; its history is traced through the centuries, with such an occasional diversion as a contemporary record of a quaint drinking-bout affords; and the descents and holdings of land are carefully traced. The Abbey of Otham and the Priory of Michelham—the one founded in the reign of Henry II., the other in 1229—are fully dealt with, and in an appendix are printed the marriages which were celebrated between 1558-1600, and the Consents of Marriage between 1653-1658—lists thick with old Sussex names. Mr. Salzmann's conservatism is pleasantly indicated in his general devotion to the old order; he does not love your new institutions. It should be added that the volume has double indexes, which we have tested and not found wanting. (Farncombe, Lewes.)

American Diplomatic Questions, by John B. Henderson, jun. (The Macmillan Co., New York), may be described as being in two senses a weighty work. It is a careful history and discussion of some of the events and political conditions with which the diplomacy of the United States has had to deal in recent years. There are five sections, devoted respectively to the following subjects: "The Fur Seals and Behring Sea Award," "The Inter-oceanic Canal Problem," "The United States and Samoa," "The Monroe Doctrine," and "The North Coast Fisheries." Mr. Henderson's attitude to England is all that we can desire. The last words of his last paper are these: "And thus the lesson is once more taught that war postponed is the beginning of peace. Let it be hoped that the cordial relations between the two great nations thus cemented by time, may continue as long as life itself shall last."

In *Democracy versus Socialism* (Macmillan, 10s. net) Mr. Max Hirsch, of Melbourne, handles a large subject in a large way. His endeavour is to deal with Socialism as a whole, and to "expose the erroneous nature of its economic and ethical conceptions." But not more than a quarter of Mr. Hirsch's pages are destructive. He has social and ethical principles to put forward, and these may briefly be described by the author's dedication of his work "to the memory of Henry George, prophet and martyr of a new and higher faith," and by the following words from the last chapter: "Social well-being is not to be found

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outside of the happiness of those who constitute society; their happiness cannot be achieved by any one but themselves—by each for himself. [A sentence that will bear emendation.] All that the State can do is but negative . . . Equal rights and equal opportunities the State can secure. Beyond this, not only can it do nothing, but every step beyond involves a curtailment of opportunities for the happiness of all, and an infringement of the equal rights of some. The truth, so clear, so simple, so obvious, must guide all attempts at social reform. To have overlooked it is the central error of Socialism."

We have received from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton the third volume of the sixth series of *The Expositor*, edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll.

Fiction.

Sister Carrie. By Theodore Dreiser. (Heinemann. 4s.)

In the prospectus of his "Dollar Library," of which *Sister Carrie* seems to be Number 6, Mr. Heinemann says: "More striking than the greatest of these successes [*Richard Carvel, David Harum*, etc.]—for popular successes are frequently scored by mediocre talents—is the fact that a young school of American writers is pressing for recognition, gifted with the sense of form, and not wanting either in pathos or in humour—real delineators of life and character." We admit we were unaware of the existence of such a school, but *Sister Carrie* has opened our eyes. It is a calm, reasoned, realistic study of American life in Chicago and New York, absolutely free from the slightest trace of sentimentality or prettiness, and dominated everywhere by a serious and strenuous desire for truth. We were impressed on the second page by this description of Carrie as she enters Chicago with the object of extracting a livelihood from the hard-fisted world:

> Caroline, or sister Carrie, as she had been affectionately termed by the family, was possessed of a mind rudimentary in its power of observation and analysis. Self-interest with her was high, but not strong. It was, nevertheless, her guiding characteristic. Warm with the fancies of youth, pretty with the insipid prettiness of the formative period, possessed of a figure promising eventual shapeliness and an eye alight with certain native intelligence, she was a fair example of the middle American class—two generations removed from the emigrant. Books were beyond her interest—knowledge a sealed book. In the intuitive graces she was still crude. She could scarcely toss her head gracefully. Her hands were almost ineffectual. The feet, though small, were set flatly. And yet she was interested in her charms, quick to understand the keener pleasures of life, ambitious to gain in material things. A half-equipped little knight she was, venturing to reconnoitre the mysterious ty, and dreaming wild dreams of some vague, far-off supremacy, which should make it prey and subject—the proper penitent, grovelling at a woman's slipper.

We do not remember to have met such a description of an American heroine before, and we were startled into interest. The book is thoroughly good, alike in accurate and synthetic observation, in human sympathy, in lyric appeal, and in dramatic power. We finished with genuine regret this record of the mediocre little creature who chanced to make a hit as an actress in musical comedy, and of her abandoned lover, who, from being the rosy manager of a flourishing "resort," descended to "chair-warming," mendicancy, and suicide. We shall not soon forget the chapter in which George Hurstwood robs the safe of ten thousand dollars, and then lures Carrie away to Canada; nor that in which an afternoon stroll down Broadway first impregnates Carrie with the lust of riches and success. Nor shall we soon forget many brief passages of insight like the following (Carrie has just returned from Broadway):

> The immediate result of this was nothing. Results from such things are usually long in growing. Morning brings a change of feeling. The existent condition invariably pleads for itself. It is only at odd moments that we get glimpses of the misery of things. The heart understands when it is confronted by contrasts. Take them away and the ache subsides.

Mr. Dreiser writes with a painful lack of dignity. His pages are crowded with the latest American slang, and yet he appears to be unable to use even this very piquant slang effectively. We cannot but think, however, that a writer of talent so conspicuous must soon realise the importance of acquiring a style worthy of his matter. If other American novels are being written in the school of *Sister Carrie*, Mr. Heinemann will do well to bring them over here.

The Grip of the Bookmaker. By Percy White. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

This is not a turf novel; indeed, racing is scarcely mentioned, for Alf Harris, the bookmaker, has become Mortimer Gordon of Rutland-square, and little but his loud clothes, manner, and speech, together with an occasional throw-back to old acquaintances, remains to suggest his past to Rutland-square. Now, given such a bookmaker, with wealth and a son at the bar, who falls in love with Miss Madryn (daughter of Colonel Madryn, of the same square), who happens to have become engaged to the wrong man, and goes as far as to marry him, what will happen? "That will depend upon the son," is the obvious answer. Here, in bare outline, is the problem which forms Mr. Percy White's plot. And if only Philip Gordon had had a tithe of the grit of his vulgar, drunken, bookmaking father, Miss Madryn would never have married Drayton, Sir Francis Jeune would have had one case less to decide, and Mr. Percy White could not have written this sparkling little story. As it is, Philip Gordon, who should be the hero, is the one failure of the book, which is otherwise full of convincing characters, drawn with the author's known lightness of touch. That centre of intrigue, "The Sisters Tea Club," for instance:

> Its members were limited to fifty; its local habitation was a long room, simply furnished with tea tables and spindle-legged chairs, at 295, Grafton-street, over Chardonnet's, the famous dressmaker, who "made" for all of the members, and where consequently they spent most of their time when in town.

The "Sisters" could do a deal in the matter of the bookmaker's son and the daughter of the Colonel (formerly of Pentash) who has married the wrong man. Frivolous, amusing, and well written, the story remains outside the catalogue of Mr. White's best work, because a young man of Philip Gordon's character and education could, and would, have stopped the story in the first five thousand words.

The Devastators. By Ada Cambridge. (Methuen. 6s.)

The plot chosen is a powerful and suggestive one, the drama, and more especially the drama of disastrous marriages, being too perpetually momentous ever to be without an intense and absorbing interest. But *The Devastators*, in spite of its realistic subject, appears to be written pre-eminently for a large public, and in consequence to be stultified by conventionalities. It seems incessantly hampered by the urgency of being neither too frank nor too original for the tastes of the average reader, the reader of the suburbs and the library, the reader, in fact, for whom the majority of novels are

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written, and whose terror of the unusual is insurmountable. Consequently, a powerful plot fritters out into a story, good enough as stories go, but without realism, without intensity, without the relentless penetration that would have made *The Devastators* a depressing book, possibly, but certainly one very considerably above the average. In reading it now, we have a feeling that tragedy, with its total lack of genial opportunities, is not the writer's forte, and that novels for the family, with a lighter domestic theme, would suit her manner better.

In choice of characters, as in plot, the authoress borders upon genuine artistic achievement. They are all the kind of people likely to be found in provincial places, only they also are allowed—it would seem for the same over-consciousness of a large public's prejudices—to sink into a certain unimpressiveness. The simplicity of the heroine Peggy, however, breathes out a charm no increase of analysis could have rendered more gracious or complete.

Mistress Nell. By George G. Hazelton, Jun. (Murray. 3s.)

A GENERATION ago Charles II. and Nell Gwyn would have been subjects for serious moral dissertations. Now they are material for a tale of rollicking love-making and intrigue. The change of aspect as regards these two, and their relations to one another, is curiously interesting, and the teaching of Mr. Hazelton's "merry tale" suggests reflections never intended by the author—that is as to whether moral dissertations, with their inevitable harshness of verdict, or genial farce, with its hearty acceptance of a notorious but jolly sinner, are the most desirable symptoms of a period's opinions. In either case, Nell Gwyn is a woman always written about. For vulgar, unbridled, destitute of moral sense as she was, she remains the most striking reminder that the virtuous have by no means the monopoly of generous actions.

The following examples of the dialogue give an admirable idea of the temper of the story:

> "Nay, come up if you love me," said Nell enticingly.
> "Egad! I am too old to climb," exclaimed the Merry Monarch.
> "Egad! I am too young yet for the downward path, your Majesty," retorted Nell.
> The king shrugged his shoulders impatiently.
> "You will fall if we give you time," he said.
> "To the king's level?" she asked slyly; then answered herself: "Mayhap.'

And again:

> "Tush," answered Nell coyly, "your tongue will lead you to perdition, sire."
> "No fear," replied he dryly; "I knelt in church with brother James but yesterday."
> "In sooth, quite true," said Nell approvingly. ". . . I sat in the next pew, sire, afraid to move for fear I might awake your Majesty."

The book is charmingly bound, with a conventional design on the title-page, both restful and decorative.

Severance. By Thomas Cobb. (Lane. 6s.)

MR. COBB'S books are always interesting, though most interesting when he deals with the slightest themes in the lightest possible manner. In *Severance* he has departed somewhat from his particular strongholds; he has adventured into regions in which we find him much less than conqueror. The story is well constructed; its parts fit together, indeed, with a precision happily remote from life, but, so far as the main plot is concerned, we are left unmoved and unconvinced. We admit that such a man as Danvers would almost inevitably have difficulties with such a woman as Dagma; but that they should have parted in the circumstances which Mr. Cobb describes is beyond our belief. And we are the more confirmed in that belief because their reconciliation strikes us as being superficial, and, in a way, mechanical. By far the best part of the book deals with the relations between a once rejected lover and his old sweetheart; there, Mr. Cobb is suggestive, human, and convincing. But we are left with the impression that he has attempted too much, for as a foil to the woman who regrets her early mistake, and is, in consequence, too blindly self-deluding, he introduces a girl who endeavours to cover an undue and misunderstood responsiveness by conduct which does not fall short of actual rudeness, not to say vulgarity. But the book is readable, at least, and there are passages of admirable dialogue.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

THE SKIPPER OF BARNCRAIG. BY GABRIEL SETOUN.

This story, by the author of *Robert Urquhart*, is of Scottish fisher life. Its first chapter is called, "Windy Wednesday," and others are called "The Carpenter's Foy," "The Rainy 'Amelia,'" etc. The story abounds in portrayal of homely and heroic character, and the philosophy and superstitions of seafarers. (Constable 6s.)

SIR HECTOR: THE STORY OF A SCOTS GENTLEMAN. BY ROBERT MACHRAY.

This story has plenty of plot interest, and is laid in the eighteenth century. On page 97 we find the hero and another character in Change-alley, in the year 1742. The din of business is deafening. "A Jew put his hand on Mercer's arm, and offered him £10,000 scrip. . . ." "'Your pleasure, sir,' said a waiter. 'Coffee—a dish of Bohea?'" (Constable. 6s.)

THE JOSS: A REVERSION. BY RICHARD MARSH.

"That's where it is; he's a Joss."
"A Joss? What do you mean? What are you grinning at? . . ."
"It's no joke, captain; it's dead earnest. The party is a Joss, and that's where it is."
"What do you mean by a Joss?"
"It seems that a Joss is a sort of a kind of god of the country, as it were."

That explains Josses in general, but this Joss was a live Englishman. Mr. Marsh swings along at his usual pace, and divides his story into five books, the last of which consists of an "Author's Postscript." (F. V. White. 6s.)

THE MAJOR-GENERAL. BY MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL.

"This story of Tuscan life and English life in Tuscany was written nearly four years ago," says the author, whose book, *In Tuscany*, interested many. "Old-fashioned love at first sight still comes to pass in Tuscany. It is certain that when dark-eyed Tuscan Don Silvio Rinaldi was presented one morning during the summer holidays at the Baths of Lucca to blonde English Miss Mary Whalley, he lost the power of speech . . ." (F. V. White. 6s.)

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Smith.

SMITH, when he subscribes himself Smythe, has been the subject for a century's laughter. But he is quite justified; and he may read his title clear to spell his name in almost any manner he pleases in the late Canon Bardsley's *Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames*, which has lately been issued from the University Press by Mr. Henry Frowde. The work is a monument of industrious research, the result of an invalid's hobby, and modestly described by Canon Bardsley as an attempt to supply materials for an etymological dictionary of surnames. The author did not live to see the publication of his dictionary; but it should at the least form the indispensable basis of any future researches into the names which label every little English girl and boy so soon as they are born into the world. Doubtless anyone who handles this dictionary will follow the example of the present writer, and having looked up his own name (discovering unexpected length of ancestry) turn to his old friend Smith. He will find Canon Bardsley twinkling with a humour rare in dictionaries and canons. "There are 300,000 Smiths in England," he says. "Very different from the state of Israel, when 'there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel'"! And of these 300,000 many will welcome the information that their name—a trade name, of course—may, on the authority of records and registers, be spelled Smyght, if Smethe is an insufficient disguise.

Our names, under Canon Bardsley's handling, assume a delightful simplicity of origin; even such mysterious signatures as Ticklepeny being put in their place with a line from the Domesday Book, a county itinerary, or a parish register. Five sources supply our names. They are baptismal or personal—such as Thomas; they are local, they are official, they are occupative, or they are Nicknames. Sheepshank, for example, is a nickname, and "not complimentary"! And it is notable that nearly all the nations of Western Europe have agreed in selecting these five means of identifying and distinguishing each other, and the local names largely predominate. There is one curious exception—Wales. For Wales has none of the official surnames so common in England and Germany—Chamberlain and Hofmeister, for example—and scarcely any trade names. Wales depends on personal names, and the stock is too limited. Hence the heavy odds that a Welshman will be born a Jones, a Williams, a Thomas, a Roberts, or an Evans. He may be an Inions, or even an Onions; but even then he is merely the son of Eineon. And Canon Bardsley calls for a spirited effort on the part of Welshmen to remedy this defect, for at present the Welsh surname defeats its own intention, and instead of distinguishing, creates confusion. Unfortunately, with age, imagination has vanished. We no longer invent surnames, but can only develop, vary and mis-spell those which our child-like ancestors gaily—and sometimes rudely—devised. Indeed, Canon Bardsley might have added one more to his list of origins and admitted that many people possess their names because other people could not spell. The Blenkinsops supply the most unblushing instance of the unscrupulous spelling which has enabled Smith to write himself down as almost anything up to Marjoribanks (which is one of Canon Bardsley's rare omissions). Here are two lines written in a Northumberland record: "On April 23, 1470, Eliz. Blynkkynesoppye, of Blynkynsoppe, widow of Thomas Blynkyensope, of Blynkkensope, received a general pardon." Could anything be more innocently flagrant than the lack of orthographical conscience which allowed a man to spell the same name in four different ways in two lines? And could anything be more encouraging to Smith when he wants to spell his name Cholmondeley, or Holypeter, or Herringbreeder, or Bugg, or Strong-i'-th'-arm? For there is really no limit to what may be done by the speller with imagination and without conscience. Among the inheritors of local surnames the Mannerings are, perhaps, the worst spellers and the most generous contributors to the encyclopædia of proper names. They are said to have 137 different ways of spelling their name in their archives, though it would puzzle a Christmas fireside to reconstruct them. But the Mannerings' invention pales before that of the Cushions, who provide over 400 variations. The Cushions, by the way, who are also Cushings, and Cushens, give an excellent example of the personal name which has multiplied exceedingly. Custance is the original baptismal name, which was a favourite one in Cambridgeshire in the thirteenth century. By various ways the name became Custerson, Cussens, Cousins, Cosens, Cust, and Custlot. The last is a diminutive, and reminds one of Hewlett, which is a correspondingly diminutive form of Hugh—Hugh-elot. But Cutbush has no connection with the Cambridgeshire Custance, only a dictionary adjacency. It illustrates another common origin of surnames than mis-spelling, and that is the rough-and-ready translation from the French. The Cutbushes and the Talboys are cousins—or should we spell it cushions or cosens? They both represent the old French *taillebois*, or cut wood. Only the Talboys favour the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe, and the Cutbushes remain Englishmen. To criticise a dictionary is almost impossible unless by writing another one. And space, as newspapers say, forbids. One can but browse. Turn up Fry—for Ranjitsinhji is neither English nor Welsh—and you will find a quotation about "the child that was so fry"—meaning free. Well, that is Fry's style, and the name suits also Elizabeth Fry, the friend of prisoners, though it is less suited to other members of the family so famous on the bench. Maggot, again. One would at the first glance regard that as a nickname conferred by our rude forefathers. It is simply the name of the son of Margaret, and comes by way of the sweet French Margot. And Margaret has had an amazing number of sons with differing names; Margeson, Marginson, Margrie, Margetts, Maggs, Magson, Matchet, and obviously Madge, are among their number. And that variety of permutations and combinations should encourage Smith to further efforts in the direction of Honeybun, Basingthwaite, Piebaker, or Funk. The Funks, it should be added, are not modern cowards, but ancient Crosspatches; and here is another omission of Canon Bardsley.

One naturally looks in a dictionary for the things one knows, and is resentful if they are not there. The gaps in Canon Bardsley's dictionary are few, but to each careful reader they will be striking. He has run Tyzack to earth through an accidental reference to a Frenchman in a North of England register. But the river-man will look in vain for Messum and Redknap, names which every river-man knows and wonders at. Wirnam is a name we cannot explain, but have often heard shouted by Oxford undergraduates in a hurry for their scout and their lunch. Canon Bardsley, who spent so many years in retirement at Oxford, should have spotted that name, as he has spotted Boffin, and Slatter, who, being also Sclattere, redeems

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slaughter from his suggested bloodiness of ancestry. Vynne, too, a name known in Cumberland, finds no explanation, and Kent will ask in vain for the origin of the Barlings. But these are mere suggestions thrown out. A dictionary is never complete; and Canon Bardsley's hobby has resulted in a work which gives every student a happy day in an arm-chair and will interest everybody at least in one article. And with the example of Thomas before him, or Thoms Thomasson, Tomsett, Thomson, Tompkinson, Thomerson and Tom, our friend Smith should take fresh courage. There must be other ways of spelling and mis-spelling and plaiting him out.

Things Seen.

Food.

In the month of birds—that happy month—I was taking my breakfast in a cottage by a wood. My chair faced the open window, and beyond the garden, beyond the ribbon of road, stood an ancient wall, with cunning crannies, where tits nested. As I sipped my tea, my eyes resting vacantly on the wall, suddenly from one of the crannies a tiny, unfledged bird fell plump on to the dusty road. I ran out, returned for a chair, and standing upon it, gently pushed the infant back into the cranny. Then I resumed my breakfast. While I was engaged with the same cup of tea the foolish creature fell out again. Before I reached the road a companion was also lying in the dust. And while I was replacing them, a third fell with a squeak. I succeeded in inserting them all in their cranny. Within a few minutes they were again lying in the roadway. This happened, believe me, four times, and on the last occasion one of them only escaped death, by a beak, from a passing cart-wheel. Then I brought them into the room, inverted the tea-cosy, tucked them into it, and tried to close their gaping, squeaking mouths with a dozen kinds of messes. But they would have none of them. And the morning wearing away saw me an ignominious failure as a foster-mother. I went down into the village, and, sitting on the bridge, considered the case. "Suppose *you* were the mother-bird," I said to myself, "what would you seek for to drop into those gaping mouths?" Pat came the answer: "Why, worms!" I returned to the cottage, dug in the garden, and presently found three of the fattest, liveliest little worms I have ever encountered. Holding them in the palm of my hand, I proceeded gingerly indoors, but on the threshold I paused. "They are very happy little worms," I reflected, "much happier than those squealing birds." With that I was confronted by a great problem containing a principle none the less important, because it concerned merely birds and worms. It was this: "To save the lives of three unhappy little birds, is it justifiable to kill three happy little worms?" I could not answer. Neither could I take the lives of the worms.

Peril.

At the jetty I was somewhat disturbed to find that I was to be carried to the mainland in a battered cockle-shell, hardly bigger than a Thames launch. Worse—it was packed with an hilarious mob, plainly returning from a wayzgoose. Squeezing on board, I peered about for an official to assure myself that the boat's port was my port, and at last located the captain. He was swaying on the paltry deck amidships, his body rising like a yew-tree from an undergrowth of flowered hats and encircled waists. Everywhere on this cockle-shell men, women and children were wedged tight, as in a Bank Holiday third-class carriage. When at last I caught the captain's eye, and bawled my question down the wind, his manner was so confused, so enigmatical, that I looked around for a sight of the life-buoys. Then someone cast us off, and the tub gallantly pounded her way through the waves, which presently began to sweep her unpleasantly. A child fell and cut its face, a toy cannon burst its lashings, babies screamed, heads were bent over the side; then, suddenly, in the midst of all these little miseries, there came sailing out from the west, sweeping serenely over the turbulent waves, that noble, simple sight—a racing yacht in full sail. Swiftly she came, seeming to glide over the water rather than through it, and so quickly that I had hardly time to wipe the salt water from my face before I saw the tanned faces of her crew crouched, as if in ambush, in the stern. They were very quiet. Their faces were turned towards us, and I wondered if their minds had the same thought that jumped in mine—that, if we both kept on in our course, at a certain point, not far off, we must meet. I glanced towards our captain, who was still staring oddly at the oncoming boat—gloating on it almost; and as I looked at him there flashed into my mind a paragraph headed "A Mad Engine-driver's Freak," which I had read in a morning paper. Nearer we drew; still the captain stared; still our cockle-shell pounded on; still that great bird flew over the water; still her crew crouched, with faces turned to us, but making no movement. Nearer! I cried out some form of warning. Nearer! I could have thrown my hat on board. Then the captain gripped the wheel. Something beneath my feet groaned; we turned suddenly aside; the yacht swept across our bows. Her crew still watched us. But they spoke no word.

The Anonymity Business.

Students of current literature have observed what skilful and successful use of anonymity has been made in attracting the public to books in the last ten or fifteen years. Perhaps, like ourselves, they are rather weary of this device, and in that case they will welcome the announcement made in the following manifesto, in which both the strength and exhaustion of modern anonymity are set forth with many incidental surprises, on which our readers can supply their own suitable reflections. This manifesto, we must explain, has been communicated to the *New York Saturday Review* by a gentleman who signs himself "Secretary for the Anonymous Literary League (Limited)." He gives his address as "The Works, 1,105a, Campbellfield-street, Glasgow, Scotland."

"As no useful purpose is likely to be served by any longer maintaining the anonymity which has hitherto surrounded the production of a large number of literary works that has appeared under our auspices in the course of the past few years, we think it well, through the medium of your widely circulated journal, to make it public that we are, jointly and collectively, the authors of the works of *Fiona McLeod*, *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*, *The Martyrdom of an Empress*, and *The Tribulations of a Princess*, as well as numerous no less important, though perhaps less celebrated works, purporting to be from the pens of Andrew Lang, S. R. Crockett, J. M. Barrie, Ian Maclaren, Mark Twain, and others, who have had no existence outside the brains of our talented and versatile staff.

"It is sufficient reason for our making the facts public that the device of anonymity, which was invented many years ago by our Mr. Walter J. Sparks, M.A., LL.D., Chairman of the League, has been so frequently and brazenly imitated within the past year or two, that we

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have determined to compete no longer in a field in which we must confess to have reaped very substantial rewards for our initiative and enterprise.

"Mr. Sparks, who is a distinguished graduate of Glasgow University, was, as I have stated, the first to suggest the latent possibilities of anonymity, and at his advice a small company was formed in 1872, and a modest trial made with a volume entitled *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*. At first we had difficulty in deciding whether we should publish it with a *nom de guerre* or without any name at all. Fortunately it occurred to Mr. Sparks that, in the event of the book being a success, future works would have a better chance of identification and popularity if some author's name was attached to it, and it was proposed by one of our company (the late George Watson Watkinson) that the *nom de guerre* should be Andrew Lang. We have never regretted the decision to adopt that pen name, which has become famous in every part of the English-speaking world, and which has adorned the title-pages of countless poems, essays, reviews, novels, translations, histories, and even editorials. The *Ballads and Lyrics* venture was very successful. There was and still is a fair demand for the book, though that sort of material is now somewhat out of fashion since Love-letters became the vogue.

"But it was not until ten years later that the company received its largest impetus and widened its sphere of influence. Early in the 'eighties Mr. Sparks made the acquaintance of a young Scotch clergyman who, it seemed to him, was just the man he needed to strengthen and develop the growth and usefulness of the League. The services of Dr. Robinson Macnichol were at once engaged, and it was at his instigation that the Kailyard school of fiction was floated. Dr. Macnichol spent some months at our works in Kirriemuir (afterward known as Thrums), and in the heart of Perthshire (located later as Drumtochty), and then went to London, where it was believed he could best further the interests of the scheme.

"I need scarcely go into the matter of our Crocketts. There has been some doubt as to whether Dr. Macnichol or one of our staff in Glasgow (who was a stickit minister) originated the idea. But it does not much matter. The Crocketts were produced from by-products with great rapidity and in bulk by the general staff, when no more important work was on hand. I see from *Who's Who*, that a gentleman of the name of Samuel Rutherford Crockett, residing at 'Bank House, Penicuick, Midlothian,' claims to have written all the novels that have appeared since 1893 with the name of S. R. Crockett on the title-page. It is a harmless delusion on his part, and it must be obvious to any reflective person that one pen or one head, even when aided by a multiplicity of typewriters, could not have produced all the works in question.

"For years we have turned out Langs and Crocketts in bewildering number and variety, and it has naturally created a great deal of amusement among those in the secret to read frequently in the newspapers that Andrew Lang was golfing at St. Andrews, or fishing on the Tweed, or travelling in the Highlands; that S. R. Crockett was visiting Lord Rosebery, or wandering in Spain with his camera, while, in sober earnest, the half-dozen industrious gentlemen in our employ who produced the works ascribed to these wholly mythical individuals were at the moment perhaps working hard in their shirt-sleeves at the completion of a history, a novel, a collection of Stickit Minister stories, or the compilation of a fairy book.

"It was obviously, however, somewhat hazardous to have an unrestricted output of Langs and Crocketts, for if they were in any year in excess of what could be considered a reasonable production for two unaided pens, suspicion would be aroused on the part of the reading public. As it was, four and five volumes per annum (as we see from our ledger was the Lang output of the period between 1884 and 1897, and the Crockett product was not far behind that), not to mention the countless contributions of a fugitive character in the magazines and journals, were enough to create some speculation in the press as to the identity of these prolific and versatile gentlemen. It was even hinted that Andrew Lang was a syndicate, and that Crockett never travelled without a typewriter. Under these circumstances, common prudence suggested an extension of our operations in other directions, and in 1895 we were fortunate enough to secure the services of an ex-student of St. Andrews, named Dugald Macallister, a native of Skye, who, for conscientious reasons, had abruptly terminated his studies for a degree in the divinity. Under that gentleman's superintendence was formed what we call our Gloom Department. The first product of the new department was *Pharais: A Romance of the Isles*, which was speedily followed by *The Mountain Lovers*, *The Sin Eater*, *The Washer at the Ford*, and other works of a kindred nature, which will be familiar to students of so-called Celtic Renascence.

"For the production of the Gloom it was necessary to open a small factory in the Isle of Lewis, near Skye, so that the native might be studied at first hand and the local colour be absolutely true to nature. Our workmen laboured there under unparalleled hardships, due to the climate and the isolation from the mainland, but I am gratified to say that they never grumbled, and though recently our output of "Fionas" has been restricted, they were for a time to be heard of everywhere.

"At Dr. Macnichol's suggestion we started as a relief to our Gloom Department another product of Highland fiction, for the production of which we were successful in capturing a young Highlander named Donald MacArthur, who was running wild on the shores of Loch Awe. He was full of romance and Highland mist, and had the second sight. Under the pen name of Neil Munro we were successful in getting *Blackwood's Magazine* to publish a series of stories told to us in the rough by young Donald. These aroused the admiration of Mr. Kipling and Mr. W. E. Henley, and afterward we sent them out in book form under the title of *The Lost Pibroch*. These have been followed since by *John Splendid*, *Gillian the Dreamer*, and *Doom Castle*, and have amply fulfilled our expectations and served their purpose.

"A number of subsequent adventures in anonymity were scarcely so successful, but we made a great hit with what we call our 'Elusive Eliza Series'; in other words, the books of the *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* character. The Directors had long seen an opening for a garden book which would not convey so much sordid information, and would throw a sentimental veil, so to speak, over the unpleasant necessity for slug hunting, weeding, and keeping the gardener sober. To this end our Mr. Simpson (who had some horticultural experience with a small plot of ground in his backyard) organised the Garden Department, and early in the Spring of 1899 *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* came forth to be met with the rapturous acclamations of the critics, who to this day have failed to discover that a knowledge of all the practical gardening in that volume and its successors from the same department could be acquired with the simple aid of a three-foot window flower-box and some back numbers of *The Amateur Gardener* and *Country Life*.

"It was a much simpler task to float *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*, for we had all the raw material and the experience in our workshop. In the case of that extremely profitable venture, as well as in the case of the 'Elusive Elizas' and our 'Mysterious Royalties,' we greatly extended our publicity system. You may remember that scores of contradictory rumours got abroad

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with regard to the authorship of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, and that several titled ladies were credited with having written the book. All the paragraphs, I need scarcely say, emanated from our publicity department, which up till now has been under the superintendence of a clever young Scotch-American, who received his preliminary training from the late Mr. P. T. Barnum and finished his education with a firm of religious publishers.

The *Love-Letters* benefited vastly by similar tactics, and although a statement (which did not emanate from us) was made with great show of authority by the ACADEMY that a certain Mr. Laurence Housman was the real author of the *Letters*, we can assure you that they were begun, continued, and ended in our factory in Campbellfield-street, all but a few parts that were adaptations of French designs.

"If there exists any doubt about our enterprise after this statement, we shall be glad to show any serious investigator through our works, on presentation of his visiting-card, accompanied with the card of a member of the League. The works are open from five o'clock in the morning until eight in the evening, except on Saturday, which is a half-holiday. There is no more commodious or better equiped factory of the kind in the kingdom, in spite of the frantic efforts of our newly arisen rivals to beat us in a field which, without exaggeration and without undue jealousy, we may call our own.

"We are not responsible for the failures which, as we have said, are cheap and brazen imitations of our works. Nevertheless, the League recognises that a critical hour approaches when the present competition with anonymous books will result in disaster all round. In our case, as an old-established, reputable, and solid firm, we might hope to weather the storm, if it were not for an additional drawback in the popularity of the rural novel and tawdry historical romance.

"We have another scheme on foot which you may hear of later on, but the League has unanimously agreed that it is impossible to be anonymous with any dignity under present conditions, and so we are reluctantly compelled to close our works. They will be open to any visitor until the 1st of September."

Correspondence.

The Influence of Literature.

SIR,—There is surely a tendency nowadays to credit literature with too great an influence upon life. Brought to the actual test, what is that influence? I do not wish to detract either from the value or joy of literature; I merely suggest that it has been too generously credited with powers which are neither necessary to, nor inherent in, its essence.

It has been said that the greatest literature is impersonal, that, at its best it is the expression of a mind steeped, as it were, in the strong salt of first causes, a mind having something of Olympian detachment, something of the sun's opulent dispassionateness of regard. Let this be admitted, and by way of illustration let the names of Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe be set down. Has their influence upon the world's life, the average life of the average man, been great? How many soldiers have actually faced peril the more nobly for the story of Achilles? How many lovers have escaped the agonies of jealousy because they saw it so pitifully wrought to its conclusion in "Othello"? How many men, weak and passionate, have been turned aside from the oldest of transgressions by the tears of Marguerite? It is not from literature that a man learns, but from life; from what comes within his own experience or happens under his own eyes; in a word, from the travail of his own soul. And although literature may and does reflect that travail, it is from himself he acts, and from himself he feels. Just so much experience as he brings to the illuminating of his reading, by just so much will he appreciate the author's outlook or philosophy.

Thoreau expressed himself in literature with a completeness which stands solitary amongst moderns; he knew himself, as we say, in and out; he was so personal that we get the flavour of the man on every page. Yet it was in no mere mood that he wrote:

> Plutarch was good, and so was Homer too,
> Our Shakespeare's life were rich to live again.
> What Plutarch read, that was not good nor true,
> Nor Shakespeare's books, unless his books were men.
>
> Here while I lie beneath this walnut bough,
> What care I for the Greeks or for Troy town,
> If juster battles are enacted now
> Between the ants upon this hummock's crown?
>
> Bid Homer wait till I the issue learn,
> If red or black the gods will favour most,
> Or yonder Ajax will the phalanx turn,
> Struggling to heave some rock against the host.

The attitude of the active and self-reliant mind has been, and ever will be, thus. In its best moments it cries: Hang literature! let us have visible life, even though it be but the microcosm of an ant-hill.

If it be admitted that the greatest literature has small influence upon life, it must also be admitted that the lower forms of literature have an influence out of all proportion to their merits; or rather, perhaps, I should distinguish, and say that certain forms of printed words have that influence. For it must be remembered that the appeal, the intellectual appeal, of good literature, is necessarily to the few, the appeal of the multitudinous printed word is to the many. Indeed, the more intellectual the appeal the less likely is it to have practical effect, for the mind which grasps that appeal is already beyond its formative influence.

If we ask ourselves what writers have been most influential in the formation of character (or shall I say in certain temporary manifestations of character?) we have to name such writers as Voltaire, Carlyle, Ruskin; each in his own way admirable, each having amazing qualities of eloquence and intuition, yet each, as it seems to me, without that broad view which brings theory to the test of every day. To have an ideal is very well, but that ideal must be as many-sided as life itself. "The ideal," said Amiel, "poisons for me all imperfect possession." In that brief sentence lies not the condemnation of the ideal, but of the too frequent habit of mind of the idealist.

After all, we read what we wish to read; we go to an author, if we are anything more than mere casual openers of books, for such light as he can throw on ourselves, or on our knowledge of life. We do not go to him to be taught morality or nice points of conduct; we read him because he has stated that morality and those points of conduct in language beautiful, or witty, or nobly eloquent. We deceive ourselves in most matters—for nature has made kindly provision for the shortcomings of her children—and, certainly, amongst other things, we have come to deceive ourselves as to the influence of literature It is, no doubt, a pleasant fiction, but I believe it to be fiction none the less. It is agreeable to conjure up a kind of chamber of literary gods, and to that I have no objection whatever; but do not let us suppose that those benign figures are directing our lives. Those who live under our roof, the man with whom we dine, the friend who blames or praises us—these, together with duties fulfilled or left undone, make up the influences of life. Literature can well stand without being credited with alien virtues. It has influence, no doubt, but how much less than many of us suppose!—I am, etc. C. C. B.

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'Insanity in Literature."

SIR,—With a violence as unfortunate as it is rare in the pages of the ACADEMY, your Paris correspondent mourned last week over the evil days upon which French literature had fallen. With a vehemence—may I say an "insanity"?—of disgust she reviled the anti-Dreyfusards and the whole school of writers who give to the play of sexual emotion a prominent place in their works. The bad taste displayed in her story regarding M. Pierre Louys' recovery is surely obvious, and one cannot help feeling surprised that a residence in France, and (presumably) a superficial acquaintance with the French character, should have been insufficient to save H. L. from so tactless and *brutale* an exhibition of her disgust.

Throughout her letter it was the tone of her arguments rather than the arguments themselves that was so unwise and undesirable. Possibly the books that fall under the ban of her displeasure are neither first-rate art nor good morality, but the presentation of these facts, as given by your correspondent, is hardly calculated to bring any conviction to the reader's mind, save as to H. L's. unfitness for the task of literary critic. As to the anti-Dreyfusards, it is necessary to remember that many excellent Frenchmen do honestly believe that the Jews are gradually ruining France; and their prejudices in this respect, if lamentable, are usually sincere. Being well acquainted with M. Louys' writings, I am aware how impossible any discussion of them is in a short letter, but I must ask your correspondent if she really cannot find any passages of beauty in *Aphrodite* or in *Les Chansons de Bylitis*, and whether there is no gaiety or lightness of touch in *La Femme et le Pantin*? I have not yet seen the "singularly evil" book she mentions, but be it as bad as it may, I cannot but protest against the sweeping assertions and vituperative epithets employed by her in an article professedly devoted to literary criticism.

Anatole France may be our *sole* link with the classic past, but many of us can find much of the best essence of French *esprit* in the works of M. Marcel Prévost.—I am, etc.,

PERCY L. BABINGTON.

Walmer House, Tonbridge.

[It will, perhaps, surprise Mr. Babington to learn that the views I express regarding the works of Pierre Louys are those held by every French writer of distinction I have met: and the article I sent you was discussed by me before writing it with two of the greatest French critics of the day, and met with their full approval.

When I ask for what market such deplorable literature is fabricated, I am answered in Paris: "For the foreign markets. Only ignorant foreigners revel in it, and fondly believe that they are making acquaintance with French life and wit." The story of M. Louys and Providence was told with general approbation at the table of a distinguished writer, where all the guests except myself were writers of scientific and literary renown, and no one found it offensive or "tactless and *brutale*," as Mr. Babington, with his superior British judgment, states it to be. I do not deny the talent of M. Louys. But that is just the saddest part of it. He can write, but to what purpose? Books that no respectable Frenchman can read with pleasure, and that few will even admit they have read. I am not now referring to the strait-laced bourgeois, but to Academicians, critics, and highly cultivated men and women, who can read the old French classics with pleasure and profit, and accept their coarseness as a wholesome revelation of the spirit of the times, which had the inestimable merit lacking in modern pornography of being simple, direct, and honest. I know young Frenchmen of the world, not writers and austere Academicians, but young men with plenty of leisure, and the taste and means for amusement, with quite sufficient culture and wit to appreciate good literature, who frankly admit that they cannot read Louys, and express their horror and disgust at finding hideous pornography appreciated abroad which at home is regarded as infamous and scandalous. I have been repeatedly asked by my literary French friends to state to your readers that no cultivated or honest French people read this class of literature, and certainly I can assert that I have never seen a volume of Louys in any of the many French houses in which I am received *en intime*.

Mr. Babington says he finds "much of the best essence of French *esprit* in the works of M. Marcel Prévost." Let me inform him that so distinguished a critic as M. René Doumie, lamenting to me the appalling pornography of to-day, even denied all literary qualities to M. Prévost, denied him wit, talent, or style. Until he redeemed his past by his serious books, *Frédérique* and *Leâ*, M. Doumie declined to include M. Prévost among contemporary writers. Now, though I detest much that he has written, I do find talent, sometimes brilliance, and even wit, in M. Prévost, but that he is by no means distinctively French in the best sense of the word will be discovered by anyone who, understanding French literature—or, for that matter, any literature—after reading a story of his, will read one of Mérimée's, or after a page of his, will take up a page of Renan; he will see what the best essence of French *esprit* really is. M. Prévost is far enough away from this gracious and charming quality.

But, alas! second-rate English people and Americans go over to Paris, *do* Montmartre and the Quarter, and then believe they knew all about literary Paris. They think it *chic* and Parisian to admire fervently all that is basest in modern French letters. It is a way of advertising one's artistic temperament, while all the time, real literary Paris, of which I know something, is much more formal, more correct, more fastidious, than any other literary society of Europe. Not a touch of Bohemianism to be found here, and art is not accepted by those who count on its creation as a legitimate outlet for all that is brutal, obscene, base, and malodorous in mankind.—HANNAH LYNCH.]

Life and Literature.

SIR,—May I take advantage of the lull after the violent expostulations of last week to quote Stevenson himself? Speaking of his earlier life, he characterises himself as one who was "insatiably curious in the aspects of life"; and who "spent much time in scraping acquaintance with all classes of man- and woman-kind"—which, to my mind, is forcibly suggestive of a very determined effort to "study life."—I am, etc.,

T. W. COLE.

21, Coleford-road, Wandsworth, S.W.

The New "Hazlitt."

SIR,—May we be allowed a line in which to refer to the two matters for which we are responsible, mentioned in "N's" letter in your last week's issue, respecting the forthcoming edition of Hazlitt?

(1) Following the example of Masson's edition of De Quincey, we intend to give in the last volume to be published a full index to the works.

(2) The "Life of Napoleon," though not forming part of the present collection, will be issued in supplemental volumes, should we receive any encouragement to take that course.—We are, etc.,

A. R. WALLER.
ARNOLD GLOVER.

Santon Lodge, Reigate Hill, Surrey.

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"Tragedy": Ancient and Modern.

SIR,—For much would English popular literature, and, in particular, journalistic literature, have to answer before a tribunal of Linguistic Reason and Propriety, were such a tribunal in existence; such an one, for example, as that imagined by the wit of Lucian. Not so much in the way of addition, as of degradation of words and terms of well-established meaning.

One word there is, of noble and distinguished ancestry, the degradation of which—I know not for how long, but, at all events, during the two last decades—calls for no small degree of reprobation, not only upon academic, but also, and yet more, upon ethical grounds. I refer to the common and constant abuse of the word *tragedy*, a word distinguishing one of the highest achievements of the Hellenic intellect. What would not be the feeling of indignation and of disgust of Æschylus, or of Euripides, —if he were enabled to revisit the upper world and to read an English newspaper or magazine—to see the report of some commonplace, altogether non-"romantic," murder (perpetrated in some drunken brawl, it may be, or under yet more sordid and non-"heroic" circumstances) headed by the term which had been appropriated by his language to designate the drama, let us say, of the "Agamemnon" or of the "Medeia."

The mischief of this abuse of language is by no means imaginary. It tends to disguise all the horror and brutality of vulgar crime and violence, and even to invest it, so far as language can do so, with dramatic interest and dignity. It is not only newspapers of the *Police News* type that offend in this way—journals of much higher pretensions must plead guilty. Words and names—a truth recognised by every serious thinker—have exercised, and still exercise, immense, if generally ignored, influence upon human opinion and action: and it is of the utmost importance that this certain truth be constantly affirmed: "If things were only called by their right name, Cæsar himself might be ashamed of fame."—I am, etc.,

H. W.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 100 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best list of the novels which have effected revolutions in law or manners. We award the prize to Miss Helen G. Hirst, Ruswarp, Yorks, for the following:

Emile (J. J. Rousseau).—This book may be said to have revolutionised the attitude of the world with regard to the education of children.

Popular Tales (Maria Edgeworth).—Published in 1803 and succeeding years, these "Tales" almost certainly helped as a model for the great Sir Walter himself, and they certainly inaugurated the era of interesting and yet moral stories suitable for "general reading," in which the characters were as natural as those of the readers of the book, and the incidents were those of the ordinary kind in everyone's daily life.

Oliver Twist (C. Dickens).—In this novel such a picture was painted of the misery of children brought up by the parish that it certainly helped to form a strong public opinion in favour of Poor Law Reform.

Nicholas Nickleby (C. Dickens).—The descriptions of Dotheboys Hall and of Squeers' educational methods helped to abolish all such establishments of the kind in England.

Martin Chuzzlewit (C. Dickens).—This novel probably diminished the number of nurses of the kind of the immortal Mrs. Gamp. It certainly strengthened the hands of Miss Nightingale and of Miss Agnes Jones some years later, when they brought in the new era of private and hospital nursing.

Alton Locke (C. Kingsley).—This showed the evils of trade competition, and the misery of the industrial workers during the Chartist period.

Yeast (C. Kingsley).—Showed the condition of the agricultural labourers at the middle of the nineteenth century.

Uncle Tom's Cabin (H. B. Stowe).—By its graphic picture of the horrors of slavery, this book did much towards preparing people's minds for the great changes of 1861-1865 in the U.S.A.

Tom Brown's Schooldays (T. Hughes).—This great book was a fine illustration of Dr. Arnold's educational methods, which were soon to be the only ones practised in all good schools.

Hard Cash (C. Reade).—This novel certainly led to a greater vigilance being bestowed on the management of private lunatic asylums in England.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men (W. Besant).—This book was the direct means of the creation of the "People's Palace," and it also turned people's minds towards Settlement work.

From other lists sent in we select the following entries:

Don Quixote (Cervantes).—Because, according to Byron, "Cervantes" (in this book) "laughed Spain's chivalry away"—*i.e.*, in reality, made ridiculous mock chivalry and such works as *Amadis de Gaul*.

The Simpleton (Reade).—Because this work directed attention to the evils of tight-lacing.

Evelina (Miss Burney). In reading this novel young ladies perceived that it was possible to be really *too* green. Hence the revolution, whose results amaze us to-day.

Little Dorrit (Dickens).—Hairdressers can testify to the change in "coiffeur" among ministers of all denominations caused by the exposure of the Patriarch.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles (Hardy).—Introduced to the reading public the *sauce piquante*, consisting of fatalism, devilry, and the beauties of nature, which has since flavoured many inferior dishes.

St. Bernard's ("Æsculapius Scalpel").—Because this novel directed notice to scandals in connection with hospital management.

Charles Lever in *Harry Lorrequer* first revealed to the world the prodigious capabilities of the Irish hunter (man and beast).

In *Quatre-Vingt-Treize* Victor Hugo first showed the world that a piece of ordnance on board ship could behave like a live animal.

In *Le Ventre de Paris* Emile Zola first showed us that the odours of French cheeses were reducible to a musical symphony.

The Heir of Redclyffe, *The Daisy Chain* (C. M. Yonge).—It did for English girls what the Oxford Tracts did for scholars: and after arousing them to the beauty of the early Anglican revelation, sent them to show forth their faith by their works.

Esther Waters (Moore) and *Fécondité* (Zola).—Because these works have both directed public attention to iniquities in connection with baby-farming.

Les Miserables (Hugo).—Because this leviathan work has done much to modify public opinion as to convicts.

Robert Elsmere (Mrs. Ward).—Society learned that the drawing-room is the place, and the afternoon tea-hour the time, for the discussion of Theology.

The winner of last week's competition (the best set of verses entitled "Sea Birds") was stated to be H. C. P., whose name and address had not reached us. A cheque for One Guinea has now been forwarded to Mr. H. C. Prideaux, Crugmeer, Padstow, Cornwall.

Competition No. 101 (New Series).

THIS week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best set of new-coined words likely to be helpful in literary criticism. Miss Gertrude Atherton's suggestion of "littleist" as the equivalent of a would-be realist, noted on our first page, may serve as a not too brilliant example.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, August 28. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon: otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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[*Registered as a Newspaper.*]

The Literary Week.

We understand that M. Maeterlinck is now finishing a three act play of which the scene is an Italian city, and the period the fifteenth century.

Although things are at their quietest in the book world, the change from summer to autumnal weather seems to have strongly reminded the publishers that the autumn season is really knocking at their doors. Our table is already beginning to be strewn with preliminary lists. It is now well known that the output of novels, which in any case would be large, is to be of the nature of a "bumper."

Meanwhile the sales of *The Eternal City* are in full progress; not the less so because C. K. S., of the *Sphere*, insists that "it requires positive courage to say an appreciative word concerning Mr. Caine in a literary club of to-day." Fortunately for Mr. Caine, the clubs are empty and the resorts are full.

Of course the literary statistician already essays to ride the whirlwind and direct the boom. An individual, who is described with probable accuracy as a "Fleet Street journalist," has disseminated the information that "in the printing of the inside of Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, *The Eternal City*, 618 miles of paper have been used." We must try to remember that. One excellent thing the boom *qua* boom has brought us, and that is Mr. Heinemann's *Eternal City* poster. It is not large, yet owes its effect to the largeness of its design. Against a yellow sky filled with sunlight, St. Peter rises in the middle distance. A crowd of houses in the foreground indicates the blinking city. It is a success.

The title of Mrs. Craigie's new book, which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish immediately, is *A Study in Temperaments*. The contents consist of three stories, severally entitled "Prince Toto," "The World that God Prepared," "'Tis an Ill Flight Without Wings." Following these comes Mrs. Craigie's one act drama, "A Repentance," which was produced at the St. James's Theatre in February, 1899.

Although the *Monthly Review* is not particularly strong in literary articles this month, it has two articles on subjects which have certainly had decided, though very different connections with literature: the one in matter of subject, the other of spirit. Mr. Lang deals with the "Man in the Iron Mask" and Mr. W. B. Yeats with Magic Mr. Yeats puts his general belief into these words:

> I believe in the practice and philosophy of what we have agreed to call magic, in what I must call the equivocation of spirits, though I do not know what they are, in the power of creating magical illusions, in the visions of truth in the depths of the mind when the eyes are closed; and I believe in three doctrines, which have, as I think, been handed down from early times, and been the foundations of nearly all magical practices. These doctrines are:
>
> (1) That the borders of our minds are ever shifting, and that many minds can flow into one another, as it were, and create or reveal a single mind, a single energy.
>
> (2) That the borders of our memories are as shifting, and that our memories are a part of one great memory, the memory of nature herself.
>
> (3) That this great mind and great memory can be evoked by symbols.

"It is not perhaps so bad as that of morphine; but it may be something like that of cocaine, and far worse than that of cigarettes." It is Mr. Howells who writes these words in the September *Harper's*, and his reference is to the habit of reading inferior fiction. We shall consider the wisdom of serving out quinine and other correctives to our reviewers. But does not Mr. Howells go too far when he says: "If one were fairly to take his honesty in both hands, he would probably be able to confess that the influence of any powerful story on his mind was stupefying"? We grant that the arrival on our table of a really powerful story is somewhat stupefying, but not its perusal. We have no doubt it is true, however, that many people read books "in the fear of being found out not to have read them." Even here Mr. Howells probably underrates the powers of dissimulation and allusiveness possessed by the discreet diner-out.

The *Writer* is a new monthly journal for literary people, published at Walsall. It leads off with a long report of an address on the "Power of the Pen," delivered before the Walsall Literary Institute by Miss Marie Corelli, who remarked: "With this little instrument, which rests so lightly in the hand, whole nations can be moved. It is nothing to look at; generally speaking, it is a mere bit of wood with a nib at the end of it—but when it is poised so—it becomes a living thing—it moves with the pulsations of the heart and brain, and writes down, almost unconsciously, the thoughts that live—the words that burn." Miss Corelli might, we think, consult with advantage the remarks on the use of the dash in the long article on another page dealing with punctuation. But perhaps the editor is responsible for the outbreak.

There is no doubt that general interest in George Eliot and her work has considerably revived of late. Messrs. Blackwood's new edition, on which we found an article this week, may be taken as one indication of this, and we believe that the libraries could furnish another. Mr. Frederic Harrison, in an article in *Harper's Magazine*, entitled "Reminiscences of George Eliot," quotes the prediction he made some years ago: "It will be the duty of the more serious criticism of another generation to revive the reputation of George Eliot as an abiding literary force." Now that the revival seems upon us, Mr. Harrison gives us these notes of his personal relations with the novelist. They deal mainly with matters of philosophy and George Eliot's interest in "the Positivist ideal of an organised Religion of Humanity," but there are many more purely personal touches:

> She had not a grain of self-importance in her manner, and took quite a simple and modest part in the general talk, listening to the brilliant sallies of George Lewes with undisguised delight, respecting Congreve's views as those of a

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trained historian and scholar, and showing me the kindly welcome of a gracious woman to the friend of her friends. I remember an argument in which she engaged me, wherein I thought, as I still think, she was mistaken. She maintained, *apropos* of a review of troops she had lately seen, that "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" was more conspicuous in our day than it was in the Middle Ages. Having some knowledge of mediæval art, Italian war paintings, and illuminated Froissarts, I ventured to doubt. The company seemed to think me bold in venturing to differ from her opinion on a matter of local colour. But she did not think so herself; and nothing could be more graceful than the patience with which she listened to my points.

No one will be inclined to dispute Mr. Harrison's statement that George Eliot "raised the whole art of romance into a higher plane of thought, of culture, and of philosophic grasp."

Literary plagiarism affords a perennial subject for literary gossip. *Apropos* of the fact that Gabriele d'Annunzio is now engaged on a play based upon the tragic story of Francesca da Rimini, a story so recently treated by Mr. Stephen Phillips, the *Daily News* has an article entitled "Plagiarism and Coincidence," which we suspect to have come from the pen of the accomplished author of *Men and Letters*. The writer opens the article by a characteristically weighty quotation from Dr. Johnson: "As not every instance of similitude can be considered as a proof of imitation, so not every imitation ought to be stigmatised as plagiarism." He then proceeds to pile up similitudes which were not plagiarisms, ranging from modern comedy to Milton's line, "That last infirmity of noble minds," which is to be found in a little-known play written fifteen years before *Lycidas*. In this case the writer believes that Milton was guiltless. We are not at all sure. Certainly Milton owed to the lines prefixed to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* more than mere suggestions for some lines in his *Il Penseroso*.

Apropos of the same subject, a writer in some newspaper has made the stale discovery that Macaulay borrowed his notorious New Zealander from one of Horace Walpole's letters. But the idea is so obvious that it would naturally occur to many writers, as indeed it did, in varying forms, to Voltaire, Kirke White, and Shelley. In the dedication to *Peter Bell* Shelley wrote:

> In the firm expectation that when London shall be an habitation of bitterns; when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some transatlantic commentator shall be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges and their historians.

The current number of the *Badminton Magazine* prints an interesting and well-illustrated article on "Richard Jefferies at Home." Coate was always, in spirit at least, the home of Jefferies, and he continually returned to its memories when he was far from it in body. He said of the place in later years:

> I think I have heard that the oaks are down. They may be standing or down, it matters nothing to me; the leaves I last saw upon them are gone for evermore, nor shall I ever see them come there again ruddy in spring. I would not see them again even if I could; they could never look again as they used to do. There are too many memories there. The happiest days become the saddest afterwards; let us never go back, lest we too die.

The writer of the article finds in nearly all Jefferies's work passages intimately connected with Coate, its brook and its mere. He fished and shot about the neighbourhood, as well as observed and dreamed. There he handled his first gun, an old flint-lock, which he discovered in a garret. His method of practice from the garret window, and the discovery of his forbidden pastime are, it will be remembered, inimitably narrated in *The Amateur Poacher*. In *Bevis, the Story of a Boy*, Coate Mere plays an important part, and in a field near Jefferies shot his first wood-pigeon. The writer concludes:

> He was a good sportsman and a great naturalist. Of the latter little has been said here, for obvious reasons. Like the chaffinch of one of his occasional poems, while the world was large, and he knew it,
>
> His fir-tree is the centre of it all.
>
> For, like the chaffinch still, he never really wandered from the homestead all his days:
>
> The humble-bee the wide wood-world may roam;
> One feather's breadth I will not stir from home.
>
> He never did; for his heart was in Coate and Coate was in his heart from birth to sadly-too-early death; and he who would know Richard Jefferies, and read his books with understanding, must know him as he was at home.

In the *New York Saturday Review* Mr. T. C. Evans has an article dealing with his personal reminiscences of Thackeray, whom the writer first met in America, when the *English Humourists* lectures were being delivered. He looked, says Mr. Evans,

> like a gentleman laid out by Nature on broad and generous lines; his head was large, and thrown slightly backward from his broad, erect shoulders; he had a fresh, clean-shaven look; his face was rather pale, but with a trace of colour. His hair was a trifle greyish; a British whisker, also greyish, ran down in front of each ear to his collar; his spectacles were large and insistent, and his nose more depressed than that of Michael Angelo after the mallet blow of Torrigiano. His gait and movement were free and swinging, his dress was of notable neatness and gentility, and his glance seemed to annex and appropriate everything it fell on.

Six years after the writer renewed his acquaintance with Thackeray in London in the shop of Sams, a gentleman who sold music and theatre tickets. A little later Mr. Evans saw him standing before Rogers's house, silently gazing up at it:

> What a procession of wit and wisdom had gone over that hospitable threshold—Byron and Moore, Scott, Sidney Smith, Disraeli, Macaulay, Sir James Macintosh—a list of their names would be a record of the literary glories of England almost since George IV. was king. The welcoming gates of that mansion had often been thrown open that Thackeray himself might enter therein—now closed to all welcoming and festivity.

Thackeray is also dealt with by a writer in *Temple Bar*. "One Aspect of Thackeray" is the subject of the article, that aspect being not of the man himself but of the carefulness of his work in matters of pedigree. The writer points out how accurately all the involved relationships of his characters fit, and has drawn up pedigrees clearly showing this. Here is an instance:

> Let us suppose that Lady Crawley (*née* Sharpe) occupied her retirement with genealogy—a not unlikely study for one who professed to be a Montmorency. In that case she probably discovered that the second Mrs. Clive Newcome was related to her old friend George Gustavus, first Marquis of Steyne, and that Arthur Pendennis and Laura his wife could claim connection with the noble house of Bareacres. The former relationship is easily established. Lady Louisa Joanna Gaunt, sister of the Marquis of Steyne, married the Earl of Kew, and one of the four children of this marriage was Anne, who, as wife to Sir Brian Newcome, became the mother of Ethel, the second Mrs. Clive Newcome, who was thus great-grand-niece to Becky's protector.

The rage for refining on Stevenson first editions has gone to much greater lengths in America than over here.

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Mr. George M. Williamson, an American book-collector, has distanced all rivals so far. He is having printed privately a volume containing fac-simile reproductions of the title-pages of all Stevenson's works, including the very rare hand-printed books made by Lloyd Osbourne in California. The volume will also contain several unpublished portraits of Stevenson, one fine etching being a reproduction of a portrait given by Stevenson's mother to Miss Cunningham, who was for so many years the author's nurse. There is to be also a reproduction of a medallion brooch, also a former possession of Miss Cunningham's, but now owned by Mr. Williamson, containing a lock of Stevenson's hair when he was a child. There are to be only about twenty-five copies printed, but they will be upon the finest hand-made paper, some upon Japan paper. The work will be similar, on the whole to the volume of Eugene Field's Tribune Primer, published by Mr. Williamson last year.

An article in the *Fortnightly Review*, by Mr. W. Roberts, on "Book Collecting as an Investment," recalls some of the remarkable vicissitudes of price which have overtaken some libraries, and the extraordinary rise in value of others. Richard Heber's collection of books, which were stored abroad and in England in eight houses, cost £80,000 and realised only £57,000, whilst Prince L. L. Napoleon's philological collection, which cost £40,000, was finally disposed of quite recently to a Chicago library for £6,000. The Roxburge, Beckford, and Spencer libraries, on the other hand, realised more than double the money paid for them. But the prince of lucky buyers was the late Earl of Ashburnham, who purchased three works for 450 guineas, which subsequently realised £5,500. For the merely speculative book-collector Mr. Roberts has no pity; he is almost certain to lose, and deserves his fate.

Little or no attention has thus far been paid to the small—necessarily small, because of the scanty material available—and extremely interesting collection of MSS. and reliques of the Alfred period, now on view in the "Prehistoric Salon" at the British Museum. Yet the show, carefully arranged, under the able supervision of Dr. Birch, an "Anglo-Saxon" scholar of no mean repute, will deserve a visit on account of its historical value and its instructive nature. The MSS., nineteen in number, form nearly all part of the Cottonian collection, founded by the eminent antiquary and bibliophile, Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, whose library, bequeathed to the nation in 1700, was transferred to the British Museum after a somewhat checkered career—in 1731 it was partly destroyed by fire—in 1753. To give an idea of its wealth, it may be stated that the catalogue drawn up by Mr. Planta, now in use, contains 26,000 entries.

The MSS. in the British Museum directly connected with Alfred are the translation—we use the word in the sense in which it was understood by the King, who, as is well known, made considerable alterations and additions in the works which he undertook to Anglicise—of Orosius, a historian who wrote a history of the world, from an ecclesiastical point of view; the version of St. Gregory's *Pastoral Cure*, a work primarily intended for the clergy; the translation of Boethius, whose *Consolation of Philosophy*, with its semi-religious unction, was, until the days of Thomas à Kempis, the chief book of devotion in the Middle Ages; the rendering of Bede's history (the King's share in the work appears to be somewhat doubtful); the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*; the *Laws of King Alfred*, and his "Will." The MS. of "Orosius," mentioned in Dr. Smith's *Catalogue of the Cotton Library* (1696), is a beautiful specimen of its kind. The parchment is in an excellent state of preservation, and the writing is clear and regular. It is assigned, by general consent, to the tenth century. The version of "Gregory" is preserved in a MS. written during Alfred's reign. It was, unhappily, irretrievably injured in the fire, a fate shared to some extent by another MS. of about the same date, half of which was burnt. It appears to have been originally a quarto, containing forty-nine chapters. It mentions Plegmund as Archbishop of Canterbury (889), and was dedicated to him. Its interest, as presenting us with an authentic literary specimen of Alfred's times, can hardly be overrated. Of the rendering of Boethius two copies remain. The Cottonian copy contains a poetic version of Boethius's prose, which was probably not executed by the King, but by one of his courtiers. The "history of Bede," adapted for English use, is presented in a MS. of the tenth century, originally the property of a priory in Hampshire (in passing, it may be noticed how many of our most valuable literary possessions were purloined from convents). An interesting feature is a Saxon transcription of Cædmon's—the first religious poet of our race—Anglian verse. The *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, compiled under Royal supervision, if not actually written by Alfred himself, is shown in several MSS. We have not left ourselves space to comment on the cases containing "Anglo-Saxon objects of art and coins." Alfred's coins are not remarkable for excellency of workmanship. The artistic achievements of the reign are of a much higher order, and give evidence of Alfred's personal skill and catholicity of taste. The so-called "Alfred's Jewel," a superb specimen of art, is reproduced in a copy, and some of the rings exhibited convey a not unfavourable idea of the condition of art during the Alfred period. Dr. Birch says that one of the results of the exhibition will probably be a "catalogue raisonne" of early English MSS.—a desideratum which is greatly felt.

One guesses that the tremendous new literary activity in the United States is not without its tragi-comic side. A writer in the American *Independent* tells various stories of authors who have learned wisdom from experience rashly courted. He says:

> About a year and a half ago, when the excitement over "The Man who Labours" and "The Man Who Doesn't Labour" was so widespread, a Connecticut lawyer (I am disguising the facts a little in order to save feelings), living in a small town, thought that it would be a fine thing to collect and publish in book form all the essays and poems then being written concerning the nobility of labour. I sent him something of my own on the subject, and he communicated his entire scheme to me. I did not like it, but did not feel at liberty to say so, he being a stranger, a man of mature years, and one who was looked up to by his townsmen as a local literary light. He corresponded with me very freely, and I thought I could detect the gradual failure of hope as he encountered, one after another, difficulties that to him were quite unexpected. I knew that he had laid aside his business in order to follow this will-o'-the-wisp, and I was genuinely anxious for him.
>
> Finally he sent me all the manuscript—about 100,000 words in all—asking me for criticism and advice. I looked the matter over, and found it full of glaring defects. It contained only one idea, and this was dished up by scores of writers in different forms, with a result that seemed to me infinitely tedious. I thought plain speaking was the only friendly thing, so I pointed out the defects, advised great pruning and the elimination of a large number of the articles, also the cutting down of the introduction (which my correspondent himself had written—it was very long and heavy). I also advised him not to pay for publication, but to tell publishers what he had in hand and drop the matter if they would not assume the risk. He took my advice, and escaped with the loss of a few hundred dollars cash and some sacrifice of business; but he has never written a reply to my advice and criticism, and I am afraid he has not forgiven me for destroying the delusion that was ruining

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him—though, I judge, from all his actions in the matter, that he is a noble and high-spirited gentleman. The surgeon's knife hurt.

I tell these things to point the fact that many writers are actually losing money on their laboured productions.

We open American literary papers to find their pages full of screaming praise of new novels and photographs of their young authors, male and female. There must be a great deal behind it all. The *Independent* writer says there is.

> I met, not long ago, a Chicago man of one of the best Western publishing-houses. He told me that during the previous year his firm had received and examined 1,700 manuscripts of books, and had accepted only one.
>
> "What do you think we paid for that?" he asked, grinning triumphantly.
>
> "How many words?" I inquired.
>
> "About 80,000," said he.
>
> "Did you buy outright?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "About $500?"
>
> "No, sir. We paid only $80."
>
> And the Chicago publisher's reader grinned again when he thought of the vain hopes with which those 1,700 authors had been entertaining themselves.

Bibliographical.

The rumour that Mr. George Moore is cutting down both *Evelyn Innes* and *Sister Theresa* in order to get them into one volume is at once interesting and suggestive. Let us hope it is true. How grateful we should have been if Richardson had left behind him a condensed edition of *Clarissa Harlowe*! The question arises whether every novelist who has written an abnormally long story should not be compelled by statute to issue it also in a sort of Liebig's Extract. Then the public could take its choice. Some people like lengthy novels; they cannot have too much of them; others can do with very much less. Why not appeal simultaneously to the two different, and perhaps equally large, classes? There would be this further advantage—that posterity would have it in its power to decide which of the two editions it would preserve. One can hardly doubt which edition that would be. Why, for instance, should we not have a version of Mr. Hall Caine's *Eternal City*, in which there should be nothing but the bare story of Roma and David and the Baron and the Pope, all, or nearly all, of the padding about Rome and Roman society being excised? There are a few great works from which one would not like a word withdrawn; but they are few indeed.

Another thing. When a novel is abnormally long, a *précis* of the plot should be sent to the reviewers. Then fictionists would not have to complain that the newspapers misrepresented the action and characters of their work. A well known—and humane—firm already does this thing in the case of its books for boys and girls. On a sort of fly-leaf the reviewer finds a brief *résumé* of the narrative. This is philanthropy in its highest form, and, moreover, it probably pays. I suspect that tales of all kinds would get much fuller "notices" than they do if their publishers would but adopt this simple and sensible device. Moreover, no story should be issued as if quite new when it is not new. There should be a "bibliographical note." The memory of elderly reviewers is apt to fail them now and then; the young gentlemen "fresh from the universities" (see Oliphant's *Piccadilly*) have no memories at all. How can you remember what you have not read? On the other hand, it irritates even the youngest censor to discover by and by that he has been shedding a lot of ink and intellect over a "new edition."

To "Flowers of Parnassus," the pretty little series under the editorship of Mr. Money-Coutts, Mr. John Lane will add, during the autumn, Mr. Watts-Dunton's "Christmas at the Mermaid," at present a conspicuous feature of that writer's *Coming of Love*. The illustrator, Mr. Herbert Cole, is the admirable young artist who lately illustrated for the same series *Omar Khayyám*. It was, I believe, only by an accident that "Christmas at the Mermaid" did not figure as the title-poem of *The Coming of Love*. The author, it seems, was dubious about the acceptance by the public of a Romany love story, and, on the contrary, was somewhat sanguine about the reception of a poem upon such subjects as the Spanish Armada and Shakespeare's life at Stratford. He was, therefore, a little concerned when he discovered, too late, that through a mistake the Gypsy poem must take precedence of the other. As it happens, the love tragedy of Rhona Boswell caught on so firmly that "Christmas at the Mermaid" fell naturally into the second place.

Mr. W. S. Hunt writes to me: "You were speaking, in last week's Academy, of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's burlesques, and you mentioned several of them. I fancy Mr. Gilbert must have been the author of a great many parodies too—parodies that might perhaps be called burlesques. They appeared in the pages of *Fun* during, I think (I can't turn up the volumes just now) 1866-68, and they took the place of the ordinary play notices. Each occupied about a page of the paper, and every weak point of the play parodied, and of the acting too, was very funnily exposed—so funnily that even one who never saw the plays (as, *e.g.*, myself) can hardly read the parodies of them without smiling and sometimes laughing outright. I daresay a hundred of these parodies appeared. Were they by Mr. Gilbert? There are several reasons for thinking so. One or two were illustrated by sketches signed "Bab"; one appeared in a *Tom Hood's Comic Annual*, with the author's name attached; and the reader seems to find in the wit of them the Gilbertian flavour. By the by, surely a history of *Fun*—a companion to Mr. Spielmann's *Punch*—would be a desirable possession."

I see that Mr. Fisher Unwin announces a volume on *Barry Sullivan and his Contemporaries*. This, I fancy, figured some little time ago in the list of Mr. George Redway. At present the only book dealing with Sullivan's career is a little brochure written by Mr. W. J. Lawrence, and published in 1893. The forthcoming work is, I understand, a very elaborate affair, Barry Sullivan being made a peg on which to hang notices of very many contemporary players. Unfortunately, though Sullivan was extremely popular in the provinces, the colonies, and America, he never took a high position in London; and to make him the central figure in a long panorama of notable actors and actresses would be, I should say, to place him in a rather ludicrous position. This, of course, would not prevent the work from being eminently useful to the student of English stage history.

The Reminiscences by Mr. Charles K. Salaman, with which the new number of *Blackwood* opens, are, I trust, only an instalment, the heralds of more to come. That Mr. Salaman should make a book of his Recollections was proposed to him a few years ago by a firm of publishers; but the project, unhappily, fell through. Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman, the son of the venerable composer, was to have undertaken the preparation and editing of the Recollections, and I hope he was able to make at least some progress with his task. Rapid progress was, no doubt, rendered impossible by the advanced age and consequent physical weakness of Mr. Salaman, sen.

Messrs. Macmillan are naturally reproducing Tom Hughes's *Alfred the Great*, which first saw the light in 1869, being issued originally in three parts. The three parts made up a volume which was issued from 1869 to 1871, when the book was reprinted. There have been several editions of it since. It is very pleasantly written, though, in a sense, not "up to date." I doubt, however, if we really know much more about Alfred now than Hughes did in 1869.

The Bookworm.

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Reviews.

A Philologist's Commonplace Book.

Notes on English Etymology, chiefly Reprinted from the "Transactions" of the Philological Society. By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. (Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d. net.)

It is certain that Dr. Skeat did not intend these Notes for the mitigation of wet days at the sea-side, the consolation of invalids, or the redemption of odd moments. Yet in all such times and seasons we could not desire a more filling and entertaining book than this. The entertainment it offers is of a high order. To profound scholarship exercised on the words of everyday life are added the humour, the enterprise, and the straight-hitting of that scholarship. The result is delightful. A personal interest which the book possesses has also to be named. The portrait of Dr. Skeat, painted by Mr. C. E. Brock, and now possessed by Christ's College, Cambridge, is reproduced in the frontispiece. Indeed, the book is nominally published by the help of the surplus of the fund which the author's friends raised to procure the portrait. We feel morally certain that the "risk of loss" which this overplus is supposed to cover is, in the case of this book, non-existent; if it does exist, then this is a naughtier world than we, in our least amiable moments, have supposed it to be.

We have here a philologist's commonplace book. After the appearance of his larger Etymological Dictionary in 1884, Dr. Skeat discovered that it required both corrections and additions. Scholars discover these things very contentedly. Also the first (A—Ant) part of the *New English Dictionary* was published. To "share the triumph and partake the gale" of Oxford's great lexicon has been the ambition of every earnest student of words during the last seventeen years. Partly, therefore, to improve his own results, and partly to anticipate the perplexities of the new lexicographers, Dr. Skeat began to make these notes, which from time to time were read as papers at the meetings of the Philological Society, forming a kind of serial contribution to the N.E.D., as well as a serial supplement to Dr. Skeat's own Etymological Dictionary. To pass a tit-bit of information to Dr. Murray in time for the great Dictionary has been Dr. Skeat's generous desire. Even in his sleep he seems to have kept an eye open for early quotations and an ear attentive for new etymologies. But such things arrive slowly or capriciously, and it has sometimes happened that Murrayan mail has missed the Skeatean letter-bag. That only adds to the romance. How slowly creeps the tortoise to the wall in philology, as in war, may be illustrated by a story which Dr. Skeat tells in his introduction. An important source of our knowledge of Middle English is the well-known "only Proclamation of Henry III." In 1868 Mr. A. J. Ellis printed this proclamation for the sixteenth time, in order to secure a correct copy of a document that had often been carelessly reproduced. He used the copy of the Proclamation in the Public Record Office, that being the only copy that was supposed to exist. Now observe:

> It had escaped observation that another copy of this document was printed in Ingram's *Memorials of Oxford* in 1837, from a contemporaneous copy said to be preserved at Oxford. This edition was brought to my notice about 1880 by Mr. Turner, who was then at work upon the Oxford documents, and I recognised at once that it was the famous "Proclamation." For Mr. Turner's death left the matter where it was, and I was the only person who was aware that such a document existed at Oxford, among the town records. In 1882 I made a serious effort to rediscover the MS., and it was found at last, at the very bottom of the last place which was searched. I then copied it out, and printed it in the Philological Society's Transactions for that year. It agreed with the other copy very closely, except that the last word was clearly *inoge* (i.e. enough), and not *moge* (a form never explained), as printed by Dr. Ingram and in the sixteen editions of the other MS. Hereupon the London MS. was again examined by Mr. Ellis, who reported as follows: "*For* moge *read* inoge. Error discovered on 19 June, 1882, the dash over the *i* being extremely faint and worn, and practically invisible to the naked eye." The result is highly satisfactory, viz., that the existence of the Oxford copy is now well known, and a correct edition of it has appeared. But it is somewhat singular that the right reading of this last word, which makes the grammatical construction of the last sentence obvious, did not appear till the document was printed *for the eighteenth time.*

Merely as an *aperçu* of Dr. Skeat's labours, this is interesting. But the Notes are the thing, and to them we pass without more delay. Necessarily they are full of curious matter, for they represent the bringing up of the last reserves of scholarship to difficult points of attack. The words here explained or elucidated are the worried bones of etymology. On many of them reams have been written, and in their study many a good man has gone astray. For example, the N.E.D. practically gives up the etymology of "burly," Dr. Murray remarking that "no plausible etymon for the first element has yet been found." Yet he is on the right track in identifying it with the provincial English "bowerly," and in drawing attention to the Middle English "borli," a word which, however, he cannot reconcile or connect with the modern "burly" and "bowerly." Now comes Dr. Skeat with a rustle of cheerful learning and a brisk "Here is the solution." The solution reads like a novelette. Burly is merely "bower," with the suffix "ly," or the Anglo-Saxon "būrlīc." Dr. Skeat shows how a long u has become a modern short u in "Thursday," "dust," "husband," and other words, pointing to the descent of burly from būrlīc. As for the form "borli," he does not find the difficulty any greater, and we will here combine Dr. Skeat's observations on this form, with his explanation of the sense development of the word. The gulf between "borli" and "burly," felt by Dr. Murray, all arises

> from a well-known habit of the Anglo-French scribes, who used the symbol *o* to denote the short *u*, and thus introduced an element of great confusion, which, in a dozen cases or more, is extremely puzzling. Dr. Sweet has pointed out how commonly this occurs when the short *u* adjoins *m* or *n*; so that to this day, instead of writing "munk," "huney," "wonder," "tung," we all have to write "monk," "honey," "wonder," and "tongue," though the symbol *o* never indicated a short *o* at any time in the history of these words. Now the same scribes frequently did the very same thing when short *u* occurred before *r*. Examples will be found in Stratmann, where the forms "forther," "corsen," "torf," "scorf," "spornen," "tornen," "tortel" correspond, as a matter of course, to the modern "further," "curse," "turf," "scurf," "spurn," "turn," "turtle." . . . But how about the sense? Here, again, I see no great difficulty. A bower (see N.E.D.) was, usually, a lady's chamber or private apartment; and "bowerly," or "burly," meant, originally, suitable for such an apartment: *cf.* "homely." King Solomon was, we read, "a borli bachelere," *i.e.*, a bachelor suitable for a lady's bower, a handsome, presentable man. In the Morte Arthure we find that someone is to "greet well the queen and all the burly birds (handsome ladies) that belong to her bower." Can anything be more suitable? In Rauf Coilyear there is a most telling quotation. We there read of "a burly bed," *i.e.*, a bed adapted for a lady's bedroom. Once more, I ask, can anything be more suitable? The various developments really present no great difficulty. The modern "bowerly" is well defined as stately and comely. Such a woman adorns her own boudoir. A knight is "burly" if he is handsome, presentable, young, strong, valiant, goodly, comely, noble, and the like. The sense, like that of "stout," easily degenerates into large and corpulent.

Of such fascinating expositions these pages are full. Now supplementing, now correcting the N.E.D., but always pay-

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ing it love and honour, Dr. Skeat works his way among these orchids of speech. Sometimes he reproves himself for his own mistakes in his Etymological Dictionary. "I regret to say my etymology of this word is wrong"; the word is "cresset." Sometimes he places his own and Dr. Murray's labours under one condemnation, as in the case of Hamper. Dr. Skeat, 1884, and Dr. Murray have both considered that the *p* in "hamper" is an insertion; but Dr. Skeat of 1899 declared that the *m* is the real insertion, the whole history of the word being, of course, affected by this theory. Again, Dr. Skeat ridicules his own earlier etymology of the word "souse," to plunge down suddenly. He had connected it with the substantive "souse," meaning pickle. The words he now finds are of "totally different origin." The true source of the word is "without a pun, the very word source itself, strange as this may appear, and past all guessing." We have not space to show how Dr. Skeat works this out; the article is charming. Having made confession of his error, Dr. Skeat does not then preserve an affected or exaggerated humility. On the contrary, he bids us know that his view is entirely new; "but," he adds, "I suppose the same thing will be said to me as was said when I discovered the etymology of the verb 'to surround'—viz., that, in the first place, it is not true; and secondly, as shown by our Dictionary-slips, though it is quite right, we knew it before." This famous etymology of 'surround" is found on page 286.

Among etymologies which Dr. Murray adopts and Dr. Skeat heartily approves, is the very curious one which attaches to the word crease. Crease is crest, with its t dropped. If you fold a piece of paper, and open it partially, you can invert it on a table so that the fold or "crest" resembles the ridge of a hill or a roof. In West Cornwall "crease" actually means "a ridge-tile." Dr. Skeat agrees that a "bon-fire," now lit for rejoicing, is really a "bone-fire" kindled to consume dead bodies in a pestilence, and he quotes a 1603 translation of Ovid:

> So either lothly on the ground vnburied they did lie,
> Or els without solemnitie were burnt in bone-fires hie.

The obvious derivation of catgut has often been disputed, but Dr. Skeat finds it good. For the identity of "cloak" and "clock" (originally a bell) Dr. Skeat finds an apt description of the Friar in Chaucer:

> Of double-worsted was his semi-cope,
> That rounded as a belle out of the presse,

where "rounded" means "stood out stiffly all round," and "presse" refers to the mould in which the bell was cast. Under "cowslip" Dr. Skeat accumulates evidence that the poetry of this word is a great deal more apparent than real. (We refer readers to page 48.) The account of "debut" is extraordinarily interesting. How many people know that dismal is *dies mali* (evil days) received through old French? One of Dr. Skeat's little triumphs over the N.E.D.—only he would never call it a triumph—is his convincing etymology of "gallop," which the N.E.D., following other dictionaries, has connected with the verb to leap. Dr. Skeat says that the word is really compounded of the two Norse words which exist separately in English as wold and hop. A man galloping on the downs of Beachy Head is a wold-hopper, though he may not know it. There was an old French phrase, "grans walos," meaning great leaps and strides, and the identity of gallop with walop seems certain. One of the strangest derivations in the language is that of pedigree, from Anglo-French "pe de grue," the foot of a crane. This was explained by C. Sweet in 1895. The three short lines radiating from one point, which are the impress of a crane's foot, were used in old pedigrees to signify the branching out of a family, and a similar sign is still used by genealogists. The article on "plot" is very interesting, and it is impossible not to find a sardonic element in the seemingly undoubted connection between plot and platform (often written plotform). To students of London the derivations of "lush" and "porter" are familiar. "Go to pot" does not, it seems, mean "go to the melting pot," as is generally supposed. Here, again, Dr. Skeat corrects his own earlier opinion. He now thinks that the pot is strictly the cooking pot, a view shared by Dr. Schmidt. "I venture to think," says Dr. Skeat, "that this expression is far more graphic, when we thus refer it, in the natural way, to the ordinary cooking pot." The following quotation from Dr. King's *Art of Cookery* (1708) is adduced:

> In days of old, our fathers went to war,
> Expecting sundry blows and hardy fare;
> Their beef they often in their murrions stew'd
> And in their basket-hilts their beverage brew'd.
> Some officer perhaps might give consent
> To a large cover'd pipkin in his tent,
> Where everything that every soldier got,
> Fowl, bacon, cabbage, mutton, and what not,
> Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.

Hence Dr. Skeat thinks that when, in "Coriolanus," Act I., sc. 4, the soldiers before the walls of Corioli opine that the defenders have sent Coriolanus "to pot" they mean that they have cut him up like a vegetable and annihilated him.

One dip more, and we shall press this book home on its predestined and handy shelf. Dr. Skeat remarks under the difficult word Yankee that it is worth noting that Yanky was a surname more than two centuries ago. Dampier mentions a Captain Yanky. Under the verb "to yank," Dr. Skeat "yanks in" a good story sent him by an Oxford scholar, who went angling out West with an expensive fishing rig, including a luxurious artificial bait. Said a native to him: "I'm amazed, stranger, to see you slinging a dollar bug at the end of a ten-dollar pole, when you might yank 'em out with a wum and a stick."

The Brown Man.

Asia and Europe. By Meredith Townsend. (Constable 10s. 6d. net.)

THE object of these essays is defined by the author as "to make Asia stand out clearer to English eyes." They are the fruit of many years spent in patient study, from divers points of view, of the large subject with which they deal; nor do we know of any book, with the possible exception of Sir Alfred Lyall's *Asiatic Studies*, which states so clearly, or attempts so resolutely to solve the vast problems to which the clash of East and West in Asia gives rise. Mr. Townsend's survey is by no means confined to India, but naturally it is the English empire in India, the forces which make for and against it, the probability of its greater or less permanence, that form the centre of his speculation. His conclusion is an elaborate paraphrase and justification of the quotation which he takes from Matthew Arnold:

> The East bowed low before the blast,
> In patient, deep disdain;
> She let the legions thunder past,
> Then plunged in thought again.

Mr. Townsend believes that English domination in India will be a transitory thing, as the earlier domination of Alexander has been before it—that it will pass away with its glories and its triumphs, and become but a drop in the bucket of the ancient memories of the East.

> All the papers are directed to one end, a description of those inherent differences between Europe and Asia which forbid one continent permanently to conquer the other. The struggle between Europe and Asia is the binding thread of history; the trade between Europe and Asia is the foundation of commerce; the thought of Asia is the basis

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of all European religions; but the fusion of the continents has never occurred, and in the author's best judgment will never occur.

He qualifies his own view, frankly, as pessimism. He believes, if we understand him aright, that English rule in India—"the substitution of the idea of government by law for the idea of government by human volition"—is a blessing enjoyed by the peninsula. He believes that this blessing is fully appreciated by India, and that India would rather be without it; that it is an "experiment" doomed to failure; the "noblest dream ever dreamed by man," and "but a dream after all," because "the ineffaceable distinctions of race were all against it from the first." Similarly, he believes that Christianity is the absolute religion, and, at the same time, that, although it originated in Asia, it will never be accepted by the Asiatic peoples. For this the inherent imperfection of English missionary method is only the lesser reason; the greater is psychological, and therefore eternal. The passage in which this point is expounded is an excellent example of the subtle and original thinking with which this book abounds:

> The character of Christ is not, I am convinced, as acceptable to Indians as it is to the Northern races. It is not so completely their ideal, because it is not so completely beyond any point which they can, unassisted by Divine grace, hope to attain. The qualities which seemed to the warriors of Clovis so magnificently Divine—the self-sacrifice, the self-denial, the resignation, the sweet humility—are precisely the qualities the germs of which exist in the Hindoo. He seeks, like every other man, the complement of himself, and not himself again, and stands before Christ at first comparatively unattracted. The ideal in his mind is as separate as was the ideal in the Jews' mind of their expected Messiah; and though the ideals of Jew and Hindoo are different, the effect is in both cases the same—a passive, dull repulsion, scarcely to be overcome save by the special grace of God. I never talked frankly with a Hindoo in whom I did not detect this feeling to be one inner cause of his rejection of Christianity. He did not want that particular sublimity of character, but another, something more of the sovereign and legislator.

Obviously there is here involved, for a Christian, a most interesting paradox, and Mr. Townsend is under an intellectual compulsion to reconcile his pessimism with his theology. This also he does subtly:

> It is said that Christ gave an order to His disciples to teach all nations. That is true; and I for one believe the order to be binding, and that the Christian Church which sends out no missionaries is a dead Church; but where in the record has Christ promised to those missionaries universal success? Is it not at least possible that the missionaries carry in their hands the offer of eternal life, which a few accept, while the rest "perish everlastingly?"—that is, die like the flowers or the dumb creatures of God. This much at least is certain, that for eighteen hundred years it has been no part of the policy of Heaven—I write with reverence, though I use non-religious terminology—to convert Asiatics *en masse*, and there is no proof that this absence of Divine assistance to the teachers may not continue for an equal period in the future.

Mr. Townsend supports his main position by careful analysis in detail of the many differences between Eastern and Western psychology. He studies the appeal of Mahommedanism, so much more potent than that of Christianity, to the Hindu mind, the basis of the English Empire less on militarism than on the *morale* of the Civil Service, and the decay of native civilisation—"Indian art, Indian culture, Indian military skill," which that empire brings with it. To the inevitable question as to the ultimate reason for the irreconcilability of East and West, he has several answers to give. He attributes something to the bad manners of Englishmen, who talk and laugh too much, and are impatient at the loss of time, a thing to which the Asiatic does not attach a value. It should be, he thinks, a law of "inexorable etiquette" to treat every native with "a grave but distant courtesy, not unlike that of the native himself in his best mood." Something also to the fatuity which tries to press the accidentals of Western civilisation with its essentials, and to convince the native that it is better to spend his money on superfluous clothes for himself or superfluous furniture for his house, than on superfluous silver ornaments for his wife's arms and ankles. But these are comparatively superficial points, and in the long run Mr. Townsend falls back upon a somewhat mystical attitude, and maintains the existence of a "dull, unconquerable, unmitigable distaste of Asiatics for white men," of an "inherent antipathy, which is not hatred, but can at any moment blaze up into it."

We have preferred to expound Mr. Townsend's doctrine rather than to refute or to confirm it. But we are conscious that, in spite of the extreme candour and plausibility with which he puts it, there is, after all, a good deal to be said here and there on the other side. Is the notion of a rigid and permanent barrier between East and West Asiatic and European, quite consistent with the conclusions of modern ethnology? On the face of it, it would be curious if such a barrier were to coincide exactly with the somewhat artificial delimitation of continents. And the ethnologists trace for us at least two great racial stocks whose distribution is common to both Europe and Asia. The "Mediterranean" man seems to have developed a uniform civilisation on every shore of the great inland sea. And the Aryan, whether he began in this continent or that, at any rate streamed southwards, indifferently, below the Alps, the Balkans, and the Himalayas. To a certain extent a formal inconsistency may be traced even in Mr. Townsend's own language. He tells us:

> The chasm between the brown man and the white man is unfathomable, has existed in all ages, and exists still everywhere. No white man marries a brown wife, no brown man marries a white wife, without an inner sense of having been false to some unintelligible but irresistible command.

Yet four pages earlier one reads:

> The brown man of every shade who now monopolises Asia . . . is probably a half-caste, the result of a long series of early crossings between the dark and unimprovable aborigines, of whom a few relics still survive, and the white man.

This is probably not true of China, but it is of India, and it is inconsistent with the view that the respective endogamy of the brown and the white man "has existed in all ages." There is an "antipathy," of course, but is it really ultimate or "inherent." Does it differ in kind (it does, of course, in degree) from the antipathy between Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Saxon, Cornishmen and Devonian? These antipathies, too, exist, but they are not incompatible with a common civilisation or necessarily with a common government (Mr. Townsend is probably not a Home Ruler), and we take them to depend upon habit and locality rather than upon race.

It is to be observed, again, that Mr. Townsend generalises immensely. And it is as difficult to generalise safely about India as Charles James Fox (was it?) found it to draw up an indictment against the French nation. After all, India is a geographical expression, covering an immense diversity of peoples. Mr. Townsend has devoted great pains and study to his problem, but he sees it, we gather, mainly from the point of view of the educated Brahmin. There are other points of view—that of Mr. Crooke with his knowledge of the wide diversity of custom amongst the tribes of the North-West; that of the late Sir Robert Burton, with his knowledge of brothel and bazaar. And we doubt whether theories based upon the tendencies of Hinduism as developed by Brahmin philosophies are quite universally applicable to the heterogeneous masses, on whom philosophical tenets sit lightly, and whose effective religion is some type or other of earth-

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worship closely akin to that of the primitive European peasant.

Whether you agree wholly with *Asia and Europe* or not, it is a fine book. Few publicists write upon Mr. Townsend's plane, with the same constant determination to see things as they are, and to handle ideas without prejudice or partisanship. And few share his accomplishment in the art of expression, of setting forth an idea completely, and without superfluity, in the course of a few incisive paragraphs. One recognises here an essential feature of that *Spectator* with which Mr. Townsend has been for so many years what a journalist less careful of his English would call "identified," and for which many of those papers were originally written. The passages already quoted afford more than one example of this admirable literary quality, which gives so unusual a distinction and charm to Mr. Townsend's writing. Let us add another, which puts in a nutshell a truth not always realised about Mahommedanism. The phase of this faith with which we are familiar in Europe is degenerating, but in India Mahommedanism is nothing if not progressive:

> Europeans habitually forget that every Mussulman is more or less of a missionary—that is, he intensely desires to secure converts from non-Mussulman peoples. Such converts not only increase his own chance of heaven, but they swell his own faction, his own army, his own means of conquering, governing, and taxing the remainder of mankind. All the emotions which impel a Christian to proselytise are in a Mussulman strengthened by all the motives which impel a political leader and all the motives which sway a recruiting sergeant, until proselytism has become a passion, which, wherever success seems practicable, and especially success on a large scale, develops in the quietest Mussulman a fury of ardour which induces him to break down every obstacle, his own strongest prejudices included, rather than stand for an instant in a neophyte's way. He welcomes him as a son, and whatever his own lineage, and whether the convert be Negro or Chinaman, or Indian, or even European, he will without hesitation or scruple give him his own child in marriage, and admit him fully, frankly, and finally into the most exclusive society in the world.

Two of Mr. Townsend's essays, although quite fitting into the unity of the volume, for whose leading ideas they afford concrete illustrations, are rather biographical than speculative in their character. One is a summary of Mr. Muir's life of "The Great Arabian," Mahommed: the other, under the title of "A Typical Asiatic," is a sketch of the strange career of the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who died a broken man, but had more than once a vision of a Sikh Empire in India, and who serves Mr. Townsend as a witness to the indefinable something which makes it impossible wholly and irrevocably to Anglicise an Indian prince.

> The lad who seems so like an Etonian may turn out a saint or a Nana. What is certain is, that if his will closes, he will obey the dictate of that will, be what it may, and be the consequences as the Destinies shall choose.

These two studies add to the value of a volume already of extreme and unusual interest.

Not 'Awf Bad.

De Omnibus. By the Conductor (Barry Pain). (Fisher Unwin. 2s.)

The title and the idea of these papers are extremely happy. They appeared originally, as many will pleasantly remember, in *To-Day*; and now, with judicious—the Conductor spells his favourite word "joodishus," and we shall have a word to say about that—with judicious clipping and dovetailing, they certainly face the ordeal of "book form" with more success than most of the resurrection pies of our acquaintance. For Mr. Pain, though he elects to play Fool to the Republic of Letters, maintains the mediæval monarchic tradition, and your Fool is but the wise man standing on his head—to save it. The recurrence of the title to the original case and meaning of the omnibus was a happy stroke. For the monologues treat of nearly all the subjects which interest the man in the street. Still happier was the addition of the Conductor. For the 'bus conductor is a special product of London, born, like the 'bus driver and the cabman, of the necessity—and therefore the brother to the invention of swift retort following on immediate perception. The Conductor puts it thus, speaking of his friend 'Ankin, the driver. 'Ankin is a "sowshal reformer" and a power at meetings.

> It ain't like thet on a bus. Whort yer cawnt sye in 'awf a second ain't wuth syin' at all. It mye be all very fine, an' narcely expressed, and so on, but it don't git 'ome. 'Ankin stawts ter awnswer back, but before 'e's gort inter 'is stride, so ter speak, the bus 'as gone on, and the other chap sings out, "Call fur it termorrer," or "Write it art, an' post it," or some sich words as them.

The 'bus conductor, a man trained to immediate inference and speedy action, is also a man who several times a day cuts, as it were, through the heart of London, and, if he be intelligent, ought to know something "de omnibus." And Mr. Pain is certainly intelligent. Furthermore, the conductor is likely, before many more years have sped, to join the watchman, the linkboy, and the dodo in their extinction. We, or our children, will enjoy the company and the conversation of the motorneer—yes, the word has already been born and received its baptism of printing-ink in America, but the rich and leisurely experience of the 'bus conductor will no longer be ours or theirs for a penny and politeness. Therefore Mr. Barry Pain's title and idea again prove themselves good. It will be interesting to the men of A.D. 2000—if the paper-maker and binder have done their duty—to learn what an observant conductor thought of what he saw of human nature in the last year of the nineteenth century.

The Conductor has a happy knack of describing his friends. 'Ankin, we have met. Here is Ike:

> Ike is a 'ot un. 'E's a chap as 'as bin in many occypitions. 'E's drove a bus. 'E's drove a keb. 'E's bin clawk ter a bookey. 'E's dropped so low that one awd winter 'e took a dye at puttin' on skites fur people. Yer see, 'e'd bin misforchernit. 'Is bus 'ad bin ricin' another bus', an' the other bus 'ad knocked a 'ansom keb all ter pulp, which led ter ingquiries, and throwed ole Ike art of work fer a bit. Well, as I sye, 'e took a dye at puttin' on skites. I met 'im arterwards. 'E'd lorst 'is gimlick, but as 'e'd pinched it to stawt with that didn't carnt fur much. 'E'd cut both 'ands on a shawp skite-blide, but that 'ad meant a bob fur compensition. 'E'd got the rhoomatism crool, thro' stannin' abart in the cold. 'E'd got arf-a-crarn left art of whart 'e 'ad mide, and a sible muff as 'e said 'e were tikin' keer of fur a lyady. 'E'd gort as near drunk as no matter, and were goin' ter finish it horf. And when I left 'im 'e looked as likely ter git fourteen dyes as ever I seed a man.

That hits off Ike. But why this gratuitous torture of English spelling? As to the representation of the current Cockney in print, we have a long-standing grievance against Mr. Pain. There are many words which can be caught and printed as spoken. "Tikin' keer" is true enough, and legitimate. But the substratum of accent eludes all combinations of the alphabetic letters, and anything but the most moderate and careful mis-spelling annoys the reader and adds nothing to the verisimilitude of the page. The man of Thrums differs as far from polite English as the man who says "Verplestr Bink." But Mr. Barrie has brought him with gentle indication and no violent mis-spelling into the ken of London. Why does Mr. Pain make his conductor say "rhoomatism," which is precisely the same disease as rheumatism? And how can you distinguish in speech between "joodishus" and "judicious"?

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One might make a long list of words which Mr. Pain mis-spells, as though he were one of the writers who think that the dislocation of aspirates is sufficient to indicate character. The point of view of the speaker is the thing, and Mr. Pain, having that, can afford to dispense with the lesser expedient. "Cottidge" he can afford to spell "cottage," "yoose" is merely "use," as generally pronounced. And "mirracles" are no more convincing for the extra liquid.

The Modern Stage.

His Excellency the Governor: a Farcical Romance in Three Acts. By R. Marshall. (Heinemann. 1s. 6d.)

CAPTAIN MARSHALL has stepped into commercial prosperity almost as quickly as Edmond Rostand. His pieces are fraught with innocent pleasure for tens of thousands of people, and their monetary value is unsurpassed by anything on the modern stage. The author of "The Second in Command" has provided the most successful of West-end theatres with its greatest success. He is certainly a phenomenon of the drama, an extremely striking illustration of the power of weakness when gracefully exerted. For, to us, the chief characteristic of his talent is its persuasive and elegant fragility. He never grips, nor seeks to grip. We have seen most of his plays, from the earlier amorphous attempts to the last shapely and rounded invention, and we do not remember a single scene to which the epithet "slight" might not be applied. He seems to triumph by refraining, by avoidance, and by a faint, witty charm, which, however diverting, is decidedly not beyond the reach of forty living novelists. "His Excellency the Governor" ran a victorious course for many nights. We recall the fact that we witnessed it with a certain comatose pleasure, and deemed it an ingenious expansion of a very trifling idea. And when we come to read the play, we are astonished at the slightness of the idea. It is, in truth, very much slighter than we had thought. Collect all your characters on a remote and beautiful island, and cause an epidemic of love—and there you are! The whole scheme of the play is to be perceived in this fragment of dialogue between the Governor of the Amandaland Islands and Captain Carew:

SIR MONTAGU: Where on earth has all this yellow dust come from?

CAREW: I believe it's from the century aloes that are flowering outside.

SIR MONTAGU: Ah! to be sure. You know the legend the islanders have?

CAREW: No, sir.

SIR MONTAGU: These particular aloes flower only once in a hundred years, and the yarn goes that in dying of love of their own consummation, the yellow dust of their blossom is blown about and causes an epidemic of love wherever it rests. They say it attacks one quite suddenly. Quaint idea, isn't it?

BAVERSTOCK: It's a comfort it's only an idea.

CAREW: Love itself is only an idea, my dear fellow, but a very charming one.

The idea so stated, it remains only to bring on the women. Captain Marshall makes them three—Mrs. Wentworth-Bolingbroke, type of the old, grotesque, and unsympathetic; Stella de Jex, type of the piquant and apparently naughty; and Ethel Carlton, type of the entirely youthful, beautiful, and good, the stage English maiden who subdues all men:

CAREW [*Looking through doorway*]: By Jove! she *is* a beautiful girl!

BAVERSTOCK: She's divine, absolutely divine!

CAREW: I say, we didn't bargain for this.

BAVERSTOCK: For what? Bargain for what?

CAREW: For such a vision of beauty.

The first act introduces the characters; the second and third acts are little but amiable chatter. One foresees that Ethel Carlton will marry Carew, and that Stella will probably catch the Cabinet Minister. These things happen, but there is nothing else beyond a comic opera sort of native rising, which is not a rising at all, and which gives opportunity for night alarms and some perfectly proper jokes about night-dresses. The sole positive quality of the play as distinguished from its negative qualities, is the easy attractiveness of the dialogue, mainly witty but sometimes sentimental—a dialogue which discloses no effort whatever after naturalness. This is a specimen of the sentimental:

STELLA: Brave fellows! Brave fellows!

CAREW: Ethel, listen! Our wedding march.

ETHEL: My soldier husband!

[ETHEL *and* CAREW *embrace fervently, as do* CARLTON *and* STELLA.

And this is a specimen of the witty, with a dash of sentimental added:

SIR MONTAGU: I beseech you, ladies, be calm! If we come to close quarters, I'll ensure your safety. I can conceal you in the coal cellar.

STELLA: I go to no coal cellar in this. Why, I've only worn it twice!

MRS. BOLINGBROKE: I have no desire to give trouble, but a more suitable fortress would be the wine cellar.

SIR MONTAGU: Well, well, we'll see. Perhaps, Carlton, you won't mind examining the cellars and deciding. Baverstock will take you. Come along, Carew!

[*He goes out.*

CAREW: Coming, sir. [*Aside to* ETHEL.] It's all right, Ethel. Cheer up! It's glorious to take up arms for you, darling! [*Exit* CAREW *hurriedly.*

BAVERSTOCK [*Advancing to* ETHEL]: As a signal to you that there is no immediate danger, I shall blow my nightingale at intervals in the garden. And when the hour of danger comes, you will find me in——

CARLTON [*Who is waiting at door*]: The cellars!

"His Excellency the Governor" belongs to a kind of work which, by the innocuousness of its unimportance and the neatness of its craftsmanship, leaves criticism silent. It is impossible to say anything about it. There it lies, in all its prettiness, tepidity, negligibleness, a little English hybrid garden-plant which flowers and fades and is forgotten.

Outposts of Civilisation.

The Father of St. Kilda. By Roderick Campbell. (Russell.)

THIS is a book of considerable value and interest. "The following pages," says Mr. Campbell, "contain a personal narrative—the history of my early years, and of my travels and adventures, strange and thrilling enough, in the territories around Hudson Bay." We have certainly found the volume to contain strange and thrilling passages, but in addition to these, and the vivid accounts of journeys undertaken alone through little-explored regions, we find much in the author's attitude and personality to admire. It is not merely a book of travel; it is a book of character as well.

Mr. Campbell's opening chapters are devoted to a sketch of his early years on the island of Lewis, where he was born. That event occurred when the Church of Scotland was a battlefield for warring theologies, and the parish school was closed in consequence. The "auld kirk" was defeated, and its minister driven forth. "Israel," says Mr. Campbell, "had taken to stoning her old prophets." The boy was ten years of age before he attacked the alphabet, which was a burdensome labour to him; but soon all regular instruction ceased, for the master flogged the minister's children, and was dismissed. One gathers that in the

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'forties Lewis was a veritable teacup for such storms. After that the youngster educated himself, ran away from home, became a "herd loon," threw up that distinguished occupation, and returned to his father's house, only to leave it for ever soon after. In 1859 he set out for the Hudson Bay territory with abounding courage, and a stock of books which consisted of the Bible, a Johnson's Dictionary, Lennie's Grammar, and an unnamed "book on travels." Later in the same year he reached Fort York, whence he was drafted, as a servant of the great company, to the Red River.

The history of the next ten years, up to the surrender of the company's charter, is full of interest, but we pass it over to reach the narrative of Mr. Campbell's solitary wanderings. He had mastered most of the Indian dialects, and had the rare knack of commanding native confidence, but his expeditions into the wild Saskatchewan and Sioux countries were, to say the least, extremely bold undertakings:

> My outfit consisted of a horse and buggy, two guns, ammunition, and blanket, a few pounds of flour, tea, and salt. My steady horse, well named "Rock," deserves a word for himself, for a faithful and affectionate companion he proved himself during two lonely years in the wilderness. He was brown and of ordinary height. . . . He trotted delightfully ten miles an hour, and walked slowly, and was most docile. His eyes were hazel, the most beautiful I have ever seen.

Mr. Campbell makes us realise keenly the wide impressiveness of the prairies, their beauty, their solitude, their sameness, which is yet far from monotony. Some of his descriptions have real distinction, and his general estimate of the Indian character strikes us as sound and just: respecting and loving it in certain directions, he yet says: 'The truth is that the red man is incapable of civilisation, and since he cannot progress with it, he must be crushed under its weight." The horrible massacre of United States cavalry by "Sitting Bull," in 1876, is, in itself, almost sufficient evidence of this, although it is impossible to hold civilisation blameless; indeed, it gained foothold by little short of fraud. The winter of that year Mr. Campbell spent in the territory of "Star Blanket," an amiable chief who was baptized, apparently, for no other reason than that he wished to appear agreeable. He

> appeared in church in Spartan simplicity, wrapped in a white blanket, not too clean; he and his braves, becoming impatient at the length of the preliminary service, filled their pipes, and beguiled the time by stolidly puffing forth clouds of smoke.

Mr. Campbell pertinently adds: "The best plan would have been to make a better man of him, not merely an indifferent Christian."

Of adventures and escapes Mr. Campbell had his fill; grizzlies, buffaloes, and Indians, all made exciting work for him, but he came through his perils without serious hurt. And in reading of these perils we feel that the author has set down bare fact; he never embroiders, never attempts to force effect. That is one of the qualities which we like about the book; it is honest, even in its self-complacency, and obviously sincere. And the life which he describes is already of the past, though the changes, no doubt, are mainly on the surface. The Indian barbarities of yesterday have given place to the white lynchings of to-day. Between the two such difference as there is may be set to the credit of the earlier inhabitants.

It must be added that the title of Mr. Campbell's book is altogether misleading; and why, upon the cover, do we read, "Literary Dawn on Lewis"? The matter is beyond our comprehension.

Other New Books.

ANSELM AND HIS WORK. BY REV. A. C. WELCH.

This volume, which belongs to the series called "The World's Epoch-Maker's," gives with sympathy and clearness the life of a very great man. Whether Anselm should in strictness be called an epoch-maker might, perhaps, be debated. Yet he was in some sense the precursor, if not in some degree the founder, of the Scholastic Philosophy, which left so profound an impress on the mediæval mind and its products, which is the very life-blood of Dante's great poem. Abelard, the overweening, studied under him in his later days, and despised the aged teacher. But Abelard despised most men, and modern criticism has not ratified his judgment. Devout with the most personal faith, he had yet (as Mr. Welch says) "a confidence in the power and validity of human thought which lends an extraordinary boldness to much of his speculation." Faith was the basis of reasoning, because he was so confident that no truth could ultimately be found in conflict with faith. "Credo ut intelligam" ("I believe that I may understand"), he said. Faith was the finger-post, pointing the direction in which solution would be found: but his confidence in that finger-post made him the bolder in the speculative use of reason. If difficulty arose, the remedy was not to draw back, but to push towards further understanding. Teacher and philosopher, a converser with kings, the steadfast withstander of the terrible William Rufus, most savage of the truculent Norman kings, he was yet a master of patient education, in a day when the rod lay as ready to men's hands as the sword. "Monks in the chapter were beaten for slight offences. The oblates were taught to chastise each other when their masters had finished with them." Anselm rebuked these coarse methods. "If," said he, "you take a young tree . . . and check a branch here and tie in another there, what will you have a right to expect when you unbind the lashings?" As he preached he did. A young monk who was set on by Anselm's enemies to harass him, he won over by indulgence, and then trained to an obedient disciple. Of this Osborn, who died prematurely, he ever spoke with tender affection. He hated secular affairs, and wailed pathetically over the burthen laid upon him as Primate of All England; yet it was his fate to pass his life in constant struggle with kings, the resolute and sagacious Henry following the fierce Rufus as his foe. Mr. Welch has described with understanding and excellent literary ability a lovable personality and a great career. (T. and T. Clark. 3s.)

SHELL LIFE: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE BRITISH MOLLUSCA. BY EDWARD STEP.

This is a very good introduction to the shell-bearing creatures of British waters, salt or fresh, and of British woods and lanes. It is not a guide to the collector, in the ordinary sense; that is, it does not pretend to classify and describe all the British mollusca. It does, in fact, describe and classify briefly the greater number of them. But its chief aim is to arouse interest in the organic structure of the creatures themselves, and the relation of that structure to their life and surroundings. The mollusc, in fact, is described with reference to his *milieu*, as Taine taught us to criticise writers. From this Darwinian standpoint the book has a place and value of its own, which should recommend it to the student of nature behind a shell. The numerous and particularly excellent illustrations increase its value for the amateur in particular, to whom it is chiefly addressed. (Warne. 6s.)

Messrs. Jack's "Edinburgh Waverley" makes rapid and punctual progress. *Old Mortality* in two volumes, and

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The Black Dwarf in one volume are now added. The frontispieces in the Old Mortality volumes are the Leven portrait of Claverhouse, by an unknown Dutch master, and Patton's portrait of General Dalzell, whom the Covenanters hated for "acting the Muscovite too grossly"—he had been in the service of Russia.

The Stone Crosses of the County of Northampton, by Mr. Christopher A. Markham, F.S.A. (Simpkin, Marshall), is a well-digested and admirably illustrated monograph of 120 pages, in which the author deals with all the known crosses in the county. Mr. Markham's census of the Northamptonshire crosses is interesting. The remains exist of some forty churchyard, ten market, twenty village, four wayside, and five memorial crosses, besides sundry boundary stones. Although none of these crosses can compare in antiquity with many found in Cornwall, or in beauty with some of the market crosses in the South of England, yet they are full of interest; and the county is compensated by the possession of two out of the three remaining crosses built as memorials of Queen Eleanor. Many of the crosses are illustrated here for the first time. A useful introductory essay on crosses in general adds to the interest of the book, which, however, is first and foremost a careful personal record of all the crosses now to be found in Northamptonshire. A feature of Mr. Markham's descriptions is his tables of measurements, showing the exact dimensions of all the larger crosses.

How to Succeed in Your Examination, by Mr. George A. Wade (Richards, 2s. 6d.), is the last addition to the "How To" series. We observe much good advice and some practical hints.

Fiction.

The Striking Hours. By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen. 6s.)

For this series of Dartmoor stories Mr. Phillpotts has chosen an apt title, from a passage in a too-little-known book of essays by Dr. Martineau—"God has so arranged the chronometry of our spirits that there shall be thousands of silent moments between the striking hours." It is the hours of Little Silver which strike in the present volume, and from the photograph placed at the beginning of the book, all the world and Gidleigh may now become aware that Little Silver is Gidleigh itself. Such, however, is Gidleigh, that Gidleigh will probably never know that fact. If ever a village was out of the world that village is Gidleigh, hidden on the edge of the moor under the shadows of Cosdon Beacon and Buttern Hill. Yet Gidleigh, or Little Silver, can no more help being in the world than London can get away from nature. Where man is, there is the world and there is nature, and this truth is well proclaimed and set forth by one of those extraordinarily sagacious and experienced old men into whose colloquial mouths Mr. Phillpotts has put most, but not all, of his recitals:

> "'Tis the fashion, 'mongst them as doan't knaw an' won't larn, to say as nothing never happens here, an' that theer ban't a deed falled out worth talking of since Queen Victoria comed to the Throne of England. But, for my part, us 'pears to have so many signs an' wonders as any other plaace of like size. An' if 'tis awnly a bull broke loose, or a strange hoss in the pound—why, theere's matter for discoorse; for nought never chances wi'out somethin' behind it: an' awftentimes a small item will plum out into a far-reachin' thing, big enough to make a wonder from sowin' to reapin'."

This passage indicates the tone and temper of the book; and what chiefly impresses us about the work as a whole, is the wonderful effectiveness of simple events when they are narrated simply, without unholy strivings after crises and climaxes. One notes the same thing in Wordsworth's narrative poems—those poems whose leading quality is utter homeliness, but which Matthew Arnold deemed the greatest since Shakespeare's. If one takes a couple of the tragic stories, like "The Maiden Bell," and "Another Little Heath-Hound," and tries to come at the essence of them, one discovers nothing but an incident, such as might excite a village and furnish a paragraph to a newspaper—just, for example, the mere suicide of a man crossed in love, told as it would be told by an "awld sawl" who had seen much and deeply into life, and to whom a suicide was scarcely a matter to get over-excited about; a man, indeed, who would crack his dry joke concerning even suicide. But it charms and it holds. One says, "This occurred. This is life." And probably it did occur. Certainly it is life. There is every sort of story in the book—idyll, tragedy, comedy, and one or two stories that remind you, by their richly humorous situations, of de Maupassant's *farces normandes*. An example of the last is the fate of the "Old Testament man," Judah Nymet, who lived according to his Old Testament in all things, and at an advanced age decided to introduce a Hagar into his household:

> "What wan man can do, another can; an' what was well thought 'pon by the Lord in Bible times would be equally well thought 'pon by Him now, for He knaws no shadow of changing. Never a man stood nearer His heart than Abraham, an' to do the same as the patriarch be ever my joy an' pride."
>
> "Sure, you'm just such another, if it ban't irreligious so to say," yawns Mrs. Nymet; for now the cannel was blawed out, an' her felt oncommon sleepy arter a busy day.
>
> "Ess, I be—or I try to be," answers back farmer; "an' I'd have slayed my awnly son 'fore the Lord so soon as a sheep if He'd but commanded. But as Abraham done, afore Sarah bore him the bwoy by a miracle of Nature in her dotage, so I be gwaine to do; an' I much hopes as you'll fall in wi' my lofty purpose an' onderstand an' judge accordin'."
>
> "I've never crossed 'e, man," sez his missis, "an' ban't like to begin now."

However, she did cross him when she grasped his "bowldacious idea"—which he termed "a seemly, patriarchial thing"—and family influence and family wiles ended in the triumph of a new-fangled morality in Little Silver. The whole story is delightful. But Mr. Phillpotts is at his best in the tragic vein.

The Skipper of Barncraig. By Gabriel Setoun. (Constable. 6s.)

This novel, by the author of *Barncraig*, takes us again to that interesting community. It is a story which is redeemed by unessentials.

Not that the main story is not well conceived—it is; but after the Skipper's son ceases to be a boy we lose interest in him. As a boy he was all very well; as a young man he needed stronger, as well as more delicate, handling.

It was a settled thing in the Russell family that every son should be a sailor, and that the sea should kill him in the end. The Skipper's son was born before his time on the night of "Windy Wednesday," and his mother died, so breaking, for the first time in many generations, the tradition that every Russell mother should bear two children, a boy and a girl. Says one of the delightful gossips who constitute the chief charm of the book:

> "This is the first break o' the kind that has ever been i' the Russell family. I've heard that even afore my day there has aye been twa i' the family—a laddie an' a lassie. That's no just tradition, for it's in black an' white in their big Bible. . . . The laddie grew up to be a sailor like his father afore him, married an' brought his twa into the world; but the lassie lived and died an auld maid. It's queer; but that's the family tradition, an' I suppose they maun bide by it. . ."

But the boy born on "Windy Wednesday" had a horror of the sea, and developed a passion for dreams and music.

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The story centres about this temperamental fact, and the inevitable antagonism between father and son. The result is wholly tragic, but it is tragedy which hardly justifies itself. For so ambitious a theme more power were needed than Mr. Setoun brings to its development, though elements of power are by no means lacking. If the author has not quite succeeded, he has by no means altogether failed.

The minor characters, the chorus of gossips, are well drawn, and their wisdom and quaintness full of meat. Old John Burt, whose reputation for philosophy was founded on a library consisting of five solid volumes, is always good, and his devotion to the Skipper's son has strong points of humour and pathos. He had an annual joke which he got off on the boy's birthday, and liked to be reminded that he had made it before:

> "Did I, though?" he ejaculated. "Did I, though? That shows, surely, a reg'lar life. Ay, ay, I'm proud o' that, Ellen; no' that I mind o' it mysel'. . . . I wouldna' wonder though I might mak' it again next year, Ellen. That would be hard to beat for reg'lar livin.'"

The Skipper of Barncraig is certainly above the average of novels; it has both picturesqueness and life.

Fiander's Widow. By M. E. Francis. (Longmans. 6s.)

Fiander's Widow is just a "Pastoral of Dorset" attempted upon a larger scale, possibly a rather larger scale than there is quite enough stuff in the story to justify. It is a little difficult to write of Wessex after William Barnes and Thomas Hardy, and Mrs. Blundell does not display the same fine intimacy with "Dorset dear" that was hers with the Lancashire countryside of which she formerly made her study. Nevertheless, *Fiander's Widow* is readable enough. It runs easily and freshly. There are some pleasing pictures of idyllic life on a dairy farm. Rosalie Fiander herself and Farmer Isaac Sharpe are attractive personages, and the plot, although it seems at first to proceed on familiar lines, receives a neat twist in the closing chapter. On one point, however, we must really make a protest. Rosalie and her lover have a tiff in the morning over an apronful of primroses. In the evening he is guided towards the spot in the garden where she stands by a double line of white pinks. Primroses flower in April and white pinks in June. Surely some elementary attention to the process of the seasons is desirable, even in a story of country life.

The Coward. By R. L. Jefferson. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

It is not easy to discover what Mr. Jefferson would be at in this novel, nor does the title help us. The narrator of the story, Henry Catesby, who resigns excellent prospects in the grocery business for a literary career, strikes us as not so much coward as cad, not so much fool as knave. At the best, it is an unpleasant narrative, unredeemed either by grace of style or vigour of conception. The earlier chapters are the best; but when the young man (he is always painfully young) gets up to London, and into the toils of an impossible journalist named Detheredge, we merely read on as a matter of duty. This Detheredge, we are informed, is a brilliant man of letters and a great editor He has also a passion for the prize-ring, and when an unfortunate meeting between Joe Banks (of England) and Jake Goodman (of Carolina) results in the death of the latter champion, the only way out of the difficulty which occurs to the egregious Detheredge is to set fire to the house and leave the police to discover a charred body. Need we say more about *The Coward*? The worst of such books is that some readers, who know no better, may take Detheredge for a portrait. But even the most inexperienced reader will perceive that the statement that Catesby wrote fascinating stories is nonsense.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

CHRIST AND ANTI-CHRIST. TRANSLATED BY H. TRENCH.

"Dimitri Merejkowski is perhaps the most interesting and powerful of the younger Russian novelists, the only writer that promises to carry on the work of Tolstoi, Turgeniev, and Dostoievski. His books, which are already numerous, are animated by a single master-idea, the Pagano-Christian dualism of our human nature. What specially interests him in the vast spectacle of human affairs is the everlasting contest between the idea of a God-Man and the idea of a Man God; that is to say, between the conception of a God incarnate for awhile (as in Christ), and the conception of Man as himself God—gradually evolving higher types of splendid and ruling character which draw after them the generations." Thus Mr. Herbert Trench introduces this Russian writer, following the critical remarks of M. Prozor in the *Mercure de France*. The story here translated is laid in the epoch of *Salammbô* and *Quo Vadis*. (Constable. 6s.)

QUEEN SWEETHEART. BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

A great many novels now stand to Mrs. Williamson's credit. This one opens in the Savoy restaurant, into which Jeck Tredennis has "dropped" to be "cheered out of an aimless, discontented mood." Here "Jack Tredennis's grey, black-lashed Celtic eyes" find much employment, but are riveted to a woman's face that "in charm, in fascination, was a law unto itself." The story quickly widens out. We are in Cornwall. A Russian Colonel, a "veiled lady," and "The House with Grey Gables" appear. The "colonel" turns out to be something else, and elements of mystery and horror are not wanting to this melodramatic, not unskilful, story. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

THE CALL OF THE FUTURE. BY MRS. B. TANQUERAY.

A flower farm seems a delightful setting for a story. "Acres of splendid colour and sweet odours; between them narrow lanes from patch of glory to patch of glory . . . beyond that—still more inland—the little town of Nenequay—beyond that the World." A good beginning to a sunny and scented love-story. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

CASH IS KING. BY WILLIAM A. REID.

This story would be better for some explanation clearer than the one provided. It is a kind of extravaganza, having for its material the contest between labour and capital in the United States, and sets forth the career of one Albert Alling, who, at the age of eighteen, arrives at Boston, and becomes an employé in the Automatic Syndicate Works. The moral of the book is that "Union for good ends is beneficent and is of God; union for any other purpose is malignant, and is of the devil." (Drane. 6s.)

GYDA THE GOTH. BY ERNEST WESTERN.

An historical romance of Constantinople, opening in 1066, and full of war and intrigue. Its setting affords at least a fine mixture of races and creeds. "With ever-increasing wonder I waded down the contents of the document . . . I was to swear by 'the hammer of Thor,' by 'the Sacred Ring on the Altar,' by 'the Cross of Christ,' by 'the bolts of Zeus,' by 'Heaven,' and by 'Hell,' by my soul, by my hope of salvation . . . that what I saw, heard, smelt, tasted, thought, felt, when with her, was to be as if it had not been when I moved beyond the circle of her presence." The "presence" is that of the Empress Eudocia. (Burleigh. 6s.)

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George Eliot.

SELDOM could a moment seem more incongruous, while in reality very rarely could a moment be more fit than the present for a new and popular edition of George Eliot. And by a singular accident of time, the approaching falling in of Messrs. Blackwood's copyright has produced two equally desirable re-publications—the Library Edition, large volumes in blue-grey linen, at ten shillings net, and a small popular edition, light, portable, with thin pages, but excellent large print, at two shillings. Perhaps the latter is the more attractive of the two, being readable anywhere—in bed, travelling, out of doors, at any moment of available time. The other is, essentially, as it is called, a Library volume, dignified and sober, but a little large and heavy for enjoyable reading, except under the best conditions.

Will these new editions be much read, however? We wonder, for the mental and spiritual outlook of a generation past and the mental and spiritual outlook of to-day are enormously different. The peculiar interest of this particular re-publication, in fact, apart from the literary greatness of George Eliot, is the contrast this spiritual idealist presents to the undeniable spiritual movement now struggling into life. For it is long since the culture of the soul has been more conscious and absorbed. Preoccupation with the life above, and beyond the material, temporary, and earthly life, is spreading like a wave from continent to continent. And George Eliot was one of the most pre-eminently spiritual novelists in the English language. The motive below all she undertook was the awakening of the soul and the revealing of the beauty and contagion of it. In every volume she ever wrote it was the soul only she wrestled with, analysed, anguished for, the soul alone that became of moment to her. Nevertheless, between the idealism of George Eliot and the idealism of to-day is one great point of divergence. The spiritualism of to-day regards itself above all as an inspiration due to a higher condition of soul, independent of the material life and the concessions made to it. In its most perfect form it is the beautiful spiritualism of Doffkiosky's *Crime and Punishment*, where Sonia, the girl who has long led a debased life, is shown to possess a soul of Christ-like beauty and radiance. The nature of her means of livelihood has never been able to reach or corrupt her soul. The former was a disaster of the earthly life, a bitterness brought upon it by the harsh complexities of temporary existence, but the compromise was of the body, not of the spirit; and it is the inner life of the spirit that is alone of importance. Nothing can exceed the spiritual insight of Doffkiosky in the delineation of Sonia. It is as if for a moment the blindfolded condition of human judgments had ceased, and for a second the true value of man's earth failures and earth condemnations had bewilderingly emerged. But in its development and expansion this new spiritualism has taken on elements not visible in Sonia. To have mystic vision, to feel security and communion with the unknown worlds, has grown to exert a preponderating influence. To the demands of one's soul everything must be sacrificed, and the reward comes largely in visions—in stirring signs of another existence surrounding and continuing this. The spiritualism of George Eliot was of a sterner and more sombre material. Devoid of mystic qualities, it possessed, on the other hand, an undeviating courage in grasping the laws of life, and in accepting the impossibility of all escape from them. Disregarding the soul's thirst for inspiration and ecstasy, George Eliot yearned to see it always in action—action being to her the final and irreparable test upon which to render judgment. The self-soothing attempt to make evil bear the same fruit as good she fought incessantly as a bitter and corrupting delusion. And the question with her remained unalterably what had been *done*, never what had been *felt*, of spiritual comfort and loveliness.

No book George Eliot wrote can quite touch the sustained beauty of *Adam Bede*, and in none has she unfolded the whole extent of her spiritual belief with more completeness and clarity. And in opposition to the leniency of to-day, George Eliot's spiritualism forgave no sin, accepted no weakness, passed over no debts not paid back to the uttermost farthing. The kingdom of heaven, she believed, could not be got otherwise than painfully. Without wrestlings and agonies, and fierce battles against temptations, no soul could gain security of foothold. Unrelaxing self-abnegation was the only means of journeying upward. This terror of earthly care, moreover, speaks with a wistful loveliness from nearly all her best characters, but never with a more moving power than from the mouth of Dinah Morris—Dinah Morris, who brings with every page tears of love and envy into one's throat. And very early in the book Dinah says, speaking of the results of her preaching in various places:

> It's wonderful how rich is the harvest of souls up those high-walled streets, where you seem to walk as in a prison yard, and the ear is deafened with the sounds of worldly toil. I think, may be, it is because the promise is sweeter when this life is so dark and weary, and the soul gets more hungry when the body is ill at ease.

This is the conviction of all George Eliot's writing. Dinah, moreover, repeats the same belief towards the end of the book, when urged by delightful Mrs. Poyser to stay with her:

> Your wish for me to stay is not a call of duty which I refuse to hearken to because it is against my own desires; it is a temptation I must resist, lest the love of the creature should become like a mist on my soul shutting out the heavenly light.

A few lines previously she had explained that she felt the life one of "too great ease and luxury, in which we have all things too richly to enjoy." Curiously enough, nevertheless, in spite of this overmastering religious ardour, George Eliot has never exerted a great influence upon emotion or character. She makes no disciples, submerges no temperament, constitutes no turning-point in the career of the bewildered and guide-seeking soul. Probably she was too great a thinker. The gigantic force of her work goes inevitably through the brain to the heart, and not from the heart to the intelligence. Also, she lacked one great quality—the moving power of any intense enthusiasm. To the very essence of her being, George Eliot was a pessimist. Even of love she wrote: "It is not true that love makes all things easy; it makes us choose what is difficult." And just because of this preponderating sense of the implacable tragic and suffering, George Eliot can never become to any great extent an epoch-marking author. Moreover, she saw and understood everything; her comprehension, indeed, is often appealing in its profundity, but she saw without imagination, without fancy, without a moment's submerging emotion, and always with a perfectly clear consciousness of the physiological law behind. To a great extent she may be said to have been an enormous brain, but not an enormous personality.

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Nothing, for instance, is so difficult to realise as the fact that she was practically twice married. The impression given is of a woman incapable of inspiring a great love—of a woman who has hungered for, but never known, the humanising experience of a boundless human tenderness. For the feeling is invariably of an imagination idle behind its pity, of a sensibility chill below its knowledge. Sometimes even George Eliot suggests a thin streak of unconscious cruelty—a fleeting insensitiveness of temperament. Certainly she never flinched before the just punishment of sinners, and there are one or two little phrases as regards the hanging of poor Hetty that tighten the reader's throat with a sense of absolute physical sickness. To discuss George Eliot, however, in passing, is impossible. There is no manageable point to stop at under a volume. The colossal dimensions of the figure pygmies words, while a handful of them reach cover about a nail's breadth of the gigantic whole. Her attitude, however, towards the grim, perpetual problem of disastrous marriages has at the moment as intense and special an interest as her religious outlook. For it is time when this familiar tragedy has fastened itself like a vice upon the imagination. And again and again—in Romola, in Janet's Repentance, in the case of Dorothea Casaubon, of Grandcourt and Gwendolin, of Rosamund and Lydgate—she returned to the subject, and to the question of a man or woman's duty—their soul's duty—in the face of the insurpassably difficult situation of a calamitous marriage. Nothing concerned her more deeply, in fact, than the discovery of how much or how little should be endured, physically, mentally, and spiritually, before conscience could rightfully be absolved from a continuance of responsibility. That she should choose the most difficult solution was in keeping with her temperament, and the fine asceticism of her religious conceptions. Moreover, a mistake to her, no less than a crime, constituted a thing rigorously to be paid for. It is the law of nature that every nature mistake should bring inevitable retribution, and the effort to escape from any natural law struck her as a piteous futility. Secondly, that the soul could shake off the yoke of any accepted responsibility would never have been accepted by her for a second.

On the other hand, Nora, in Ibsen's *The Doll's House*, is a superb example of the modern view of a soul's righteous course in the grip of an overwhelming materialism. Half dazed by a magnificent instant of inner illumination, Nora takes knowledge that her soul and her husband's had never communicated, that he was not her soul's husband, that her soul, indeed, was the very last thing he could realise or desire. And with a wonderful vision of the truth below all surface appearances, she goes, shutting the door behind her. Dealt with by George Eliot, she would have been kept there, to reap the seeds of the poor blind past, and to bring forth the blossoms of her soul, only through anguished endurance of the conditions created by them both.

Nevertheless, though the contrast is very marked between George Eliot and the idealists of to-day, there is a certain value in thinking of them together. For between the growing increase of spiritual serenity and George Eliot's thirst—not for what may be seen and foretasted, but what must be done and suffered—there is no root antagonism. They round and complete each other. George Eliot missed the smiling gaiety of those who have, as in a vision, realised how small an item are both the tears and the sins of earth, but she had a tragic courage, a strength and nobleness of endurance in dark places, and an immovable integrity of conscience that can never depreciate in beauty.

Things Seen.

The Candlesticks.

It seemed a perfect ending to a dusty day of tramping to sup in that inn-parlour. It was as though I had suddenly been transported to the cool twilight of an earlier century, and at any moment I was prepared to hear the tootling of a coach horn and the clash of hoofs on the cobble-stones without. The room gleamed contentedly; light was reflected from polished, black oak beams, from copper-warming pans, copper kettles, and a set of old brass pestles and mortars. But what took me particularly was a pair of brass candlesticks, which served to hold the illumination for my feast. They were simple candlesticks enough, but had an exquisiteness of line which somehow reminded me of "The Vicar of Wakefield." I could fancy wigged heads nodding near them, old stories circling about them, old wine sparkling in their neighbourhood. And then the marks of the hammer were plain upon them, the authentic touches of the artificer. I felt that I might be happy for a week if I could possess myself of such a treasure.

The landlord came in. I praised his beef, his beer, and—more cautiously—his candlesticks. "Oh, them!" he said. "Like 'em, do you, sir? Well, that's queer! My son, he made 'em only t'other day. We haves a kind of wot they calls a handicraft exhibition in the village every year. But my son never gets no prize."

I had no heart to praise the candlesticks after that. The awful thought came to me that perhaps the son had made the kettles, the warming-pans, even the brass pestles and mortars, as well.

Mother Earth

I came out of the Temple, and walked westward, sick of everything. The day was hateful, the Strand was full of idle people, mere obstructors of the passage of those who possessed a purpose. To avoid them I turned aside from the main thoroughfare, and in Tavistock-street, to the south of the yard where vegetables are dealt with at Covent Garden, I got relief. It was simply an odour: the smell of country earth, the smell you get when you are wandering in deep Cornish lanes, and something tempts you to pull a fern by its roots from the hedge. That changed everything, for as I went on my way I was no longer in London. I was away in the West again, and I had dined with the doctor, and had smoked and talked of books, and of the slow-moving life of the country, in a beautiful old garden. Then, conscious of an infirmity of the eyes, and of an utter lack of the sense of locality, I entreated him and his friend to see me some part of the way home across the sand hills, to the bungalow where I was stopping. So we set out, three of us, and left the sleeping town, and gained the wide expanse of the sand-hills, overgrown with a short turf for the most part, but sometimes rising into high mounds, and these covered with the reedy spire-grass. There was a sea fog, and the moon was not yet up. The white stones, set for the guidance of travellers, were far apart, and frequently we wandered from the track. Suddenly I stood still. One could have sworn that there was nothing but sand for a good mile, and yet here, hidden in the white fog, there was a patch of ground from which there came just that same odour—the smell of the roots of a fern newly torn from the ground. We stood for a long time, and when we continued our journey, I still had that surprise of the night in mind. It all came back to me now in Covent Garden, and there was a sea-fog, and the breath of Mother Earth in it, all the way from Tavistock-street to Piccadilly

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Paris Letter.

(*From our French Correspondent.*)

M. Marcel Prevost has written a pretty, somewhat fragmentary story, *Le Domino Jaune*, the youthful romance of a diplomat. The volume is charmingly illustrated, and might be offered as an acceptable gift to a married woman. For the traditional Young Person will never be so emancipated in the esteem of her elders as to be allowed an indiscriminate abuse of the literature of M. Prevost. But he is now a convert. He has sown his literary wild oats, which, unlike the process generally with the sons of perdition, has been one of exceeding lucrativeness. Discreet and virtuous fiction, like M. Réné Bazin's exquisite *Terre qui meurt*, or M. Le Roy's striking and charming *Jacquou le Croquart*, does not run at a bound into several editions, and nobody yearns to dramatise it, like the too deplorably famous *Demi-Vierges*. So M. Prévost, with an attentive eye upon the next vacant arm-chair under the Cupola, has settled down to take life and fiction seriously, and accept the fact that men and women have a thousand other interests besides mere sexual relations. He is beginning to take a healthier and larger view of love itself, and in time I have hopes that he will even come to understand what love really is. This is an old quarrel between M. Prévost and myself, a quarrel carried on, however, on the best of terms. I belabour him most dreadfully, and he smiles—like the Heathen Chinee. He is not even put out when I tell him that the greater part of his books should be burnt on the public place; he only strives to persuade me that English novels are greatly more immoral than his. He once, good-humouredly and perfidiously, wrote an article in the *Journal* to prove that a novel of mine was worse than anything he would have dared to write in sober French. The *Journal* believed him, and possibly he believed himself. Anyhow, we have mutually forgiven each other, and I welcome him to the fold of respectable fiction as a sort of recovered soul. Still the suppression of a word here, a suggestion there, would have bettered this new little work—a sort of holiday task. He meets a diplomat abroad, who sentimentally confides the broken romance of his youth to him. The lad has been brought up by his mother and the inevitable M. l'Abbé in the most delicate fashion. He is pure, incurious, and well-bred. His chief sends him into the arms of oblique adventure by asking him to go in his stead to a masked charity ball. There he meets and is pursued by a yellow domino. She asks him to carry her off. It is the first time he has come in contact with Woman—lovely Woman—and it would not be in nature to expect him to back out of the obvious responsibilities of his position. He hails a *fiacre*, and drives her to a fast and fashionable night restaurant he had heard his polished uncle mention. There he endeavours to make love in the usual way, having, by a stroke of inexperienced genius, ordered a perfectly correct supper. To his stupefaction the lady, who has practically carried him off, is ice to his advances, and at a given moment behaves with incredible impropriety. Just as she does so, and his puzzled brain is swimming from emotion and surprise, the door opens, and they are confronted with the injured and irate husband and the majesty of the law. The lady disappears, leaving him broken-hearted, and the mystery is only cleared up years afterwards. She hated her husband and loved another. She longed for divorce, but French law forbids marriage with the co-respondent, so she seized hold of this well-bred and sympathetic "youth" to play the part of false co-respondent, which brought about the desired divorce, and enabled her to marry her lover.

M. Paul Marguerite assures us, in his preface to the late Jean Lombard's extraordinary *Byzance*, that the writer is a *prosateur* of great genius, that *Byzance* is a seizing poem. The word "vast," which he applies to it, is in its place, if it implies an insatiable ambition and an immense effort, not in any way crowned by a proportionate achievement. If Jean Lombard was thinking of *Salammbô*, he went to work after the fashion of Zola, without the style, the tact, the taste of such an artist as Flaubert, or the force of the king of naturalists. The result is a nightmare of erudition and wildly eccentric French—French that defies the custom of ear and eye, and looks like a remarkably ugly foreign tongue, and a desperate crowding of Byzantine characters. Perhaps some ingenious and painstaking person would read this book at a sitting, but it took me a week, with compulsory pauses of twenty-four hours after each half-dozen chapters. At the end I was no better off. I closed the volume with the sensations of a schoolboy who has reluctantly got through a dull and difficult task. This is the way Jean Lombard writes: "Des hymnes, vivacement; chacun debout." And again: "Seule elle se rasseyait, avec toujours en soa intellectualité, pas assez, rudimentaire pour n'avoir conscience de ce qui adviendrait, l'aiguë aperception des dangers obscurément latents pour Ouvraque." Any sentence out of the four hundred long, closely-printed pages might be offered as a puzzle to those who know French well enough to feel confronted with the unintelligible. The author had been hearing of the Browning and Meredith laurels in the path of obscurity, or perhaps he hoped to retire into poetic darkness with the late Mallarmé. But he has none of Mallarmé's musical suggestiveness. He is simply rough and barbarous. For those who like to follow M. Paul Marguerite in his admiration of Jean Lombard, I add this passage from his preface: "His forgotten work reappears, beautified, with a fresh youth; it is vivified, it rises, and behold it coming towards us glittering with gems, in the hieratic stiffness of its robe, incrusted with golden enamel athwart this strange book, *Byzance!*"

M. Eugène d'Eichthal has published a very lucid, learned, and interesting study of Socialism, Collectivism, and Communism. He shows us how socialism is not of our days, but existed throughout every civilisation that has flourished and disappeared. The war between the rich and the poor is as old as wealth and poverty, and has confronted all forms of government with unsolvable problems, animated with irrational sentiments towards each other. M. d'Eichthal does well to recall to a Christian race that cradled its religion, that the Ancient Testament is "profoundly impregnated with a sentiment of protestation against social inequalities; with an appeal to a Providential plan in favour of the oppressed, to which the history of humanity has responded by long echoes"; and that the law of Moses, which commands the Sabbath rest, is but a legal protection of the labouring classes. I have not space to write more fully about this interesting study of a burning theme, but, in the face of this quotation from a *curé* of the seventeenth century, we may admit that social unrest in France dates long before the Revolution: "Poor people, you bear all the burden of your kings and princes, who are your first tyrants; you are then charged with all the nobility, the clergy, all the monkery, the men of justice and of war, and finally with all the idlers. For it is but by the fruits of your harsh labour that they all exist. And yet by nature all men are equal, and have equal rights to the goods of earth."

H. L.

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The Red-Hot Library.

In that vast, intricate, and seething organisation known as the Salvation Army there are many departments, and one of these, probably one of the least, is the Book Department, which, from No. 100, Clerkenwell-road, diffuses a highly specialised literature of saintliness. The Army Book Department flourishes. It is forced to flourish, by the ecstatic and yet calculating energy which radiates from General Booth, whose last vibration distends the cheek of the salvation cornet-player on the Indian plain. Salvation Army publications do not fail; they enjoy no tepid success of curiosity. They have got to "go"; therefore they go: it is ordained. The Departmental catalogue lies now before us, and it strikes us as an admirable instance of the adaptation of means to an end. One can perceive in it the shrewd native skill, the rough and careless power, the tireless faculty for ramming-home, which have made the Salvation Army what it is. You must not suppose that the Army has encircled the world by dint of wearing out trousers at the knees, or of catching pneumonia at the street corner on wet nights. Behind all these public phenomena of yearning and of appeal is a great brain, a brain which we have no hesitation in describing as Napoleonic in its imagination, its genius for detail, and its choice of assistance. If such a brain were not at this moment tyrannising over the Army, the Army would be a miracle; and there are no miracles. Take this item from the Catalogue: "Books that Bless.—A series of Pungent Reviews reprinted, by request, from the *War Cry*. Not a dry paragraph in the whole book. Just the sort of literature to keep the heart warm and enthusiastic for souls. 191 pages. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Paper, 1s." Or titles like these—*Bible Battle-Axes, A Ladder to Holiness, Life and Death: Stirring Addresses to the Unsaved, Red Flowers of Martyrdom.* Such telling phrases were not chanced on by luck; they came from some subordinate brain, at the bidding of the same imperious, original force which causes the drum to vex the drowsy ear of Sunday morning on village greens and municipal squares. It is a rare fine thing to rule, and General Booth rules. He informs, energises, and inspires. One can hear him saying to his Chief of the Staff, Mr. Bramwell Booth, who has dominion over literature, that literature must just set to and save souls by any means it can; that any stick is good enough to beat the devil with; and that the Book Department had better move along with the times—and quick, too! Then Mr. Bramwell Booth, and all his, begin to look round and observe what the literary world is doing. The literary world happens to be in the midst of a predilection for "series" and "libraries," outcome of a device for making one book sell another. Obviously, then, the Salvation Army Book Department must have its Library. A name, a name for that Library, a name that shall startle, arrest, and lay the reader prone! What epithet so fitting, so entirely apposite and descriptive, as "Red Hot"? Lo, therefore, the "Red Hot Library," in red-paper covers, price sixpence, stern, ugly, and magnificently in earnest!

The particular volume of the Red Hot Library which has reached and impressed us is *Commissioner Dowdle, the Saved Railway Guard*, by Commissioner Railton. One can smile the superior smile of indulgence at the title-page, but nobody who admires force and singleness could possibly condescend patronisingly towards the actual contents of the book. The biography is a document of genuine interest. There is no question of any literary performance, of the various arts and wiles of the penman. Commissioner Railton's sole object is to get the stuff down on the paper, somehow, anyhow. He revels in the abundance of his material, and never wastes a word. Subject is everything with him, treatment nothing. This is not literature; it is soul-saving, a contrivance to keep *you* out of hell, and despatch you to glory. Naught else matters in all the world, but the fear of hell. Commissioner Railton would certainly have no patience with people who chattered about art, while one soul was left on the broad road. And if you told him that he wrote much better prose than many novelists, he would probably regard you as tedious. If you said that this life of James Dowdle was a remarkable piece of work, he would, no doubt, refer you to his apostrophe on p. 110: "Oh, that God may raise at least a few readers of the story to be proper Blood and Fire followers of the Saved Railway Guard!" One is not in the least surprised at his enthusiasm for James Dowdle, for James Dowdle was an astonishing man. The recital of his career makes you forget even the absurdity of that name—Dowdle. As a youth he played the bass-viol for the Church of England. Then he went to London in service of the Great Western, and took to evil courses. After some "weeks of agony" he was converted at a religious service held by a converted actor in a music-hall. He slid back, however, once or twice, and it was not till the age of thirty-two that he appeared publicly as the agent of God among sinners. From this time henceforward his God, that exceedingly anthropomorphic conception of the Salvation Army, directed his activities. One is bound to admit that the man was never left in the lurch. He kept an intermittent diary, which is full of the superior influence: "The hall was full at six. At 6.30 perfect jam. Preached. The power of God rested upon the meeting. Three souls professed conversion." Again: "Monday, Nov. 10th—Felt rather Mondayish. Visited several. God is working. Took tea with Mr. S———, an old saint that has prayed much for Kettering. Seventy-nine years of age Happy in the Saviour. Hallelujah!" Again: "My faith seems stronger Band meeting. Good attendance. Speakers too long. May God give us point and power." Mrs. Dowdle helped efficiently in these meetings. She writes: "I had often to put some out, and if I did it there was no row; but if any man tried, there would be a fight. So I just used to stick my knuckles into their neck, and out they would have to go." And after this the Diary proceeds: "Chatham. I desire to be like a flame of fire here . . . Lord give us power!" "Open air, very cold, but the people listened." That was at 10 a.m., but an hour later, when "Mr. M. preached at the Lecture Hall, the people were very restless." We like the following, at 3 p.m. on the same day: "Mrs. Booth preached. Body of the Hall full. *They heard the truth for once.*" On his thirty-third birthday he writes: "My desire is to be all for God, and to spend and be spent for God in winning souls, *and for this make me wise.*" Over twenty years later comes this entry: "My 55th birthday—a reconsecration of myself to God for His service. This last year we have held 521 indoor meetings, besides open-air meetings, and marches, and demonstrations; 2,403 seeking God at the penitent-form; travelled 8,820 miles by rail and water, spending six weeks with The General in his Australian Campaign, being in 84 indoor meetings, and travelling 3,195 miles; making a grand total this year of 12,015 miles and 605 meetings." On which Commissioner Railton comments, with the brutal directness characteristic of the Army: "Suppose *your* last fighting year has ended, have *you* left any tales of victory for God that will do anybody good to read? If not, may God bless this story to you!"

God comes into every sentence, and every sentence shows the trust of the Army in God's special alertness on its behalf. Here is an instance: An officer wanted a certain Town Hall for a certain night, and announced the meeting. But the hall had been previously hired for a

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secular entertainment. "All that night, unable to sleep, the officer wandered the floor, praying." The next day a delay on the railway made it impossible for the agent of the entertainment company to carry out his contract. "So delighted was the officer . . . that he praised God aloud . . ." Whereupon the agent remarked—and it is difficult not to sympathise with him—"I wish God would let my engagements alone."

It was in the streets that James Dowdle seems most brightly to have shone. He formed the habit of stopping in mid-street for silent prayer. The stones which inevitably greeted him he calmly ignored, and his reply to the curious Bradford gentleman, who asked him what he meant to accomplish by this silent prayer, is unforgettable: "Raise the dead!" he said. Nothing could abash him. He said to a light woman: "We want you to go to Heaven, for there is no happiness in sin," and the light woman succinctly answered, "Not much," a retort which might have discouraged Dwight L. Moody himself. But Dowdle replied: "The wages of sin is death," whereupon the woman burst into tears. He followed her to her room, and shortly she was converted. "What do you know about what God says?" demanded an angry adulterer in the street. Dowdle answered: "I know He says 'Marriage is honourable in all, and the bed undefiled; but whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." The adulterer's face fell before Dowdle's solemn gaze, and "he walked silently away." He must have had an extraordinary way with cabmen. When the Dowdles removed to 37, Mayola-road, Clapton (three rooms), this entry occurs in the Diary: "The cabman who brought us got saved in the passage—the first trophy in this new house. Praise God!" The catalogue of such episodes might be continued indefinitely.

Towards the end of the volume are a number of letters written to Dowdle by his "affectionate general." We like them; they show the man. He writes on the voyage to India: "Have I not thought of you? Of course I have. And do I not pray for you, and all my comrades who are at the battle's front? Of course I do. And I know you remember me before the Throne O Lord, have mercy on the littleness of our faith! And help us to open wide our mouths . . . We must go ahead faster. We don't believe in ourselves half enough, and we don't believe in God hardly at all." And thus, when Dowdle was ill: "I hope He comforts and keeps you—and dear Mrs. Dowdle. I have prayed for you. I have asked *Him* to *heal* you. He *must*. I am middling in health. I keep at it. Yours very busy, but very sincerely." And later: "Now, we are all praying for you. You are in God's hands; *He* keeps your heart in peace. The cleansing blood is applied—all will be well. Much love to Mrs. Dowdle. Pray for me, and believe for me as well. *We are lost for want of faith.* Believe me, yours, determined to believe through thick and thin, William Booth." "Nothing will do," says the General in another letter, "without the *Holy Ghost. We must push the spiritual side of things this autumn.* Oh, that I had a thousand tongues, and a thousand lives! But I have not. Keep believing, and working, and saving; and always think of me as Your Affectionate General." The letters of the late Mrs. Booth are equally striking. We have noted particularly the epistle to the Oldham Corps, written with her dying hand: "My comrades, as I lie here, just outside the gate of the City, looking back on the path upon which I have been travelling for so many years gone by, I find nothing that gives me real satisfaction but what has been done in God, and for God, and for the benefit and blessing of the poor dying world Good-bye. I will meet you in the Morning.—Yours, washed in the Blood of the Lamb." We say this is fine. We say it is not grotesque, despite the atrocious image—that image which seems to have a sinister fascination for all militant Christianity.

The saved railway guard died last year, aged fifty-nine. "'Hold me up!' he said; and the Brigadier raised him a little—but it was only to see him go 'up higher,' to the eternal welcome." The General telegraphed to his widow, "He has fought a good fight and won the crown." We think so. We shall remember Dowdle as a man who, amidst a world of despicable dilletantism, was in earnest about something. The phenomenon is rare. We can almost envy him his funeral procession, with the Flag on the coffin, and his cap and fiddle on the Flag, and the five thousand who wept at the grave. This is fame. After all, what is culture? Not exactly all in all. Creeds are dying, and what creeds shall follow them? The sea of faith withdraws. Only the Dowdles find depth in it now. They triumph by the very insolence of their faith. Once when "Mrs. D." was in trouble over her washing, Mr. Dowdle said: "Don't you think the Lord is as much concerned about it as you are?" Such an intimate possession of such a Lord—and "Dover Beach" would never have been written.

The book is as fierce as the Crusades. Jagged fragments of it stick themselves into the mind in the most absurd manner. Among these is the author's rude query on p. 78: "Do you ever go anywhere out of your usual pathway to do anybody any good?"

To a Tudor Tune.

When all the little hills are hid in snow,
And all the small brown birds by frost are slain,
And sad and slow the silly sheep do go,
All seeking shelter to and fro,
Come once again,
To these familiar, silent, misty lands,
Unlatch the lockless door,
And cross the drifted floor,
Ignite the waiting, ever-willing brands,
And warm thy frozen hands,
By the old flame once more.
Ah, heart's desire, once more by the old fire, stretch out thy hands.

Ford M. Hueffer.

A Night Piece.

But, of those better tides of dark and melancholy,
When one's abroad in a field, the night very deep, very holy,
The turf very sodden a-foot, walking heavy, the small ring of light,
Of the lanthorn one carries, a-swinging to left and to right,
Revealing a flicker of hedge-row, a flicker of rushes—and night
Ev'rywhere; ev'rywhere sleep and a hushing to sleep—
I know that I never shall utter the uttermost secrets aright,
They lie so deep.

Ford M. Hueffer.

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Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 101 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize for the best set of new coined words likely to be helpful in literary criticism. Perhaps this task was ill-suited to the languors of August. We have received very few replies, and these are more conspicuous for reckless humour than for serious invention. The best list, however, does not fall under this criticism, though in its own kind it is, perhaps, a little alarming. To the sender, Mr. H. G. Turner, 20, Camden-street, Oakley-square, a cheque for One Guinea has been sent.

Mr. Turner's list is as follows:

Phonoscribe—a writer who uses the phonograph.
Phonoscribed—spoken into a phonograph.
Noisicrucians—writers of the sensational religious novel.
Sangferratic—tending to blood and iron; writing of the Kipling order.
Grapomania—excessive Omarism.
Scriptograde—rate of writing.
Monotonist—a writer of uninspired verse.

From other papers sent in we take the following proposed words:

Shamorist—the writer of imaginary love-letters and confessions.
Jamian—pertaining to the school of Henry James: Mrs. Edith Wharton is a Jamian writer.
Mudistic—writing with an eye to success at the circulating libraries: instances are too numerous to mention. From this root we also get Mudiolatry, Mudism, &c.
Fictioneer—a writer of "machine-made" fiction.
Jingler—a would-be poet with more rhyme than reason.
Lullery—prosy, ineffective writing.
Magazinist—the average reader (usually as a term of contempt).

One competitor throws his list into paragraph form as follows:

As a poet the critics sometimes called him a *minim*, sometimes a *hardlet*; later on he achieved the dignity of a *Thrushling*. In prose he attempted *birrelling*, and succeeded in cultivating *macaulayflowers* in a *fascicle* of historical studies. He wrote a play which failed, though he introduced the *charley-antics* of the farcical *histrion*. He courted the weeklies, who by prizes encourage *lotterytwre*; as a toady of celebrities in the Society papers he was a thorough *Bozzytwist*. In his monograph on the Bard of Avon he adopted the *shaconistic* hypothesis. Always something of a *Whitmaniac*, in his diction he tried to steer between the Scylla of *Pater-patter* and the Charybdis of *Carlylese*. On Sundays his *churchmanity* was undeniable, and he eschewed Byronic nature-worship and the *blue-domer* religionists.

Competition No. 102 (New Series).

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best prose eulogy of The Tomato. Not to exceed 250 words.

Rules.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, The Academy, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, September 4. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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The Literary Week.

Next week, following our September custom, we shall publish a supplement dealing with educational subjects and text-books.

We have pleasure in announcing that many of the "Enquiry" articles which have appeared in the Academy during the past two years are to be published in book form by Mr. Grant Richards. Their author, Mr. E. A. Bennett, has himself practised the crafts of the novelist and the playwright, and we need not at this date extol the vigour and originality of his articles on fiction. Among the authors he has dealt with are Miss Braddon, Mr. J. M Barrie, Madame Sarah Grand, Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. George Gissing, and Mr. George Moore.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Meynell, who is about to travel in the United States and Mexico, will contribute to the *Pall Mall Gazette* impressions of her journeyings.

The handsomest and most interesting book that the week has brought us is Messrs. Macmillan's issue of Walter Pater's *Essays from the Guardian*. The delicate green cover and gold acanthus design are, of course, uniform with the new complete "édition de luxe" issued by the same publishers. The volume consists of nine papers, which originally appeared anonymously. It may be of interest to give a list of the contents, and the dates on which they appeared in the *Guardian*:

1. English Literature: Four Books for Students of English Literature, February 17, 1886.
2. Amiel's *Journal Intime*, March 17, 1886.
3. Browning, November 9, 1887.
4. *Robert Elsmere*, March 28, 1888.
5. Their Majesties' Servants, *Annals of the English Stage, from Thomas Betterton to Edmund Kean*. By Dr. Doran. June 27, 1888.
6. Wordsworth, February 27, 1889.
7. Mr. Gosse's Poems, *On Viol and Flute*, October 29, 1890.
8. Ferdinand Fabre, *Norine*, June 12, 1889.
9. The *Contes* of M. Augustin Filon, July 16, 1890.

Since we wrote the foregoing paragraph, the supremacy in this week's publications of Mr. Pater's Essays has been challenged by the arrival of the first volume of Mr. Augustine Birrell's long-expected edition of Boswell's *Johnson*. The book is neatness itself in its maroon buckram cover and its white paper title-label. The page is a pretty one. We advance to the *Life* through 64 pages of preliminary matter. First we have a Preface by Mr. Ernest Radford, which we should have thought scarcely fulfils the duties of a preface, since it is really an essay on portraits of Dr. Johnson, Boswell, and their friends. We gather, indeed, from the title-page that Mr. Radford's share in the edition is limited to the selection of portraits. These will be a very strong feature. Following this "preface" comes an eighteen-page introduction by Mr. Birrell. This is followed by Boswell's dedication to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the "Advertisements" to the first five editions of his immortal work. Then, and then only, do we reach Bozzy's fine opening sentence: "To write the Life of him who excelled all mankind in writing the lives of others, and who, whether we consider his extraordinary endowments, or his various works, has been equalled by few in any age, is an arduous, and may be reckoned in me a presumptuous task."

Referring to a paragraph which recently appeared in an American contemporary, in which it was stated that a party of pilgrims, on a visit to Mr. Thomas Hardy, "found that the Wessex country was not intrinsically romantic and beautiful, but could only move as viewed through the illusions produced by the novelist," Mr. Hardy has addressed the following letter to C. K. S., of the *Sphere*:

> "This statement is rather unfair to Wessex, and, indeed, quite inaccurate, as will be evident when it is explained that the party of visitors did not go near the 'intrinsically romantic' spots imperfectly described in the novels, but, like almost all tourists, adhered for the most part to the London highway and the branch highway passing through the heath district, which is rather impressive and lonely than 'romantic' or 'beautiful.' Had they, for instance, visited Shaston or Shaftesbury, Bullbarrow, Nettlecombe Tout, Dogberry Hill, High Stoy, Cross in Hand, Bubb Down Hill, Toller Down, Wynyard's Gap, and a dozen other such places for inland scenery, and the coast cliffs between Swanage and Lyme Regis for marine, such a remark could not have been made. But then, most of these spots lie miles out of the regular way, and few of them can be reached except on foot. The pilgrims were not absent from London much more than twelve hours altogether, returning there the same evening; and it is utterly impossible to see the recesses of this county in such a manner, not to mention those adjoining."

Congratulations to the *Bookman* on completing ten years of its life. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, its editor, gives an account of the inception of the magazine. It is interesting to learn that the late Professor Drummond urged that *Literature* should be adopted as the title, as being rounder, fuller, and more dignified. In recalling the services of many distinguished contributors, whose portraits run along the tops of the pages like a frieze, Dr. Nicoll mentions that from the beginning Miss Annie Macdonell, known as the writer of a monograph on Thomas Hardy, has assisted him in the editorship. To the second number Walter Pater sent a critical article which was probably the last criticism he ever wrote. Mr. J. E. Hodder Williams has also rendered excellent aid of late years as assistant editor. Finally, Dr. Nicoll makes an interesting, though, at present, somewhat vague, announcement, as follows:

> Other projects are in view. To those who have seriously engaged in it literary history is the most fascinating of all studies; but in the literary history of England there is still much to be accomplished. Already I have planned a history of English literature which will first be published

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in connection with the *Bookman*, probably in monthly parts, and will be issued in two or three years from this time. For this many novel features have been arranged. It is a dream of mine to establish a quarterly wholly devoted to English literary history and criticism. Such an organ is greatly needed for the publication of texts, the discussion of problems, the making known of discoveries. Many figures in our literature ought to be deliberately re-estimated. Such an organ cannot, in the nature of things, bring much money to anyone connected with it; but I think that, in the British Empire and in America, a constituency could be found numerous enough to provide against loss. I shall greatly value communications on this subject, and shall do my best to answer them.

Commenting on Mr. Alfred Nutt's letter to ourselves, in a recent issue, on the relations between literature and success, Mr. Andrew Lang criticises Mr. Nutt's contention that there have always been successes among bad books. Mr. Nutt doubted if Dickens sold so well as G. P. R. James and Harrison Ainsworth. On this point, says Mr. Lang,

> statistics are not perhaps to be procured, unless the publishers of James and Ainsworth look over their old books and accounts in the interests of science. But Forster's *Life of Dickens* certainly seems to imply that the successes of the author of *Pickwick* were infinitely greater than those of the authors of *The Tower of London*, and of—well, I don't know what G. P. R. James *did* write. As to Reynolds (I am no better seen in Reynolds), his was a subterranean success. Nobody called his work "literature." He was not perused by the class which now lays down its six shillings for a novel by the authors who are censured by the *Quarterly Review*. Deans did not give readings to ladies from the works of Reynolds, nor of G. P. R. J. These gentlemen were not recommended or denounced in sermons. They were not, like the foes of the *Quarterly* to-day, looked on as oracles in matters of social philosophy, science, and religion. The great popular novelists whom the educated classes read were Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, George Eliot, and Kingsley.

A correspondent writes on books for Dante readers: "Messrs. Methuen have almost ready Mr. Toynbee's *Dante Studies and Researches*; and although the volume is made up principally of articles which have appeared before in English or Continental reviews, yet even those who are familiar with them will be glad to have them collected into a single volume, and, of course, to others the book will be new. Another book, of which Messrs. Wicksteed and Gardner are the authors, will treat of the correspondence between Virgilio and Dante, and much other related matter, and will include, besides introduction, critical text of the Latin verses, translation and notes, the literary remains of Virgilio and Musatto. Also Dr. Elsner's translation of the 'Purgatorio' will be published shortly by Dent's, completing their edition of the comedy. It is to be hoped that the editors of this series will continue their good work, and give us translations of the 'Convito,' 'De Vulgari Eloquentia,' and the 'Vita Nuova.' Altogether disproportionate attention is bestowed by editors upon the 'Commedia,' to the almost complete neglect of the minor works. Now that we are in a Dante floodtide, may we hope that it will bring, before ebbing, some non-Comedic studies?"

Mr. Fortescue, Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum, has been telling the Library Association that "there is always a tendency among such as are close to the abyss of insanity to cleave to the public library." This has reminded a contemporary of the evidence given by Carlyle before a Commission on the British Museum, which sat fifty years ago. Said that writer of books, "There are several persons who come to read in the British Museum in a state of imbecility. They are sent there by their friends to pass away their time. I remember there was one gentleman who used to blow his nose very loudly every half hour. I inquired who he was, and I was informed that he was a mad person sent by his friends. He made extracts out of books and puddled away his time there."

Apropos of insanity and reading, the bibliomaniac is certainly sometimes a kleptomaniac. Under the heading of "Losses," in a report to the State Library of Kansas, its late librarian writes:

> All the world over there are more or less kleptomaniacs among bibliomaniacs. The disease spreads in all seasons of the year, and in all climates with equal facility. Persons exposed to old libraries containing many rare books filled with choice plates and illustrations, seem most liable to the contagion. The symptoms of the disease are so variable that it is difficult to detect it, and it often requires long and patient watching to make the proper diagnosis. It may be chronic in the least suspected individual. The mild-mannered gentleman of middle age, with a bald head, whose language is precise and cultivated, and who is a zealous student of some scientific specialty, may be in the worst stages of the malady, and the librarian not know it until too late. This is but one specimen of the bookworm that destroys more than he devours. Nothing approaching a specific has ever been discovered for this devastating disease. Probably the nearest to it is detection, trial, conviction, and speedy execution.

The writer then proceeds to set forth the missing items and concludes as follows:

> It seems an incongruous collection for purposes of larceny The party in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, who purloined Mr. Young's work on *The Conduct, Manners, &c., of the Most Refined Society*, will scarcely find in it a precedent for this act. *Dillon on the Removal of Causes* might have suggested its removal; but the moral hunger of the man who abstracted the Revised New Testament is something appalling.

In the *New York Times Saturday Review* Mr. J. C. Evans continues his reminiscences of Thackeray, whom he met, among other places, at the Garrick Club.

> He told some curious stories of his American experiences, one of them being of a waiter at the Planters' Hotel in St. Louis, who nudged a fellow-servitor and said to him, in a hoarse whisper: "See that man?" "Yes, who's he?" "That's the great Thacker." "Hell! What's he done?" "D——d if I know."

Thackeray appears to have had a passion for the American oyster, and frequently feasted on what Mr. Evans calls "the gentle substance of that marine concretion."

The same paper prints an interview with Mr. George Moore, who delivered himself of these astonishing remarks:

> There can be no revival of English literature, for the simple reason that the medium through which it must speak is not capable of revivification; the English language is dead, just as surely as the Latin and Greek languages are dead. . . . There has never been a really good English novel written; they are all simply about classes, not about humanity.

Asked by the interviewer whether he would not except Thackeray's novels, Mr. Moore replied:

> Thackeray? Certainly not. The way one thinks of Thackeray is carving a round of beef, after piously giving thanks for belonging to the glorious Brixton Empire, with its highly respectable standards of tradesman's morality.

If Mr. Moore really believes that the English language is dead he has our profound sympathy in his efforts to resuscitate the Irish.

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Mr. Dooley has been translating Lord Kitchener's Proclamation to the Boers. His version is not unfair, though it is farcical, hitting:

> Lord Kitchener wrote th' notice. He's a good writer. "Ladies an' Gintlemen," he says, "this war as a war is now over. Ye may not know it, but it's so. Ye've broke th' rules, an' we give th' fight to oursilves on a foul. Th' first principle iv a war again England is that th' inimy shall wear r-red or purple coats with black marks f'r to indicate the location iv vital organs be day an' a locomotive headlight be night. They shall thin gather within aisy range an' at th' wurrud 'Fire!' shall fall down dead. Anny remainin' standin' aftherward will be considhered as spies. Shootin' back is not allowed be th' rules, an' is severely discountenanced be our ladin' military authorities. Any attimpt at concealmint is treachery. Th' scand'lous habit iv pluggin' our gallant sojers from behind rocks an' trees is a breach iv internaytional law. Rethreatin' when pursooed is wan iv our copyrighted manoovers, an' all infringmints will be prosecuted. At a wurrud fr'm us th' war is over an' we own ye'er counthry."

It is not altogether surprising that Mr. Joseph Conrad, having departed from his usual sea matter, should have found his critics somewhat bewildered over *The Inheritors*. In a long letter to the *New York Times Saturday Review* he explains the intention of the book, written, it will be remembered, in collaboration with Mr. F. M. Hueffer. We cannot enter into the broad question which Mr. Conrad opens up, but his concluding words are interesting in themselves, and may be quoted alone:

> Fiction, at the point of development at which it has arrived, demands from the writer a spirit of scrupulous abnegation. The only legitimate basis of creative work lies in the courageous recognition of all the irreconcilable antagonisms that make our life so enigmatic, so burdensome, so fascinating, so dangerous—so full of hope. They exist! And this is the only fundamental truth of fiction. Its recognition must be critical in its nature, inasmuch that in its character it may be joyous, it may be sad, it may be angry with revolt, or submissive in resignation. The mood does not matter. It is only the writer's self-forgetful fidelity to his sensations that matters. But, whatever light he flashes on it, the fundamental truth remains, and it is only in its name that the barren struggle of contradictions assumes the dignity of moral strife going on ceaselessly to a mysterious end—with our consciousness powerless but concerned sitting enthroned like a melancholy parody of eternal wisdom above the dust of the contest.

We review in this issue Mr. Caine's *Eternal City*. The incorrigible wag of *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow* has written a "pocket version" of the story. Here are some extracts:

Prologue.

On a doorstep in Soho crouched a little Italian boy with an accordion and a monkey. As is usual in such cases, it was Christmas Eve and the boy had lost his way. He was hungry and homeless, and it was snowing as it never does on December 24 in real life. He moved further into the limelight and prepared to die. At that moment an Italian refugee Doctor fell over him.

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" he cried.

He looked at the boy closely.

"*Italiano?*" asked the Doctor.

"*Si Signore.*"

It was enough. He led him into the house, where they were met by Roba, his tiny daughter.

"Oo a boy?" she asked.

He smiled.

"Oo me brudder?

He paled.

"Oo lub me?"

"This is rather sudden," he managed to gasp.

So are destinies moulded.

Book II.—Bona Roba.

II.

Bona Roba was a type of the fair lady who has appeared in the history of every nation since the days of Helen of Troy—one of those exquisite creatures whose lovely eyes and rosy mouth exercise a function in the State. This is as broad a hint as one can give in a ladies' magazine, without losing serial rights.

But Bona Roba's diplomatic wit and influence were alike exploded before our story begins: you will find no trace of them here.

She had raven hair worn over the forehead, a golden complexion and violet eyes—a curious blend.

.

Book V.—Love.

I.

Bona Roba was notorious in Rome, but she had but to tell the Hon. Rossi that Rome was mistaken, and he believed it. Then they went fox-hunting together.

"Oo lub me?" he said as the night fell wonderfully over the old Campagna.

The words awakened in her a memory—Soho, a cold night, a little Italian boy, an accordion, a monkey.

She saw it all.

It was Fate.

Book VII.—The Vatican.

II.

"Eminence," said the Pope one day to the chief of his staff, "may I have a word with you?"

"Holiness, you may."

"Eminence, is there any reason why a Pope, before he becomes Pope, should not have a wife and a family?"

"Holiness, none whatever. But it is not usual."

"Eminence, I thank you."

. .

III.

At that moment a ring was heard at the Vatican door.

"What is it, Eminence?"

"Holiness, the army wish to come in."

"I will go to them," said the Pontiff.

He slowly descended, and standing on the doorstep, bade the army enter and do its worst.

Not a man but wept, and, flinging aside his arms, fled away.

Book IX.—Mrs. Grundy.

I.

And Bona Roba? Alas! Young women who misbehave with Prime Ministers cannot be let off by Manx moralists. She died young.

An educational establishment is to be opened shortly in London, with the object of making the study of Russian both easy and pleasant. Hitherto, those wishing to acquire the language have had to take the usual course of lessons or reside for a time in Russia, the latter course being expensive and inconvenient to many. The new establishment for resident students will supply all the advantages of a Russian home, without certain of its inconveniences. It will give the student opportunities to converse in Russian, and will familiarise him in a practical manner with such Russian customs as would be helpful should he ultimately have to travel or reside in Russia. A house in the Anerley-road, Upper Norwood (facing the Crystal Palace), has been secured for the purpose by a Russian family which has had educational experience in Russia. Qualified native teachers will be resident in the house; all attendants, too, will be Russians, whilst the management of the house will be in the hands of an English lady. Regular courses of readings, musical and literary recitals, and other entertainments and games, will be organised, everything to be performed in Russian. Several collections characteristic of Russian art, industry, ethnography, etc., have already been acquired, and certain rooms will be fitted up in Muscovite style. There will also be a Russian library of classical authors, and current periodical papers and magazines. It

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is intended to receive resident students on the ordinary terms of a good boarding-house, extra charges to be made only in case individual tuition is required.

A CONTEMPORARY comments upon the fact that the libraries have declared that any novels which they circulate must have their edges cut all round. We are entirely with the libraries. The reasons which hold good with other uncut books do not, save in the rarest instances, apply to novels. Most novels, to say the least, are ephemeral, and are not likely to need rebinding. It has always appeared to us most unwise in publishers to issue uncut fiction, and it is certainly unfair to young and unknown writers. The book which one likes to cut and linger over in the process is not the novel; and, after all, the value of novels to the bookseller cannot be much affected either way. It is a question which public convenience should decide, and there is no doubt that the public prefers its light literature cut.

EVERYTHING nowadays comes under the eye of the specialist—tailors go to the Academy to criticise pictures, and genealogists pick holes in novels. Mr. Anthony Hope, it appears, according to a writer in the *Genealogical Magazine*, went to an actual case in the Peerage books for the groundwork of *Tristram of Blent*, but failed to understand just why his hero was illegitimate. It is a nice point, but Mr. Hope's genealogy and law are near enough for the ordinary reader.

MESSRS BELL are to publish this month a biography and study of Professor Hubert von Herkomer, by Mr. A. L. Baldry. The volume is to contain sixteen photogravure plates and about ninety half-tone blocks, and will be bound in a cover specially designed by Professor Herkomer. The price of the ordinary edition is fixed at three guineas, that of a large paper edition, with duplicate plates on India paper, at five guineas. All the latter are already sold.

WE have received from Messrs. Blackwood the fifth and sixth volumes of their "Warwick Edition" of George Eliot, consisting of *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Silas Marner*.

Bibliographical.

I NOTE that Miss Edna Lyall's new novel, *In Spite of All* (embodying, I presume, the same story as that of her recent drama so-named), is to be published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. Miss Lyall issued her *Doreen* (1894), her *Wayfaring Men* (1897), and her *Hope the Hermit* (1898) through Messrs. Longman, who had previously published her *Autobiographies of a Truth* (1886) and of a *Slander* (1887). Her *Derrick Vaughan* (1889) is in Messrs. Methuen's list, and some minor things of hers have the imprint of W. & R. Chambers, J. Clarke, and Simpkin. Messrs. Hurst & Blackett were, however, Miss Lyall's first publishers, and still issue the best known of her fictions. These, I take it, are *Donovan* (1882), *We Two* (1884), *In the Golden Days* (1885), *Won by Waiting* (1886), *Knight Errant* (1887), *The Hardy Norseman* (1889), and *To Right the Wrong* (1893). These seven novels, by the way, were brought out by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, in uniform style and in a case, so recently as 1900.

In the current *British Weekly* "Claudius Clear" quotes the following lines by Anna Seward:

> Come that I may not hear the winds of night,
> Nor count the heavy eave-drops as they fall.

"My belief," he remarks, "is not only that these are Tennysonian lines, but that they are the only Tennysonian lines before Tennyson. This is a bold thing to say." It is; and it implies a limited acquaintance with English poetry. Long ago, for instance, was it pointed out that in the old tragedy of "Gorboduc" there are at least two lines quite quaintly Tennysonian both in style and sentiment:

> For right will always live, and rise at length,
> But wrong can never take deep root to last.

The subject, however, is too large to be disposed of in a paragraph.

The "Cloister Library" of Messrs. Dent is really a good idea, and one is glad to see that it is to contain a reprint of Digby's *Broad Stone of Honour*, which is well worthy of reproduction, but has not been reprinted for many years. Welcome also will be the resuscitation of Sir Arthur Helps's *Cloister and the Crowd* and *Companions of My Solitude*. Of the former there was a cheap reprint in 1883. The latter reached its tenth edition in 1885. Both are deserving of revival. In the "Temple Library" Reade's *Peg Woffington* is to be included. It looks as if it were going to be accepted definitely as a "classic." Into their "Little Library" Messrs. Methuen will introduce Crashaw's *Steps to the Temple* and Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*. Both works are accessible, but the first of the two has yet to be popularised, as, no doubt, it now will be.

A selection from the writings of James Anthony Froude, such as Messrs. Longman announce, should find a large public, the more especially as it is to be part and parcel of the Silver Library. The thing ought to have been done before, and one wonders why no one thought of it. Books of this class are, of course, "snippety" and unsatisfying, but they do good when they send the reader to the works which have been drawn upon. The list of prose "selections" extant is now a long one. Thackeray, Charles Reade, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold—these are among the first that occur to one as having successively survived this process, always very trying to an author. Books of "gems" and "sayings," "wit and humour," and so forth, are, of course, on a different plane, though not without uses of their own.

The Mr. John Buchan who has been appointed secretary to Lord Milner is, it seems, the young Oxford man who, during the last five or six years, has been so fertile in literary production. Mr. Buchan already has to his credit the following works of fiction: *Sir Quixote of the Moors* (1895), *Scholar Gipsies* (1896), *John Burnet of Barns* (1898), *A Lost Lady of Old Years* (1899), *Grey Weather: Moorland Tales* (1899), and *Half-Hearted* (1900). We also owe to this writer a book on Brazenose College (1898), and *Musa Piscatrix* (1896), one of the Bodley anthologies. (Where are those anthologies now?) I presume, too, that the Stanhope Essay on Sir Walter Raleigh (1897) and the Newdigate Prize poem on the Pilgrim Fathers (1898) are from Mr. Buchan's pen.

This month's "new writer" in the *Bookman* is Mr. Joseph Conrad, who is so far from being new that his first book—*Almayer's Folly*—appeared in 1895. Since then we have had his *An Outcast of the Islands* (1896), *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* (1897), *Tales of Unrest* (1898), *Lord Jim* (1900), and, with Mr. F. M. Hueffer, *The Inheritors* (1901). If the enterprising conductor of the *Bookman* could not think of any really "new" writer, why did he not "discover" one? There is a lot of latent genius in Scotland!

I have commented before now on the interchange of titles going on between the novelists and the dramatists. I see that Mr. W. Le Queux proposes to call his new romance *The Court of Honour*, which is the name of a clever and interesting play produced a few years ago at the Royalty Theatre. Then I see that Mr. G. W. Cable has written a story called *The Cavalier*, which makes one think at once of "The Cavalier" of Charles Whitehead.

THE BOOKWORM.

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Reviews.

Florence and Dante.

The Two First Centuries of Florentine History. By Prof. Pasquale Villari. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

An English Commentary on Dante's "Divina Commedia." By Rev. H. F. Tozer. (Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d.)

THIS cheap edition of Prof. Villari's essays in Florentine history, for which we have had to wait so long, is still more than 15 per cent. dearer than the original Italian edition, published eight years ago, that is, the English demand for a work of this kind is one-fifth of the Italian, or the publisher in this country will not work except at a much larger profit than satisfies his Italian *confrère*, or the price of the English version was put up to nearly five times that of the original (accurately, the ratio is 8 lire to 30s.) in the hope that if the first harvest failed the aftermath would more than make up for any loss on the venture. Whatever the explanation—and the above alternatives by no means exhaust them—the poor student is too often rewarded for his unusual taste by being compelled to defer purchase until the work has lost its first freshness.

Fortunately, the value of Prof. Villari's researches in Italian archives has not, as the indebtedness of Dante experts show, been diminished by later work, although the first essay appeared in the Milan *Politecnico* so far back as 1866; indeed, we may securely accept the author's statement that the many monographs, dissertations, and treatises born since these lectures were first delivered not only do not weaken his arguments, but not infrequently corroborate them. Although the essays have been written during a period extending over a quarter of a century, and each is complete in itself, yet collected they form a coherent whole, and present, competently and vividly, many aspects of the Republic and Parties at the time of Dante. If occasionally the language is diffuse, and sometimes tautological, we are not sure that it is not a gain, remembering how intricate the problem is, the most intricate, perhaps, ever set the scientific historian—the causes which led to the rise and dominance of Florence.

As the author's intention is to get behind the phenomena which appealed to contemporary diarists and chroniclers, he is necessarily concerned with the philosophy and interpretation of events rather than with their portrayal; but, for all that, the reader will find his interest in the chronicler historians, like Villani and Campagni, sharpen as his insight into the forces controlling the political revolution deepens. Villani's story is too fascinating, his manner too charming for us ever to consent to his neglect, were he ten times more inaccurate, and his causal conceptions a hundred times more childish; in point of fact, he is an invaluable authority when treating of his own times. Had the modern historian no need of him the student of the Comedy would be in sorry case could he not illuminate many a trenchant and brief phrase in the poem by Villani's or Compagni's brightly quaint descriptions. Compare, for instance, Dante's reference to the Buondelmonte tragedy—"*O Buondelmonte, quanto mal fuggisti le nozze sue per gli altrui comforti*," ("O Buondelmonte, how ill thou fledst its marriage at another's suggestion") with Villani's; in the latter one reads how Buondelmonte, on Easter Day, 1215, returning from his nuptials, elegantly attired, with a wreath on his head, and riding a white horse, was slain, at the foot of the statue of Mars, by the friends of the lady he had abandoned, and how this was the cause of the wretched Ghibelline and Guelf factions, although long before there were disputes among the nobles, and these disputes existed because the Church and Empire were at variance. Commendation is, however, superfluous. "Giovanni Villani," writes the author, "with his incomparable gift of observation, supplies such minute descriptions of events, reports so many details, that, almost unawares, we find ourselves carried back to his day. Sometimes, when descending to particulars, he apologises for detaining the reader on topics of small moment, little foreseeing what value we later generations would attach to all those details of the trade, instruction, revenue, and expenditure of the Republic, or how we should long for more facts of the same kind."

Prof. Villari hints at his own ideal in distinguishing between the work of the historian and the philosophic interpretation of the age of which he treats:

> The genius of the historian emits, as it were, flashes of light; but these, while illuminating some occasional point, only leave a confused and uncertain view of past ages in our mind. We require to know men and institutions, parties and laws, as they really were. Nor is this enough: we must also comprehend how all these elements were fused into unity, and how laws and institutions were begotten by these men in those times.

We do not think any philosophy of history will ever succeed in fusing all these elements into one. There is no golden rule for connecting events nor for distinguishing between immediate and essential causes, nor, again, for detecting—a most important matter—whether the cause of an event is simple or complex. The interpreter of history selects from the whole body of documents just those facts which seem sufficient to make up a causal system; even then he is driven to transform some of the records, to ignore others, and ultimately he depends on his intuition to help him to string together his events so that there shall seem no unnatural break in their succession. Prof. Villari's theory compels acceptance because it is competent to describe the phenomena—political, social, and commercial. But we are still left asking, as we close this volume, with its tremendous array of facts and demonstrations, why Florence became pre-eminent in art and letters at the close of the fourteenth century. An excellent *a priori* demonstration could be made out from the data given in this volume, that Florence was poorer, artistically, at the close of the fourteenth century than London at the beginning of the twentieth. Briefly, in the following passage the author suggests the difficult problem, well-nigh insoluble, which the philosophic historian has to solve:

> The vicissitudes of the Florentine Republic can only be paralleled with those of the most flourishing periods of Athenian freedom. Throughout modern history we might seek in vain the example of another city simultaneously so turbulent and prosperous, where, despite so much internecine carnage, fine arts, letters, commerce, and industry all flourished equally. The historian almost doubts his own veracity when bound to recount how a handful of men settled on a small spot of earth, extended their trade to the East and the West, establishing banks throughout Europe, and accumulated such vast wealth that private fortunes sometimes sufficed to support tottering thrones. He has also to relate how these merchants founded modern poetry with their Dante, painting with their Giotto; how with the aid of Arnolfo and Brunelleschi, and of their Michaelangelo, who was poet, painter, sculptor, and architect in one, they raised the stupendous buildings which the world will lastingly admire. The first and subtlest of European diplomatists were Florentines: political science and civil history were born in Florence with Machiavelli. Towards the end of the Middle Ages this narrow township seems a small point of fire shedding light over the whole world.

Much of the political and social history of Florence can be shown to be a natural outcome of its geographical position. Florence is in a valley, girdled by hills studded with castles, at that time the strongholds of Teutonic knights, left over from the Longobard and Frank invasions; these knights used to raid the Florentines' lands

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and levy blackmail on the merchants passing along the great trade routes. Here, then, we have a barbaric society brought into conflict with a city of artizans. The history of that conflict begins about 1100, and ends with the passing of the Enactments of Justice—the Florentine Magna Charta—in 1283, when, politically, the nobles lost every vestige of their power. Whilst Florence was peculiar in the form of its struggle, every important Commune in Italy had to determine whether the lower or higher society should become dominant. This race conflict and contact is the real significance of the Guelf and Ghibelline contentions. But this struggle for supremacy may be interpreted in other ways: it may be regarded as a fusion of Roman law with a Feudal code: or, better still, as the building of a Roman edifice on Germanic foundation; or as a result of the Emperor and Pope both striving for temporal power. After the battle of Campaldino the nature of the conflict changes. The fat burghers *(popolani grassi)* became arrogant, and resisted the efforts of the ever-growing populace to obtain political representation, and they were always opposed to the members of the lesser guilds. This is the real origin of the Bianchi and Neri factions. Guelf and Ghibelline have ceased to be significant terms. Class distinctions within the walls does what racial hate had been unable to do; it undermines the power of Florence, and prepares it for the Medici. The history of the collapse of this wonderful Commune is only hinted at in this volume. Before giving in one word the causes which brought about the collapse of the Communes, or which prevented the Communes from giving birth to the State without first becoming principalities, and the prey of despots with mercenary troops, we desire to leave this glowing description on the reader's mind of what was happening in Florence at the moment of her greatness and the beginning of her fall:

> Every page of the Chronicles records the undertakings of very important public works—the erection of city squares, canals, bridges, and walls; and simultaneously with these the most enduring monuments of modern art were springing up from the ground. During the same period Arnolfo di Cambio worked on the Baptistery, began the church of Santa Croce, and, according to the chroniclers, received from the Signory a solemnly worded order to reconstruct the old cathedral from the foundations by erecting a new one "of the most magnificent the mind of man could conceive, rendering it worthy of a heart expanded to much greatness by the union of many spirits in one." Undoubtedly it was then that Arnolfo laid the first stone of the fane considered by many the finest church in the world. At the same time, a great number of monumental buildings and public works were being also carried on: Santo Spirito, for instance, Orsanmichele, and Santa Maria Novella. In 1299 Arnolfo likewise began the Palace of the Signoria, another marvel of modern architecture, that seems to be so thoroughly in character with the Republic and expressive of the youthful vigour then animating the Florentine people. In the same year the construction of new walls suspended since 1285 was also resumed. . . . What, too, are the names most frequently occurring in the records of those times amid the struggles promoting or following the Enactments of Justice? At every turn among the Priors, the Gonfaloniers and ambassadors, or at hot debates in Council, we meet with Dante Alighieri, Brunetto Latini, Giovanni Villani, Dino Compagni, and Guido Cavalcante, the creators of Italian poetry and prose.

The methods of war after Campaldino began to change; the citizen soldier gave place to the trained mercenary horseman, who hired himself, regardless of the cause for which he was to fight, to the best paymaster. Soldiering became a profession. Another fact hastened the passing of the Commune: myopia of the magnates, who withheld from the clamouring populace those civil privileges, devotion to which in the past had enabled them to overcome every obstacle to wealth and fame.

The two concluding essays, on Dante's exile and Henry VII., need not delay us, as the story has been told more than once, quite recently, in Dante text-books. In closing the book we ask ourselves the question: What is the seed which, in a democracy of free institutions, will in time efflorese into art and letters and political wisdom? It is a question of first importance to the State democracies of England and America.

Mr. Tozer's volume on the Comedy is a very serviceable and carefully compiled commentary; the fact that Mr. Paget Toynbee read the proof-sheets, and that the text followed is Dr. Moore's, is a warrant of its accuracy, and of the currency of its conclusions. Attention is constantly called to the metre, grammar, and archaic words—to mention unusual features first—and the difficult lines are paraphrased or translated; the allusions, and every serious difficulty in topography and chronology receive concise, but generally adequate, explanation. We regret that, since the aim was "to make Dante's meaning clear to the reader of his poem," he did not let slip into the volume a few diagrams, tables, maps, and plans—why, for instance, is there no plan of Florence and no map of Italy?—occasional reproductions, and an index. As a commentary is at best a necessary evil, and as this particular one lays no claim to originality or research, no efforts should have been spared to tone down its harshness, and make the whole volume more attractive.

In the matter of interpretation, where the meaning cannot be determined by appeal to documents, or where the principle of explaining Dante by Dante does not conclusively close the controversy, the reader will reserve judgment. As only six pages on an average can be given to a canto each *luogo oscuro* can receive but one explanation, and that necessarily the one which commends itself to the author. This method of annotating, none the less misleading because inevitable: it binds the author over to a dogmatism which might really be alien to his nature. As we turned over the leaves, and our eyes caught a word or phrase which recalled many a dubious conflict, we thought surely here the author will give a sign; but no, rarely was a sign given that there had been a conflict at all, and if the alert reader occasionally suspects a difference in interpretation he will be convinced by the time he has worked through the commentary that every battle is either won or lost:

> If divine justice (*nostra*, as it appears to us in Heaven) seems to men to be unjust, this is an argument in favour, not of unbelief, but of belief (because it shows that God's judgments are incomprehensible, and therefore should be accepted without questioning).

Who would suspect that the above is an explanation of a passage for which, so far, no entirely satisfactory explanation has been given, and we would ask how many are there who will credit Dante with such a banal thought? This is by no means an isolated example: it is a pity that the device of enclosing within square brackets was not adopted, as an indication that one out of many explanations had been chosen. For another kind of interpretation which we cannot classify in a few words, but which we advise the young student diligently to scrutinise before accepting, we select the following:

> "Wherefore I confer on thee plenary jurisdiction over thyself." The two words *corono* and *mitrio* are used to strengthen by repetition the force of the expression. No doubt they contain a reference to the Imperial and Papal crowns as being emblems of the two supreme powers which governed the world; but they must not be regarded as implying that Virgil conferred on Dante self-government in spiritual as well as temporal matters; to do this would be beyond his powers, and a usurpation of the function of Beatrice, who was Dante's spiritual guide. Consequently all reference to religious belief, and even to religious life, in *mitrio* must be excluded; and if anything is intended by the passage beyond the simple meaning which has been

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given above, it can hardly be more than that *corono* should refer to conduct and *mitrio* to conscience; and even this seems doubtful.

Most of this note is entirely irrelevant; the simple facts of the case are that, as Dante is now purified from all his sins, he assumes the state which Adam enjoyed before his expulsion from Eden. In other words, now that his judgment is free, right, and healthy ("Libero, dritto e sano è tuo arbitrio") he is entirely outside the jurisdiction of Pope or Emperor. That Dante used the words *corono* and *mitrio* deliberately is evident from a sentence in the *De Monarchia* (Bk. iii., chap. iv.), which says in effect that if man had remained in the state of innocence in which he had been made by God he would have had no need of either imperial or ecclesiastical guidance. There is, therefore, no attempt on the part of Virgil to invade Beatrice's domain, and had Mr. Tozer been content to explain Dante by Dante he would not assuredly have subtracted from the exquisite beauty of Virgil's final charge, nor detracted from the full significance of the lines by such enervating criticism.

The Chariot of Aminadab.

S. Gilbert of Sempringham and the Gilbertines. By Rose Graham. (Elliot Stock. 7s. 6d.)

The only religious order of English origin was founded in the reign of Stephen. It was distinguished particularly by the attempt to combine in a single community members of the two sexes, as had been done in the Order of St. Benedict, according to its primitive institution. The relations between the canons and nuns are fitly symbolised by the plan upon which the churches were built. A wall ran down the middle of the nave, parting the men from the women—a wall five feet thick.

> The wall was high enough to prevent the men and women from seeing each other, but it did not reach to the roof, that the women might hear High Mass, celebrated daily at canons' altar by two or three canons chosen by the Prior, and the sermon preached on feast days. A few feet from the east end stood the door in the dividing wall, which was opened for the processions, in which the whole community took part on the fourteen great festivals of the Order. Just beyond the door was the turn-table window of the communion, through which the canons passed the chalice and restored it to their care when Mass was over. [One would have supposed that the primary use of the window of communion would have been the administration of communion.] The window of confession . . . was of "the length of the finger and hardly of a thumb in breadth," and was protected by an iron plate.

The rule was based for the canons mainly on that of St. Augustine, and for the women on that of St. Benedict; to all," adds John Capgrave, the original biographer of the founder, "was offered the example of Christ and His saints." The national spirit of puritanism outcrops in the regulations of life and conduct peculiar to the order. Prioresses, and all others who cut the garments of the canons, shall "take care that neither cloaks, tunics, nor cowls touch the ground by their exceeding length, because he who boasts himself in this kind of garment is, without doubt, reprobate of God." Even the horses were docked of their tails and manes. "He who writes letters shall write simply, and, above all, shall avoid the vanity of profound and swelling words." Well, that, anyway, is very good puritanism. Organs and every kind of chant were prohibited. Like the Cistercians, the Gilbertines had no sculpture or "superfluous" pictures in their churches; nor was a multitude of lights permitted, save on the feast of the Purification or Candlemas, and at the office of Tenebrae, in what Miss Graham (following Sir Henry Irving) calls Passion Week.

The Order found favour with Henry II., who granted it his charters as "free and special alms." And his protection was invoked against aggressors. Such, for instance, was that Agnes de Vescy who, "with a great number of women and dogs and other things," insisted on making a hostel of the house at Watton. Anyway, she was a sporting lady whose importance rendered necessary an appeal to the royal patron; and he ordered the sheriff to approach her in person and admonish her to find another hunting lodge. With the Roman Pontiffs, too, did the sons of St. Gilbert find favour. Thus, when in the evil days of John Plantagenet the land lay under an interdict, they were permitted to recite their office and celebrate mass as usual, save only that it must be without ringing of bells, in low voices, and within closed doors. Their modest high-water mark of prosperity was reached in the reign of Edward I. The sons and daughters of the nobility enriched the houses of the Order which they entered; money bought from the needy king the right to acquire lands and churches, the Statute of Mortmain notwithstanding; and the wool trade, in which it was greatly interested, flourished. Then, partly in consequence of the encroachments of greedy neighbours, a decline set in. Here is an unpleasant sidelight on the dark side of mediæval life:

> In 1337 fifty men broke into the Priory of St. Margaret at Marlborough, and burnt the trees and timber there. In 1316 the Priory of St. Catherine, Lincoln, lost "by hunger" the greater part of five hundred sheep, which were driven out of the close. In 1330 certain knights broke the banks of the fishery at Haverholme, so that the water which flowed to the priory mills ran out through the breaches and flooded three hundred acres of meadow.

In 1348 half the representatives of the Order perished from the epidemic known as the Black Death. And the gaps in its ranks were never afterwards filled up. When the days of pillage came, the Gilbertine houses were indeed spared in the earlier raid, though only four of them could show the statutory income of over £200 a year. When, later, the greater houses also were doomed, the Gilbertines melted rather ingloriously away. They furnished no martyr to the cause of ecclesiastical liberty. Only we read of the Prioress of Ambresbury that

> she rested and so remaineth in these terms: "If the king's highness command me to go from this house I will gladly go, though I beg my bread; and as for pension, I care for none."

The canons of Sempringham slavishly wrote:

> Know that by unanimous assent and consent, with deliberate purpose, with certain knowledge and free impulse for some just and reasonable causes, being especially moved by our minds and consciences, we have of our own will and desire granted the Priory of Sempringham to our most illustrious prince and lord, Henry VIII., Supreme Head of the English Church.

It is hardly matter for wonder if, while Black Friars, Grey Friars, White Friars, Monks of St. Benedict, flourish again in the twentieth century, no attempt has been made to revive the only English Order.

The man to whose initiative the Order owed its inception was an English squire, and by his personal peculiarities might have furnished the text for one of Nietszche's diatribes against the Slave. By some personal deformity he was rendered repulsive even to the servants in his father's hall. In his youth he showed no great aptitude for learning; nevertheless, he was sent abroad, and studied at Paris in the days when Abelard was the rival of William of Champeaux. Upon his return he received at his father's hands the benefices of Sempringham and West Torrington, and at once, according to his biographer, began to devote himself to the education of the boys and girls of those parishes, and to the practices of personal piety. His reputation for sanctity was presently spread abroad, and he was able to sacrifice to the Lord seven virgins whom he kept safe under lock and key for

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the Heavenly Bridegroom. In the form into which it ultimately grew, the Order is likened by this biographer to the chariot of Aminadab, "having four wheels: two of men, clerk and lay; and two of women, lettered and unlettered." Gilbert died in 1188 at the age of a hundred years, leaving behind him nine chariots of four wheels and four of two—that is, houses of canons and lay brothers only. Upon the evidence of numerous miracles he was raised to the altars of the Church in 1201.

As to the manner in which Miss (?) Graham has carried out her task, it may be said that, great as are the pains she has bestowed upon it, they are less than would be necessary to an exhaustive work. Many of the houses, or their remains, she admits she has been unable to visit, and for information regarding them has been compelled to fall back on "courteous help" from local correspondents. Yet even so she appears to have been unable to make the best use of the matter to her hand, so that the book is heavy, not to say tedious, reading. Her ideas, too, of the Catholic liturgy are loose: no writer acquainted with the service books, for instance, would talk of the night office as vigils, or the *hebdomada major* as Passion Week, or imply, as she seems to imply, in a passage quoted above, that the nuns received communion under both species.

A Teacher with Many Texts.

Robert Browning as a Religious Teacher: Being the Burney Essay for 1900. By Arthur Cecil Pigou. (Clay & Sons.)

IT is hard to give a coherent account of a philosopher's philosophy, but it is harder to give any account at all of a poet's.

> I shut myself in with my soul,
> And the shapes come eddying forth,

wrote Rossetti. Browning also shut himself in with his soul, "and the shapes [came] eddying forth," for, as a brilliant Irishman put it, he ranks as a creator of character "next to him who made Hamlet." But the creator of character is in essence the novelist, and such a man is, in proportion to the greatness of his art, elusive and undiscoverable. And so Mr. Pigou found it easier to gain the Burney prize than to fasten a lens over the ultimate Browning; of the shapes he possibly missed not one, but the shaper remained aloof.

Another Robert has stated that his namesake "thundered" a negative when asked if he was a Christian. In that response he was, no doubt, anti-dogmatic rather than anti-Christian. Sympathy with Christianity is, as Mr. Pigou suggests, implied by the bare fact that he has dramatically created St. John, David, and others who were "presumably believers in the Gospel story." Indeed, Mr. Pigou glides into the view that, "for practical purposes, he accepted the main doctrines of Christianity." "Practical!" It is an admirable paradox that so solid an adjective should so often be at the service of ambiguity.

It is certain that, as a poet, Browning needed beautiful conceptions. Christianity gave him the conception of God martyred of His own will by man as an atonement for the sins of man. In the crucible of the poet:

> The agony in the Garden expands throughout the ages, and becomes a
>
> "divine instance of self-sacrifice
> Which never ends and aye begins for man."
>
> The face of the Crucified stirs from the fixed point that has been assigned to it in time, and, soaring beyond the range of historical criticism, neither falters before the gaze of philosophy, nor dwindles across the darkness, but
>
> "rather grows,
> Or decomposes but to recompose,
> Become my universe that feels and knows."

Obviously, if such ideas were to be labelled "Browning's Philosophy," his reputation as an optimist should sink low. There is nothing really more repugnant to optimism of the purest type than the idea of God in pain. If the Heart of the Universe suffer for the world's sin, how callous must the world be that is all "right." But Browning was an optimist, and we may be pretty certain that a God in pain was not a stationary vision in his mind. Of evil and good he had the confused notions resulting from the inexorable prejudices of the flesh. He would not believe in a black that white could not disintensify, and the only hell he allotted mortals was the inevitable detention in grosser moulds due to their unfitness for finer ones. Heaven, he seems, in "Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau," to have figured as an equivalent of an unquiet Nirvana:

> The thunder-glow from pole to pole
> Abolishing, a blissful moment space,
> Great cloud alike and small cloud, in one fire.

To seek truth is, in his opinion, more important than to find it. We must

> . . . shake
> This torpor of assurance from our creed

Our agnostical age may smile wanly at that. But to shake off assurance is not to shake off hope. That is strong in Browning; it has, like the sea-mew of another poet:

> Wide eyes that weary never,
> And wings that search the sea.

We note that "La Saisiaz" and "A Beanstripe" are among the poems to which Mr. Pigou has most frequent recourse. His little book is intelligent, though necessarily rather futile. We part with it not without some "private smiling" for thinking of Mr. Alfred Austin's admonition of 1870: "Let the sane general public take heart and bluntly forswear Mr. Browning and all his works," lest they incur "the misery of living in an age which gibbeted itself beforehand for the pity of posterity, by deliberately calling a man a poet who . . . is not specifically a poet at all." Fortunately, Mr. Pigou has called him in his title "a religious teacher."

The Return of the Jews.

Menasseh Ben Israel's Mission to Oliver Cromwell. Edited by Lucien Wolf. (Macmillan.)

AMONG the volumes dealing with quaint by-paths of history there are few more curious than those published for the Jewish Historical Society of England. The Return of the Jews to England has fascinated others besides Mr. Lucien Wolf, to whom we owe this reprint of the pamphlets published by Menasseh Ben Israel to promote the re-admission of the Jews to England in 1649-1656. The book has been edited, with an introduction and notes, by Mr. Lucien Wolf, and is illustrated by some excellent reproductions of portraits of the great Jewish writer and diplomatist. The tracts have been printed in facsimile; not reproduced by any photographic process, but entirely reset in types similar to those employed in the original. Mr. Wolf's introduction will naturally be found by the general reader to be the most interesting part of the book, and it represents what is the last word, at any rate for the present, in the matter by the light of fifteen years' study and investigation.

The Jews, who came into England with the Normans, were expelled by Edward I. in 1290, and for two centuries and more this country was to them little more than a bitter memory. Then, when the Jews were also expelled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, the people wandered all over the earth, to those countries in which they were

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tolerated. But they left behind them in Spain and Portugal the less scrupulous remnant of their race—rich Jews, who were disinclined to make sacrifices for the faith of their fathers, and who accepted the terms of the Inquisition rather than abandon their wealth. But their conversion to Christianity was only simulated, and for two centuries they preserved in secret their allegiance to Judaism. These Iberian Crypto-Jews—or Marranos, as they were called—fought the Jesuits with their own weapons, and then "the Jewish blood and the Jewish heresy became distributed all over the peninsula, and crept into the highest ranks of the nation. The Court, the Church, the army, even the dread tribunals of the Holy Office itself, were not free from the taint." At a very early epoch the Marranos reached England, and we hear of them almost immediately after the expulsion from Spain figuring in a lawsuit in London. A Marrano, Roderigo Lopes, was Court Physician to Queen Elizabeth, and the original of Shakespeare's Shylock. The Reformation in England first turned Jewish eyes towards the land from which they had been so long excluded. "They were especially interested by Henry VIII.'s appeal to Jewish scholars during his conflict with the Papacy in regard to his divorce from Catherine of Aragon. Still more deeply must their feelings have been stirred by Elizabeth's struggle with Spain. All over Europe, indeed, the Jewish sympathies were with Elizabeth."

But what chiefly attracted the Jews was the increasing Hebraism of English religious thought, as represented by the Puritan movement; and when the Commonwealth, with its pronounced Judaical tendencies, emerged from this movement, the more mystical Jews began to dream of the Golden Age, and the more practical to see that the time had arrived when it might be reasonably hoped to obtain the revocation of Edward I.'s edict of banishment. Towards the end of 1655 the question of the re-admission of the Jews was brought to a climax by Menasseh Ben Israel's famous mission to Oliver Cromwell:

> The evolution of English thought which rendered Menasseh Ben Israel's enterprise possible is of considerable complexity, but its main features are easily distinguishable. The idea of religious liberty in England was due, in its broader aspects, to the struggle between the Baptists and the Calvinists. The Reformation established only a restricted form of religious liberty, and it was not until the Baptists found themselves persecuted as the Reformers had been before them that the cry arose for a liberty of conscience that would embrace all religions. In the Separatist Churches founded by English refugees in Amsterdam and Geneva, the idea grew and strengthened. The earliest noteworthy tract on the subject—Leonard Prosper's "Religious Peace; or, a Plea for Liberty of Conscience," published in 1614—was written under the influence of these exiles, and it is noteworthy that already in that work the extension of religious liberty to the Jews was specifically demanded. Amsterdam was at that time the seat of a flourishing Jewish community, some of whose members came into contact with the philo-Jewish refugees. In this way they probably learned to understand the political significance of the successive rises of the Puritans and Independents, for at the very beginning of the Civil War the Royalist spies in Holland noted that the Jews sympathised with the Republicans, and even alleged that they had offered them "considerable sums of money to carry on their designs."

Thus it was that the way was paved for Menasseh Ben Israel's mission, which was also helped by the fact that there were few men in England whose minds had not been influenced by Messianic and other mystical beliefs. Menasseh himself was the son of a Marrano of Lisbon who had suffered at the hands of the Inquisition, and had, as a result, taken up his abode in Amsterdam. Menasseh was ordained a Rabbi at eighteen, and became a mine of learning, an accomplished linguist, a fluent writer, and a notable preacher. His attainments made a considerable noise in the world at a time when public attention was riveted on Biblical prophecy, and the question of its fulfilment, through the Jews. A solution of the Jewish question was arrived at towards the end of 1656, which to Menasseh Ben Israel was a compromise of a purely selfish nature, for it left his idea of a proclamation of a free asylum to the persecuted and scattered remnants of Israel as remote as ever. However, it seemed to the local Marranos all they required, and as it disturbed little, it enabled the Jews to survive the fall of the Commonwealth. Charles II. was indebted to the Jews, and he refused to expel them again, and so the agitation against them died down, and they were allowed to remain. Mr. Wolf has produced a fascinating historical work, which is of interest not only to Jews, but to all students of English history.

Other New Books.

MISS MARIE CORELLI. BY KENT CARR.

"The critics will not like it, but her public will, unless I am greatly mistaken, eagerly welcome it." Thus the editor of the "Bijou Biographies," introducing this book. We dare say he is right. Mr. Carr has sewn together a great number of published accounts of Miss Corelli's life, ambitions, quarrels, adventures, and, above all, her mission. We really cannot pretend to criticise a book which, so far as it is a book at all, does not interest us. We see no earthly reason why Miss Corelli's life should be written yet; and we object to the style of this premature effort. A photograph of two pages of *The Murder of Delicia*, found in the Boer trenches after the battle of Colenso, and bearing, it is alleged, the marks of shots and bloodstains, leaves us cold. The circumstance is, of course, interesting to Miss Corelli and her bodyguard of admirers.

We will make a little anthology of extracts from Mr. Carr's book, which will help to fulfil the admitted destiny of the book—to annoy the critics and please the public.

> That Hall Caine should have rejected that astounding production [*A Romance of Two Worlds*, which Mr. Caine "read" for Mr. Bentley] says nothing for his business capacity. A reader's duty is to float the stuff which has the best marketable value, and not to pander to private literary predilections. It is easy enough to prophesy after the event, but it seems incredible that any man with average commercial instincts should have failed to perceive that in this young girl's novel a very riot of saleable qualities lay to his hand.

By the way, Mr. Hall Caine's business capacity has still some rather conspicuous supports left:

> Milton, as we know, essayed to justify the ways of God to men by a great epic. It was by "a plain history of strange occurrences happening to oneself" that Miss Corelli sought to prove the actual certainty of a future state of being, and to clear up all knotty points on the subject of the Creation.

As Miss Corelli has been taken very seriously by her public, it is not surprising to read:

> All sorts and conditions of people write to Miss Corelli. There are letters from Indian princes, addressed with a fine reverence to "one who is inspired with the truths of the Divine"; and curious communications from mites in the schoolroom, who have discovered with amazement that commiseration in their scholastic woes is to be had from a grown-up source. . . . She has received many appreciative letters from various Royal personages. But on this subject she exhibits a perhaps exaggerated sensitiveness.

We do not think that Miss Corelli's hostile critics ought wantonly to make her seem tiresome or ridiculous. But this book is written by an admirer. (Drane. 1s.)

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THE SAINTS AND MISSIONARIES OF THE ANGLO-SAXON ERA. BY THE REV. D. C. O. ADAMS.

Mr. Adams deserves thanks for this second series of his biographies of the Anglo-Saxon saints. Even those, and they are not many, who nowadays take an interest in hagiography probably know better the saints of any country and any period than our early Saxon saints. Nor is it quite surprising or blameworthy. Their names survive in many a church or township scattered over England; but even Mr. Adams has been able to discover very little about the careers of many, or, indeed, most of them. All the more we welcome what is knowable. St. Boniface, St. Dunstan, and the like, we know somewhat of. (Did not the latter perform a delightful, if apocryphal, exploit on the devil with a pair of tongues?) But St. Ives, for instance, we know solely as an indispensable rhyme in connection with cats and old wives. Here you shall find that, alas! he is "not historical," and a mere Persian bishop into the bargain, about whom nothing is known beyond the discovery of his body in the eleventh century. Not even Cornish, and nowise connected with kits or cats, or old wives—not even by the latter's traditional narrative capacity! But that is not Mr. Adams's fault. (Mowbray. 5s. net.)

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE HEBREWS. BY R. L. OTTLEY.

This is a brief history of the Judaic kingdom such as has long been needed, wherein the Scriptural records are eked out and illustrated by the most recent results of archæological research, and treated in the light of modern Scriptural criticism. It is a very able, symmetrical, clear, and well-informed volume, which forms an excellent companion and supplement to the Biblical narrative. At the same time, it must be borne in mind that Mr. Ottley leans towards the so-called "Higher Criticism," and is disposed to adopt with a bold confidence some of the adventurous speculative conclusions of this and the archæologists or archæological writers who have treated Hebraic history. Therefore it will be well for the cool-headed and dispassionate student to maintain an open and somewhat critical mind in regard to his more conjectural though confidently stated views, since no school of Biblical criticism or archæological research has reached within a measure of scientific surety. This caution apart, the book may be recommended with warm praise to the general student who wishes to understand the Bible narrative as it appears in the light of our recent ethnological, antiquarian, and historical discoveries. (Cambridge University Press. 5s.)

Fiction.

The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THERE is scarcely any sentiment more widespread among mankind than the feeling of revolt against injustice, a feeling which always includes a vague desire to set things right. It is almost the most facile of sentiments, transitory, feeble, and liable to be aroused by trifling and theatrical phenomena of distress, while callous to the appeal of a profound and universal wrong. One characteristic of the ignorant and superficial thinker is that injustice seems to him so unnecessary, foolish, and easily curable. Make him landlord, or magistrate, or legislator, or prime minister, or monarch, or God, and he would fix up Utopia in about a fortnight. His scheme is usually such a simple one that he wonders that no one else has ever hit on it. It comprises everything, allows for everything, adjusts everything—except human nature. On the other hand, the man who has acquired wisdom and prudence from history, who has learnt the extremely difficult arts of looking a fact in the face, and of conquering the tyranny of his own emotions, hesitates long before even tentatively suggesting a social remedy. He is aware that Nature will not be hurried, and that an assemblage of legislators is as much within the dominion of Nature as the crowded florets on a dandelion. Above all, he knows that systems are an effect, never a cause. Intimidated by Nature's carelessness, cruelty, obstinacy, and her magnificent leisureliness, he is most probably content to sit and watch her, and to endure in silence the scorn of the neck-or-nothing reformer. We make these preliminary observations in order to throw a little light on the genesis of Mr. Hall Caine's new novel. It is not unfair to him to say that his consciousness of a mission to the world has deepened in proportion to the increase of his popularity as a novelist. Practically, he has been unable to refuse the world's invitation to him to take himself very seriously. Book by book, his tendency to teach righteousness grows more high-flown and grandiose. This tendency seems to be inseparable from sales in six figures: other striking instances of it are Emile Zola and Miss Marie Corelli. It must result, sooner or later, in an attempt to produce what is conveniently termed a "world-novel," a novel in which are presented supreme types, comprehensively significant, and of a universal symbolism. In the case of Mr. Hall Caine, it was of course necessary that he should surpass *The Christian.* He goes to Rome, or he happens to go to Rome—"the eternal city" of the popular preacher who rounds a period with the impressive phrase, "Ave Roma immortalis." What more suitable theatre for a sociological prophetic romance could be found? It is the religious centre of the occident, the grave of civilisations, the battlefield of two expiring forces, the Mecca of the artist, the archæologist, and the historian; it is the goodness-knows-what! In short, it is the type-city. He seizes and fearlessly embraces it. The melodramatist in him selects by instinct the sheer melodrama of its history and its present situation, and uses it to give a picturesque life and movement to the dry bones of a social theory. And what is that social theory? It is the theory of a born sentimentalist who chances to be an industrious novelist. It is given to few men to be both novelist and publicist. And Mr. Hall Caine is certainly not both. Apart from his craft, he stands revealed as your ordinary social reformer. It is "the last day of the last month of the last year of the century" (no doubt 31st December, 1900) when the novel begins, and in a few years of propaganda, plot, counterplot, and insurrection, Italy—far more than Turkey "the sick man of Europe"—is cured of her ills. Bureaucracy is scotched; militarism is rooted out; vested interests are abandoned; inherited instincts are annihilated; the Pope abdicates temporal power (Can't you see him doing it?); the "young" King also abdicates temporal power, and the world city, pattern of all future cities, whose builder and maker is Mr. Hall Caine, comes into existence. And this proves that the pen is mightier than the sword; for the pen—at least, the novelist's pen—can force men to act in accordance with reason instead of in accordance with emotion—to think instead of to feel: a feat of which no large mixed body of men ever yet showed itself capable.

The main fact of the novel is so wildly impossible, so unthinkable, as to render any serious criticism of the book as a realistic study entirely supererogatory. There is no humanity in the work, no genuine observation of life. Sentimentality stalks through it on the stilts of obviousness. You cannot choose a single episode—from the first, of the Italian accordion-boy and his squirrel dying in a snowstorm under the portico of the great house in Soho-square, to the last, where the old gentleman, with a face "full of tenderness and a white head full of Jovian grandeur," stands in front of "a marble tomb which bears an inscription of one word only, *Volonna*"—which is not

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both sentimental and melodramatic to the extremity of crudeness. In the invention of the heroine's name, Roma Volonna, all crudeness is comprised. The hero is such a hero as Mr. Wilson Barrett would play with *éclat* for three hundred nights. The incident, which frequently shows constructional ingenuity, is consistently theatrical. We will give one example, chosen at random from dozens we have noted:

> She felt a sensation of swelling in her throbbing heart, and rose up with shining eyes.
> "Roma, I confess that when I escaped from the police I came here to avenge myself. They are following me, and I shall inevitably be taken. But if you tell me that it was only your love that led you to denounce me—your love, and nothing but your love—though I am betrayed and fallen, and may be banished or condemned to death—still . . ."
> "I do say so! I do! I do!"
> "Swear it, Roma."
> "I swear. . . ."
> "The woman lies," said a voice behind them.
> The Baron stood in the bedroom doorway.

Excellent old Baron, always ready for a crisis in the bedroom doorway. Even the venerable Pope is not allowed to abdicate without being convicted of youthful immorality. The chief villain is, of course, a *roué*. Listen:

> "Let me pass," said the Baron.
> "Not yet, sir," said Rossi, and he flung his soft hat on to the side table. "You have something to do before you go. The lives of men like you are insults to every man who has a mother, a daughter, or a wife, and before you leave this room you will go down on your knees and beg the pardon of your victim in the sacred name of Woman."

These two extracts will condemn the book more effectively than much analytic criticism. And if we multiplied them a hundredfold, as we could, their condemnation would not be more unanswerable.

Judged as an exercise in popularity, *The Eternal City* has the grave fault of being tedious. In the matter of narrative, Mr. Hall Caine has much to learn from Miss Marie Corelli. It was an error of discretion to set forth in full the ponderous correspondence of the hero and heroine and the proclamations of the reforming hero.

Love and His Mask. By Ménie Muriel Dowie. (Heinemann. 6s.)

Love and war are the themes of Mrs. Norman's new novel. She has chosen a larger canvas than in *The Crook of the Bough*, but the underlying motive of this clever story has not the significance of the former book. There she analysed the emotions of a Turk under the dominion of one of the many counterfeits of love. Here we have a long and sensitive study of a modern woman—pretty, clever, complex, rich—who is always in love with love, and in the end finds the reality. But Mrs. Norman stops short of proving that it was really the reality.

Her name was Leslie Rose, widow of Urquhart Rose, the sculptor. In many ways Mrs. Rose had been a happy wife. "But the man to whom she would become all woman was not Urquhart Rose." At the opening of the book the Boer War is in its early stages, and Mrs. Rose, having bought a typewriter, uses it to send long letters to a bachelor brigadier at the front whom she has never seen—General Reddington. The letters, of which some specimens are given, are not in the least sentimental. Kindly, informative, touched with feeling, they are eagerly read by the bachelor brigadier, and later, when he returns, invalided, to England, to fall in love with Mrs. Rose, he does not guess that she was his unknown correspondent. Having refused the general, this emotional lady, by devious ways, finds her affinity in her old friend, Sergeant the Hon. Sir Aubyn Tollemache, known as Tobey. The general returns to the front. This novel could only have been written by a woman. No man writer, no ordinary man writer, could sustain for over three hundred pages such a keen analytical interest in the ways and throes of love. Philanderers should learn something from this passage:

> Every woman of temperament would willingly go so far with any man who interests her. If he will keep quiet and do and say nothing alarming, she will—to change the simile—approach nearer and nearer, staring with all her soul, as beasts in a field will draw close to an artist seated with an easel. But let him stay still! At the first "Hoosh" she is frightened. At a touch, should she have ventured within range, the emotions are set quivering; if each emotion has its pulse, what a racket in her veins. And then the self-questioning, the self-reproach, the discomfortable sensations after.

Love and His Mask is a spirited and readable story, with an unaffected tenderness that lingers in the memory.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

THE OCTOPUS. BY FRANK NORRIS.

This is the first story in Mr. Norris's promised trilogy of the "Epic of the Wheat." What has an octopus to do with wheat? Everything, when, as in this case, the Octopus is a tract of country in California which goes by that name. Mr. Norris gives a very business-like air to this novel by including a map of the Octopus district, and a list of the characters. These number twenty-seven. We have Magnus Derrick (the "Governor"), proprietor of the Los Muertos Rancho, his wife, his two sons, his neighbours and friends, and many humbler folk. Dipping into the book we find the loading of a grain ship put to a tragic use. The novel, it should be explained, is complete in itself. The scene throughout is California. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

A SOWER OF WHEAT. BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

We are accustomed to the coincidences that lay two novels like *The Octopus* and *A Sower of Wheat* on our table almost on the same day. Here also we are on the great corn prairies of the West, and the wheat rustles or tinkles through all. Fields, railways, and gold mines form the spacious background of this story of industry and love. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

THE MILLION. BY DOROTHEA GERARD.

Madame Longard de Longarde's newest novel is founded on the following announcement in the *Wernowice News*: "Thomas Morawek, notary in Lyczyu, has presented a million florins to his native town for the foundation of an orphanage, destined for the education of motherless girls. We are informed that the money has already been deposited. . . ." The story does not relate to the orphanage, but to the means by which, to the amazement of his fellow citizens, Notary Morawek had accumulated his million. (Methuen. 6s.)

FROM THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK. BY JANE BARLOW.

Readers of Miss Barlow's Irish stories are likely to welcome this volume of short stories. Among the titles we notice "Dinny and the Dans," "The Counsel of Widdy Coyle," "The Vengeance of Joe Mahony," and "Cocky's Conscience." (Methuen. 6s.)

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THE AWAKENING OF ANTHONY WEIR. BY S. K. HOCKING.

Mr. Hocking's readers love to see a minister tempted (in books, we mean), and to watch his behaviour under the ordeal. One of Anthony Weir's temptations occurs on page 151, where we find him watching the gambling at Monte Carlo. "In his pulpit ministrations he had often denounced gambling as one of the most pernicious vices of the age . . . yet now . . . the moral or immoral aspect of the question seemed to pass completely from his mind: the chance of winning a heap of gold seemed to dominate every other consideration." (Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.)

HEATHER'S MISTRESS. BY AMY LE FEUVRE.

A pleasant wholesome story for the young girl, with fifteen illustrations. "Heather's thoughts went back to that dreadful day, when she had sobbed out her heart upon the old dial. . . . So to the cosy little thatched cottage they went, and Abigail opened the door herself. . . . 'Ay, sir, you have the best of the two, but I'm thankful Miss Bluebell has seen the error of her ways. . . . And Miss Heather has chosen well, for we've heard you are on the Lord's side yourself, sir.'" (Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.)

THE GOLD THAT PERISHETH. BY DAVID LYALL.

Another story of the "fireside" type, by the author of *The Land o' the Leal*. Mr. Lyall here forsakes Scotland for Essex. The story is built up on homely virtues and on the vanity of riches. "There were no millionaires in Christ's time, and I am sure He never intended there should be," says the heroine. (Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.)

THE YEAR ONE. BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

This "Page of the French Revolution," the author explains, is laid principally in Paris during the Reign of Terror. He has not taken any of the great historical figures of the Revolution into his "dramatis personæ," but has endeavoured to show the effects of their actions on the fortunes of humbler people; and in this attempt he has gone to many original family records. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton now has eleven "romances" to his credit, and five "novels of to-day." (Methuen. 6s.)

THE WARRIGALS' WELL. BY DONALD MACDONALD AND JOHN F. EDGAR.

This "North Australian Story" is inspired by the Imperial idea, and sets forth the adventures of Jasper Meredith and Allan Ogilvie as the agents of the "Outer Empire Exploration Company," of which Sir Samuel Warrington is chairman. After a good dinner Sir Samuel said to the two heroes: "A week ago there called at my office a man who told me a remarkable story. For a sum of money he undertook to divulge the whereabouts of a region rich in many minerals, and to lead the way to it in person. . . . This man was wrecked some time ago on the north coast of Australia." "There may be Millions in it" is the title of the next chapter. How the Megaphone Mine was found is set forth in the later chapters of this novel of pioneering. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

A SET OF FLATS. BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

No. 520, Victoria-street is the scene of the murder, and a list of the tenants in nine sets of flats is one of the first documents in the case. The murderer is believed to be a tenant. To extract him from the general population of the flats is the problem. A German professor, a journalist, a lady typewriter, and others, fall under the scrutiny of Inspector Phillipson. A brisk Scotland Yard story. (Milne. 3s. 6d.)

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF LADY DELIA. BY LOUIS TRACY.

The cover of this melodramatic story of a disappearance would almost run to meet you in a drawing-room, its yellow and black are so emphatic. Lady Delia was last seen at Victoria Station, and inquiry showed that she had entered a block of mansions at Chelsea in which there were six main entrances, seventy-two flats, and no hall porters. The story lacks nothing of mystery and horror. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE SNARES OF THE WORLD. BY HAMILTON AIDÉ.

Mr. Aidé's new novel opens in Westminster in 1897, and we are at once interested in Moyra O'Connell, a poor but proud Irish girl of good birth who, in her aunt's opinion, has a great deal too much poetry and idealism about her, and ought to have accepted Lord Kilhaven. Moyra remains true to herself, yet gets into a false position in the house of Lord Desmond, whose ill-assorted marriage is important to the story. Moyra's handsome looks and well-filled mind give her rather more power than she can wisely control, but after some tribulation and much experience of modern society she is made happy. A wholesome Society story, rather longer than the average novel. (Murray. 6s.)

WHILE CHARLIE WAS AWAY. BY MRS. POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Another book of letters with fold-over covers. We dip at a venture, and read: "Her little house in Belgravia is the prettiest thing of the kind I ever saw—white outside and in, everything in it white, except its owner. It goes by the name of the White Sepulchre, and certainly it is in one sense a mausoleum, where are bleaching the bones of many a nice, robust reputation." (Heinemann. 2s. 6d.)

THE DARLINGTONS. BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE.

We found a good novel—*Sister Carrie*—in the "Dollar Library" the other day. This may be another. It opens at Ashboro', where President Darlington, of the High Point, Rankelman, Ashboro' and Southern Railroad, is addressing his fellow citizens on the prospects of the railway. He is followed by his daughter, the Auditor of the railway. The story is complex, and American to its inmost sentence. (Heinemann. 4s.)

GOD'S REBEL. BY HULBERT FULLER.

Stories dealing with sociological questions in America are reaching us rather frequently. This is one, and the publishers think it will be of interest at the present time, in view of the great strikes of steel workers and engineers now proceeding. The story is long and full of varied matter. In the chapter called "The Evolution of a Grease Pot" we are among oil tanks and pipe-lines; in the chapter "Going Down" we are in a publisher's office; and in "The Crimson Sign" we are in the throes of a great American strike, with the militia out. (Jarrold. 6s.)

REAL LIFE. BY CHARLES S. MARSHALL.

A very artless story laid at a sea-side boarding-house. The author has everything to learn about narration. "'Are you comfortable, Alice dear?' 'Yes, thank you, dear, I am. It is so kind, so good of you to evince such a deep interest in me. I shall never be able to reciprocate your kindness.'" We cannot understand how such stories as this find their way into print. (Drane. 6s.)

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On Certain Affinities.

It is generally assumed that the curious phenomena in sensitiveness known as *correspondances*, are intimately and uniquely associated with the decadent school of thought. In these *correspondances* certain sense impressions stimulate in the mind the consciousness of a different sense: light awakens sensations of sound; perfume awakens sensations of colour. The name of *correspondances* was first applied to these abnormal sense-parallels in the works of Baudelaire, where the most striking examples of them are to be found.

> Il est des parfums frais comme des chairs d'enfant,
> Doux comme les hautbois, verts comme les prairies.

Verhaeren has written:

> Dites, la paix des grands couchants en mer!
> Dites, et leur douceur et leur splendeur penchante,
> Le soir, lorsque l'on croit, là-bas, dans le soleil,
> Que la lumière chante!

Indeed, all the French "Decadent" poets have been more or less subject to a like experience of sense transference.

It is, of course, a mistake to consider this inter-relation of impressions as necessarily dependent on a state of decadence, which is a state of disease. It is easy to prove that *correspondances* have, in English literature, been experienced and acknowledged by poets of robust and vigorous mentality. Was not the author of Job before Verhaeren when he heard sound in light: "All the morning stars sang together"? Did not Browning's "Abt Vogler" rear out of sound a palace visible to the eye in colour and form, with "rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass"? Have not Swinburne and Fiona Macleod and Edward Carpenter given us "grey winds," and "green winds," and "blue winds"? And to take an example from another art, does not Whistler intend to suggest music in his nocturnes in blue and silver, his symphonies in gold and grey? Indeed, there are not wanting signs of a time when these *correspondances* shall be scientifically scheduled, and an actual relationship demonstrated between, say, certain sounds and corresponding forms. Already experiments have proved that the notes of a scale have subtle parallels in colour.

All the processes of the arts dovetail one into the other. Turner's sunrises dissolve into music. Where shall we find a gallery of such pictures as the "Faery Queene" opens to us? What sculpture is there to equal the sublime group of Milton's "Samson Agonistes"?

This tragedy of strength is written for us, as it were, in a medium of stone. The movement is so slow as to seem almost stationary: the despair is so huge as to lose the minor details of colour in an overwhelming grey. There is no flush of the emotions of the flesh: the poem is blocked in the sombre and shadowy lines of spirit. Like the grandest examples of sculpture, it is ascetic in conception: cold, restrained, spare. This Samson is the man of epic achievement, but even more he is the Nazarite, the ascetic of Hebrew times, avoiding strong drinks, temperate in the indulgence of the senses. His mental and spiritual fibre is as heroic as his physical; he has the practical eye of the statesman for opportunities, as well as the insight of the seer. Hence the tragedy of his fall, out of which he has courage to distil the bitterest essence, and bear with a large, patient helplessness the evil days and evil tongues. "Samson Agonistes" dwells in the mind like the memory of some of those earliest sculptures, strong with the freshness of a vigorous world, and bearing in every line that sense of unmeasured tragedy, of exquisiteness eternally frustrated, which in such stones as the Elgin Marbles stir to tears.

Blake's fragment of "Samson" is, on the other hand, almost entirely pictorial. You feel as if you had been looking through a portfolio of Blake's own drawings, inchoate, fraught with terrible and dazzling suggestion, or dim with tenderness. Indeed, could any drawing more adequately render the scene to the eyes of Dalila (importuning than these few words?

> He seemed a mountain, his brow among the clouds;
> She seemed a silver stream, his feet embracing.

Could a drawing as adequately render this description of Dalila?

> Put on fair linen that with the lily vies,
> Purple and silver; neglect thy hair, to seem
> More lovely in thy loose attire; put on
> Thy country's pride, deceit, and eyes of love
> Decked in mild sorrow; and sell thy lord for gold.

As Milton is sublime in stone, so Blake is tender in painting. To place, for instance, side by side these two descriptions of the Angel, reveals a whole world of difference, not only in method, but in fundamental conception. Here is Milton's account:

> . . . An angel, who at last in sight
> Of both my parents all in flames ascended
> From off the altar, where an offering burned
> As in a fiery column charioting
> His godlike presence . . .

These are Blake's lovely lines:

> An angel from the fields of light entered the house.
> His form was manhood in the prime,
> And from his spacious brow shot terrors through the evening shade,
> But mild he hailed her. . . .

It is to be noted that Dalila, not Samson, is the chief figure of Blake's poem, which deals solely with the incident of the betrayal. The name of Dalila has become a byword through the ages for the woman who tempts and who deceives. Octave Feuillet has adapted her to modern conditions, and given her to us in all her fascinating repulsiveness in his fine play "Dalila." Blake has chosen the moment when, lovely, tearful, she brings all her sinuous charms to bear upon the strong man's heart. Milton has chosen the moment when she comes to mock him in his despair, revealing herself, "a manifest serpent, by her sting discovered in the end." Is there any passage in literature more poignant with burning scorn than this description of the temptress?

> But who is this? What thing of sea or land?
> Female of sex it seems,
> That so bedeck'd ornate and gay
> Comes this way sailing
> Like a stately ship
> Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
> Of Javan or Gadire,
> With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
> Sails filled and streamers waving,
> Courted of all the winds that hold them play,
> An amber scent of odorous perfume
> Her harbinger, a damsel train behind . . .

The woman is hardly to be found here at all, and one marvels how Samson should have fallen. But there is one medium of art that makes his fall seem simple, credible, inevitable: it is the medium that frames out of three sounds, "not a fourth sound but a star." In Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah," Delilah is just a golden voice—

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young, fresh, exquisite; in his music the passion, dead for aeons, relives and thrills once more through the hearts of us: the voice, sweet, persistent, wins to our very souls. What is there that moves like a voice? "That low voice my soul hears, as a bird the fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare." In listening, a soft forgetfulness steals over the senses; the being is absorbed in exquisite sound. And then you realise—for the first time, perhaps—how Samson loved: and the love-song that he and Delilah sing together echoes among the fairest love-notes that float about the temple of music.

Music covers so vast a field of emotion that the other arts find little place in it. It would seem almost impossible to visualise this opera of "Samson and Delilah." It is a-throb with crowded excitement—an excitment infinitely remote from the Hebrew spirit of Milton, the mild mysticism of Blake. There is a sense of crowds and clashing contrast, of glaring and exotic colour. The first prayer of the Hebrew captives has the softness and thickness of incense, all interpenetrated with pain. The dances—and in especial the dance of the priestesses of Dagon—are barbaric, terrifying; they verge on the paths of unexplored feeling. Even the crystal vitality of the maiden choruses is at times poignant with foreboding; you hear the sound of elusive wind that foretells gathering disaster. The music completes the circle of the story that Milton has sculptured and Blake painted. But in the music there is practically no Samson: the grindstone at Gaza is mute. And this is well; we could brook no music for this period of desolation beside the music of Milton's verse:

> O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
> Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
> Without all hope of day!
> O first created beam, and thou great word,
> Let there be light and light was over all;
> Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
> The sun to me is dark
> And silent as the moon,
> When she deserts the night
> Hid in her vacant interlunar cave. . . .

E. W.

Things Seen.

The Younger Generation.

He was a thick-set, sun-tanned boatman, and he spent the day lounging on the parade, wheedling the passers-by to sail or row. Many times I passed him with a shake of the head, but one day I said, suddenly, "Yes!" It was as I half expected. The coax went out of his voice, and I deduced that he would a deal rather sun himself on the parade than be at the trouble of dragging his boat down to the sea. We went out a mile. Willingly he rested on his oars while I talked to him. For he was a sailorman, and it is good to be with those simple, sterling souls who are beyond the trivialities of civilisation, and who know danger outside the printed page. "You like being here?" I asked, waving my hand towards the sea front, with its dignified hotels, and parade bordered with trim beds of tamarisks, geraniums, and cornflowers, and hoping that they would call forth his scorn. "I like it very well," was what he said. "And you don't want to travel?" "No, this suits me very well." "You have never been away from here?" He shook his head. I was silent, asking myself, "Is this the new generation of sailor-men?" Presently his eye fell on my white, rubber-soled shoes, and he said, "Those are nice shoes, sir." I assented, and lit a cigarette. He also lit a cigarette. "I thought sailors smoked pipes," I remarked. "Pipes make me ill," he replied. "And what do you give for your cigarettes?" I asked. "They're five a penny." Then we talked of sad things, of a bather who had been drowned that week. But dead or living, nothing roused this summer-day sailor of the younger generation. "I've often found dead bodies," he said. "The sea's full of dead men. I found one the day before yesterday." "Horrible! And did you bring him ashore?" I asked. "No," he answered, lighting another cigarette, "I got a rope round him, but his arm fell off. He'd have fallen to pieces before I could have pulled him ashore. It's a pretty place," he added, nodding his head towards the beds of tamarisks, geraniums, and cornflowers. Suddenly he threw his cigarette away, leant forward, and fixed his eyes on mine. For the first time I saw a light in them. "Once," he said, "I found a foreigner in the sea. He had a belt on, with a knife stuck into it." And for a moment the trim flower-beds and the monster hotels faded away, and Romance stalked on the waters and beckoned. "A belt with a knife in it," he repeated, and his voice dropped.

The Harbour.

While we leaned on the pier-railing we were aware of two big steamers approaching the harbour—the one from the north (perhaps from Leith), the other from the south (perhaps from London). It was lazily pleasant to mark their august approach, to see funnels divide, masts shine out, and the upper works grow organic against the blue and moaning sea. It was Sunday, and but for these toilers the whole horizon was blank.

As the boats drew nearer it seemed that they must end their voyages by entering the harbour abreast. And they did. Suddenly, as by a common convulsion, we leapt on whatever platform offered, and held our breaths. This coincidence of arrival was like to end in a collision. The final curves seemed impossible. The furious screw actions of the ships told us that our fears were not idle. A moment later the leviathans were mingled in a straining conflict of avoidance. Every ear anticipated the crash. But none came. There had been just sufficient room, and the steamers, drawing slowly apart, passed up the great harbour, a tiny figure showing on each bridge. The Leith boat pushed its nose close behind the London boat; and even as the dusk deepened and the night, pure and quiet, came down on the immense waters, we knew by the very posture of the ships that the captains were swearing at each other, from bridge to bridge, as only Britons can.

The Chief Baker.

The cab dropped me at the corner, and a church clock somewhere off the Fulham-road chimed the third quarter after one. "Good morning, sir," said the cabman, who drives me every night from Fleet-street. "Good night," I replied. That is our invariable joke. And then, as I started up the quiet street which contains my garden gate, I was arrested—not in the ordinary sense—by a policeman. He was clambering laboriously upon a railing which guarded the quiet side of the corner shop. I wondered, and watched. Gaining his foothold, he felt carefully about the ledge above his head, and having found something, he tugged. It was surely a rope. "What are you doing?" I enquired, with a sudden hope of catching a constable on the wrong side of the law. He said nothing, but seemed, like Pope's spider, to live along the line he held in his hand. After a few moments tense silence relinquished the rope, returned to the pavement, and recognised me as a respectable ratepayer. "It's the baker," he explained. "He ties that rope to the corner of his blanket, and one of us calls him every morning. It pays him." And as my baker rose to bake my morning roll, I wearily undressed in the hope of a night's rest which would give me an appetite to eat it.

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A Good Old Book.

A WRITER who has bright things to say on a great many subjects can hardly do better than produce a humorous or sentimental lexicon. This form excuses the brevity of his remarks, and softens the offence of his versatility. And if he needs a model he may find worse ones than the book, which, in its first edition, is thus entitled:

THE TIN TRUMPET;
OR,
HEADS AND TAILS
FOR THE WISE AND WAGGISH;
TO WHICH ARE ADDED
POETICAL SELECTIONS
BY THE LATE
PAUL CHATFIELD, M.D.
EDITED BY
JEFFERSON SAUNDERS, ESQ.

"Misce stultiliam consiliis."—*Horace.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WHITTAKER & Co.
AVE MARIA LANE.
1836.

The author of this book is Horace Smith, and we may wave Paul Chatfield, M.D., and Jefferson Saunders, Esq., aside without much ado. The venerable doctor is pictured in the frontispiece, sitting in an attitude of benevolence and complacency, with a trumpet suspended by a cord from his neck. It pleased Horace Smith to describe him as a good man who in his old age travelled through Yorkshire administering advice and medicine gratis to the poor. But in the season he repaired to Harrogate to enjoy the society of his own class, and here he founded a little society called "The Tea Party," for tea-drinking and "rational conversation." Anything in the nature of a club he held in abhorrence, and certainly "The Tea Party" did not resemble one. To avoid the use of a hammer, which his simple mind associated with the chairman of a club, the Doctor employed an instrument which combined the offices of a trumpet and a pen. With the pen he registered the society's proceedings, with the trumpet he regulated them. Set subjects were debated, and the Doctor's commonplace book was much in evidence. He was a mighty collector of stories, epigrams, antithetical phrases, and what not; taking his own and other people's wisdom wherever he found it. This commonplace book, we are to believe, is presented to us by his editor and legatee in *The Tin Trumpet*.

The book is a sort of meditative lexicon progressing alphabetically from A.B.C.DARIAN, ABLATIVE CASE, and ABLUTION, to the final YAWNING, YEARS, and YOUTH. A wide and wise Liberalism stamps the book, which often gives the impression of being in advance of its time. The style does not share this modernity. It has the gravity and balance which are now voted laboured. Yet the warmest champion of staccato writing must acknowledge that here and there the slower pace of Horace Smith's prose has both dignity and effect. Take the following passage under Jews:

> Our Saviour was a Jew; the greater portion of the Bible is Jewish; the ten commandments, which constitute the basis of our morality, are Jewish. Why, then, should we dislike our fellow-subjects, and spiritual half-brethren, because they happen to be Jews, more even than we hate Turks and Pagans, who are utter aliens and infidels? All persecution is demoralising, and the Jews have been long exposed to its worst species—that of public prejudice, aggravated by civil and other disabilities. Abolish all religious pains, penalties, and distinctions, and this oppressed race will quickly become elevated in the moral, as well as in the political scale.
>
> What a picturesqueness do these descendants of Abraham impart to the otherwise monotonous surface of society! Far and wide do we travel, to behold the inanimate mouldering remains of Greece and Rome; while in the Israelites, our neighbours and fellow-townsmen, we may contemplate the living ruins of a nation still more ancient and illustrious. Who can survey their adust complexions, oriental physiognomies, and dark-flowing beards, converting them into unfaded portraits of the old Scripture characters, without being carried back, in imagination, to the crowded streets of Solyma, and the glories of King David.

It is idle to say that this is not good writing; yet hardly a clause would be accepted from a living writer. It would be worth while to examine the question of *pace* in style. In the above passage the pace is about half as rapid as the normal pace in the prose of to-day. Who now would call the Jews "descendants of Abraham"? or write of the "inanimate mouldering remains of Greece and Rome"? We should blue-pencil all that, and sweat the passage down to something like this:

> Christ was a Jew; the Old Testament is a Jewish miscellany; the Decalogue was to the Jews. Why, then, annoy the Jew? He pays his rates, helps us to pay ours, and thinks with us as far as Malachi. All bullying is a mistake, and the Jew proves it. Treat him properly, and see if it does not pay.
>
> What a colour-note is the Jew! We rush to look at stones in the Forum and the Parthenon, while the *débris* of a race gives majesty to Whitechapel. To jostle in that synagogue crowd is to see Laban and Leah at the well. To read the market report of Rothschilds is to vision the apes and peacocks of Solomon.

This is quite by the way. The digression at least permits us to remark that the Tin Trumpet is always blown on the side of the oppressed, against the oppressor. Horace Smith was a hater of every form of violence and cruelty. He defines an Angler as "A fish-butcher—a piscatory assassin—a Jack Ketch (catcher of jack), an impaler of live worms, frogs, and flies, a torturer of trout, a killer of carp, a great gudgeon who sacrifices the best part of his life in taking away the life of a little gudgeon." It is clear that Izaak will have a bad time on the next page. The high priest of anglers, he is denounced as the "HOOKER of their piscatory polity." How can anglers be pious? queries the Trumpet. Old Izaak must either have been a demure hypocrite or a blockhead. But because he could write a line as well as throw one he is supposed to have shed classical dignity on the art. What profanation! It is a pleasant characteristic of the Trumpet that its fiercest blare usually dies away in the cachinnations of a jest, and it is a relief, after hearing Izaak Walton damned, to learn of a wealthy tradesman who, when his foreman told him he had found a "chalybeate" at the bottom of his fish-pond, told him to throw it into the basket with the other fish.

It is unnecessary to state that the Trumpet calls men from War, not to it. War is "national madness." Under Soldier we have a neat meditation on the British officer which can offend no one:

> Nothing so much shows the triumph of usage over fact, of the conventional over the abstract, as that a profession, apparently so much at variance with all their feelings, should be chosen by gentlemen of independence, humanity, and reflection. Nothing is more redeeming to our common nature than that such men, placed in a sphere so expressly calculated to make them both slavish and tyrannical, should generally preserve their good qualities from contamination. Few characters so honourable, few gentlemen so courteous, few companions so agreeable as a British officer; but this is not in consequence, but in spite of his being in the army. Why he ever entered it we presume not to inquire, but we

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are bound to believe that his motive was not less rational and amiable than that of the affectionate Irishman, who enlisted in the seventy-fifth regiment in order to be near his brother, who was a corporal in the seventy-sixth.

Not the oppressor and the man of violence, only, draw admonitory notes from the Trumpet. The Trumpet has its everyday *bêtes noirs*. Smoking and snuff-taking are among these. "As it was said of Virgil that, in his Georgics, he threw his dung about him with an air of dignity, so may we allow Vesuvius and Etna to smoke, without conceding that privilege to every puny whaffler who may think fit to poison the air with the contents of his mouth." The man who makes "a sort of concubine of his Club" fares no better. The Game Laws are fair game to the Trumpet, which defines a Partridge as "A bird to which the Squirearchy are so strangely attached, that they will shoot, trap, and transport their fellow creatures for the pleasure of destroying it themselves." It cannot be denied that prejudice and even vulgarity steal into pages which as a whole are radiantly sensible and witty. Celibacy is certainly not "a vow by which the priesthood, in some countries, swear to content themselves with the wives of other people," though it may sound witty to say so.

We find no fault with the castigation of critics Criticism, says the Trumpet, very often consists in measuring the learning and the wisdom of others, either by our own ignorance, or by our little technical and pedantic partialities and prejudices. Everyone has heard of the mathematician who objected to Shakespeare, that his works "proved" nothing. Equally luminous was the remark of the lawyer, who, happening to catch the words "a deed without a name," uttered by the witches in "Macbeth," repeated: "A deed without a name!—why, 'tis void." We hope it is not quite true to say nowadays:

> Of much of our contemporary criticism, which consists rather in reviewing writers than writings, we may find a fair type in the following passage from a letter of the celebrated Waller: "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered as merit, it hath no other."

On the other hand, the following witty definition of a Book seems to have been written to be quoted in this enterprising year of grace:

> Book.—A thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside. The world is, at present, divided into two classes—those who forget to read, and those who read to forget. Book-making, which used to be a science, is now a manufacture, with which, as in everything else, the market is so completely over-stocked that our literary operatives, if they wish to avoid starving, must eat up one another. They have, for some time, been employed in cutting up each other as if to prepare for the meal. Alas! they may have reason for their feast, without finding it a feast of reason.

The stories in *The Tin Trumpet* are nearly all of the first water, and they range from the merest accidental funniment to the set story with a moral, told with consummate skill. The absurd ones are delightfully absurd, like that of the man who, being invited to dine at the Green Man at Dulwich, unluckily told the cabman to drive him to the Dull Man at Greenwich, and lost his dinner; or that of the lady who, when reproached with having made a most inconsistent marriage, allowed that she had said she would never marry a Scotchman, a Presbyterian, or a parson, but protested that she had never said she would not marry a Scotch Presbyterian parson; or the story of the Frenchman who when he saw Ironmonger Lane written on the corner of a street in London read it as "*Irons manger l'ane*," and exclaimed: "*Comment! Est ce qu'on mange des anes dans ce pays ci? Mais, quelle absurdité!*"

Through the book a low clarion note of cheerful, humble philosophy persists, and at last triumphs in verses of which these are not easily forgotten:

> Life—death—are links of one unbroken chain;
> Heirs to each other interchangeably,
> All things now dead have lived—will live again,
> And all that lives was dead—again will die.
>
> Our ancestors are in the corn and trees;
> The living fields are fertilised by death;
> The dust was human once, and every breeze
> That blows around us has been human breath.

Cement.

He was superbly unaware of his deficiencies. For him the world was divided into halves—those who know "cement," and those who did not. "I've bin in cement ever since I was so 'igh," he said proudly, "an' I'd like to meet anyone who knows more about it. It's queer stuff, cement; takes a lifetime to know, it does. Why, these fellers that write about it in the papers, nine out o' ten don't know what it tastes like—an' you got to know that if you want to know cement. Their articles look all right—learned, and all that—but, lor! when you come to read 'em, 'arf of 'em's wrong, and the other 'arf's cribbed out of the text-books word for word. I'll bet yer what yer like they're young fellers green out o' college, but they might as well be babies. It takes a lifetime, cement."

We were seated at the ordinary of a small hotel in a little country town. Presently the talk fell, curiously enough, on Tennyson and Browning. One or two spoke with knowledge, the rest were vaguely conventional in their remarks. Then spake the man of cement:

"I can't say as I'm a thick 'un on potery meself," he began. "I never could make out what them chaps could find to gazzle about. Sometimes I take up a potery book and 'ave a look at it, but, lor bless my soul! in five minutes I 'ave to chuck it away and go and get a drink, it's such beastly dry stuff to read. What people want it for I can't make out: give me a paper and a pipe, and I'm alright—but potery, good lor!"

The table was already amused, and he was serenely happy, blissfully ignorant of the fact that some of us were laughing, not with him, but at him.

"I was going up to Scotland once," he went on, "and a little old feller got into the carriage after me. Nice little old chap 'e was, an' you'd never 'ave thought there was anything wrong with 'im to look at; but he was clean gone on potery, fair dotty on it. He'd got a bootifully bound volume with 'im that 'e kept looking at, an' presently 'e said to me: 'Do you like Browning?' 'Well,' I said, 'I can't say as I know much about 'im, but I 'ave 'eard 'e's a reg'lar out an' outer in the potery line.' 'That 'e is,' said 'e. ''Ere,' he said, 'let me read you this,' an' he fumbled about till 'e found a pome called—I can't remember exactly, something about a busted statue, or something——"

"You mean 'The Statue and the Bust,'" I interjected. "That's it; you're right," he cried, and continued, not a whit disconcerted: "Well, what with the noise of the train, and 'im reading too fast, and it being potery, an' all that, I couldn't make 'ead or tail of it, and never 'eard anything about the bust from beginning to end. When 'e finished 'e said: 'That's one of the finest pomes in the English language, don't you think so?' 'Out an' away,' I said, wanting to please 'im. 'I knew you'd like it,' 'e answered. 'Now just you read this and tell me what you think of it,' an' 'e gave me something all about a rose-tree. Thank goodness, it was short, but I couldn't make sense out o' that either. 'Owever, I said it was lovely, very bootiful indeed, thinking to please him. But I couldn't get off with that. 'E gave me another, much longer, and much worse. That

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made me fairly savage. 'Ere was I, holding this blessed book and pretending to read as if I understood. 'E watched me all the time, an' whenever I squinted my eye to look out of the winder, there 'e was staring at me to see what effect the pome 'ad, I suppose. Well, it reg'lar got on my nerves, an' I felt as if I could chuck the blessed book down on the floor and jump on it. I got thro' it some'ow, and gave 'im back the book, saying it was bootiful, to please 'im, 'e looked so anxious to see if I liked it. Luckily the train stopped then, an' I changed carriages. I'd a' killed 'im if it 'ad gone on much longer. That's put me off potery ever since."

We all laughed, some of us with pity in our eyes, and perhaps a little contempt, but these things he did not see.

Correspondence.

"My Life's Record."

SIR,—While thanking you for your notice of my book (*My Life's Record*), will you kindly allow me to say:

(1) That the book would never have been published at all had I not ascertained, beyond all shadow of doubt, that a secret campaign was being carried on against me, founded, for the most part, on an incident in my early life which it was assumed I should not have the courage to face.

(2) That in such an attempt, as my book represents, a plain statement of fact was obviously most appropriate, without any regard to that "literary touch," the absence of which you seem to regret.

(3) That the point with which I am most concerned is the assertion of the moral and legal right of every man or woman to live down any error or misfortune. The moral right is, I believe, conceded by all reasonable people. The legal right has been established by deliberate judicial decisions which are quoted in my pages.—I am, etc.,

F. REGINALD STATHAM.

10, Warwick Gardens, Kensington, W.

The New "Hazlitt."

SIR,—In connection with the forthcoming edition of Hazlitt's Collected Works, I shall be very glad to hear from any one who may possess the fourth volume (in MS.) of the *Memoirs of Thomas Holcroft*. Three volumes of these memoirs, written partly by Holcroft and partly by Hazlitt, were published in 1816.—I am, etc.,

A. R. WALLER.

Santon Lodge, Reigate Hill, Surrey.

"The Anonymity Business."

SIR,—The article you print in the ACADEMY of August 24, under the heading, "The Anonymity Business," and credit to the *New York Saturday Review*, is a home-product. It appeared originally in the *Glasgow Evening News*.—I am, etc.,

A. B.

[We are obliged to A. B. for the information.]

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 102 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best prose eulogy of the tomato. We award the prize to Miss Madeline E. Jennings, Stortford Cottage, Chorley Wood, Herts, for the following:

The eating of ripe tomatoes is a pleasure so refined and subtle that it seems to be almost a virtue in itself. To like them is a liberal education. For in this fruit's flaming heart there is a taste elusive and delicious, at once vivid and austere. It suggests the brightness of a scarlet flower, and the pungent freshness of a marsh upon a mountain side. To the imagination it confounds the elements, and is fire and earth and water all in one. I have had far more respect for Eve since I divined that the "pomme d'amour" of Paradise was a tomato.

Other replies are as follows:

Many grave disputes have you caused among the learned in vegetable and fruit growing. For a long time it was difficult to assign you a place on the vegetable or fruit list of our country. Much controversy has ended in a compromise. At the fashionable garden party in Park-lane, when served between delicate slips of bread and butter, you are a fruit; when tossed into the rude frying-pan of the navvy, beside a piece of fat bacon, your are a vegetable. And now you fascinate the palate in sauce, and form an eatable cover to the succulent sardine. The City clerk, as he swarms into Leadenhall-street and Gracechurch-street pounces upon you with as much satisfaction as he did the pear and apple a few years ago. A few fussy people tear off your cardinal skin before you meet their lips. They forget that, like the cucumber, you are more digestible with your jacket on. But whilst you satisfy many appetites, do not think that you have no enemies. You have been arraigned before the bar of public opinion, and solemnly accused as being the cause of the increase in consumption. The charge has failed. You have as many medicinal properties as the onion. Yes, you are a choice fruit; a satisfying vegetable. You are also named the love apple: but was not that after you upset the happiness of Mr. Pickwick and widow Bardell?

[E. T. H., Cambridge.]

I love the tomato. I like to look at it as it grows, the fruit hanging heavy among the green leaves. I like to handle it, to touch its smooth soft skin, and feel its coolness against my palm. But best of all do I enjoy eating it. To break away from the parent stem a quite ripe fruit, to remove tenderly the thin clinging skin, to divide in four the now slippery pulp, to be alternately spendthrift and miser as I pour over oil from Lucca and vinegar from Spain—that is pleasure, the dish is ready, the gods are served. For my voice is not that of the artist, for all the beauty of the round ripe fruit; nor of the gardener, though *Lycopersicum esculentum* is prolific and grateful for a very little tending; nor of the cook proud of talents devoted to tomatoes, farcis, and macaroni *à l'Italienne*. But a lover of the love apple, a daughter of Eve, sings in praise of the coolest, freshest-flavoured, least cloying fruit that grows. Call it vegetable if you will; reflect on its connections—the deadly nightshade, the mandragora, black henbane are all its brothers, digitalis is its cousin. It comes of a family of poisoners. All the more honour, then, say I, to our tomato, who started off on new lines, and has grown so wholesome and so good. I have only to add a caution to all who would enjoy to the full this prince of vegetables—beware of mixing with the delicate apple of love "the rank and guilty garlic." Alone and unadorned by any of its kin let it be dressed, and then will eye and palate rejoice, for both will be abundantly satisfied.

[M. E. D Grantown-on-Spey.]

Perhaps the greatest charm of the tomato lies in this, that it keeps at a respectful distance those who, for one reason or another, are not worthy of receiving its favours. By nature it is particularly exclusive. It is not eager for new friendships, and often proves distasteful to those who rashly seek intimacy at a first meeting. Only solicitous and humble efforts to win favour are rewarded, and I have known worthy people whom it constantly rejected in spite of their perfect willingness to find it sweet and attractive. It stands apart, beautiful on the outside, but containing within much unpleasantness for those who have not learned to appreciate its peculiarly delicate and subtle flavour. Peeping from behind its covering of green leaves it invites a closer intimacy than that which the eyes can give; but if the inexperienced stranger be not careful of his manner of approach, it will refuse to give up its heart to him. It attracts admiration, but is anxious to keep it unexpressed. It reserves itself only for those whom it deems fit for its especial favours.

For these reasons, and because the tomato has from the first treated me as a desirable acquaintance, I love it, and give it a place in my affections higher than those occupied by the peach or strawberry. My early admiration and respect have been rewarded by complete friendship, which no smile from the apricot or pear has been able to destroy.

[C. F. K., Eccles.]

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A little bundle of salmon-coloured jelly and yellow pips, neatly done up in a tough skin of glossy vermilion and fastened at the top with a little knot of green. Such is the tomato, the fruit-vegetable of England. It is Nature's own ice-cream, luscious as the grape, refreshing as champagne. The traveller, trudging along the hot roads of rural England, is wise if he have one in his poke; he will find it sweeter, more inspiriting, than the belauded "humming ale." And it is a delight to the eye as well as the palate. Have you ever noticed it, reader, when it reposes in the salad bowl, amid the white circles of onion and egg and the green luxuriance of lettuce? Then, most of all, is it a delight to the artistic eye; it completes a pre-Raphaelite picture—in a pleasantly practical form. It is like the grape laughing in green attire, and it inspires enthusiasm. And what is enthusiasm but an ethereal kind of hunger? Tomatoes for ever, say I!

[H. A. M., London.]

Far beyond the mere fact that it is the *Lycopersicum esculentum*, or, as others would have it, the *Solanum lycopersicum*; more beautiful even than the truth that it is "much esteemed in England as an esculent, either raw or cooked" (as the *Encyclopædia Britannica* correctly remarks) is the romantic and spiritual side of the tomato.

Is it not called the *Love Apple*?

And whence that name, if it be not the very fruit that Paris handed to the victorious Goddess of Beauty?

Whence, also, that brilliant, everlasting blush, if not traceable to the same occasion?

Did Paris give Venus an ordinary apple?

Impossible! He gave her a tomato!

But the title *Love Apple* may well have even an earlier origin. Perhaps the first lovers named it such, as it dangled seductively from the Tree of Knowledge. If that were so, how great the temptation of Eve—how easy the task of the Snake!

Mark Twain has ventured to call the golden dragon-guarded apples of Hesperides *oranges*! No! Would Hercules have shouldered his club, and rested among maidens, *and* swindled the giant Atlas, for a whole barrelful of oranges—wrapped up in tissue paper even? No, sir! I wish to assert that those "golden apples" were *tomatoes*.

In short, the tomato is an ancient, excellent, and romantic fruit. Which think of next time you eat them fried.

[H. W. G., London.]

I would sing of thee, O Tomato, in jingling rhyme, but that I am forbidden: therefore I must curb my pen and strive to do thee justice in prose. Art thou vegetable or fruit? Who cares?—thou art unique. What fruit eclipses thee in colour, what vegetable in flavour? And yet thy colour, thy dainty, rounded shape, was not enough—Nature, in a bounteous mood, must needs give thee a polish. Most shining, fascinating ball, how thou glowest amidst the breakfast bacon! O incomparable Tomato, by thy beauty and flavour thou makest the common necessary mutton-chop a dish for the gods. Reposing blushingly on cool green lettuce-leaves, mine eyes would fain feast on thee for ever, and to eat thee seems a sacrilege. 'Tis said—I can scarce believe it—that some do not like thee; they eye thee coldly and murmur that thou requirest an acquired taste. But surely, coquettish Tomato, is not this one of thy greatest charms? Thou dost not court favour, but, conscious of thy worth, repulsest all half-hearted investigators. Alas! when I see thy mutilated remains in labelled bottles, I sigh for what thou hast gone through to get there, and mourn for thy departed glory. Where is now thy fiery crimson? Where is now thy fresh and pungent odour? Yet, notwithstanding, with watering mouth and eager hand I pour thee out.

[K. M. P., Bangor, North Wales.]

Replies also received from E. H. H., Streatham; F. G. A., Lee; R. W., Sutton; Miss P., Norwich; F. A. S., Highgate; W. F., Dunoon; E. T., Bexhill-on-Sea; A. D. B., Helsby; A. H., Southport; W. R., Clapham; T. F. S., Manchester; G. H., Rhoscolyn; C. H. B., Gateshead; A. S. H., Dalkeith; H. V. S., Shepherd's Bush; H. J., Hadley Wood.

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New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Moule (H. C. G.), Thoughts for the Sundays of the Year. (Religious Tract Society) 3/6
Maclaren (Shaw), "Follow Thou Me": being Letters written on Joining the Church of Scotland (Melven) 1 0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Pater (Walter), Essays from *The Guardian*(Macmillan) net 8/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Cowan (Samuel), Mary Queen of Scots, and Who Wrote the Casket Letters? 2 vols.....(Low) net 28 0
Vivian (Olive) and Vivian (Herbert), The Romance of Religion ..(Pearson) 6 0
Carr (Kent), Bijou Biographies. Miss Marie Corelli (Urane) 1 0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Hallett (Cecil), The Cathedral Church of Ripon(Bell)
Harper (Henry A.), An Artist's Walks in Bible Lands. (Religious Tract Society) net 6/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Pike (Oliver G.), Woodland, Field, and Shore...(Religious Tract Society) net 5/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

"R.," Dress in a Nutshell(Greening) 0/6
Skirving (R. Scot), Our Army in South Africa (Angus)
Cruickshank (J. W. and A. M.), "Grant Allen's Historical Guides": The Umbrian Towns(Richards) net 3/6
Bright (A. D.), Three Christmas Gifts, and other Tales. (Simpkin, Marshall) net 3 0

EDUCATIONAL.

Smith (D. Nichol), edited by, Hazlitt: Essays on Poetry(Blackwood) 2 6
Sontar (George), Pope: Rape of the Lock, and other Poems...(Blackwood) 2/6
Wilson (Agnes), Lamb: Select Essays(Blackwood) 2/6
Innes (A. D.), Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats Selections ...(Blackwood) 2/6
Wyatt (Alfred J.), edited by, An Elementary Old English Reader. (Cambridge University Press) 4/6
Willson (St. J. Basil Wynne), Virgil: Æneid. Books V., VI. (Blackwood) 1/6
Pontet (C. A. A. Du), Cæsar: Gallic War(Blackwood) 1/6
Lee (Elizabeth), edited by, The George Eliot Reader.....(Blackwood) 2 0
Godley A. D.), The Fables of Orbilius. Part I.(Arnold) 0/9
Bidder (Marion Greenwood) and Baddeley (Florence), Domestic Economy in Theory and Practice(Cambridge University Press) 4/6
Ottley (R. L.), A Short History of the Hebrews to the Roman Period. (Cambridge University Press) 5/0
Hamilton (J. G.) and Kettle (F.), A First Geometry Book(Arnold) 1/0
Hamilton (J. G.) and Kettle (F.), A First Geometry: Answers and Hints to Teachers(Arnold) 0/6
Thimm (C. A.) and Marshall (J.), Russian Self-Taught (Marlborough) 2,0: cloth, 2 6
Finnemore (John), Boys and Girls of Other Days.....(Black) 1 1
"Sir Walter Scott" Readers for Young People: The Pirate(Black) net 0/6
Speight (E. E.), selected and arranged by, Poems of Shelley ...(Black) net 0 6
Neville (K. P. R.), The Case-Construction after the Comparative in Latin. (Cornell University)

NEW EDITIONS.

Austin (Alfred), Alfred the Great, England's Darling(Macmillan) net 2/6
Eliot (George), Scenes of Clerical Life(Blackwood) net 2 0
Eliot (George), Silas Marner(Blackwood) net 2 0
Cervantes (Miguel de), Don Quixote. Vol. II. (Gowans & Gray) net 1/0
Thompson (Robert), The Gardener's Assistant. Divisional.—Vol. IV. (Gresham Publishing Co.) 8 0
MacColl Rev. Malcolm), The Reformation Settlement ... (Longmans) net 3/6

PERIODICALS.

Blackwood's, Contemporary Review, Universal and Ludgate, Argosy, Humanitarian, Genealogical Magazine, Antiquary, Alpine Journal, Scribner's, Thrush, Architectural Review, Ainslee's, Geographical Journal, Public School Magazine, World's Work.

*** *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Mr. Heinemann has in preparation a series of handy volumes on "The Great Peoples," somewhat after the plan of John Richard Green's celebrated *Short History of the English People*. The series is under the editorship of Prof. F. York Powell, and the first volume, on *The Spanish People: Their Origin, Growth, and Influence*, by Martin A. S. Hume, will be followed by *The French People*, by Arthur Hassall, M.A., and *The Russian People*, by J. Fitzmaurice Kelly.

On September 11 Mr. Grant Richards will publish *The Soverane Herbe: a History of Tobacco*, by W. A. Penn. The book is the first attempt since 1859 to chronicle adequately the development of smoking. The manufacture of tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, pipes, the literature of tobacco, tobacco and genius, the hygiene of tobacco, and many other matters are dealt with.

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"The Thrush" for September contains the Ode of Welcome to the Trades Union Congress by Sir Lewis Morris.

The Rules for a Prize Poem Competition, open to Subscribers to "The Thrush," are contained in the August Number.

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A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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The Literary Week.

THERE is every prospect of a generous publishing season. We shall publish our usual Special Number containing the classified lists next month. In the lists we have already received we note the following interesting volumes :

The Life of Pasteur. By Rene Vallery-Radot.
The Life of R. L. Stevenson. By Graham Balfour.
An Illustrated History of English Literature. By Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse. Four vols.
Some Women I Have Known. By Maarten Maartens.
Poems. By Arthur Symons.
Hypolympia; or, The Gods in the Island. By Edmund Gosse.
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New Canterbury Tales. By Maurice Hewlett.
Sons of the Sword. By Margaret L. Woods.
The Garden of Olives. By Kassandra Vivaria.

CHRISTMAS books, too, have begun to shape themselves along our shelves—a dozen of them. One of the most attractive is *Fables and Folk Tales from an Eastern Forest*, collected and translated by Mr. Walter Skeat. These were taken down from the lips of the Malay peasantry, in the twilight of their own tropical jungle, during the progress of the Cambridge Expedition of 1899 through the remoter States of the Malay Peninsula. The illustrations by Mr. F. H. Townsend are delightful.

LORD KITCHENER has something else to do than cultivate a style when he is inditing despatches. Still, his use of the word "bag" the other day to describe the week's sum of killed, wounded, captured, and surrendered Boers was regretted by many. No doubt it is difficult to find a word at once accurate and comprehensive. Why not, instead of "the total bag," have written "our total advantage"?

M. HUYSMANS, the author of *La Bas* and *En Route*, is as unfortunate as his heroes. We hoped that he had found rest at last with the Benedictine friars in the Abbey of Ligugé. But it was not to be. Owing to the Associations Bills, the Benedictines are to migrate to Belgium. And Joris Karl Huysmans must leave the cell he built alongside the abbey, where "I have spent three peaceful and comforting years; where I wrote the story of the Saint of Schiedam; where, also, I have prepared my next novel, *L'Oblat*." "Next month," he said to a correspondent, "I return to Paris. I hate the hum of the automobile, and will get into the remotest corner on the right bank of the Seine. Paris is preferable to Ligugé once the monks have gone. I can always take refuge in Saint Severin or Notre Dame, and the chants will make me forget the motor-cars."

WE take the following from an advertisement on the front page of an American paper, suppressing merely the title of the book : "—— is unquestionably the greatest work of the author of —— and ——. It is a brilliant character study, a story of tremendous dramatic power, a love-story, and a tale of curious psychological interest."

WE have received from Paris, under the imprint "Editions de la Revue Blanche," a volume bearing this title-page :

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GŒTHE
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The volume is modelled on Eckermann's monumental work. Browning, Kipling, Daudet, Anatole France, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Sardou, Zola come in for a share in the talk.

WE understand that Mr. Fisher Unwin, who has recently purchased the *English Illustrated Magazine* from the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*, proposes to transform it into a monthly literary magazine.

THE edition of Shakespeare which Mr. Henley is preparing for Mr. Grant Richards will present a noble appearance. The comely page will be folio size. It will be printed by Messrs. Constable on "sunny-white" hand-made paper. The issue will be in forty parts, or ten volumes, and limited to 640 copies for this country.

MRS. MEYNELL, who sailed in the *St. Paul* last Saturday for New York *en route* for California and Mexico, will deliver one lecture, of an hour's length, in San Francisco and in certain colleges of the United States. The subject is "The Transition Period in Poetry from the Seventeenth to the Eighteenth Century." American life and scenery seen through the eyes of the author of *The Rythm of Life* will have a particular interest. Articles on this subject will appear in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in the columns of which for many years Mrs. Meynell wrote a weekly "Autolycus."

MR. JOHN DAVIDSON'S second "Testament" will be issued on September 18. It is entitled *The Testament of a Man Forbid.* The third, due in December, will be *The Testament of an Empire-Builder.*

MRS. G. W. STEEVENS, widow of the war correspondent, has a volume ready entitled *A Motley Crew : Reminiscences, Observations, and Attempts at Play-Writing.* The section, "The Opinions of an Old Lady," is based on the writer's recollection of Mrs. Oliphant.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE send us the second volume of Mr. Birrell's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, which we confess we had supposed was new. As there is nothing whatever to indicate that it is a reprint, and as editions of Boswell are many, we pardon ourselves for the mistake, and the *Daily Chronicle*, which has also treated the edition as a new one, will doubtless feel as blameless as we do. What is new in the edition is the body of excellent illustrations chosen by Mr. Ernest Radford. They are accompanied by the "Preface," to which we took exception last week on the ground that it is more of the nature of an appendix than a preface. Mr. Radford seems to think that we complained that his preface is not long enough. Nothing was further from our mind. But it is not a "Preface."

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It is believed that Dr. Ibsen's illness is fatal. A stronger word than "believed" is used by some, by Dr. Georg Brandes, for instance, who has written a very interesting letter to a friend in New York dated June 24 of this year. Dr. Ibsen is writing his apologia, writing it against time, and writing it in the secrecy of his room and of his own counsels. "Even his attendants," we read, "must retire to the opposite end of the room while he is working." Dr. Brandes' letter is quoted as follows in the excellent "Lounger" columns of the New York *Critic*. The letter is dated from Christiania:

> Literary affairs here are in a state of suspended animation. Ever since the illness of Henrik Ibsen has been pronounced as incurable (*i.e.*, for over three months) a pall seems to have fallen upon all authors. People here still refuse to believe that the vigorous old man whom they used to see daily sitting at his window or on the balcony of his café sipping his cognac is doomed; that his life is to last but a few months only at the best. Nothing in the past could be compared with the intense interest everybody takes in Ibsen's condition. Bulletins are posted three times a day, and an eager crowd is reading them silently and sadly.
>
> Three physicians, the most eminent medical men of the city, are attending him, the State bearing all expenses. Flowers, fruit, rare old wines, and delicacies continue to arrive at his house. Hundreds of personal inquirers come daily. Of all these attentions Ibsen is told, and he appreciates them very greatly. Nearly all day he rests in bed or on a lounge, being unable to move his legs. It is pitiful to see how helpless the old man is. He has become irritable beyond conception. He is quarrelsome, and finds fault with everything and everybody. But his mind is not affected. It is just as clear and sharp as it used to be, and he works almost daily for two hours. He is writing the ἀπολογία of his life (ἀπολογία, not apology).
>
> Whether this will be a drama or an essay no one knows and he himself will not tell. With characteristic stubbornness he refuses the aid of an amanuensis and writes every word himself. No man has yet been allowed to read it. Even his attendants must retire to the opposite end of the room while he is working. . . . In one of his fits of anger he recently began to destroy the MS. of his autobiography, and it took the combined efforts of all his friends to save his notes and the greatest part of the MS. Björnsterne Björnson is a daily visitor in Ibsen's sick room; the feud between them has ended, and their relations with each other are of the most cordial nature. No man congratulated Björnson more heartily and more sincerely at the success of "Laboremus" than did Ibsen. . . .

King Alfred Millenary numbers will doubtless be the order of the day when the forthcoming celebration at Winchester is over. One of the first papers to announce such a number is the *Friend*, the organ of the Society of Friends, to whose peace-loving members the memory of Alfred necessarily makes a strong appeal. The number will be published on October 4, and will be illustrated.

Except for its first and final chapters Mr. E. A. Bennett's book of critical essays, just issued by Mr. Grant Richards under the title *Fame and Fiction: an Enquiry into Certain Popularities*, has in its substance appeared in the Academy as a series of critical "Enquiries." The first paper, entitled "The 'Average Reader' and the Recipe for Popularity," which is now printed for the first time, sets forth the defects of the average reader of fiction under several heads:

> The first and worst is that he has no sense of beauty—that is, the beauty of form. He ignores it, not only in imaginative literature, but in every art, and in life. The most atrocious ugliness does not annoy him, and he has a blind spot in his eye for beauty. Perhaps the utter collapse of architecture, the most influential of all the arts, has something to do with this condition of things; perhaps it is only an effect. But whatever the cause, the result is desolating for fiction. . . .
>
> Another limitation, scarcely less serious, is the inability to retire from an art-work and perceive it as a whole. Our reader's attention is always diverted from the main contour by trivial accessories. If the accessories amuse or impress him, then all his well; if the accessories are not striking, that is to say, if he is not titillated with reasonable frequency, then nothing is well. Make him laugh or cry, or shudder or think, sufficiently often, and you need trouble about nothing else. Omit to attend to these matters, and you may have written the *Antigone*, but it will not be read.
>
> Further, the average reader has some of the instincts of the untutored savage. To employ the terminology of other arts, he likes glaring tints; he prefers the chromograph to the oil painting. Drums and trumpets will please his ear better than any orchestra of strings. He wants crudity, and he does not want fine shades. Unless he is knocked down, or blinded, or deafened, he does not consider that he has been impressed. And in particular he desires and will have crudity of sentiment. For him sentiment cannot be too gross, too cloying in its sweetness, too sickly in its pathos. All popular writers are highly sentimental, even those who most industriously pretend to be otherwise. Nothing has contributed more surely to the vogue of Mr. Rudyard Kipling among the majority than his constant abuse and falsification of sentiment.
>
> Lastly, the average reader does not care to have the basic ideas of his existence disturbed. . . . He is capable of a personal *animus* against the novelist who with too much suddenness invites him to readjust his scheme of things. A book of revolutionary ideas sometimes succeeds enormously, but it is a success of scandal. If you wish to tell the average reader that the earth is round, you must begin by hinting that it has occurred to you that perhaps there is the slightest conceivable curvature in the flatness of it; but no violence, no haste, no directness! On the other hand, though he resents a shock, he does not resent dulness. I am convinced that the average reader is seldom bored except by what is beyond his comprehension. In order to be bored, one must be sufficiently alert to know when one is bored; but the average reader is too somnolent to be self-analytic. From the relatively exciting portions of a book he acquires a momentum of interest which will carry him without fatigue through illimitable expanses of dulness. This strange phenomenon explains why some of the most prodigiously dull novels ever penned have achieved a firm and honourable popularity.

These remarks are certainly shrewd, and well grounded on what we believe to be the experience of close observers. Mr. Bennett's other new paper is an appreciation of the novels of Mr. George Moore.

"The Essay on Mood and Form" is the subject of an article by Mr. Richard Burton in the *Forum*. Mr. Burton has not much that is new to say. He has a healthy conviction that Lamb is inimitable and alone, and he is right in distinguishing between the true discursive essay and the thought-laden organised compositions of Carlyle or Matthew Arnold. He is right in thinking that Franklin had in him the makings of a true essayist. There are things in Franklin's books which are simply surprising. "Deflected by utility or emoluments" is a good phrase by which to describe the divergence from the true essay of many of the writings of Mr. Dobson, Mr. Lang, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Barry Pain, and Mr. Le Gallienne. Among later Victorian writers Mr. Burton thinks that the essay in his special sense—that is, the button-holing essay—is found in the books of shy men like Alexander Smith and Richard Jefferies rather than in such as are "more noisily famed." We are therefore rather surprised by Mr. Burton's concluding injunction: "When a real essayist arrives, let him be received with due acclaim, and thanks special." In any case, why not special thanks?

Professor Oscar Lovell Triggs, of Chicago University, has been in hot water in consequence of some remarks on literature and great writers which he addressed to his

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pupils, but which speedily wandered to the ears of editors. He is reported as saying that Mr. Rockefeller is greater than Shakespeare; that the hymns of evangelical churches are all doggerel; and that Longfellow wrote "drivel." These remarks sound sufficiently rash, but the one about Shakespeare and Rockefeller carries in its very extravagance an assurance that it was made in some paradoxical sense. And, indeed, Prof. Triggs has hastened to explain it in a letter to the *New York Saturday Review*. His reply, which strikes us as at once sound and unsound, is this:

> I really cannot understand why the juxtaposition of the two names mentioned should arouse controversy. It may be that in the public mind a poet is supposed to be a maker of verses, a manipulator of rhymes, a juggler with fine phrases, and therefore something essentially different from a secular business agent, a manipulator of immense physical properties. But I am accustomed to use the term poet—the "maker," that is—to describe not only one who moulds the forms of language, but also the painter, the sculptor, and the musician; and again not the artist alone, but also the inventor, legislator, or religious prophet. The word poet is properly a generic name for all who create. The limitation of its use to writers of verse is both unfortunate and unwise, since such limitation tends to exalt the versifier — often a contemptible fellow enough—too far above his associates and further to obscure the essential relations existing between all persons who exhibit the creative spirit. At the time of making the comparison reported I was referring to Shelley's *Defence of Poetry*, which is generally acknowledged to be the finest essay in English treating of poetry and the poet. "Poetry," Shelley observes, "is the expression of the imagination and is connate with the origin of man." And all who display imagination, the higher creative sense as distinguished from the logical reason, Shelley declares are poets. He describes philosophers, like Plato and Lord Bacon, as poets, and in one place institutes a comparison between Cæsar and Homer, asserting that the true poetry of Rome lived not in Horace, Catullus, or Ovid, but in its institutions.
>
> Where, now, are the "makers," the originators, the poets in American history? Poe and Whitman perhaps in the field of literature; Washington and Lincoln, let us say, in respect to politics; Story and Marshall in the courts of law; Mrs. Eddy in the realm of religion. Plainly the creative spirit does not manifest itself greatly in these fields. We are inheritors of literature, laws, politics, and religion. We brought with us, for instance, the distinction between Catholicism and Protestantism, and inherited all the disputes of the Protestant sect. We have created nothing new in religion unless it may be "Christian Science." It seems to me that in one respect only have we been inventors and "makers." What we are creating on this continent is an industrial democracy. The real "poets" are working in the field of industry, and upon the structure of the ideal commonwealth. A thousand others besides Mr. Rockefeller might be mentioned as showing the direction of the social energy. Some day the same social energy may issue in literature, and a greater than Shakespeare may arise in the Western world. But meanwhile the best explanation I can offer my classes of the absence of a Shakespeare in America is that the Shakespeare energy is to-day absorbed in other than literary activities. Is America in the twentieth century to be considered less in the total of its energy than England in the sixteenth century?

This as applied to literature is rather poor stuff; but as applied to America it is rather good stuff.

THE Professor's reply about Longfellow will strike different people differently. It seems that he only said: "Longfellow's poetry is of a minor order," a proposition with which we entirely agree. He adds:

> The criticism in force to-day is largely derivative from New England. Not content with writing the greater volume of our verse, the Eastern men have imposed their critical judgment upon the people at large. Recently there have been signs of a shifting of emphasis. Longfellow is losing importance, and writers like Riley are gaining. In Longfellow's sense of poetry Riley has not written poetry so much as a new and more democratic sense he has depicted life. In some way life has got into a book, with its own rhythms and accents; and the book does not read like a book, but is known like a person. The humanisation of poetry may count for more in the twentieth century than does Longfellow's poetisation of humanity.

THE September number of *East London Antiquities* is of more than ordinary interest. An article by T. Forster, on "East London and the Forest of Epping," shows that at one period this ancient woodland, then known as the Forest of Essex, came right up to the borders of East London. It is difficult to imagine the neighbourhood of Bow as a sylvan retreat, but it is on record that the stag was once hunted in that parish. Mr. Forster traces the gradual dwindling of the Forest, and gives some curious information about old landmarks. A valuable contribution is that by Mr. Thomas Downs, who has been termed "the historian of Stepney." He discourses on Maritime Stepney, and tells the story of the great navigators who have been connected with Stepney in the days of old. Among other articles may be mentioned those on Old East Ham, by T. Forster; Nicholas Culpeper, the Spitalfields herbalist and astrologer; and "Brick Lane, Whitechapel," by "Rex" and C. P. Hale. The magazine is published at 6d., by Mr. W. A. Locks, *East London Advertiser* Office.

To the *Westminster Gazette* Mr. Alfred J. Church has imparted, after forty years of literary work, some interesting particulars of his profits. These might be pondered with advantage by any young man who thinks of living by his pen. As a matter of fact, Mr. Church has made the greater part of his income by other occupations, but he is convinced that if he had given his whole time to the making of books his earnings would have been only a little, and certainly not proportionately, larger. As Mr. Church has produced, singly or in collaboration, sixty-odd volumes—of which his *Stories from Homer*, *Stories from Virgil*, &c., are the best known—we can well believe this. It was as a compiler of school-books that Mr. Church began literary work forty years ago. He produced eight school-books of which a quarter of a million copies have been sold, and his total profits were £670. Turning to more popular work, Mr. Church has been a most industrious producer of "books for the young," among them the two books we have named, and many adaptations of classics, stories of Greek and Roman personages, &c. He reports:

> For these I have received between four and five thousand pounds. The most lucrative has been the first published, *Stories from Homer*, the total for which is, up to the present date, £741 12s. I may remark that the royalties on these books are necessarily small, the cost of production being largely increased by the illustrations. I receive for a book published at five shillings *sevenpence farthing*, and for one published at three shillings and sixpence *fourpence three-farthings*. The amount of copies sold I cannot give accurately, two of the books having been sold outright; but I may say that of the most popular about 25,000 have been sold. I will not weary my readers with further details about my books, but will give at once the total figures. The volumes which I have written alone, or in collaboration, amount to sixty-two (of which about 800,000 have been sold), and the whole amount received for them may be stated approximately at £6,650. Dividing this sum by forty—the years during which I have been at work—I arrive at an average of £166. This is not an imposing figure—it has seemed incredibly small to more than one collector of taxes, but then these gentlemen take optimistic views about the incomes of other people. It certainly goes to prove the truth of the remark that literature by itself is but a poor occupation. If I had given my whole time to it, the pecuniary results would have been somewhat, but not proportionately, larger. An author must limit his output. As it is, my sixty-odd

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volumes may seem to some—and they sometimes seem to myself—preposterously numerous. It is only fair to say that I make no complaint against publishers. I have had dealings with several houses. I have commonly met with fair, and sometimes with generous, treatment.

Contrast these figures with those which are frequently furnished concerning the profits of successful novelists! One of Mr. Church's statements concerning school-books is interesting. He says that his most profitable school-book was the one which cost him least labour. It was, in fact, merely a book of elementary exercises. But "the more elementary the book the greater the return."

MEMDOUH BEY, a celebrated Turkish poet now in London, has been talking about the decline of poetry in the Sultan's dominions. The *Daily Mail* reports his remarks as follows. It will be seen that they give Mr. William Watson another opportunity for a startling sonnet:

> The decadence dates from the accession to the throne of the present Sultan. Until that time there existed in Turkey not only a classic literature, but a school of artists and musicians; but so baleful has been the influence of the Sultan's rule that all have been practically destroyed, as als› have chemical, astronomical, and even geographical researches.
>
> No one dares to publish a book of any literary value. Every writer is suspected of political motives and is immediately subject to persecution should he attempt to write anything but commonplaces. The result is that nothing appears except worthless pamphlets eulogising the Sultan and his system.
>
> It is in vain for thinkers to protest that the views to which they desire to give expression are those already propagated by Ruskin, by Voltaire, by Racine, and other great writers; the only result of such protests is to secure the prohibition of all the works of these authors in Turkey.
>
> In consequence of this all the chief literary men of Turkish nationality have either suffered persecution or been obliged to become exiles in foreign lands. The Sultan is particularly hostile to poets, notwithstanding (perhaps because of) the fact that his imprisoned brother, Murad Effendi, is a poet of no mean ability. He is also a clever musician.
>
> There was formerly a good supply of typical Turkish music, but it is now a thing of the past. There are writers and poets and artists of great potentiality, but they are at present held fast bound by the existing system.

It is understood that Memdouh Bey is about to publish a Turkish political newspaper in London, in which some of his own poetry will appear. We can well believe that "the great difficulty which Memdouh Bey is experiencing is to find a compositor capable of setting-up Turkish type."

Bibliographical.

MR. ANDREW LANG has just been telling us in *Longman's* that he "doesn't know what G. P. R. James *did* write." Such confessions of ignorance are good for the literary man's soul. As for the circulation secured originally by James's romances, that, I should say, would be difficult to discover at this time of day. Meanwhile, these facts may be noted: that, in 1881, Messrs. Routledge thought it worth while to reissue eight of James's tales at two shillings each; that in 1887-8 they reissued four at sixpence each; that in the same year Messrs. Warne reissued six of James's stories; that in 1888 Messrs. Dicks reprinted his *Richelieu* at sixpence; and that his *Convict* was reprinted in 1890, his *Agincourt*, *Rose d'Albret*, and *The Forgery* in 1891, and his *Woodman* in 1892. No competent critic could claim for James a high place in the hierarchy of fiction; but that is a very different thing from the disparagement which is based on non-acquaintance with his work. A good deal of contemporary criticism, unhappily, is founded upon a similar lack of knowledge.

It is rather tiresome to find the London daily papers, one after the other, talking of Mr. T. B. Aldrich's "Mercedes" as "a new play." To begin with, it is not, properly speaking, a play at all; it is little more than a dramatic episode in two scenes, the first of which is a duologue. As for its novelty, it was published in volume form at Boston, U.S.A., in 1883. It is also to be found in the volume by Mr. Aldrich published in England by the Macmillans in 1891, and entitled *The Sister's Tragedy, and Other Poems*. "Mercedes," by the way, was to have been played in London a month or two ago under the auspices of Mr. J. T. Grein, but the arrangement fell through.

The old story of the nervous young barrister, who began his address to the bench with the reiterated phrase, "My unfortunate client, my lord—my unfortunate client," and t whom the judge promptly observed, "So far, sir, the Court is with you," has turned up again in the newspapers, the judge being identified with a legal dignitary of our day. As a matter of fact, the tale was told originally of Lord Ellenborough, and its authenticity may be said to be vouched for by Sydney Smith's comment on the judge's sarcasm (see the *Life* by Lady Holland). "This was, perhaps, irresistible; but yet, how wicked! how cruel! It deserves a thousand years' punishment, at least!"

Dr. Sebastian Evans must have a very keen liking for that delectable comedy, "Le Monde où l'On s'Ennuie." Some years ago, in collaboration with his son, he produced an English version of the work, to which he gave the name, not very appetising, of "Culture," and which was duly represented (or, rather, misrepresented) one afternoon at a London theatre. Now, I see, he announces another version, made by himself and a new collaborator, to which he has given a new and better title. Whether it is intended for the stage or not we are not told.

Talking of the stage, I note, with some surprise, that in the discussion, of late, about Mr. Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca," and Signor D'Annunzio's "Francesco da Rimini," no allusion was made to the tragedy on the subject by the American writer, G. H. Boker. I have not read Boker's work, and can scarcely believe that it had poetry in it; but his attempt, at least, deserves some recognition. It seems to have been well received by his compatriots.

"George Paston" has done good service in drawing attention anew to N. P. Willis's *Pencillings by the Way*, which dates as far back as 1835. Willis was an inveterate gossiper—*vide* his *People I Have Met*, which came out in 1850. (*Famous People I Have Met* was, you will remember, the title of a book of small talk produced by Mrs. George Augustus Sala in 1892.) "George Paston" should now make a readable article out of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*. She has struck a literary vein which should yield a large measure of very tolerable ore.

A slight measure of bibliographical interest attaches to the new edition of Mr. Seaman's *Horace at Cambridge*. Apart from the general revision to which the edition of 1895 has been subjected, there is the fact that Mr. Seaman has, in the new volume, omitted one of the original nineteen "Horace" pieces, and introduced a "poem" (as he calls it), entitled "Quis pro Domina?" published in 1897. The omitted piece is "Of the Travail of a Maker of Iambics."

The article in last week's ACADEMY on Horace Smith's *Tin Trumpet* reminds me that so recently as 1890 Messrs. Routledge had the good sense to bring out a new edition of that readable little book. It would be interesting to know if copies are still obtainable.

THE BOOKWORM.

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Reviews.

The Lady of Riddles.

Mary, Queen of Scots. By Samuel Cowan. 2 vols (Sampson Low. Net 28s.)

THE extraordinary fascination exercised by Mary, Queen of Scots, is inexhaustible. Regardless of the enormous number that exist already, a new biography of her can never be superfluous, because, to say the last word either upon her career or her personality is practically impossible. The murder of Darnley is an unsolved problem: her marriage with Bothwell is one of the most impenetrable mysteries of history; while the character of the woman herself is as unexplained as anything in the dramatic disorder of her existence.

To penetrate its intricate dilemmas and remain unmoved would be extremely difficult. Investigation of the truth concerning her rouses instant excitement, for, as a matter of fact, the fascination of the woman did not die with her, and her biographers, like her contemporaries, unable to feel indifference, are inclined either to hate or to love her. In the majority of cases they do the latter, for Mary's charm is enormous, the more so that, like her beauty, it is a thing more felt than seen, a thing curiously indefinable, and, therefore, insidious, haunting, like a fever in the blood, the brain is unable to reach or to cope with.

Was she guilty, cruel, secretive, a wonderful combination of passion, cunning, lies, and deception? On the other hand, was she a tortured, tender, sinless creature, fighting single-handed against a very sea of hate, intrigue, and treachery? Or was she a little of both—a little passionate, a little *rusée* (she had been brought up in a Court where cunning was a fine art), a little cruel, and at the same time more innocent than guilty, more deceived than deceiving, more driven by fate than desire into horrible and inextricable situations—a woman, in fact, for whom pity cannot be too profound or unqualified? The question has never been finally answered, and she still draws interest with the undying fascination of the unexplained, enticing always a half-rasped curiosity and a burning inclination either to love wholeheartedly or to hate unreservedly; her character, quite as much as her guilt or her innocence, having been torn piecemeal by speculation and controversy.

Mr. Cowan's two new volumes, moreover, have not minimised in the slightest degree the old uncertainty. Though they deal essentially with the supreme secrets of the Casket letters and the Bothwell marriage, we are no further in the matter than we were before. Mr. Cowan, it is true, does not believe that Mary either wrote the letters or was other than a piteous victim in the Bothwell abduction. But neither does Hosack, Strickland, Tytler, and many others, while Skelton only credits her with a part—and that a non-incriminating part—of the famous correspondence. Except, therefore, a deepened sense of the universal lying and baseness of the period, and of the mass of spurious documents and invented statements everywhere mixed up with the truth—in fact, an intensified conviction of the extraordinary difficulties of arriving at an opinion at all—Mr. Cowan's book must be held to give us little fresh upon the subject, while certainly it throws no new light upon the wonderful, pathetic creature herself.

His manner of writing also has a slight excess of confidence for a subject so beset by contention. Mr. Cowan's brevity seems scarcely thoughtful enough to employ in a study where no opinion can be accepted lightly; where every opinion, in fact, must be laboriously explained and justified. In this new work upon Mary there is a tendency to forget that no statement can be presented as if contradiction were out of the question. For every statement has been contradicted, every opinion weakened by an opposite, every document even practically given the lie to by another with a different story.

Later on, as the subject grows in dramatic intensity, the writer's style acquires more weight of manner. Nevertheless, taken as a whole, and in spite of the inclusion both of the Riccio bond, with its incriminating signatories, and the gracious letter, presumably the last ever written by the maltreated Queen, its literature seems to us one more volume ardently expressing belief in Mary's innocence, and little more. What Mr. Cowan has done, however, that is of new and valuable service, is to procure an admirable collection of photographs of Mary herself, though it is strange, that having got them together he remained dead to the opportunity they afforded of an entirely original study of this singular historical episode. For lives of Mary based upon ancient documents are many and voluminous. And the end of them all is virtually a confession that the mystery of her career is beyond solution by research. Nothing reported can be relied upon, so widespread was the treachery bred by the times, her position, and the bitter friction between herself and Elizabeth. One may believe her innocent, one may believe her guilty, according to the documents selected to rely upon—certainty is out of the question.

But a Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, written by the light of her temperament, has yet to be written, and her temperament a collection of her portraits puts well within the reach of understanding; for, though a good many of them undeniably differ, the large majority are absolutely alike, both as to the essential characteristics and as to the general impression conveyed. And the face and the life have an amazing congruity, while it must be remembered no existence can wriggle outside of the moulding grip of character. Its results must be produced undeviatingly within the limits of the nature dealing with it. Ambiguity is impossible in the consequences of a limpid, simple disposition, while interminable confusion issues invariably where motives are fluctuating, dubious and complicated.

Mary's face is in all her portraits, above all, the face of a woman capable of retaining many secrets. It is rather a cruel face, and that of a creature who would never be wholly what she seemed. At the same time it is intellectual, artistic, and of an astounding subtlety—a subtlety so extreme, indeed, that it is doubtful whether even she ever quite understood her own character or its consequences.

The oval of her face is delicately voluptuous. There is no firm outline of jaw to give strength or decision. Her nose is too long and too pointed, with a downward tendency at the end, expressive of a certain grim insentiveness. Her chin is slightly over-small, her forehead slightly too high and too large. Coolness, self-possession, and a rather exceptional mental capacity, might be expected from the upper part of the countenance, but the little chin—it is said to have been slightly dimpled—reveals, more than anything, a desire to be loved much and often, to be loved *sub rosa* sooner than not at all.

As for the eyes, it is impossible conscientiously to regard them as either spiritual or candid. For that matter they are not even beautiful, though they are incontestably attractive. Dangerously so even, because there is no fathomable end to their expression. But in nearly all the portraits they are small and sly, with a certain pitiless tranquillity, and an undesirable habit of looking sideways. Her mouth is small, fascinating, with a full under-lip; supremely, again, the mouth of a woman with a liking for kisses, though the manner in which the upper lip closes over the lower discloses also an immense capacity for self-suppression. The eyebrows are refined and delicate, the hair exquisite and full of a delightful emotionability. Taken as a whole, however, and in spite of its abounding possibilities, Mary's appearance emphatically denies the saint theory, though at the same time it suggests strongly

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that should a new biographer investigate her life with careful reference to her character, some, at any rate, of its present incomprehensibilities might become comprehensible, and certainly its love affairs, its disasters, its interminable complications.

What we should like to see would be a life of Mary taking the tendencies of her disposition for guide wherever records are confusing, a life daring to believe it as at least possible that she was not entirely ignorant of the scheme to do away with the detestable Darnley; a life deliberately putting the Casket letters on one side as documents impossible to form a reliable judgment upon, and then having the courage to write of her with tenderness and sympathy. For, granted even that she was very guilty, judged by the standards of guilt as they are to-day, the life of Mary that should be written would never attempt to estimate her by these standards at all. Murder, to begin with, is a totally different affair now to what it was in Mary's time, when torture of every sort was a common practice. From early childhood the girl's nerves had been toughened to violent deaths, to burnings, and to every kind of atrocity. Human life was held of so little account that men, women, and children were exterminated upon every conceivable pretext. Executions were common, whippings, and the use of the rack commoner still, while the savageness of the age seemed to create a positive lust for bloodshed. To Mary the signing of death warrants was part of the day's business, and occurred too frequently even to stir imagination. At an early stage of her reign she had sent to their deaths Chastelard and Sir John Gordon, and, viewed from present standpoints, they were both unspeakably cruel actions. Certainly, few women would have the stomach to behead a man—young, poetical, and good looking—merely for the sin of having loved them too inordinately.

Besides recognition of the enormous difference in civilisation, there is one other essential fact to remember as regards Mary—that is, Scotland's own unutterable culpability in the business of her life. Nothing, indeed, is sadder or more piteous than the accounts of Mary's existence when she first came, full of the ignorant confidence of youth, into her dreary kingdom. Bitterness and treachery confronted her almost at the landing-stage. From the beginning sour-looking faces condemned the radiant vitality of her girlhood. Knox actually denounced her to her face from the pulpit, thundering against "the Queen's dancing, and little exercise of herself in virtue and godliness," while the whole Court—harsh, austere, and suspicious—must from the very earliest days have chilled to the marrow her irrepressible young life.

In remembering her conduct it should be remembered how pitiably at bay she stood in that cheerless country—she, who had just come from a Court where love-making, flattery, and a joyous lightness, had enveloped her like a perfume—surely she had more excuse than most people, not only in plucking sweetness from whatever roots she could, considering how rare it was, but in taking also a certain natural zest in defying for her part, also, these contemptuous bigots, who had lowered lids at her with not one whit less derision, when she had first come, as a blameless juvenile, into their depressing society.

But more, perhaps, than any, the Bothwell incident would gain by being rewritten with due regard to her temperament and to the appalling circumstances of her life at the time of its occurrence. During the period of her seclusion in a room draped with crêpe, after the Darnley murder, the very doors of the churches were rendered pictorial with coarsely coloured caricatures of her, while the question as to the degree of fascination a nature such as Bothwell's might have temporarily exercised over her can only be realised when the amazing complexity of her character has been definitely acknowledged. That the man possessed enormous force of personality is undeniable, and the lower part of Mary's face suggests a woman likely to surrender to the relentless power of it. Bothwell was a brute: and there is a certain type of woman to whom indomitable brutality is irresistible. When everything has been said, also as to his terrifying her into consenting to the marriage, one important fact is forgotten—the fact that this queer, ambiguous lady possessed a magnificent and unflinching courage. Her superb fearlessness, in fact, is the one thing about her uncontested; the one quality nobody has denied, either during her lifetime or afterwards. Never in all the various dangerous vicissitudes of her existence was she ever known to be cowered and intimidated. Her death was exquisite, so tranquil and undisturbed that its courage is more prominent than its ghastliness.

Could so intrepid a woman have been coerced by terror? The question is not asked with a view of being answered, because in all the accumulated mass of statements there is nothing to render a reliable answer possible. The Bothwell marriage, like all the rest, remains a mystery, surrounded, it is true, by suspicions, but not actually condemnatory circumstances. For from these same circumstances her partisans draw one set of conclusions, with admirably plausible reasons for maintaining them, and her adversaries another, also with extremely plausible reasons for conviction. But certainly a passionate nature—and Mary's face is that of a passionate woman—might, under certain circumstances, become a prey to the horrible fascination of a Bothwell. In any case, she was a supremely interesting woman, but it is at least questionable whether, if only a certain faultiness could be accepted sympathetically, the fine achievement of her spiritual development during the agonised years of her captivity would not make her more deeply piteous than she ever could be as the colourless saint of so many advocates.

Personally, we think that Mary, judged with allowances for the peculiar environment of her times, could hold her own unwhitewashed, were it only as a woman possessing superlative fascination, superlative patience and dignity, and an inimitable lovableness towards all those who constituted her friends and adherents.

The American Epic.

John Gildart. By M. E. Henry Ruffin. (New York: W. H. Young & Co.; London: R. & T. Washbourne. 6s.)

THE publishers think well of this work. That is really understating the case. For when we caught sight of its preliminary announcement we knew it was on the cards, as it were, that we were on the very threshold of a new literary epoch. It is not every century that sees the birth of a national epic, and as this journal, though of respectable and discreet age, was too late to greet the advent of the *Iliad* or even of *Paradise Lost*, it was a joyous moment when we went in search of the "Great American Epic" in the hope—neither sure nor certain—of finding it at the nearest booksellers. "The Great American Epic," so the announcement runs. "There had been only four epics written—viz., the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, and the English." It is rather unkind to leave out the *Epic of Hades*. For thus proceeds the announcement: "*John Gildart* is the world's fifth epic. It is the only American epic, and the only one ever written by a woman." An accompanying note, too, comes from the author, in which occurs this passage: "Quite an interesting question has been raised by the literary people on this side as to whether *John Gildart* is the American epic, which so far has not been written." Now here is a bolt to come from the serene blue of the dull season. If the American epic has been written, even Mr. Hall Caine must take—temporarily—a second place; for this is the moment of a thousand years.

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What is an epic? When we had procured *John Gildart*, and had spent a quarter of an hour in his company, we began to suspect that neither publisher nor author knew, or that if they knew, they were skilful in concealing their knowledge. Without venturing on a final definition, it will be enough to say that Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton have set the fashion in epics, and have worn them full and long. They have taken each a big subject, the clash of nationalities, the birth of Imperial races, the relations of earth to heaven, and have risen to the height of that great argument, as Milton's phrase runs. Moreover, they have gone to considerable length. One might emphasise other points about epic poems, but these will suffice. Now the American epic, which you would expect to be the biggest thing in epics ever put upon the market, turns out to be a very small affair, being little longer than one of the four and twenty books of the Iliad. It is true there are hints of a big subject in Mrs. Henry Ruffin's poem, for the American Civil War was big enough, bigger than the seige of Troy, and when it has finally "won its way to myth" it will form the subject of the great American epic, should that epic ever be written. But here we have a mere sentimental story, accidently connected with the Civil War. John Gildart marries Ruth, and takes her to his mountain home, and presently come rumours of the opening struggle to the peaceful cottage.

> Through the night,
> Upon the silver silence of the hills,
> The little cottage flashed out like a gem.

Many such pretty little lines occur. John Gildart determines to enlist. After many months' hard fighting he hears that his wife is in trouble. So John, determined to visit her, goes for permission to his commanding officer. The general was asleep; and John reflects thus:

> "What matters his permission?" thought poor John,
> "He would not grudge me one short visit home
> After my year of fighting; and he would
> Not—no—he could not—bid me stay, when Ruth,
> My wife, so needs me; and—I cannot wait.
> I came unsought, willing and glad to come.
> But now—O God! my wife!—my Ruth! how can I stay?"

Unfortunately for simple hearts like John's, commanding officers grudge short visits home to men on the eve of important engagements. And John, when he returned, found himself shot as a deserter. Nor can we simulate much regret for a young man so stupid that a year's soldiering had not taught him the elements of discipline, which require personal emotion to be subordinate to the general good. But we may sympathise with Ruth, who comes to find her husband dead, and takes him home to his mountain cottage. It makes a pretty short story; and a conscientious search of the American magazines would discover that short story many times told. Such a short story might conceivably be told in verse, though we can suggest no reason why it should, even with such interspersed lyrics as these, which have but to be seen to be avoided:

> As we pause to leave the day at eve,
> And watch it lovingly out of sight,
> A deeper day may steal away,
> And life drift down to a deeper night.
>
> As we bid good-bye to each sunset sky,
> In our sigh unconscious tears may dwell;
> All the crimson and gold that life can hold,
> May be fading away their own farewell.

"In our sigh unconscious tears may dwell." For all the confusion of literary landmarks there remains a distinction between magazine verse and the world's epics, and such lines as that would make a magazine editor hesitate. It is the word "epic" which irritates one. And one would rather criticise the publisher than the writer, whose question whether *John Gildart* is the American epic is more pathetic than comic. "There is no teacher," writes the publisher, "who would object to having such poetry written by a former pupil. No minister would object to having such literature emanate from his parish. No parent would be ashamed of the child who produced it." Every word of that is absolutely true. Teachers, parents, and the clerical editors of parish magazines, will find no word in *John Gildart* that deserves erasure. That does not imply that anyone else will find a word worth reading.

Poor Louise.

An Episode on a Desert Island. By the Author of *Miss Molly*. (John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

> I am writing to you to-night because, for many months now, after any episode, or crisis of thought or emotion, I have grown accustomed to turn to you for its comprehension or its translation, and it is difficult to abandon the habit; but the letters, if these scattered thoughts grow into letters, will remain unposted, and if either of us read them it will be I myself in some far-off, undefined future.

Thus the beginning; and as all the book is in the form of letters, with soft flaps to the cover, and a green water-silk book-marker dangling between the leaves, and as it is published by Mr. John Murray, it is not difficult to place *An Episode on a Desert Island*. It is a love-letter book. The young woman who writes them is well-to-do and well-bred. One Theodore Bassett has aroused a passion in her not very young heart, a passion which Mr. Bassett was apparently unable to reciprocate. He behaved quite nicely, and went away without fuss. Louise was left leaning over the window "like the Blessed Damozel" thinking of him, and the "so much" that he stood for in her life. For the rest of the book she is annoyed by the attentions of Mr. John Elton, a bounder, but capable and popular. He wears a blue suit and puts the proper kind of questions to engineers and such people. Louise's family wish her to marry him, but Louise is faithful to Mr. Bassett. At this juncture she joins a pleasure party on the yacht *Miranda*, bound for San Francisco, and is much annoyed to find that John Elton is one of the guests. The yacht is run down by a steamer, and Louise, Mr. Elton, and a sailor are cast ashore on a desert island. The bounder behaves very well, so well that Louise allows him to kiss her, and by the time they are rescued by a liner she is engaged to him. But the fine qualities that Elton showed as a castaway disappear on board the liner. Louise breaks off the engagement, and as their intimacy has become a nine days' wonder, she, to right herself in the eyes of the absent Mr. Bassett, tells the whole story in these letters, and seals them in a packet, to be opened after her death. But Mr. Bassett returns to England, and on the last page we gather that Louise posted them to him. The packet will place Mr. Bassett in rather an awkward predicament. We wonder what he will do.

The story told in the letters is not in the least poignant. Indeed, it is mainly amusing. The characterisation is neat, and Louise is more humorous than she thinks. None, not even a heroine with a blighted heart, should write such a sentence as, "My voice is a rich, unhappy contralto." The volume is described as being by the author of *Miss Molly*, which does not help us. But we take the author of *Miss Molly* to be a woman. Only a woman could make a man say to another man, in the smoking-room of an ocean steamer: "She doesn't like his goings on. And I'll back C. to win. She's a pertinacious chit, I know. I believe that he's given *her* the chuck, and that's why she's so offish." The characterisation of the book, as we have said, is good, but the handling of the wreck and the desert island episodes are as mild as a chapter in the *Girl's Own Paper*.

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Decadante.

Elizabeth, Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary. By Clara Tschudi. Translated by E. M. Cope. (Swan Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.)

THE popular biographer of royalty exists apart in a workshop of his own. The mere panegyrist falls short, the mere truthsome person or calumniator fails to attain the mark of the biographer's calling. The ideal popular biographer tells the best with unction, and never omits to contradict the worst. The biographer, to be successful, must appeal at once to the tears that gush from the surface of our emotions and to the reptile that struggles a little deeper for his provender.

These remarks bubble up in this place with no immediate reference to the work in hand, except so far as that Miss Tschudi has made a special place for herself in the exposition of regal ladies. Marie Antoinette, Eugénie, and the spouse of the first German Emperor, have been passed by her in review, and she has won praise for her presentment of each. But, like the exceptional host, she has kept the best vintage till the last. In the presence of Elizabeth, who in Hungary has, they say, already superseded in the Magyar affections her namesake of the Middle Ages, these other valiant women by comparison are merged in the grey.

This brilliant woman of ideals and superabounding activities was first cousin to Ludwig II. of Bavaria, the mad patron of Wagner, the hero and victim of a thousand follies and scandals. The hereditary malady of her family would seem almost from the beginning to have tainted her troubled life. She was beset by the dread of the fate which she refused to believe had fallen upon him, with whom, long after he had become for the rest of mankind a hermit, she maintained a personal relation of innocent romance. In a life of easy obscurity she might have been a happy woman; but the jar of a punctilious court, wherein as a child bride she was received with scantily veiled hostility, was fatal to the equipoise of so delicate a temperament. Even the solace she might have found in the care of her little children was denied her by the harshness of *madame mère*. She fell back upon literature and horsemanship, pursuing them with a feverish energy that frustrated their natural good effects. In the eyes of the world she became ridiculous; and her familiarity with the men and women of the circus gave abundant matter for vile comment. On the one hand, she loved *incognita* to visit and relieve the afflicted; on the other, she must fly from town to town, from village to village; must build herself villas and castles against the intrusion of natural curiosity, and ride her headlong horse-races against the demon of insomnia behind the shelter of a fan.

Passionless in the common sense, and innocent of every shadow of coquetry, she prized her rare beauty; but she dressed plainly, and wore thick boots. She grew up, by her own confession, the most ignorant princess in Europe; she died a woman of learning. She loathed the business of politics, and did more than any soul of her contemporaries to knit the bonds of the dual monarchy. Her husband made her Empress of Austria, she made herself a shrine in the hearts of the Magyar peoples as Queen of Hungary. The fear of madness, of old age, of painful and lingering death, clouded her last years; the merciful dagger of a nameless imbecile ended her fears while yet she was the Elizabeth of a people's heart.

Fiction.

The Octopus. By Frank Norris. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THIS is one of the most exciting novels that we have read for a long time. If you demand thrilling incident, here it is, in plenty. Even the description of the ploughing of the Californian wheat ranch—thirty-five ploughs, five shares and ten horses to a plough, the whole accomplishing seven hundred miles of furrow per day—even this mere description has the quality of a sensational episode. As for the holding-up of the vestibule-flyer by a single robber, the sudden apparition of the mad broncho-buster at Annixter's big barn-dance, the pursuit and capture of Dykes the murderer by a sheriff's posse, the interview between the angry Ranchers' League and their representative who had ratted to the Railroad—such things are done with a large, free, tumultuous movement which would make the fortune of a *feuilleton*. We mention the book's baser merits first; we wish to have it clear that Mr. Norris is never within miles of dulness, that he is always telling a story. This fact being established, we proceed to state that Mr. Norris has produced on a vast scale a really remarkable study of national manners. One of the principal characters in this Californian novel is a young poet named Presley, whose ideas were probably not dissimilar from Mr. Norris's.

> Something (to his idea not much) had been done to catch at that life in passing, but its poet had not yet arisen. The few sporadic attempts, thus he told himself, had only touched the key-note. He strove for the diapason, the great song that should embrace in itself a whole epoch, a complete area, the voice of an entire people, wherein all people should be included—they and their legends, their folk lore, their fightings, their loves and their lusts, their blunt, grim humour, their stoicism under stress, their adventures, their treasures found in a day and gambled in a night, their direct, crude speech, their generosity and cruelty, their heroism and bestiality, their religion and profanity, their self-sacrifice and obscenity—a true and fearless setting forth of a passing phase of history, uncompromising, sincere; each group in its proper environment; the valley, the plain, and the mountain; the ranche, the range, and the mine—all this, all the traits and types of every community from the Dacotas to the Mexicos, from Winnipeg to Guadalupe, gathered together, swept together, welded and riven together in one single, mighty song, the Song of the West. That was what he dreamed, while things without names—thoughts for which no man had yet invented words, terrible formless shapes, vague figures, colossal, monstrous, distorted—whirled at a gallop through his imagination.

Here is something of the Whitmanesque spirit which has animated Mr. Norris. He evidently sought for a vast natural subject, and he was fortunate enough to find it, in wheat. *The Octopus* is the first of a trilogy of novels. The second novel, *The Pit*, will deal with the distribution of wheat from the "wheat-pits" of Chicago; the third, *The Wolf*, will deal with the relief of a famine in an Old World community. The whole is the "Epic of the Wheat." It would be difficult, after all, to discover a more elemental theme than that of food. *The Octopus* portrays the growing of wheat on ranches of incredible acres, and the long fight between the growers and the railroad about freight-rates. This feud, and nothing else, is the main topic of the novel. If you wish to know whether freight-rates can be made interesting, read the book. There are love-stories in it, too, and very fine ones, but these are quite subsidiary. The railroad (the "octopus") by dint of corruption and relentless chicane, wins everywhere: one is made to see how an unscrupulous railroad can stifle the industries of a State. The final result is a whole congeries of tragedies. And yet, when Presley, full of dark wrath, goes to Shelgrim, the

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mighty "boss" of the railroad, in order to give him a piece of his mind, Shelgrim silences him in a few words:

> "Try to believe this—to begin with—*that railroads build themselves*. Where there is a demand, sooner or later there will be a supply. Mr. Derrick, does he grow his wheat? The Wheat grows itself. What does he count for? Does he supply the force? What do I count for? Do I build the Railroad? You are dealing with forces, young man, when you speak of Wheat and the Railroads, not with men. There is the Wheat, the supply. It must be carried to feed the People. There is the demand. The Wheat is one force, the Railroad another, and there is the law that governs them—supply and demand. Men have only little to do in the whole business. Complications may arise, conditions that bear hard on the individual—crush him, maybe—*but the Wheat will be carried to feed the people* as inevitably as it will grow."

Mr. Norris, through six hundred pages, hints often at the greatness of Shelgrim, and, at last, when Shelgrim is introduced for a few minutes, he actually makes him seem great—a rare feat. The moral conceptions of the reader are thenceforward enlarged, and the frightful scenes which he has witnessed take their proper place as mere trifles in the great life of that organism which is the United States. "Men were naught, death was naught, life was naught; FORCE only existed—FORCE that brought men into the world, FORCE that crowded them out of it to make way for the succeeding generation, FORCE that made the wheat grow, FORCE that garnered it from the soil to give place to the succeeding crop." That seems to be Mr. Norris's watch-word, Force. There is much more force than beauty in this extremely powerful novel, and yet not a little beauty also. The author has clearly been influenced by the earlier work of Zola. If Zola had written *The Octopus* the literary world would have rung with its Titanic excellence. As it is, Mr. Norris will probably have to wait for his due of appreciation. He can afford to wait. *The Octopus* is not faultless; it is somewhat too loquacious, it lacks restraint, and the poetically-just death of the railroad representative at the end is a sad blot on it; but it is a brave thing, and a decisive victory over all sentimentalism. It is alive. You cannot do what you like with it; you have got to read it. For ourselves, we await *The Pit* with eagerness.

Ever Mohun. By Fred T. Jane.
(Macqueen. 6s.)

THE expert in titles would guess from this title that the Mohuns (Mō-hoons) had been either famous or notorious in ages past, and that Mr. Jane had written a novel about a modern Mohun in whom the family characteristics strikingly survived. The expert would be wrong in his reasoning, but correct in his conclusion. The Mohuns of the story are ever Mohun, but "Ever" is the highly singular name of the sweet girl-heroine. Mr. Jane is a thorough-going sentimentalist, and he writes about a lad and a lass in a Devon orchard with primeval and ungrammatical gusto. He writes:

> And, thinking of these things my mind goes back to the orchard, to the sunshine on the blossom, and the air full of its sweet smell. Primroses thick on every hedgerow, passing now, and looking big and sad as ever they do at their dying; little green sprouts on all the bushes, and the blossom of the orchard falling in pink showers at every little wind-puff. And in this orchard I see like a picture, as I saw them on the day in my mind's eye now, a lad growing tall and big, and a little maiden nigh lost in her great sun-bonnet. Brown eyes and light-brown hair, not a mixture often to be seen, but to they two a token of their birth and name. For the lad was Roger and the maiden Ever Mohun.

Having created the "old-world" atmosphere, he at once tries to render it modern by means of the bicycle and other wonders of recent applied science; and then, when the mood of adventure is exhausted, he returns to "the orchard once more." And he writes:

> "It cannot be, Tom," she said sadly. "But always I will love thee, dear."
> "Don't talk nonsense. It can be, and it will be, Ever. Why d'you say it cannot?"
> "I be no lady, Tom," she said. "Would thee have to wife a maiden of whom thee wast ashamed?"
> He laughed. "What? Ashamed of the loveliest and prettiest and sweetest little darling in all the whole world? And she the Lady Ever Mohun!"
> Ever shook her head. "I be but a village maid," she said, "and thee the squire."
> He kissed her with a cry of "Nonsense!"
> And she let him kiss her, and there was love in her eyes as he kissed her under the apple trees.

We boldly state that we would rather con Mr. Jane's annual catalogue of all the world's fighting ships than hear his variations upon that instrument which Mr. Meredith has called a penny whistle. Mr. Jane's talent does not seem to us to be at all in the direction of fiction. He holds the sailor's and soldier's view of the English maid as something daintily compact of innocence and lilies pouting half-blown under boskage. Though, in fact, dead as Ariadne, the pretty, milky creature survives for him, and her apparition will ruin every novel he writes.

The Luck of the Vails. By E. F. Benson.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS is what we roughly classify as an "uncle" book. From time immemorial the wicked uncle has helped out the story-teller, as the mother-in-law has aided the jester. Mr. Benson, in his latest story, stands in the following of the *Babes in the Wood* and *Uncle Silas*, so far as *motif* is concerned, while in manner his lightness of touch—let us stick to our uncles—is of the school of Mr. Wells's *Select Conversations with an Uncle*, and is quite refreshing after the lumbering melodrama of even more popular writers. For this is melodrama without a doubt. The "Luck" of the Vails is a mysterious goblet, encrusted with precious stones, which in the life of the Vail family is alternately lost and found. Upon the goblet is this inscription:

> When the Luck is found again,
> Fear both fire and frost and rain.

Young Lord Vail finds the Luck by accident, but does not at first worry himself with the threat—or the grammar—of the legend. But at the same time Uncle Francis, the next heir, comes upon the scene, an old gentleman of benevolent appearance and engaging, though somewhat exaggerated, manners. He takes up his abode with his affectionate nephew, who is forthwith assailed by the most amazing series of disasters from "both fire and frost and rain." Meanwhile, Uncle Francis is most solicitous for his nephew's welfare, rejoices in his hairbreadth escapes, and is devoted to his flute. Uncle Francis has a grim habit of tootling gaily upon his flute at the crisis of his most diabolical plans, and the melodramatic touch is most effective. There is an old house, too, with secret passages, in which the plot is worked out, and at the end a most exciting scene of the midnight hide-and-seek order. But, after all, we are not sure that we do not like Mr. Benson best when he remembers that he once wrote *Dodo*, takes us away from wicked uncles, honeycombed houses, and mysterious goblets, to London, and Lady Oxted and Evie Aylwin (in love with Lord Vail), and permits us to prattle in the best society.

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Notes on Novels.

These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE HISTORY OF SIR RICHARD CALMADY. BY LUCAS MALET.

The first long and elaborate book by Lucas Malet since *The Wages of Sin*. The scene, which is laid in the moorland country of the northern part of Hampshire, in London, and in Naples, opens in the year 1842. The action covers a period of about three-and-thirty years, and relates the experiences and adventures of an English country gentleman of an essentially normal type of character, subjected—owing to somewhat distressing antecedent circumstances—to very abnormal conditions of life. An early chapter describes Sir Richard's birth, and the agony of his mother and her relations at the sight of his affliction. The story is long, leisurely, and minute. (Methuen. 6s.)

A UNION OF HEARTS. BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

Mrs. Hinkson can be depended on for poetic and humorous delineation of Irish life, and one tastes her qualities at once in sentences like these: "The double doors of Festus O'Moore's house at Raheenbeg stood hospitably open. A swallow flew in and out in low, rapturous flight. . . . A couple of logs from the log-box held the doors hospitably open. There were a good many people coming to ask for the O'Moore in these days. If the visitors were ceremonious, 'twas easier for them, having rung the bell, to step out of the sun and wait while Tim O'Rahilly, the butler, got into his shabby livery." (Nisbet. 6s.)

LOVE IDYLLS. BY S. R. CROCKETT.

Mr. Crockett in a sentimental mood ("the tricksy maid clapped her hands and laughed merrily"). The volume is beautifully printed, enclosed in parchment covers, and before beginning to read you must untie the green silk ribbands. One of the "idylls" is over a hundred pages in length, one about fifty, the others are short, and at the foot of each are neat little numerals stating the date when it was written. (Murray. 5s.)

FORTUNE'S DARLING. BY WALTER RAYMOND.

Mr. Raymond sticks to his own people. This story takes us to Somersetshire again, and deals with the tribulations and joys of Margaret Lane, who was locally known as "Fortune's Darling." Says the cobler's wife of her, "She do wear her soles to a hole right in the very middle. And that's a sure sign o' luck and her even disposition." And with the repetition of these words the book closes. A quaint and charming story. (Methuen. 6s.)

CARDIGAN. BY R. W. CHAMBERS.

An American historical novel of over five hundred closely-printed pages, by the author of *The King in Yellow*. It begins: "On the 1st of May, 1774, the anchor-ice, which for so many months had silver-plated the river's bed with frosted crusts, was ripped off and dashed into a million gushing flakes by the amber outrush of the springtide flood." Indians stalk through the pages—Mohawks, Cayugas, Senecas, Onondagas, and Tuscaroras." (Constable. 6s.)

RICKERBY'S FOLLY. BY TOM GALLON.

"London, on a wild and gusty night in early spring. A night on which shutters were blown down, and ——." This new novel by the author of *Tatterley* presents a series of pictures of the career of a man who, "coming to England on a merely quixotic mission, is plunged in a moment into the most extraordinary tragedy—and this, too, in the heart of a quiet suburb of London." (Methuen. 6s.)

A JILT'S JOURNAL. BY RITA.

The title fits the book, which is by the author of *The Confessions of a Court Modiste*. There were three girl friends—Claire de Creux, Lesley Heath, and "I, Paula Trent." Just as they were leaving school for good Paula, at the instigation of the others, decided to keep a journal. "You are a born scribbler," said Claire, "and you will be able to make even commonplace things picturesque." The journal is in three parts: "The Desire of Knowledge," "The Fruit of Knowledge," and "A Little Laughter, and a Little Love." (Unwin. 6s.)

BLUE BONNETS UP. BY THOMAS PINKERTON.

One more romance of Prince Charlie, with passages of humour. "It's an awfu' thing," said Hamish, "the deceitfu'ness o' reeches . . . it's no sae much the deceitfu'ness i' thersels: I never saw a saxpence change intil a deid leaf; it'll just change intil bawbees that'll buy as much; but it's what reeches bring aboot that's sae wearifu'. If people hae reeches ye hae to be poleet tae them; and they're seldom the maist interesting folk about ye; and they're always the maist exactin'." (Long. 6s.)

ROYAL GEORGIE. BY S. BARING-GOULD.

Mr. Baring-Gould's ———th story is full of squires and parsons of the days of George IV., and the lovers are called "suitors." The very names act like a signal to the investigating nose: Parson Thirkleby, Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, Squire Hullett, Mrs. Hornblower. A Dartmoor love-story, a parson, a missing will, and the backgrounds loved of Mr. Dendy Sadler. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE WESTERNERS. BY STEWART E. WHITE.

Indians, half-breeds, miners, six-shooters, gulches, claims, and dedicated to Mr. Robert Barr.

"Where are you from?" he asked bluntly.

"Ontario."

"Woods?"

"Yes."

"I thought you wasn't no tenderfoot. Ever hit the trail?"

"Not on these plains. In the woods many times." (Constable. 6s.)

THE TEMPTRESS. BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Mr. Le Queux packs his stories so full of gas-flare incident that it is difficult at a glance to discover the main thread. This one opens with a convict's wedding in New Caledonia, but it wanders to many parts of the world, including Soho. Adventure, incident, intrigue, and crime pulse through the book, and we suppose that our eye alights on one of its minor incidents when we read: "A local sensation was produced in the district between Denmark Hill and Camberwell Gate, and the devout parishioners prayed for the preservation and well-being of their popular but absent curate." (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

MARGARET HETHERTON. BY E. L. KIESON.

This is one of those stories which begin with steady rain, some financial embarrassment, and a governess's ambitions. The result, however, is pleasant. As a bright and wholesome love-story, *Margaret Hetherton* will do. (Unwin. 6s.)

BAGSBY'S DAUGHTER. BY B. AND M. VAN VORST.

An amusing novel—an American importation, we fancy—for which we will say this much "right here": it contains the suddenest proposal of marriage that we ever met with in fiction or in life. It goes off like a spring-gun, and we do not wonder that Bagsby's daughter, Miss Viole Bagsby, "was too startled to start." (Grant Richards. 6s.)

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Educational Supplement.

SATURDAY: 14 SEPTEMBER, 1901.

The New Education.

Some American Ideals.

AMERICA is in travail giving birth to a monster who will make great changes in political and intellectual life. Germany and England are looking on, keenly interested in the struggle. No one would judge from the Press that anything unusual was taking place. The Press, which painfully reaches the intellectual level of a hundred years ago, reports, it is true, the proceedings at prize-gatherings, when the thoughts of men are narrowed with the progress of the Chairman's address and an ex-Cabinet Minister's call to Classics, when a new Hellas and a new Rome float into the vision of rapt extensionists. But these authorities are not thinking of education—they are thinking of learning, of our commercial supremacy; of anything, in fact, but the real thing.

Seriously, what is the significance of the New Teaching? We cannot tell, but its aim is to divert men of the most subtle and original intellects to the training of youth, so that the potential directive power in the school children shall be completely actualised.

The idea is that an educated person is necessarily always changing and influencing the society in which and by which he lives. Now society can only live and grow by the conservation of those vital forces which make for its own preservation, and since free institutions are always evolving from simple to more complex states, it follows that those individuals will be best fitted to add to the communal good of such a State the more complex, resourceful, creative, subtle, and energetic their powers are. It is sometimes thought that individual development will lead to despotism; but a despotism only occurs where you have either a non-progressive society as in Egypt, or a society where class hatred leads to legislation in favour of the dominant class, as in Florence and Athens. There can, however, be no class conflict when each individual is a class to himself, or if conflict there be, it will be emulative rather than destructive.

"A great individuality," says Mr. Nettleship—quoted on page 177 in H. T. Mark's book on *Individuality and Moral Aim in American Education* (Longmans)—"is a person in whom the universal humanity has reached a very high degree of development or differentiation; one who concentrates in himself a great deal of human nature; a person, therefore, of many sides, who is very 'representative' and touches others at innumerable points." As we have only referred so far to intellectual development, it may be objected that the above definition does not apply, since only a moral as well as an intellectual individual could fulfil the above conditions. This is an old objection, and the American educators are not to be frightened into acquiescence of the theory that the moral and intellectual sides of character are independent. Their contention is, in effect, that you cannot teach morals *in vacuo*, and that if free play is given to a child's faculties, and its environment continually provokes the exercise of these faculties, its moral nature may be left to look after itself.

It may be interesting to quote, in this connection, Mr. S. T. Dutton's remarks (quoted by Mr. Mark, page 185): "Much that is unsubstantial and valueless has been written upon the subject of moral instruction in the school, as though morals could be taught like spelling and geography, and were not rather to be lived and practised. The new and, as I believe, better conception is that the individual, however circumspect he may be when considered apart from his fellows, only proves his real moral worth *when he shows his ability to combine with others and do well his part in any community.*"

In Mr. Mark's report very little reference is made to the specific purpose and utility of the various subjects included in the curriculum, or to the characteristic differences in their presentation to the pupil. Speaking generally, we may say that the new education works through induction and experiment rather than through deduction in the teaching of what may be called demonstrable subjects—mathematics, logic, science; but it is not so unphilosophical as to consider that there can ever be a complete separation of *à priori* and *à posteriori* reasoning. The child finds out for himself pleasurably what, by the old method, he had crammed into him distressfully. The American teachers and parents—conferences of the two classes are a feature of American life—are resolved that their children shall learn about things at first hand, and they believe that it is not the knowledge acquired which is the end of education, but the process of its acquisition. Consequently their immediate aim is to perfect this process, and to secure that every school shall be both like and unlike every other school.

Perhaps the most characteristic feature of American education is that 93 per cent. of its teachers for the whole of the cities of the United States are women. In Washington, out of 900 teachers only 100 are men. In one city the whole of the fifty-nine elementary schools do not contain a single male teacher. This fact may account both for the extraordinary enthusiasm in education and for the national faith in kindergarten and in psychology; possibly also it may point to what may become a conspicuous defect, the separation of practice from idea and the too great reliance on Froebel and Pestalozzi. In England we know how very inefficient as a body kindergarten teachers are, and yet their enthusiasms, their ideals, are irreproachable. No doubt the kindergarten of to-day compares very favourably with the infant schools of the last generation, but there cannot be much intelligence behind a system which makes a fetish of Froebel's "gifts," and is as word-bound as any of the systems which Froebel laboured to dethrone.

With all the benefits that flow from a freer and pleasanter school life, one cannot help noticing a tendency, amongst the advocates of the new education, to superficiality and insincerity, a too great readiness to accept formula, and to reject in theory principles which unconsciously or insincerely they carry out rigidly in practice. Is this danger threatening America?

When an Englishman speaks of the utility of education he is generally thinking of the price which a knowledge of certain subjects fetches in the open market. If he refuses a place for classics in the school curriculum his rejection is not based on considerations of the superiority or inferiority of Latin and Greek as educational subjects, but simply that classical learning is monetarily indeterminate. The subjective value of studies, their use as instruments in stimulating thought and developing initiative in the learner, has no significance for him. But although this sense of utility is terribly current in England, yet here and in America there are a few who are striving with all their powers to give prevalence to the idea that education must always be considered in relation to the economic evolution and supremacy of the State; or, to give a paradoxical turn to the idea, we might say that when the monetary equivalence of education is zero to the individual his value to the State is incalculable. Perhaps Horace's line, "rich in the common thing, poor in the private," expresses best what is meant by educational utility.

In answering the question, "What do American educators accept as the true view of individuality, and how do they endeavour to relate it to the moral and social aim which is fundamental in education?" Mr. Mark very admirably says: "The type of individuality at which American school discipline in the long run aims is one which shall prepare the child for community life." It is for the future to show how this inspiration will work itself out in reality.

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Reviews.

Roman Public Life.

Roman Public Life. By A. H. J. Greenidge. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

CLASSICAL students in this country during the last half-century have, as a rule, been Hellenists rather than Latinists. It is noticeable that, of a hundred and twenty-four authorities on Roman constitutional history tabulated by Mr. Greenidge in his "Select Biography," all but sixteen are foreign. It would seem, however that at this moment no little is being done to remove the reproach on English scholarship. All other writers on the subject are, of course, but as pigmies beside that colossus, Mommsen; but, even if Prof. Pelham's *magnum opus* hangs fire, Mr. Warde Fowler's *Roman Festivals* and the school history of Messrs. How and Leigh, both written in Oxford during the last few years, are works which no historian can afford to despise. The same may be said of the volume before us, which, like Mr. Fowler's book, and an earlier essay on Greek constitutional history of Mr. Greenidge's own, forms part of the useful series of "Handbooks of Archæology and Antiquities." Under the title of *Roman Public Life*, Mr. Greenidge endeavours

> to touch, however briefly, on all the important aspects of public life—central, municipal, and provincial; and thus to exhibit the political genius of the Roman in connection with all the chief problems of administration which it attempted to solve.

Two opening chapters trace the growth of the Roman constitution in its regal and republican stages. The developed product is then surveyed and analysed from various points of view. The status and functions of the various magistrates, of the *populus* and the senate, receive consideration in due turn, together with the external relations of Rome to the rest of Italy and to the extra-Italian provinces. The transition from republic to empire is next dealt with, and Mr. Greenidge discusses at great length the ingenious methods by which Octavius and his advisers engrafted upon the old constitution the amazing substantial novelty of the principate with the least possible disturbance of traditional forms. A study of the reaction of the principate upon Italy and the provinces closes the book. Originally, Mr. Greenidge proposed to make his scope sufficiently extensive to include the organisation of the Latin Empire by Diocletian and his successors. Considerations of space led him to abandon his design, but it is to be hoped that he will see his way to resume it in a separate treatise. The accession of Diocletian is, no doubt, a convenient point for a break, but the Roman constitution did not really cease to evolve itself when the principate was merged in the monarchy. Even as it stands, Mr. Greenidge's book is of the highest value. It rests upon a base of real erudition, and displays in a marked degree those qualities of logical ordering, lucidity, and clear-headedness which so definite a subject as Roman history emphatically requires. It will serve not only as an admirable handbook for the schools, but also as a comprehensive and authoritative work of general reference. We know of nothing in English which quite covers the same ground, although in German one might point to corresponding sections in the even more wide-reaching *Handbuch* edited by Iwan von Müller, and the monumental treatise, translated into French but not into English, of Marquardt and Mommsen.

Rome and the Greeks.

A History of Rome up to A.D. 500, with Essays, Maps, and Aids to Memory, arranged for use in the Higher Forms of Schools, at the Universities, and for the Civil Service Examinations. By Eustace H. Miles, M.A. (Grant Richards. 8s. 6d.)

A History of Rome for High Schools and Academies. By George Willis Botsford, Ph.D. (Macmillan. 6s. 6d.)

A Short History of the Greeks from the Earliest Times to B.C. 146. By E. S. Shuckburgh, M.A. (Cambridge: University Press. 4s. 6d)

Little Arthur's History of Greece. By A. S. Walpole. (John Murray. 2s. 6d.)

THE difficulty of breaking up history into portions that the average mind has time and power to assimilate is one that is ever baffling the pedagogue. With more or less success it is attempted in this direction and that, and constantly it is discounted by the protest of the person who looks "with wide eyes, calm, upon the whole of things," with the reminder that history is one, and that to dissever its parts is to shatter a diamond. Nevertheless, the human intellect and time and opportunity being limited, in practice it must be done.

It is this desire for a historical whole that makes the history of the Roman Empire and the history of the Greek States matter of such perennial value. There, if anywhere, we may find a portion of history that is complete in itself—having beginning, middle, and end. Documents are ample but not voluminous. The blessed restraint enforced by the absence of the printing-press, scarcity of writing material, and a clumsy system of penmanship, has acted as an efficacious extinguisher of the ineffectual. The documents extend practically over the periods of complete evolution and deliquescence. The process by which the state grows, the natural stages of transition from one form of government to another, the recurrence of economic and social problems that vex our own day, may be watched in these mirrors.

It is in such a spirit that Mr. Miles, Lecturer in Ancient History to the Cambridge Board of Civil Service Studies, approaches his subject. His book is arranged upon a plan that at first view is rather baffling. The consecutive historical narrative is a mere pebble in the midst of a vast snowball. The bulk of the book consists of Introduction and Supplement, comprising over a hundred essays on questions of never-failing interest to examiners. What bonds of union held the Romans together? What influences had Rome's geography upon her success and failure? What effects had Roman Religion upon Rome History?—such are the questions which the author rightly holds to lie in the heart's heart of history. His papers in response are the work of a man who knows his subject, as he is called upon to know it, through and through. "Full marks" is the verdict that one naturally brings in if asked to assess his little hard-boiled essays. Nothing probably could be contrived more effectually to fulfil their laudable purpose. There is only just this to murmur against—Mr. Miles seems rather too generously to accommodate his style to that which obtains among the pupils whom it is his mission to form. For instance, on the "Lessons which Roman History Teaches Us" we read: "Our workhouse system has, perhaps, as many disadvantages as the Rome Corn-distribution, and it is worse in one way, in that it often allows to the poor so large a quantity of luxuries and stimulants: this is very unscientific." Given the fact, it may be; but what does the sixth-form boy know about the economic question involved? And anyway, why "very"? But the book is a monument of whole-souled industry, for which, whatever its faults of style—and they are plentiful—the world of educationists may be thankful.

From across the Atlantic—namely, from Cambridge, Mass.—comes Dr. Botsford's *History* "for high schools and academies." This is good, plain-sailing narrative, remarkable at first view for the careful distinction between myth and history; this the author draws at every point. "Myth asserts" is a favourite opening of his. In plan the book resembles the *History of Greece*, by the same author, and the rather closely condensed narration extends to the time of Charlemagne. For educational purposes the running fire of questions which, under the title "Studies," at the end of the volume searches the several chapters will be of service; and there is a bibliography suggesting libraries appropriate to divers purses and inclinations, which should serve, at least, to keep humble such students as, having read such a volume as this to which it is appended, might be apt to rush away with the impression that they know something of the subject. The book is very freely illustrated.

Mr. Shuckburgh's *Short History of the Greeks* has a place in the "Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges," which is intended in the first place for the use of pupil teachers and candidates for certificates. At the same time consideration has been shown for the needs of Secondary and Public Schools, and from the point of view of these latter there is no reason why the present volume should not be warmly welcomed. The narrative is scholarly and clear, and the text, about which you find your way by means of convenient finger posts set in every paragraph, is relieved with maps, photographs, and line engravings. What a wonderful little land it was in which a dozen histories unfurled themselves in miniature; wherein intrigue and treachery and cruelty and all noblest and basest passions strive like animalcules in the water-drop, as if the bearing up of the firmament depended upon the predominance of this or that mere township. Only of what units were they

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composed! Every craftsman an artist, Shakspere (say) at Drury Lane, Milton recited at the street corner, Pheidias at the command of the County Council, Demosthenes holding forth at the Marble Arch. Nothing wanting but a little kindness, a little mercy, a tinge of humility, a little forbearance—just so much as should temper the ravening of nature and the fierceness of the struggle for the extinction of the unfit. And because of that defect of a defect they have passed away, been thrown again into the melting-pot, to be shaped anew by the untiring artificer. Let us not forget to add that Mr. Shuckburgh's work is worthy of his reputation.

We like very much the History upon which Little Arthur (who must be getting a big boy now; to our knowledge he was deeply interested in King Alfred and the cakes thirty years ago) is invited to concentrate himself.

Stonyhurst.

Stonyhurst, its Past History and Life in the Present. By George Gruggen, S.J., and Joseph Keating, S.J. (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.)

THE history of the great Jesuit college has recently been told on the occasion of its centenary celebration of its migration to English soil, in the monumental *Centenary Record* of which Father John Gerard is the author. From the day of its foundation by Father Robert Persons, of hotly disputed fame, in 1563, to the day of its final migration to Shereburn manor house, the property of the Weld family, the life of the institution was a series of struggles against suspicion, persecution, and poverty, such as nothing less than an heroic constancy could have overcome. From Eu the little company transferred itself to St. Omar in Artois. Thence it was compelled to decamp secretly, the boys going cheerfully forward in batches by waggon to Bruges. There, in 1773, during the temporary dissolution of the society, the authorities vainly endeavoured to force upon these young Englishmen alien masters—tried at the point of the bayonet, and must finally send for the Rector and Prefect of Studies out of prison to protect the soldiery. At Liége, under the wing of the Prince-Bishop, the college found a home till the French Revolution made the frying-pan hotter than the fire. Its members brought back with them to their native land customs of study and of sport that epitomised its history. The classics were studied in the loose, voracious manner of the sixteenth century. It was not till 1860, such is the conservative spirit of the Boy, that "London" cricket superseded the game that Shakspere played. The forms were named—indeed, are still named—Syntax, Poetry, Rhetoric, and the like. But the lapse of a hundred years has brought the curriculum for practical purposes into harmony with that of the public schools and the universities. The changes and development of the course of studies is carefully traced in pages which should be of value to the specialist. The most singular feature of the existing discipline is the manner in which, in the case of the "philosophers," the liberty of university freshmen is wisely tempered with a discipline that ensures at least eight hours of solid work in the day. The wheel has gone full circle, and already have been gathered in the firstfruits of the policy which permits, in more tolerant times, Catholics to enter gates of Oxford and Cambridge from which Persons and his fellow intransigeants came out. Fathers Gruggen and Keating have produced a book which should interest all who are students of English character and the history of polite letters.

Health in the School.

School Hygiene. By Hope and Browne. (Cambridge: University Press. 3s 6d.)

ALONG with the demand for the expert in modern life there is a concurrent demand that the expert shall constantly practise trespassing on his brother expert's domain. Besides the differentiation of functions always going on in complex societies, there is continually associated with it their partial integration. The schoolmaster tends more and more to slough his "clerical" responsibilities—a few committees still see in three letters warrant for virtue and scholarship—and to take on the duties of the family doctor. Especially is this the case with the country schoolmaster, who should know thoroughly the principles of sanitation, how a "trap" acts, for instance, in preventing the escape of noxious gases, and that "dry and impermeable rocks, slates, chalk, gravel, permeable sandstones are usually healthy and dry," and make good foundations for school buildings. He should be competent to give first-aid to the injured, to bandage a limb skilfully, and to know what to do in cases of fainting, bleeding, burns, and bruises. He should have a knowledge, too, of children's complaints—their infectiousness and symptoms; and should understand the physiology of the eye, to minimise strain and to detect defect in vision. For the urban schoolmaster this kind of knowledge is less essential, a doctor being usually within call.

But all schoolmasters, urban and rural alike, should be psychologists—that is, they should be trained observers, always alert for signs which betray listnessness, brain fatigue, over-strain, and nervousness. And if to these qualifications the teacher is by nature something of an artist himself, the children under his care will learn to comprehend good literature intellectually and to feel it emotionally; they will learn, also, often sub-consciously, the beauty of natural forms in clouds, leaves, flowers, hills, waves, and to appreciate the beauty and inventiveness in imitative and symbolic forms in a piece of sculpture, line engraving, a yacht, and a Gothic moulding.

Naturally Messrs. Hope and Browne do not deal in a manual on hygiene with æsthetic culture or sub-conscious influence; but they are none the less alive to the fact that no book and no routine and reliance on system will ever take the place of careful observation and study of child-life. If the doctor is allowed access to the schoolroom, it is not that he may oust the teacher from it, but that he may help the teacher to interpret in physiological language much that the teacher is familiar with psychically. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the schoolmaster has done no little in educating the medical expert. It is not so usual now for the medical man to withdraw a child slightly indisposed from the companionship of his schoolmates, and to commit him to the loneliness of home life; nor does he talk with the irresponsibility born of purely anatomical studies of over-pressure and the necessity for complete rest. Similarly, the parent who confesses to the schoolmaster that her boy "loafs" when at home, and that, therefore, he ought to have home work piled on so that the interval until bed-time may be filled up, is happily becoming extinct, and the modern parent is beginning to learn that "loafing" is produced by repression, by an unnatural restraint which keeps a child at tasks which do not exercise his mind or body, and consequently when he is liberated he cannot make good use of his leisure. Never having learnt the fascination of doing what he likes, his leisure is ill-spent.

Much of the present volume naturally has to do with what we may call the "mechanics" of hygiene, but the concluding chapters on overpressure will be found suggestive to many familiar with the literature of hygiene. We have space for two short passages only:

> The working of the higher intellect is an inscrutable mystery, and cannot be measured except in a rough and very inaccurate manner. It might be supposed that a child's capacity to learn lessons would afford a safe guide to the condition of its brain. But no—as well attempt to measure the healthiness of its digestion by its capacity to swallow food.
>
> Over-pressure is not a positive condition, but a failure to reach the potentiality of the bodily and mental strength in any given child, and due not to one cause but to the action of a number of small influences which should in the course of nature be allowed to make for perfect development.

The book should be read by all young teachers.

En Masse.

Our Public Schools. By J. G. Cotton Minchin. 6s.

"FEW things," says Mr. Minchin in his preface, "in the perusal of biographies have struck me more than the manner in which the influence of the school and its surroundings on the subject of the biography, who spent his boyhood there, has been ignored." The object of the author is to trace that influence, but we cannot say that he has done it with any conspicuous success. That it exists is universally admitted, but to demonstrate it in individuals is a different matter. Mr. Minchin is an industrious compiler of facts, and his book forms a useful reference volume, consisting as it does of compact historical sketches of all our principal public schools. But with public school histories already thick upon our shelves, and at least two good series in course of publication, the book is recommended only by its rather painful comprehensiveness.

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Text Books, School Books, &c.

English.

Lamb: Select Essays. Edited by Agnes Wilson. (Blackwood. 2s. 6d.)

Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats: Selections. Edited by A. D. Innes, M.A. (Blackwood. 2s. 6d.)

Pope: Select Poems. Edited by George Soutar, M.A., Litt.D. (Blackwood. 2s. 6d.)

Hazlitt: Essays on Poetry. Edited by D. Nichol Smith, M.A. (Blackwood. 2s. 6d.)

THESE are four volumes in the recently started series known as "Blackwood's English Classics." All four are carefully edited by competent scholars; but they will not all be of equal use to practical teachers. Pope, for instance—who, at the best, is second-rate stuff for educational purposes—has already been edited *ad nauseam*; and Dr. Soutar, like his predecessors, seems to have found it difficult to avoid overloading his text with annotations, many of which deal with topics of minimal importance. The volumes of Lamb and Hazlitt—especially the latter—break somewhat new ground for text-books. But here, again, the tradition of the commentator is rather at war with common sense. To set students to read Lamb and Hazlitt, as largely and as intelligently as possible, is excellent; to set them to get up the trivial contemporary allusions in either writer is lamentable. We notice, with some amusement, that both editors are called upon, or think themselves called upon, to write a note on the "Speaker" of Dr. William Enfield. Mr. Nichol Smith devotes forty-seven words to the point, Miss Wilson eight. We fancy it really deserves—none. For Mr. Innes's volume on Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats we have nothing but praise. The selection is admirably made; the notes show strenuous restraint, but give all that is necessary. Perhaps the introduction is a little difficult for students of the class likely to make use of this series.

Woodstock. Edited by H. Corstorphine. (Black. 1s. 6d.)

Kenilworth. Edited by E. S. Davies, M.A. (Black. 1s. 6d.)

Old Mortality: a Continuous Reader. (Black. 1s. net.)

"Sir Walter Scott" Readers for Young People. 11 vols. (Black. 1s. 6d. each.)

HERE we have Scott in three distinct forms, adapted to readers of three grades. We have already commended the earlier numbers of Messrs. Black's "School Edition," to which *Woodstock* and *Kenilworth* belong, and we are glad to see further progress made in it. No better holiday text-books for fourth-form boys are in the market. For the *Continuous Reader* there is also a good deal to be said. It is Scott, with the *longueurs* cut out—a process which, if we remember right, Robert Elsmere found effective with a class of village lads in Surrey. The *Readers for Young People*, on the other hand, are not Scott at all. They are Scott's stories rewritten in simple modern English. Here, we think, the success of Charles Lamb with Shakespeare has been a pitfall to lesser folk. Charles Lamb was a genius. And, without the "Tales," boys would have to wait a great deal longer for Shakespeare than they need do for Scott.

In Memoriam. Edited by Arthur W. Robinson, B.D. (Pitt Press. 2s. 6d.)

A GOOD deal has been written from time to time about *In Memoriam*, but the student will hardly find a more intelligent and sympathetic guide than Mr. Robinson's modest little edition. All the difficulties are fully explained out of a wide acquaintance with the literature of the subject, and the parallel passages quoted to illustrate Tennyson's thought from contemporary thinkers, such as George Eliot, Dr. Martineau, Ruskin, and others, are particularly interesting. Just a few of Mr. Robinson's notes seem a little superfluous. Does any reader of

> Now burgeons every maze of quick
> About the flowering squares, and thick
> By ashen roots the violets blow,

really need to be told that "quick" means "quick-set hedge," that "squares" are "fields," and "ashen roots" are "roots of ash trees"? We do not quite agree with Mr. Robinson that it was "no part of my business as a commentator to venture upon any judgment as to the permanent worth of what Tennyson has written"; but his caution to the student to make "sparing use" of the notes "until at all events he has grappled for himself with the thought of the poet," might with advantage be reproduced by many editors.

Chaucer: The Prologue, The Knightes Tale, The Nonnes Prestes Tale. Edited by Mark H. Liddell. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)

PROF. LIDDELL is of opinion that no class-room text of Chaucer "containing the most recent results of scholarship in this field, and written in English for English speaking students," is at present accessible. Whether this be so or not, he is doubtless himself well qualified, as one of the editors of the "Globe" Chaucer, to supply such a want. He writes for advanced students, and, though he does not wholly disregard the literary qualities of Chaucer, his treatment is mainly philological. He has critical footnotes; explanatory terminal notes, which are not quite so full or discursive as Prof. Skeat's; a good glossary; and a very elaborate introduction on Middle English phraseology, inflection, syntax, and versification. It is a very thorough piece of work; but what we really want to see is a good school edition, which will give the *minimum* of philology necessary to enable a fairly intelligent boy to read the text without stumbling, and for the rest will approach Chaucer as literature rather than as Middle English. Mr. Pollard's little edition of "The Squire's Tale" perhaps comes nearer to the ideal than others we have seen.

An Elementary Old English Reader. Edited by Alfred J. Wyatt. (Pitt Press. 4s. 6d.)

THIS book is intended to be, with the same writer's *Old English Grammar*, an introduction to Anglo-Saxon. It draws upon prose literature only, and the prose literature of Wessex. The extracts are taken from the translations of *Orosius* and of Gregory's *Cura Pastoralis* ascribed to King Alfred, and from the earlier part of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, which belongs to the same school. Mr. Wyatt is a safe guide; he has graded the difficulties of the book by the use of greater or less fulness in the notes, and with the help of Miss Amy L. Lake has bestowed great pains upon the glossary.

The George Eliot Reader. By Elizabeth Lee. (Blackwood. 2s.)

QUITE a fascinating little volume. Miss Lee has mainly confined her selection to George Eliot's rural bits, and has arranged them under the headings of "England—1800-1830," "Boys and Girls," "Country Scenes," "Portraits," "Sketches of Character," "Lovers." The return to the soil is becoming rather a watchword of modern education, and we cannot imagine anyone having the good fortune to be introduced to literature through this Reader without loving country scenes and country folk the more for it ever after.

The Picture Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar. (Blackie. 1s.)

THIS is practically a re-issue of the corresponding volume in Messrs. Blackie's "Junior School Shakespeare." It has been "revised by practical teachers" (an excellent plan), and furnished with some of Mr. Gordon Browne's illustrations from the "Henry Irving Shakespeare." No doubt all school books—at least, for junior classes—should be illustrated.

An Introduction to the Industrial and Social History of England By Edward P. Cheyney. (Macmillan. 6s.)

A VALUABLE handbook, serving as a useful summary of a great deal of research into social and economic history which has been done in England and America during recent years, and in which Prof. Cheyney has taken his own share. It is clear and well-informed throughout, but the chapters on the mediæval period are, perhaps, the best part of it. These deal with such interesting and difficult subjects as the manorial system, the rise and decay of guild-merchants and craft-guilds, and the economic changes of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. On all these points, Prof. Cheyney's treatment, which is upon broad, general lines, should be of great service to the student. A variety of interesting illustrations are provided, and good bibliographies.

An Outline History of the British Empire: from 1500 to 1870. By William Harrison Woodward. (Pitt Press. 1s. 6d. net.)

THIS is an abridged edition of a larger work on the same subject by the same writer. In spite of the title-page the narrative does not stop at 1870. Several events, such as the annexation of New Guinea and the assumption by the late Queen of the title of Empress of India, carry it beyond that

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date, and, as a matter of fact, it only concludes with the proclamation of British rule in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State in 1900. (Technically, we believe, Mr. Woodward is incorrect in describing this proceeding as an annexation.) The book is, therefore, more up-to-date than it professes to be. Mr. Woodward writes clearly and with knowledge, but his method is too dry and succinct to appeal very forcibly to the youthful imagination. And, from an educational point of view, we strongly doubt the expediency of picking out, at an early stage of training, one particular aspect of English history for study apart from the rest. Why should the attention of a class be focussed for a whole term upon the progress of colonial enterprise to the complete neglect of other and more important sides of national life? Surely the first thing is to get a comprehensive notion of the *whole* development. Monographs on special aspects may be valuable to the advanced student, but the want of perspective which they entail can only do harm at an early period.

Analysis of English History. By W. C. Pearse and Dr. S. Hague, LL.B. Revised by W. F. Baugust. (Murby. 1s. 6d.)

AN undisguised "cram-book," a sort of pemmican of dates and facts designed with the aid of "the judicious employment of a variety of prominent type" to facilitate an unintelligent preparation for examinations. We can only recommend a perusal of it to examining boards with a view to the discovery of means to checkmate it. As it appears to be in a ninety-seventh and revised edition, this problem does not seem to have yet been faced. It is rather amusing to find "Crichton, surnamed the 'Admirable,' on account of his varied accomplishments," included in a list of the thirteen greatest Elizabethan authors, and to learn that "Austen, A.," is "the present laureat," and "Austin, Jane," the author of *Pride and Prejudice*.

"FAMOUS ENGLISHMEN."—Book I. *Alfred to Elizabeth.* By John Finnemore. (Black. 1s. 4d.)

THIS is a "Reader" on a new principle, for the class in elementary schools corresponding with what used to be known as the "Fourth Standard." The idea, and a good one, is to teach history through the biographies of great men. Anglo-Saxon times yield Alfred the Great, Dunstan, Harold, and Hereward the Wake; from the Middle Ages proper Mr. Finnemore takes Becket, Langton, Simon de Montfort, the First and Third Edwards, Wycliffe and Chaucer; from the fifteenth century, Henry the Fifth, Warwick the King-maker, and Caxton; from the sixteenth, Wolsey, More, Drake, Raleigh and Shakespeare. A very fine selection, though we miss Sir Philip Sidney! There are some suitable portraits and other illustrations, among which it is rather surprising to find a photograph of Auguste Rodin's "Men of Calais."

Readings in Welsh History. By Ernest Rhys. (Longmans. 1s. 8d.)

THIS is doubtless an essay at bringing Pan-Celticism into the schools of Wales. It is compiled with great care, and, though simply written enough, has more literary quality than is usual in a reader. Practically the narrative ends with the rebellions of Owen Glendower, or Owain Glyndwr, whose wars "brought such desolation that green grass grew in the Market Place at Llanrwst, and the deers fed in the churchyard."

French.

Morceaux Choisis. Edited by R. L. A. du Pontet. (Arnold. 1s. 6d.)

SINCE there are 104 selections in 122 pp. it is obvious that the average length of each *morceau* is little more than a page, and that therefore the editor pits the excitement of reading snippet quickly after snippet against the quiet enjoyment in longer—and possibly less attractive—selections. But as the book is intended for pupils who are competent to read French with fair ease, it is regrettable that the editor did not choose pieces which should give the effect of a "whole," and that, instead of rushing the reader through specimens from fifty-six writers, why was he not content to leave on his mind an impression of a few typical styles? Educationally, then, this book is low; and excellent as the introduction on Style is, we fail to see how the pupils are to acquire a taste for literature or to observe how *les grands écrivains* fit "manner to matter," since the effect of a rapid succession of impressions is to leave no single one definite, but a blur of all.

School Grammar of Modern French. By C. H. Clarke and C. J. Murray. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net)

IN a sense this grammar is a deflection from the rational principles enunciated more than once by Mr. Rippmann, the general editor of Dent's "Modern Language" series. The idea that a new language should be taught in that language is so strictly adhered to in the French and German text-books that even the *notes* and *vocabularies* are in the language of the text. There was warrant for our inference, therefore, that if a grammar were included in this series it would certainly differ from other grammars in this, at least, that the rule and the illustrations would be in the same language. In this volume we have the rule stated in English and the illustrations of it in French; but, as the French is not *translated*, and as it is more difficult to read the French examples than it would have been to read the rule stated in French, the duplex system is both illogical and unnecessary. Again, if a grammar is to be interesting to read, the rule should come after the examples, so that the reader could occasionally amuse himself by generalising from the material supplied. If it is retorted that the reader is not debarred from this exercise because he need not read the rule at all, we reply that this is no answer, as the principle on which a book is constructed will be the one the reader will follow. The good points of the book are its thoroughness, its careful attention to the language of Molière and his contemporaries, and its non-separation of accidence from syntax. The grammar in the new method is still unwritten, and since Mr. Rippmann has made the great renunciation, who will volunteer?

Au Pôle en Ballon. Par V. Patrice. Adapted and Edited by P. S. Jeffrey. (Macmillan. 2s.)

THIS series is so well known that it is not necessary to say more here than that the notes and vocabulary are very full; and the appendices of words and phrases, of sentences for *viva voce* practice, and of passages for re-translation must tend to simplify the teacher's work, and to rationalise his methods.

The Age of Louis XI. By F. W. B. Smart. (A & C. Black. 2s.)

"THE object of this book," the compiler states, "is to set before the student a continuous period of French history as recorded by contemporaries and eye-witnesses, or by some of the most eminent of modern French historians." Some of the writers drawn upon are Commynes, Barante, Michelet, Sismondi, Hugo, and Zola.

Commercial French. By Messrs. W. M. Poole and M. Becker. (Murray. 2s. 6d.)

THE authors are quite right in saying that this text-book in commercial French is the first in which the direct method of teaching language has been followed. Consequently the whole of the first part—selections, questions, exercises—is in French. The enemy is propitiated in the vocabulary, which is French-English, and in the grammar, the rules of which are expressed in English. This compromise, however, proves the strength of the new method, and we have every faith that in the next edition, instead of destroying the reader's natural love for definition by giving him a bald equivalent—saucepan for *casserole*, &c.—we shall read: *Casserole—Ustensile de cuisine en métal, à queue, à fond plat et à parois droites et cylindriques.* The pieces selected are not very interesting. Now we have got the new method of teaching we are apt to forget that the old method is preferable, with all its irrationalities, to the most logical and consistent of new methods if the pupil cannot get up an interest in the subject-matter. It seems sometimes as if rationalism in method was in inverse ratio to its attractiveness. For instance, Dent's Language series are perfect in idea, but the *pictures* which the children are to look at during the lesson are execrable, and entirely without educational value.

Historical Reader of Early French. By H. Strong and L. D. Barnett. (Blackwood. 3s.)

WITHOUT quite knowing for whom this book is intended, and confident that the material here supplied is much too slight to enable the student to follow the development of Latin into modern French, we can heartily recommend it to any reader interested in historical French, as it forms a very good introduction to Toynbee's *Specimens of Old French*, the only other book of the kind published in England. The illustrative passages from writers from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries are interesting in themselves, and the plan of giving translations where necessary in parallel columns and notes at the foot of the page adds greatly to the attractiveness of the

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volume. Considering the price—there are 200 pp.—the intelligence of its method, and the selections, we hope that its sale will encourage the compilers to follow it up with another and larger volume.

A Primer of French Literature. By E. Weekley. (Blackie. 2s. 6d.)

LITERATURE primers are usually fearsome things; experience has taught us that they are unreadable, uncritical, and unutterably depressing, even when their utility is unquestionable. Here, however, is a primer which is not crowded with names, which is full of discriminating, and sometimes subtle, reflections; and the greatest proof of its interest is that what is read is remembered. We select a few critical remarks at random. "The *esprit gaulois* is the satirical spirit of disrespect. It runs on through those works which are most essentially French in character. . . . In its highest form it appears in the polite irony of Pascal and the broadly human satire of Molière. In its lowest form it is seen in the mocking, callous songs and satires with which private misfortunes or national catastrophes are alike greeted in France." "France has no national poet in the sense that Shakespeare, Burns, and Schiller are national poets." "It [French poetry] seldom rises to that meeting-ground of poetry and music attained by Shelley and Keats, Swinburne and Tennyson." "Before the nineteenth century, France produced no great poet, with the possible exception of the vagabond Villon." It is a triumph of condensation, and those who read it once will read it again. The fault of primers—and this shares it with the rest—is that the literature is detached so completely from the history that one almost comes to think of literature and history as different sides of the same shield, whereas they are different aspects of the same side; but as in review of a primer, so in the primer, "space forbids" detailed criticism.

Contes and Mélanges. Par Voltaire. (A. & C. Black. 2s.)

THE feature of this book is the oral exercises based on the text which have been very intelligently put together.

Concise French Dictionary. By Gasc. (Bell. 2s. 6d.)

THIS dictionary is printed in very clear type, and both its size and price will commend it to many.

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Livy. Book II. By R. S. Conway. (Cambridge: University Press. 2s. 6d.)

THIS series is well known, and this particular volume, as the editor observes, differs little from the others in its general plan. It is not necessary to do more than commend it to the notice of readers of Livy.

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The Fables of Orbilius. By A. D. Godley. Part I. (Arnold. 9d.)

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The Aeneid of Virgil. Book VI. By H. B. Cotterill. (Blackie. 2s.)

WE have had occasion more than once to call attention to the high general excellence of this series of classical text-books. The present edition of the sixth book is one of the best we have ever seen; it not only contains introduction and notes—the former especially are on a higher plane of critical insight than is usual—but it is well illustrated, and in short appendices there are interesting little discussions on subjects arising out of the text, such as the rivers of hell, Virgil's doctrine of the universal mind and spirit, and summaries of Homer's and Dante's visions of the world of the dead, &c. On p. 104 the author writes, "The Acheron, over which Dante is ferried by Charon"; and, on p. 117, "Charon refuses to ferry the poets across." As a matter of fact, it is not known how Dante got to the other side of Acheron.

The Georgics of Virgil. Book II. By S. E. Winbolt. (Blackie. 1s. 6d.)

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The Latin Pronouns—is, hic, iste, ipse. By C. L. Meaden. (The Macmillan Co. $1.40c. or 7s. 6d.)

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Juvenal. By H. P. Wright. (Gin & Co. 6s. 6d.)

THE whole of Juvenal's satires, with the exception of the second, sixth, and ninth, are included in this edition. The notes are at the foot of each page—an excellent plan; and Juvenal's Syntax receives adequate, if concise, treatment in the introduction, to which constant reference is made in the annotations.

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Greek.

Electra of Sophokles. By M. A. Bayfield. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.)

After Sir R. Jebb's "incomparable editions of the poet's works" it is difficult to be original; and even where Mr. Bayfield differs in interpretation from the master, he modestly admits that he has done so by the use of a judgment which the latter has done much to form. The metrical analysis of the lyric portions of the play are given in full, and the notes are not too learned for the private student. The three plates—one from a Greek amphora, and the other two from red-figured Attic vases—will be especially welcomed by the younger pupils, as no art is more delightful to children than the combination of symbol and nature in archaic Greek art. It is interesting, as the author notes, that Sophokles' version of the story is much more recent than that of the Vases. We wish that editors of Greek plays would make a point of giving the story as recorded in picturesque and sculpturesque forms.

The Meno of Plato. By E. S. Thompson. (Macmillan. 5s.)

Of the early dialogues the "Meno" is not the least interesting, perhaps for the effort Socrates is making towards inductive reasoning, and also for his treatment of the ever modern ethical problem, Can virtue be taught? Besides very exhaustive notes—on an average, if we consider type, about ten pages to each page of text—the excursus on Plato's use of δόξα and ἐπιστήμη is particularly pertinent to the present dialogue.

Demosthenes: The Olynthiacs and Philippics. Translated by O. Holland. (Methuen. 2s. 6d.)

The translator has endeavoured to reproduce in his version both the rhythm and to retain "with the rarest deviations" the order of the original. It will be fairest to the author to transcribe a sentence from the opening of the second Olynthiac:

> In a great deal as *anyone* could perceive, gentlemen of Athens, I think, signs of the gift of God's favour being made very manifest to this city, not least would he do so in her present situation; for that those who will be fighting with Philip should have been both a century on his borders, and of power considerable possessed, and, weightiest of all, as regarding the war, their opinions in such sort holding, as even any with him reconciliation, to begin with as suspicions, then of their country to regard as the ruin, of a heavensent and divine sort quite has the look of benefaction.

It is a plucky attempt, and, after Browning's "Agamemnon," should receive from scholars serious attention. We fear it will receive no criticism from those who know, and will be laughed at by those who don't.

Demosthenes: De Corona. By W. W. Goodwin. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.)

This edition, which, if we mistake not, will be for some time to come the authoritative edition, contains a very full historical sketch from the accession of Philip to the battle of Chæronea, and among other essays we might mention a very relevant one on indictment for proposing illegal measures.

Theocritus. By R. J. Cholmeley. (Bell. 7s. 6d.)

The editor explains in the preface that he has "tried to bring together the result of recent investigations into the literary history of the Alexandrian writers, so far as concerns Theocritus," and that the notes are of necessity somewhat full, because the Greek of the Idylls, "naturally difficult, is rendered harder by his position at the beginning of a new epoch."

Mathematical and Material Sciences.

A Short Account of the History of Mathematics. By W. W Rouse Ball. (Macmillan. 10s.)

Euclid's Elements of Geometry. Books I.-IV., VI., and XI. By Charles Smith and Sophie Bryant. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.)

A Treatise on Physics. By Prof. Andrew Gray. Vol. I Dynamics and Properties of Matter. (Churchill. 15s)

An Introduction to the Study of Physics. Vol. I. Genera Physical Measurements. By A. F. Walden and J. J. Manley (A. & C. Black. 3s. 6d.)

The Self-Educator in Chemistry. By James Knight. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.)

Few teachers of mathematics make any attempt to vivify the subject or to create interest in the history of the subject; their aim is to work steadily through their text-books and get as many examples done as possible, the result being that their pupils regard all who have helped to make mathematical history as objectionable persons whose works ought to have been suppressed. Many a boy bewails the day that ever Euclid was born and was permitted to construct the system of mental torture which bears his name. The thought that there are many others who have added to this load of mathematical sorrow is almost too much to bear, and he prefers not to be reminded of it. Yet a good teacher can make a lesson in mathematics really inspiring if he is familiar with the history of the subject; and if he has not this historical knowledge, he should obtain Mr. Ball's book as soon as possible. A short account of the origin of geometry makes a far better introduction to the subject than the dictation of a number of incomprehensible definitions. The name signifies that the subject originated in land-surveying, but though land must have been measured in very early times, the beginnings of the science were in Egypt. In laying down the lines for the construction of the temples a plumb-line and a set-square were used, and angles were measured with sufficient accuracy to ensure that the light of the sun or a star shone straight down the aisle to the Holy of Holies at a certain time of the year. The Greek geometricians first derived their knowledge of the subject from the Egyptians, but they dealt with the science as an abstract science instead of an applied one. This fact affords an excellent example of the different characteristics of the two peoples. We have only mentioned one instance to illustrate how the interminable propositions and examples of the mathematical lesson might be varied by references to historical matters, and teachers will find that Mr. Ball's book provides them with a fund of interesting information upon any branch of their subject. No one ought to be teaching mathematics who is indifferent to the use of so much excellent material.

The movement in favour of the improvement of geometrical teaching has led to the production of several improved editions of Euclid's *Elements*. In the edition by Mr. Smith and Mrs. Bryant the vexatious phraseology of Simson's translation—which is the one usually followed—has been superseded by more concise and less pedantic expressions. In our school days we should have doubted the accuracy of a revised version of Euclid as much as old-fashioned people do the revised version of the Bible, but we now know that revision is a sign of progress. Euclid's order is retained in the edition under notice, but many of the proofs have been modified or supplemented with alternative proofs. Personally, we should prefer Euclid's geometry to be used as little in schools here as it is in France and Germany, but, as this time is not yet, we are thankful that such a reasonable edition as the one by Mr. Smith and Mrs. Bryant is now available.

Lord Kelvin's successor at the University of Glasgow has produced a treatise on physics which, though not of the same elaborate and profound character as the renowned work of "Thomson and Tait," yet belongs to the same class. The work is not of the old-fashioned natural philosophy type, with numerous pretty pictures of experiments and phenomena, but a precise statement of the foundations and implications of physical science. Phenomena are not merely described; they are subjected to mathematical analysis, and are thus shown to be united by the bond of physical theory. This is the modern point of view of physics, and it is the only one from which lines of progress can be predicted. Serious students of the science of matter and motion will find Prof. Gray's book a valuable means of training, and the young mechanical or electrical engineer who makes himself familiar with the dynamical principles described will have an excellent equipment for his career.

Of a very different character is the book by Messrs. Walden and Manley. This is a manual for the use of beginners of the study of physics, and, so far as we can see, it has few original characteristics. The encouragement now given to simple measurements of physical quantities in elementary and secondary schools has led to the production of many books containing suitable courses of work. We are confident that teachers of physics generally will not approve of the style of the present manual—an examination of the first chapter, which lays down laboriously the nature and scope of the subject, would be sufficient for them. Moreover, the authors succeed in conveying a wrong impression, in spite of their attempt to put the student in a right frame of mind. They state that natural science is the study of all things in nature, whereas the term is only used to comprise what is known as natural history. It is more important that the student should know

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this than that he should be informed at length that the Greek signification of the word physics is not accepted as defining the scope of the subject.

Mr. Knight's book is an unsatisfactory production—of little use to students of chemistry and much beyond the capacity of the general reader. We have, fortunately, passed the day when such descriptive books as this were regarded as suitable vehicles of popular education in science. As with Greek, science should be studied more with the idea of creating a particular frame of mind than to gather information. People who merely read about scientific results have no real conception of the philosophic spirit, and they might employ their spare time better if they have not sufficient interest in nature to investigate matters for themselves. True, suggestions for experiments are given by Mr. Knight, but not in a way likely to lead to their being acted upon. The style is dull and often difficult, and the figures are rough line-blocks, mostly unworthy of reproduction.

Botany.

Disease in Plants. By Prof. H. Marshall Ward. (Macmillan.)

Grasses. A Handbook for Use in the Field and Laboratory. By Prof. H. Marshall Ward. (Cambridge: University Press. 6s.)

Plant and Floral Studies for Designers, Art Students, and Craftsmen. By W. G. Paulson Townsend. (Truslove, Hanson, & Comba.)

THE science of phytopathology, which comprises all that is known of the diseases that threaten the lives of plants, finds but a limited number of readers, yet it is an important and interesting branch of knowledge, to the extension of which more investigators every year devote their attention. Prof. Ward deals with the subject in the latest addition to the "Nature" series of Messrs. Macmillan, and his book is characterised by the clearness of exposition and the grace of expression that one has become used to associating with this writer on biological topics. The book is intended more especially for agriculturists and gardeners, and an examination of the volume shows that technical terms have been reduced to a minimum and that great care has been given to provide these

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practical men with the best treatment for the sick and languishing among their crops. But, in order that the remedies may be intelligently applied, sufficient explanation of the causes and nature of vegetable disease is placed before the reader. Each chapter is provided with a set of notes to explain where the student, anxious to go more deeply into the questions discussed, can go for fuller, trustworthy information, and the author more than once insists that there is no royal road to science; for though it may be possible to make use of "tips" provided by the man of science, yet it is only the practitioner who has studied vegetable morphology and physiology who can properly diagnose the diseases with which he comes in contact, and so apply suitable palliatives.

Prof. Ward's little book, in the series known as the Cambridge Natural Science Manuals, is of quite a different character. A single glance through it will be enough to warn a general reader that it is not for him. A student taking up the important branch of economic botany with which the book is concerned will find here a concise, well-arranged account of the common native British grasses. The descriptions are short, clear, well-illustrated, but severely technical. As a handbook for use in the field and laboratory it is excellent.

To leave an audience with the author of the last two books for Mr. Townsend's company is to breathe suddenly a new atmosphere. It is a case of passing from the laboratory to the studio. In this volume plants are regarded as things of beauty chiefly fit to serve as constructive units for the designer. A hundred and fourteen black-and-white drawings of familiar plants are to be found here, accompanied by a comparatively small amount of letterpress. It is a little difficult to understand what use these descriptions will be to designers or craftsmen; they contain a little botany, a little folk-lore, a little etymology, but scarcely enough of any single subject to be of real assistance or interest. Nor are the descriptions the best possible, if the author's object was to make it easy for the art student to find the plants for himself. They may serve the purpose, however, of making the reader want to know more; if so, they will be justified. The drawings are clear and correct, and should prove very useful for the purpose for which they were prepared.

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Literature and Tobacco.

EXPERIENCE has taught us to expect little from a book on tobacco. As Mr. W. A. Penn remarks in his extremely interesting book, *The Soverane Herbe* (Grant Richards), the literature of Tobacco is wofully scrappy, unsustaining, and inferior. But we perceive that Mr. Penn has turned the tide. To say that one wants to keep his book is to pay him an unprecedented compliment. Nor are we displeased to find that Mr. Penn is aware, as a good workman must be, that he has done well. He really seems to have written, as he hopes, "the most complete history of tobacco yet published."

To say that literature is closely associated with tobacco is a feeble and unworthy periphrasis. Shall we not rather acclaim their identity, since their association is too intimate and subtle ever to be recounted. Tobacco is the rolling cloud, literature the emerging lightning. Is there a novelist among us who does not smoke? A journalist? And, saving Mr. Swinburne, a poet? But it will be said that literature was produced during thousands of years by non-smokers like Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Chaucer. There is no gainsaying it. Even Mr. Penn admits that certain people figured on an ancient Egyptian tombstone were not smoking, but only blowing glass. He concedes that no tobacco pipe ever found, not even one which was plucked from the jaws of an ancient Milesian in a tumulus at Kildare, can boast a greater antiquity than Elizabeth. Yet the Greeks are known to have inhaled the smoke of dried coltsfoot to cure chest troubles, and the Thracians and Scythians are reported to have enjoyed the smoke of certain fragrant plants and of hemp-seed. They had no tobacco, but they may have had what we have lost? What of that rare

> Nepenthes which the wife of Thone
> In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena?

The ages give and take away. Horace knew not tea, the author of *Beowulf* was a stranger to bananas; and we, also, are born too early for delights yet unimagined by the epicure.

Is not literature itself a great narcotic? A few days ago three bookmen were discussing the question whether books really influence men in their lives and conduct. Two maintained that the moral influence of literature is a mere delusion. The third indignantly met their denial; and the wrangle was only settled on the basis that literature is at least a great narcotic, that it soothes and liberates the native energies of the mind. What are those companions of our waiting and agitated hours; what are those precious fragments of verse and prose which we bring forth at odd moments, chanting them to the wind or to the rumble of a train, amid the racket and suspense of business; what are these but the instinctively selected narcotic grains of literature; and what is our sensuous enjoyment of them if it is not comparable to the paradaisical calm and aloofness of the smoker? Is it for any other result that one murmurs a passage like this from "Hyperion":

> His palace bright
> Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
> And touch'd with shade of bronzèd obelisks,
> Glar'd a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
> Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
> And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
> Flush'd angerly: while sometimes eagle's wings
> *Unseen before by gods or wondering men,*
> Darken'd the place; and neighing steeds were heard,
> *Not heard before by gods or wondering men?*

Or wherein, but in its simple power to empty the mind of worry and fill it with vast spaces and cadences, dwells the magic of Milton's

> Where the great vision of the guarded mount
> Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold?

By long use and habit these unattached peacemakers and anæsthetists present themselves silently, swiftly, when the care of little things and the unhappy frustrations of the hour become too much for us. In all fine poetry and prose there is secreted a narcotic principle that never dies, that pervades its very fragments. In a few disconnected words, whose context is forgotten, whose meaning when taken alone is nothing, this blessed influence will survive. There is a passage in one of Mr. Francis Thompson's poems which begins:

> On Ararat there grew a vine. . . .

Often and often above the clamour of the street, and the never-so-wise charming of our industrious singers, we have enjoyed the vastness and cadence of those dissevered words: "On Ararat there grew a vine."

It was the narcotic in that blessed word Mesopotamia that drugged the old lady into peace of mind for so many years. We once heard a bishop preach a sing-song sermon on the text "In the valley of Achor, by the way of the sea." And still, after infinite removal and lapse of time, we see the light fading out of the great eastern window of that northern cathedral church, and recall the warmth and the seclusion and the morocco scent of the hymn-books, as the voice repeats, again and again, in soft nasal undulations—"In the valley of Achor, by the way of the sea." Not to have touched the mind to some such issues of vague and persistent consolation is to have missed one of the achievements of literature. Even Byron won to it when he wrote the stanza:

> A king sate upon the rocky brow
> Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
> And ships by thousands lay below,
> And men in nations. All were his;
> He counted them at break of day,
> But when the sun was set, where were they?

Lamb, writing under the spell of tobacco, communicated a subtler spell to many a sentence in his essays. For example, to these:

> A pulse assuredly was felt along the line of the Elysian shades when the near arrival of G. D. was announced by no equivocal indications. From their seats of Asphodel arose the gentler and the graver ghosts—poet and historian—of Grecian or of Roman lore—to crown with unfading chaplets the half-finished love-labours of their unwearied scholiast. Him Markland expected, him Tyrrwhit hoped to encounter, him the sweet lyrist of Peterhouse, whom he had barely seen upon earth, with newest airs prepared to greet. And—patron of the gentle Christ's boy—who should have been his patron for life, the mild Askew, with longing aspirations leaned foremost from his venerable Æsculapian chair, and prepared to welcome into that happy company the matured virtues of the man whose tender scions in the boy he had himself, while on earth, so prophetically fed and watered.

Without a doubt words lull us by their very ripple over the shingles of the mind. But the words which do this, not merely in our easily-satisfied youth, but throughout life, are written only by the greatest. Give a man the ultimate word or cadence of words for his feeling, and the pleasure of that feeling is heightened or its pain mitigated. It is no longer crude and little, but is lifted and enlarged and

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touched with at least the luxury of woe. Horace's *Eheu, fugaces, Postoume, Postoume*, has for centuries been a charm to reconcile men to their little span. Unfailing, unrivalled, come those cheerily mournful words down the populous centuries. Shakespeare, who does not mention tobacco, has thrown into one immortal speech the suggestion that life without some narcotic, be it physical or mental, or some veil and alleviation to which you may give any finer name you please, is unbearable. For when Iago has set his infamous snare, and already sees Othello's life withered beyond cure, what words does he place in the lips of this triumphant despoiler of a life: "Look," says Iago, "where he comes." And as his victim enters the room he mutters:

> Not poppy, nor mandragora
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
> Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
> Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

It is one of the regrets of Biography that Dr. Johnson did not smoke. His case was peculiar. He approved, but refrained. In this he seems to have been influenced by the general reaction against tobacco which, as Mr. Penn points out in his interesting chapter on the "Social Progress of Tobacco," set in with the eighteenth century. Snuff alone was sanctioned by the elect. "In France," says Mr. Penn, "snuff had always been preferred to smoking, and Georgian England, repudiating smoking for its popularity, began to snuff. In Pall Mall, the fashionable lounge, smoking was forbidden. Beau Nash enacted similar laws at Bath. Forgetting that they had ever enjoyed a pipe, the higher classes speedily came to regard smoking with that odium which only the last generation has removed. It was tabooed by good society and snuff-taking substituted for it as an accomplishment essential to all who would be considered fine ladies and gentlemen." Dr. Johnson rebelled against this law, yet kept it. He said: "Smoking has gone out. To be sure, it is a shocking thing, blowing smoke out of our mouths into other people's mouths, eyes, and noses, and having the same thing done to us. Yet I cannot account why a thing which requires so little exertion, and yet preserves the mind from total vacuity, should have gone out. Every man has something by which he calms himself: beating with his feet or so." Here Johnson spoke as a restive social atom. One wishes he had enjoyed a discreet pipe at the Mitre, and blessed tobacco with some thunderous sanction, like that which must forever fortify the lover of the game of draughts. Writing a dedication to Payne's book on that game, he thus addressed the Earl of Rochford: "Triflers may find or make anything a trifle; but since it is the great characteristic of a wise man to see events in their causes, to obviate consequences, and ascertain contingencies, your lordship will think nothing a trifle by which the mind is inured to caution, foresight, and circumspection." It was not social convention that kept Professor Huxley from smoking for forty years. For that period, he told a sectional meeting of the British Association, tobacco had been a deadly poison to him. "As a medical student I tried to smoke, but at every attempt tobacco stretched me upon the floor. On entering the Navy I again tried to smoke, and again met with defeat. I hated tobacco. I could have almost lent my support to any institution that had for its object the execution of smokers. A few years ago I was in Brittany with some friends. It was a miserable, drenching day, and they looked so happy and comfortable with their pipes that I thought I would try a cigar. I did so. I smoked that cigar; it was delicious. From that moment I was a changed man, and now I feel that smoking in moderation is a comforting and laudable practice, and productive of good. There is no more harm in a pipe than there is in a cup of tea." A grain of nicotine, we have been told by our severer counsellers, kills a cat. "A grain of theine," says Mr. Penn, with happy adaptation, "kills a frog instantly." In his chapter on "Tobacco and Genius," he has collected many of the most illustrious personal traditions of the "Soverane Herbe," but we leave these, and much more, to the reader. Mr. Penn's advocacy is discreet, and founded on knowledge and research. In his chapters on Tobacco Manufacture, Pipes, Cigars, and the Hygiene of Tobacco, he has wise words for the most practised smoker. His facts, too, are abundant and curiously interesting. To conclude, we will give one of his stories and tell him another. When Pope Pius IX. received a certain Englishman of high rank in private audience, he offered him a cigar. "You will find this very good," he said. "Thank you, your Holiness, but I am not addicted to this vice." "It isn't a vice," cuttingly replied the Holy Father, himself a smoker, "or probably you would be." George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, was not a Pope, and he did not smoke. Yet once, when pressed to try a pipe, he placed it between his lips, drew one whiff, and returned it to his companion—to show, as he weightily remarked, that he had "unity with the Creation."

Things Seen.

By the Way.

He was tall and lean, with a shaggy beard, and unkempt grey hair, a workman's bag was slung across one shoulder, and his feet were swathed in rags.

He pointed to the bicycles leaning against the hedge. "I mind the very fust o' they things as I ever set sight on. In Abyssinia that were, when my colonel rode on to the parade-ground, you should have seen the native fellers run, yellin' with fear as he come nigh 'em!" He mimicked the gait and gestures of a scared native to the life.

"Ay seen a bit o' fightin', I reckon, in my time! Abyssinia, China, India—walked into Cawnpore after the massacre"—he ran into details. "Ay, I've seen men fight like animals"—he leaned upon his stick—"I've seen many breeds fight. I'd fight a-many yet myself, but the War Office say 'Too old'"—he doubled a big gnarled fist in derision. "I wrote to the old colonel an' he called me a bloodthirsty feller; but there's fightin' left if they'd take me, there's fightin' left."

He looked down the smiling valley where the river ran noisily, and the woods stretched from the skyline to the water's edge.

The flow of reminiscence ran on, he talked well, vividly, whether truth or lie I could not tell. I recognised facts, dates, soldiers' names, I saw the pictures as he drew them with deft words. The man was a born narrator.

When I rode on there was something incongruous between the happy English valley and those echoing, fierce old war-tales in our ears; and yet I somehow wished that he had not been so readily contented with a shilling.

The Pursuit.

"Look!" said the actress. I remembered that Burke had attributed Garrick's eminence as an actor to his keenness in watching men. We were outside the Magasin du Louvre. On the opposite side of the square were two people, the woman noticeable in the busy crowd, the man unremarkable for anything but being with her. She was of the working-classes, fair, tall, a girl grown early old. Her blouse was damp, and clung about her in folds which recalled the Nike's vest that we had just seen in the Louvre. She was common—and magnificent. I had done with her, I thought, and was looking away when the actress pressed my arm. The man, with extraordinary "slimness," had left the woman's side and jumped into a cab. The cab was being driven

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rapidly across the square in the direction of the Rue de Rivoli, and after it, head down, in a magnificent swinging stride, rushed the woman. She was blind to the vehicles in the way, deaf to the shouts of warning. . . . It is with precisely such a motion that Duse goes after Turiddu in *Cavalleria*. She must be killed. No! She has caught up the *fiacre*, and, catching hold of it between the two wheels, is dragged along, her feet now on the ground, now off it—a sickening, rhythmical progress. Her death seems so near that the man is forced to stop the *fiacre*. She, apparently unhurt, gets in and drives off—a bare-headed Victory in a working blouse, by the side of a respectable, top-hatted gentleman.

"Oh, men!" said the actress. The tears were in her eyes. They were still there when we sat down to luncheon.

Correspondence.

Twentieth Century Taste.

SIR,—Mr. Lang, I see, is as troubled as the *Quarterly* reviewer about twentieth-century tolerance of second-rate literature. I gather that his distress is due chiefly to the approbation of deans and the recommendation of preachers. I should not have thought that clerical recognition was a sound test of a community's literary taste; in the present instance it is an unfair one. There is a fashion in these matters as in all things; pulpit references are allowed, nay, encouraged, now, which would have horrified the religious public of fifty years ago. Moreover, the great writers of the mid-Victorian era lend themselves far more to uses of edification than do their successors. In any case we may remember that the generation which read Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Kingsley, also read Tupper in preference to Robert Browning or Matthew Arnold. The *Proverbial Philosophy* was guyed by the critics as are the masterpieces of ——— or ——— nowadays. The guying never hindered the popularity or saleability of the book, nor, let us reflect, have the popularity and sales averted complete oblivion.

Like Mr. Lang (see last week's *Pilot*), I have been shut up in an inn, and have had to fall back upon old books. Luckier than he, Moore's *Byron* fell to my share. It is amusing to find that Byron, backed up by Moore, was greatly disturbed by the inevitable bad effect of Review reading upon public taste; in fact, the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh* were scolded by him in much the same way as the *Strand* or *Windsor* are by our modern censors. It is amusing also to read, under date of 1807, that "Taste is over with us; and another century will sweep our Empire, our literature, and our name from all but a place in the annals of mankind." Most amusing to find that in 1813 Byron, apparently with his biographer's full concurrence, assigns the second rank among the poets of the day to—Rogers! whom he places far above Wordsworth and Coleridge. If I am not mistaken, the *Quarterly* of the day would have approved this judgment.

Upon the whole, I venture to think that so far from the taste of the present day being worse or feebler than that of former times, there never was a period in which the good judges were so prompt and so unanimous in recognising new talent, or in which the public at large followed with more docility the opinions of good judges.—I am, &c.,

ALFRED NUTT.

Grand Hôtel des Bains, Bex-les-Bains, Suisse.

"Insanity in Literature."

SIR,—If it is not too late, I should much like to express my entire sympathy with the views set forth by Miss Hannah Lynch under the above title in your issue of the 17th ult. The holidays must excuse my tardiness. Miss Lynch is perfectly able to take care of herself, and her reply to Mr. Percy L. Babington was conclusive enough; but the subject is of more than momentary importance, and perhaps, therefore, you will allow me a few lines. Mr. Babington, in the letter which you printed on the 24th ult., takes vigorous exception to Miss Lynch's vigour in stating her opinions, and he would evidently like to defend Pierre Louys. For my part, I enjoyed her vigour. It was needed, and especially in England, where there has been a disposition, even in the most respectable and discreet literary quarters, to take Pierre Louys seriously. One cannot too strongly insist that Pierre Louys is negligible. His appeal is merely pornographic. He writes well, very well (but so do scores of Frenchmen); he has considerable inventive skill, and a truly admirable sense of form; but his imagination has no emotional intensity, no lyric force. If any of his stuff survives, it will be as *facetiæ*, in the same category as La Popelinière's *Tableaux des Mœurs du Temps*, which for about a hundred years enjoyed the reputation of being the beastliest book in French, and which Charles Monselet was so ill-advised as to reprint in 1867. Pierre Louys is a finished craftsman, who has made up in impudence what he lacked in emotion. I should not care to assert that the grossest indecency cannot co-exist with art of a very high order; Balzac's *La Fille aux Yeux d'Or* is a proof that it can. But the hard, cold brazenness of books like Louys' *Aphrodite* is far distant from the emotional quality which pervades all true art. The whole school of the "Société du Mercure de France" is contemptible, and it is typical of nearly all modern French fiction. Look at the weekly lists of French novels, and you will invariably find the words *amour* and *vice* imbedded in the titles. French fiction is, in truth, under a cloud of impudicity and dulness. With the possible exception of Zola, there are only two great writers left—Bourget and Anatole France. Miss Lynch does well to refer to the decadence of certain living novelists, and particularly Jules Lemaitre and Maurice Barrès. In regard to the latter, it is difficult to believe that the author of the exquisite *Jardin de Bérenice* wrote *Les Déracinés*. Miss Lynch might have added Emile Zola to her list.

Some people may ask, What about the position of Marcel Prévost, the brothers Margueritte, and the brothers Rosny? As to the first, I agree with Miss Lynch. He has written one good book, *Léa*, two fairly good books, *Frédérique* and *Le Jardin Secret* (whose success he vainly tried to repeat in *Heureux Ménage*), and a lot of fifth-rate concoctions. To put Marcel Prévost in his proper position it is only necessary to compare the descriptions of London in *Frédérique* with the descriptions of Paris in Mr. George Moore's *A Modern Lover*. We have a dozen men in England who could write Marcel Prévost into the Bay of Biscay. As for the two pairs of brothers, one cheerfully admits that they are serious and honourable artists of a certain distinction, and I, personally, can never forget a vision of Walworth manners in a short story by those earnest students of London, the Rosnys. But these two suffer from the universal blight of tediousness, which is equivalent to saying that they lack force. Can anyone positively swear, hand on heart, that he has not found *Le Désastre* tedious? It is as tedious as a novel by Paul Adam or Léon Cladel.

The fact is, French fiction has fallen on evil days.

I differ from Miss Lynch's view that the Louys school succeeds by virtue of foreign markets. About a hundred thousand copies of *Aphrodite* have been sold, and no foreign markets could digest that mass, or a tenth of it. The Louys school fabricates for home consumption. Only a month or two ago *Le Journal*, a paper conducted with conspicuous journalistic ability, made as much preliminary fuss over the publication of a short feuilleton by Pierre Louys (which proved to be quite as blue as it was painted) as though it had been a new novel by Bourget himself.

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Le Journal would not have put itself to this trouble if it had thought that Louys appealed only or chiefly to the foreigner.—I am, &c., E. A. BENNETT.

Hockliffe, Beds.

A Wessex Pilgrimage.

SIR,—I have been greatly amused at the paragraph of American origin regarding the above, but I can well understand Mr. Thomas Hardy not seeing the humour of it, and being a little hurt and indignant; the whole thing is so characteristic of our cousins. They come as guests. They are grateful and appreciative, but their standard for natural beauty does not favour the purely pastoral. They are all for associations, either with persons or with places. The country through which they drove for seventeen miles will compare not unfavourably with the best of what is typical of English landscapes, but there were no fences, no plank side-walks, and they might as well have been in either Kent or Surrey for all that was new to their uninstructed eye and endeared to them by associations. Let them be excused, but they might have remembered the trouble taken by the organisers of a pleasant function more as a tribute to a great author than a day's jaunt, and should not have forgotten their kindly reception by him and his strong love of his native county as expressed to them.—I am, &c., E. A. S.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 103 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best denunciation of some social convention. We award the prize to Mr. Henry A. Moore, care of Messrs. Nathan & Somers, 10, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, W.C., for the following:

HAND-SHAKING.

I WAS born and bred in the tangled forests of ——, and came over to your mighty London for the first time a week ago. The buildings, the streets, and the traffic are peculiar enough—heaven knows!—but there is a custom among your people which astonishes me more than ever. I noticed it directly I got into the station. A man went up to another man and seized his hand savagely, gripping and shaking it about for some time. I was surprised that he was not angry, but rather appeared to like it. Another man went up to a woman, seized her hand with both of his and pressed it in a malicious manner. It must have caused her great pain because she was crying. Had I my club with me I would have brained him on the spot! In another place, called Piccadilly, I saw them doing it above their heads; this struck me as being rather silly, for they could not possibly hurt each other that way. When I told X. so, he laughed and said I was an uncivilised barbarian.

Other replies are as follows:

COMPULSORY CONVERSATION.

I have a *bête noir* that crawls at my heels through many a social function. It appeared to me first when as a pensive, rather than a loquacious, child of eight the cruelty of imposed sociability to previously "unexplored" human-being was thrust upon me. "Tony," my mother said, pouncing upon me one fiery August afternoon, when I was digging for worms in my garden; "Tony, there are friends on the lawn, and you must help amuse them. Talk to them when I leave you alone—*talk*, mind! Or else, if you are a stupid boy, I shall come to you at bed-time. (A visit from my mother at bed-time meant chastisement, minus my little serge suit.) On the lawn my mother left me. I didn't mind the noise the people made much; we kept a grammaphone, and I had visited "Savage South Africa" at Earl's Court, but I instinctively feared the muslin and lace, silk hat and frock-coat part that kept it going. No one spoke to me. I stood stolid and silent. Then from afar I caught my mother's eye fixed upon me. . . A girl and a man were seated *tête-à-tête*, in the shade of a crooked plum-tree. Young, ignorant, and in mortal fear of maternal wrath, I stalked boldly into their solitude. "I—I say, isn't it a c—cold day?" I stammered. The girl was a bright-eyed American. "I guess it just *is*, little boy—Nova Zembla way," she answered cruelly. "You trot off brisk and see!"

[Miss Z. Mc., Whitby.]

THE TOIL OF AMUSEMENT.

"Amuse us—or we die! Build more theatres—(No room? Pull down the churches!)—pay actors as ambassadors—pet them—worship them—title them—anything to keep them good-tempered and amuse us!" It is done. In addition, actors are gathered from France, America, Germany, Belgium, Japan—from everywhere—to amuse us. America, with a just contempt for our intelligence, sends us plays of amazing silliness—to amuse us. Englishmen give us plays with a Gallic flavour, heard without a blush, having long ceased to honour or reverence women (did they not themselves teach us not to do so?); and, as we laugh at whatever rubbish is given us for our amusement, do we ever think—say, of Africa—and contrast the comedy we are laughing at with the tragedy *there*, and the sons, brothers, lovers, husbands, fathers playing it? Thousands of our dear ones have been killed or maimed—and it is all going on now! Surely we should limit the indulgence of this childish passion for pleasure, and think of the gravities of life—of its duties as well as its poor pleasures. "Ye little birds, how can ye sing, and I so full of woe?" The little birds do not know, but we do. Hard times are on us—worse are coming. It is not a time for amusement, but for sacrifice, foresight, and wise action. We have enemies all round us, and in our midst. Let the laugh wait till there is something to laugh at.

[W. J. B., London.]

INTRODUCTIONS.

Once, at a fine play, I was so powerfully impressed by the performance, and my companion remained so stolidly indifferent, that, meeting the eyes of my neighbour, and seeing sympathy written there, I spoke to him. Only a few words passed between us, but we watched the play *together*, and our pleasure was doubled. But afterwards I found that I had committed a dreadful crime! "Who was he? How could I?" gasped my companion. I am sure I didn't know—or care. Did it matter? . . . Matter! Good gracious!! I had not been introduced!!! No one had said, "Mr. Jones—Miss Smith." How horrible!

Until someone will take the responsibility of having commenced the acquaintance we must stand aloof—we must have someone to blame if things go wrong; we cannot choose for ourselves. Casual friendships are sweet—unorthodox!—forbidden fruit! Has no one intuition? Must everyone be guarded, and guarded against? What sort of persons are the guardians? and who chose them? One who knows our several moods, passions, necessities? He should know these who chooses our friends.

Do introductions keep lambs from wolves—a girl from insult, a lad from bad company—used as it is, tactlessly, thoughtlessly? It is no barrier against craft and gold—rather a too frail fence behind which we lose independence and judgment. It might be a science—it has possibilities; it seems now but a scheme to separate many who should be happy in a harmony of brotherly sympathy.

[G. M. W., Hull.]

THE AFTERNOON CALL.

There is a Fetish enshrined in every heart, numerous are its commands; women especially are addicted to blind adherence to its mandates. This Fetish is Custom, who, enthroned, blindfolded with flimsy gauze, crowned with the latest "creation" of the moment, holding in one hand her book of rules and in the other her rod of ridicule, issues—unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—her stern decree: one of which is, that every woman with any pretensions to fashion should spend the better part of her day in paying calls upon people whom she cares not a jot about, or in receiving the same from people to whom she is but a name on their visiting list. Daily, with smiling faces but with rebellious hearts, they pour forth libations of tea mingled with milk, yclept cream, and cakes not a few. Fain would they cast off the weary and profitless yoke, but that they lack the courage. The noontide hours are devoted to this deity; then one may see its votaries arrayed for sacrifice, hurrying from house to house, at each house are the irksome rights performed, most often accompanied by hymns in praise or otherwise of the weather, or topics as thrilling, and after mutual endeavours to stifle their boredom, and to appear delighted with each other and everything, they part—Victims seeking other Victims. [K. M. P., North Wales.]

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The Literary Week.

MR. ROOSEVELT, the New President of the United States, has managed to crowd a good deal of writing into an active life. He has published no less than fifteen volumes, including *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*, *The Wilderness Hunter*, *American Ideals*, and *The Rough Riders*.

HERE are a few more interesting volumes we note amongst publishers' autumn announcements :

Anticipations: an Experiment in Prophecy. By H. G Wells.
Poets of the Younger Generation. By William Archer.
The Wessex of Thomas Hardy. By Prof. Bertram Windle.
The Defendant: a Volume of Essays. By Gilbert Chesterton.
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Hawthorn and Lavender, a Lyric Sequence; and Other Poems. By W. E. Henley.

FROM the autumn list of books to be published by Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine, we take the following announcement :

> *A Year's Letters.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. A novel in thirty chapters (the story being related in the form of letters), together with a prologue of five chapters, by "Mrs. Horace Manners." Originally contributed to the *Tatler* in 1877, it has never been reprinted, and is undoubtedly one of the rarest of Swinburniana. The copy of the *Tatler* from which our edition is made belonged to the late Frederick Locker-Lampson.

MESSRS. CHAMBERS'S new edition of their *Cyclopædia of English Literature* is to contain many new articles, including the following :

Anglo-Saxon. By Rev. Stopford Brooke.
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The first volume is to appear early in November.

THE new book by the author (or editor) of *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*, entitled *A Modern Antæus*, describes a child of nature who became a prodigy. The scene is laid in England, but the atmosphere is Italian. The volume is to have a cover design by Mr. Laurence Housman.

THE bibliographer of Tolstoi will be hard put to it to complete his work. We are continually receiving extracts and snippets from Tolstoi's writings in all manner of forms. This week four little green-backed booklets have reached us from the "Free Age Press," consisting of a first and second series of *Popular Stories and Legends*, *The Only Means*, and the *Relations of the Sexes*. A prophet nowadays is, perhaps, too much acknowledged by his disciples.

THE increasing interest in Tolstoi is marked this week by the publication of the first two volumes of Mr. Heinemann's new Library Edition of his works, containing *Anna Karenina*. They are tall, handsome volumes, bound in dark-green canvas, each having a portrait of the author. The first shows Tolstoi at the age of twenty, in which we see the broad nose and wide, determined mouth, as yet rather unformed, which are so familiar in later portraits. This edition claims to be the first complete translation direct from the Russian, and has been made by Mrs. Garnett, who, it will be remembered, was crowned by the ACADEMY for her admirable translation of Turgenev. The spelling of Russian proper names has always presented difficulties to the translator. In a note to the first volume Mrs. Garnett says :

> I have not adopted the form "Anna Karenina," but "Anna Karenin," since such a preservation of the feminine form of the surname is unparalleled in English. We do not speak of Marie Bashkirtseva or Sonia Kovalevskaia, of Madame Blavatskaia or the Countess Tolstaia, and it is not the Russian habit to retain these feminine terminations when speaking English.

It will be noticed that Mrs. Garnett spells Tolstoi with a "y" and not an "i."

THE popularity of Maxime Gorki is rapidly becoming cosmopolitan. His stories, studies in that particular form of sympathetic realism which distinguishes so many Russian writers, are already widely read in France, and now Messrs. Scribner have started an issue of his works in America with the publication of *Foma Gordyeff*. In Russia appreciation of Gorki takes the embarrassing form of cheering him when he enters a theatre. On one such occasion he protested by shouting : "I'm not a ballet dancer or a Venus of Milo. What are you staring at me for ? Keep your eyes on the stage."

THE *New York Times Saturday Review* states that Dr. Conan Doyle is thought to have a Boer story in his mind because he advertises in the London *Times* for the loan of officers' letters relating to various battles in South Africa. This may be so, but we should have imagined that Dr. Doyle required the letters for the History of the War o which he is engaged.

IN a recent article on "A Grammar of Shelley" Mr. G. K. Chesterton said :

> It is a strange truth that no force has been so disruptive and iconoclastic, has torn up so many ancient roots, and pulled down so many holy places, as contentment with the world.

At the request of a correspondent of the *Daily News*, who

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desired an amplification of this passage, Mr. Chesterton replied as follows :

> What I meant by the passage, however, in case it was obscure, is roughly this: The force which has driven men to improve the world has, I think, scarcely in any case been the sense that the world was vitally bad. It has rather been an immense love of the world, and a consequent belief that its possibilities for good were almost endless. Gloomy philosophers may have had every logical reason for improving the world, but they simply had not got the only valid reason—a burning desire to do so. Has it ever occurred to many persons, I wonder, that one of the great basic morals of existence can be found in the story of "Beauty and the Beast"—the moral that it is only by loving a thing that we can make it beautiful? In one sense, and at the beginning of things it might be said with all politeness, that existence was a Beast. It has been made more beautiful, and almost entirely by optimists. All the revolutionists, even those who have been maddened with starvation and insults, have been optimists about our elemental nature—Burns, Rousseau, the Socialist working men. I may notice, in conclusion, that this universal paradox of the union between a seraphic contentment and a desire for drastic change was nowhere more exemplified than in Christianity. The same creed which told men that they were the happy children of an utterly hospitable father doomed them to the most strenuous agonies of repentance and self-improvement. It has been the law of all progress, essentially illogical, like the universe, that improvement comes only from hope, and hope comes only from satisfaction.

The *North American Review* prints a hitherto unpublished essay by Victor Hugo on Shakespeare. Originally written for the three-hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, the essay was not included in the volume entitled *Shakespeare*, as it was not suitable for a critical volume. It is, indeed, a eulogium in the fervid Hugo manner. Here is a characteristic passage :

> Shakespeare the drunken savage! Savage, yes, but the inhabitant of the virgin forest; drunken indeed, but with the ideal. He is a giant, beneath the boughs of enormous trees, who holds a great golden cup, and the light which he drinks is reflected in his eyes. Shakespeare, like Æschylus, like Job, like Isaiah, is one of the sovereigns of thought and of poesy, who, sufficient for the All Mysterious, have the depth of creation itself, and who like creation itself translate and illustrate this depth by a profusion of forms and images, springing from the darkness, in flowers, in leaves and in living streams.

Apropos of Messrs. Macmillan's recent issue of Mr. Walter Pater's *Essays from "The Guardian,"* Mr. Stephen Gwynn has an article in the *Daily News* on that writer's style. Mr. Gwynn calls it an "unmistakably embarrassed style," and he proves his point pretty conclusively by quotations from Mr. Pater's work. Says Mr. Gwynn :

> Mr. Pater feels upon himself the weight of a cumulative culture: two centuries have passed since the days of Steele and Addison, and the world, he thinks, has too many intellectual side-currents to admit of a simple utterance.

It may be surprising to some readers to have it pointed out that Mr. Pater's grammar was by no means above reproach ; yet his involved manner made it almost impossible that he should escape the snares of the English pronoun. Even *Marius*—which Mr. Gwynn frankly confesses is a work which he cannot re-read—is not free from such errors. Mr. Gwynn concludes as follows :

> There are also, of course, many minor instances where the stylist departs of malice prepense from the natural English idiom, as when he speaks of Richard III. "who has retained a so unflattering possession of the stage"; but it would be tedious to multiply examples. On the whole, there is no contesting the fact that the man who wrote the passage about Lionardo's "La Gioconda" (if it be Lionardo's) beginning: "The presence that rose so strangely by the waters," was a remarkable writer. But the proposition that his style was one to be imitated, or even in itself an admirable style, is one that I should be slow to accept. Its "delicate blandness," to borrow a phrase from *Marius*, is the product of a stuffy atmosphere: I should like to hear it characterised by Dr. Johnson. There are china-shops—and this is one—where a bull would be a blessed apparition.

In the history of publishing the name of Tauchnitz has an honoured place. In the *Pall Mall Magazine* Mr. Tighe Hopkins re-tells the story of how the first Baron Tauchnitz conceived the idea of publishing foreign authors in their own languages, and paying them, before there was any international copyright. In the original prospectus issued to English authors Baron Tauchnitz said :

> Allow me to remark that I, as well as any other publisher in Germany, have at present the right to embark in such undertakings without any permission from the authors; and that my propositions arise solely from a wish thereby to make the first step towards a literary relationship between England and Germany, and towards an extension of the rights of copyright, and to publish my editions in accordance with those rights.

From this generous dealing grew up the great firm which to-day has an unrivalled position on the Continent. Lord Lytton and Dickens were the first English authors to be approached by Tauchnitz.

In the same magazine Mr. Henley has a somewhat discursive article dealing with Mr. Elliot Stock's recent reprint of *The Germ* in facsimile. Mr. Henley, we think, does Dante Gabriel Rossetti scant justice; to call him "an amateur in two arts" is too lofty a way of dismissing the author of *Jenny*, nor do we find any particular truth in the statement that he was a poet "whose whole work is an impeachment of simplicity." To say that his verse constituted "musky, strenuous, high-piled achievements in words" is nearer the mark.

The current numbers both of the *North American Review* and the *Pall Mall Magazine* contain poems by Mr. W. E. Henley. The six sets of verses in the former complete the collection of lyrics which have appeared under the title of "Hawthorn and Lavender: Songs and Madrigals." We quote the following :

> Silence, loneliness, darkness
> These and of these my fill
> While God in the rush of Maytide
> Without is working His will.
>
> Without are the wind and the wall-flowers,
> The leaves and the nests and the rain,
> And in all of them God is making
> His beautiful purpose plain.
>
> But I wait in a horror of strangeness—
> A tool on His workshop floor,
> Worn to the butt, and banished
> His hand for evermore.

Equally characteristic of Mr. Henley in another mood are the verses in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, entitled "Praeludium," which are to be included in his forthcoming volume of poems. Here are the concluding lines :

> But on the spirit of man
> And on the heart of the world there falls
> A strange, half-desperate peace:
> A war-worn, militant, grey jubilance
> In the unkind, implacable tyranny
> Of Winter, the obscene,
> Old, crapulous Regent, who in his loins—
> O, who but feels he carries in his loins
> The wild, sweet-blooded, wonderful wanton, Spring?

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'C. K. S.," in the *Sphere*, announces that Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, of the *Outlook*, is writing a book to be entitled *The Unspeakable Scot*, in which he is to deal with "the Scot in Journalism," "the Scot in his cups," and so forth. Mr. Crosland is well known as a fableist, a parodist, and as the writer of odes to all sorts of people, but in this he is essaying rather a different task. Still, we wish him well.

WE have received from Mr. Brimley Johnson the first part of a series, to be completed in six quarterly parts, of *Some Poems by Edgar Allan Poe*, with illustrations by Mr. James J. Guthrie. The present number contains an introduction by Mr. J. C. Wright, two illustrations, and only three poems. The first drawing, called "The Genius of Poe," does not impress us in the least; we can only say that the effort is misguided.

IN the course of a review of Mr. John Stuart's *Pictures of War*, the *Morning Post*, in whose columns most of the articles appeared, has the following:

> If you can imagine a very clever schoolboy, endowed with knowledge of the world and with philosophy, afflicted with an intolerable sense of wrong, who yet retains the schoolboy's delight in life, and in the opportunities it affords of displaying a cheerful contempt for his natural enemies, you will have an excellent idea of the way in which the book is written.

It is rather hard on Mr. Stuart to be so labelled, in spite of the fact that the reviewer has just before stated that Mr. Stuart, on the spur of the moment, is able to quote from the Bible, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Henley, and Wordsworth. Besides, our imagination cannot conceive a schoolboy with knowledge of the world who remains a schoolboy.

AN anonymous writer in the *World's Work* has a very poor opinion of publishers' "readers," and apparently not without reason. He produced a book, which he says

> was slowly written during a period of five years, was revised seven times, and several hundred dollars were spent for drawings from an artist in Europe. Eight duplicates of the manuscript were simultaneously placed in the hands of eight publishing houses for preliminary approval or rejection, a mutually satisfactory contract to be hoped for later. Thirty-two publishers "examined" the manuscript in two years. All refused to publish it. Six rejected the story because it had failed of approval by each of four readers. Four rejected it "because its writer would not furnish them money to cover cost of publication, and then give them nearly all money receipts from sales of the book!" Two of these four seemed hurt that what they called a "reasonable" suggestion was rejected by the "unknown writer." Four rejected the story because the writer refused to buy enough copies of the book when printed to cover their statement of cost of publication and seven rejected the story for the reason explicitly stated that its author was unknown, so the book would be "an uncertain commercial venture, in spite of any merit it might have."

One publisher, whom he calls "prominent," told him that as not one manuscript in a hundred was accepted he could not afford to pay a competent reader to wade through everything, so he turned his typewriter girls on to the work as "first judges," paying them fifty cents. or a dollar for their opinion. Finally, this unfortunate author got the favourable opinions of two writers of "national reputation," armed with which he invaded the offices of another "prominent" publisher, whose reader had previously rejected his book. "The book," we are told, "is now on sale." But these readers and publishers were American.

THE Bath *Beacon* has been trying to prove that Shakespeare visited that city. "It is natural to suppose," says Mr. J. F. Meehan, who writes the article in question, "that Shakespeare was here in 1593 with 'my Lord Chamberlain's servants.'" In support of this contention he quotes sonnets Nos. 153 and 154, which refer to a "fountain" in a "valley" which has "a dateless lively heat, still to endure." We think it quite likely that Shakespeare did visit Bath, and we congratulate both Bath and its *Beacon* on that visit.

WE do not think that very striking results are likely to be achieved by collecting "Wit and Wisdom from New Books." Such compilation is, however, quite in the spirit of modern editorial enthusiasm for the thing of the moment, and an American paper regularly essays the task. Here is part of its last haul:

> What a fellow wants in a book is to *know where he is*. There are not many novels, or ancient works, for that matter, that put you down anywhere.—*The Crisis.*
>
> For the woman it is always the God, whether crowned with thorns or roses—the bleeding feet of Christ or the burning pinions of Eros. God or Demigod, he is embraced; the sacrifice is to his altar, the incense to his nostril.—*The Column.*
>
> The best thing that can happen to a man is to be ruled by his wife; but she should rule him so discreetly, so diplomatically, that he could almost boast that it is he who rules her.—*Her Royal Highness Woman.*
>
> When a woman ceases to care how she looks, or a gentleman loses restraint in the presence of his servants, the end is not far off.—*Arrows of the Almighty.*
>
> Sitting still is a noble art that is going out of fashion.—*Quality Corner.*
>
> The importance of plain talk can't be overestimated. Any thought, however abstruse, can be put in speech that a boy or a negro can grasp.—*The Crisis.*

THE following announcement appears in the September number of the *Argosy*: "The editor of the *Argosy* regrets that he is no longer able to give consideration to MSS. sent to him, but those which reach the office will be carefully returned." This, as it turns out, was a forecast of the death of the *Argosy*. That such an old-established magazine—it was started by Mrs. Henry Wood some thirty-five years ago—should have to cease publication for lack of support is an ominous circumstance which does not augur well for the future of certain venerable publications whose names, at least, are well known to the reading public. We hear, indeed, of two other old magazines which are likely to be thrown on the market on account of a decreasing circulation, and yet these magazines have never been edited with greater spirit than they are now.

HARDLY an American magazine which we take up but has articles dealing with the historical novel, which has become quite a business in America—and a paying one. The *Independent* has three, one of which is by Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, who gives biographical particulars of Mr. Charles Major, Mr. Winston Churchill, Miss Mary Johnston, Mr. Maurice Thompson, and many others. We extract four paragraphs from the article. We cannot help thinking that they are the pith of it, and that Miss Gilder wrote gaily up to them. Here they are:

> Mr. Major has made so much money out of the book [*When Knighthood was in Flower*] and out of the play, so delightfully interpreted by Miss Julia Marlowe, that he has given up the practice of law and will devote himself hereafter to, well—if not literature, at least to writing. . . .
>
> After the success of *Richard Carvel*, Mr. Churchill bought land and built him a home at Cornish, N.H., on the border line of Vermont, so that his post-office address is not the same as his house address. . . .
>
> Mr. Paul Leicester Ford has recently bought land and built a fine house on one of the Seventieth streets in New York. The house, he says, he bought with the earnings of *Janice Meredith*, the book, and he furnished it with the earnings of "Janice Meredith," the play. . . .
>
> Miss Bertha Runkle is by way of making a fortune out of this one story [*The Helmet of Navarre*], counting serial, book and play rights. The play is to be produced in New York in December, and probably in London at the same time. . . .

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A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Can any of your readers inform me of the name, author, and publisher of a novel in which the hero, exploring Central Asia, comes upon the original Garden of Eden? The novel has appeared within the last twenty years."

THE ETERNAL PITY, OR FELO-DE-SE.

BEHOLD how time has justified the fable
Of him who caught us with his "Who killed Cain?"
For Caine has proved that he himself is Abel
To do what critics tried to do in vain.

G. S. L.

Bibliographical.

TO-DAY (Friday) witnesses the publication of Mr. Arthur Symons's English version of D'Annunzio's *Gioconda*, the play in which Signora Duse made so deep an impression in London some little time ago. D'Annunzio is a comparatively recent "star," and it is only within the past three or four years that his work has been put before us in an English dress. In 1898 we had *The Triumph of Death*, translated by Georgina Harding, and *The Child of Pleasure*, also by Miss Harding, with verse translation by Mr. Symons. In the same year a version of *The Intruder*, by A. Hornblow, was published in New York. In the following year came *The Virgins of the Rocks*, translated by A. Hughes, and, in 1900, *The Dead City* and *The Flame of Life*, translated respectively by Mr. Symons and by Miss Kassandra Vivaria. D'Annunzio, therefore, cannot complain that he has been neglected in England.

I said the other day that Messrs. Hurst & Blackett were Miss Edna Lyall's first publishers. That was not quite accurate. As a valued correspondent kindly reminds me, Miss Lyall's first story, *Won by Waiting*, was published in 1879 by Messrs. Whittingham & Co., of Gracechurch-street. "To Mr. W. B. Whittingham, of that firm, belongs the credit of 'discovering' this since popular author." Messrs. Hurst & Blackett did indeed publish, in 1886 (and still publish), the revised edition of *Won by Waiting*, and they also issued (and still issue) Miss Lyall's second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh novel. It is assuredly with them that Miss Lyall's name and work has been most closely associated up to now.

We are told to expect a collected edition of Mr. Mackenzie Bell's verse. "Selected," probably, would be the better word. Mr. Bell's *Spring's Immortality* came out originally in 1893 (with new editions in 1895 and 1896), his *Pictures of Travel* in 1898. But Mr. Bell seems to have begun to publish verse so long ago as 1879, when *The Keeping of the Vow, and Other Verses*, came out. Next came *Verses of Varied Life* in 1883, and, in 1886, *Old Year Leaves: Old Verses Revived*. Perhaps these early books (already drawn upon, I believe) may yield something to the gleaner. Selections from Mr. Bell's rhythmic work have already been made and published by Mr. J. J. Nesbitt and Mr. Albert Broadbent.

The death of Lord Morris has led to the resuscitation of at least one venerable anecdote with which the deceased had no association whatever. It is the story of the extremely *décolletée* lady, of whose appearance (it was at a ball) some one said to a judge, "Did you ever see anything like it?" To which the judge replied, "Not since I was weaned." Well, this tale was told of Chief Justice Doherty in W. H. Harrison's "Reminiscences," and a variant on it has place in the *Diary* of J. C. Young. Why does not somebody write a book on *The History of Jests*?

The recently deceased Mr. Samuel Neil deserves remembrance—not so much as a writer on rhetoric, elocution, debating, and the like, or as an editor of separate Shakespeare plays for Messrs. Collins's "School and College Classics"—as the author of a "critical biography" of Shakespeare, brought out in 1861. Ten years later he produced a work on *The House of Shakespeare*, for which Mr. F. W. Fairholt supplied the pictorial illustrations. There can be no question that for "the Bard" Mr. Neil had a genuine enthusiasm.

In none of the notices of the late Mr. Evelyn Abbott have I seen any reference to the fact that he was the general editor of the series of volumes called "Heroes of the Nations"—a series to which he himself contributed a book on *Pericles*. Mr. Abbott's *Hellenica*, first published in 1880, was reissued so recently as 1898. His *History of Greece* is now twelve or thirteen years old. In the way of original work he did not do much.

We may take for granted, I think, that Mr. Watts-Dunton's new volume of poems will include the contents of the little pamphlet of verse which he published through Mr. Lane in 1897—*Jubilee Greeting at Spithead to the Men of Greater Britain*. This "greeting" was especially notable for the credit it gave to Queen Victoria for her active and persistent faith in Colonial expansion. Appended to it were four sonnets, in one of which the writer foreshadowed the remarkable spectacle of Colonial loyalty to the Mother-land exhibited last year and since. To the German taunt that England "stands alone," came the reply, penned four years ago:

> "Europe," saith England, "hath forgot my boys!—
> Forgot how tall in yonder golden zone,
> 'Neath Austral skies, my youngest born have grown
> (Bearers of bayonets now and swords for toys)—
> Forgot 'mid boltless thunder—harmless noise—
> The sons with whom old England 'stands alone'!"

The Jane Austen cult may be said to have taken its rise in 1870, when Mr. Austen Leigh published the first full biography of his aunt. Then came, in 1884, the issue of the *Letters* under Lord Brabourne's editorship. These no doubt stimulated the memoirs contributed respectively by Mrs. Charles Maldon and Mr. Goldwin Smith to the "Eminent Women" (1889) and "Great Writers" (1890) series. The volume on *Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends*, promised us by Miss Constance Hill and her sister, is to contain, it seems, new matter, without which, indeed, it would scarcely have much reason for existing.

Though some of us feel as if we had been surfeited with garden books, it will not be denied that Canon Ellacombe (who announces *My Vicarage Garden*) has a right to be heard upon the subject when he chooses to lift up his voice thereon. We all remember his *Plant Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare*, a delightful work, of which a new edition appeared five years ago. Some of us, too, have come across his *In a Gloucestershire Garden* (1895). He can properly claim a hearing, but it may be gently hinted to the publishing fraternity that it is possible to overdo the "garden" books.

One is glad to note that Miss Margaret Benson's pen has been at work again. She is to bring out a book called *The Soul of a Cat*, which, one assumes, will range appropriately with Miss Benson's *Subject to Vanity*, which appeared in 1895. This lady's literary *début* appears to have been made in 1891, with a little volume of "plain papers" on *Capital Labour, Trade, &c.*, published by the S.P.C.K. Two and a-half years ago she was co-author with Miss Janet Gourlay of a learned work on *The Temple of Mut in Asher*, illustrating the history and religious notions of the Egyptians.

Mr. G. W. Smalley's *Reminiscences*, when they come, will be read, we may be sure, with pleasure, and perhaps with profit. Few men can have a larger store of interesting recollections. He has already given us a taste of his literary quality. One has pleasant memories of his *London Letters, and Others* (1890), and since then we have had from him some *Studies of Men* (1895). His *Reminiscences* should rank with the best.

THE BOOKWORM.

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Reviews.

The Serpent in Literature.

The Life-History of British Serpents. By Gerald R. Leighton, M.D. (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 5s. net.)

THE rose, it has been often remarked, is a universal theme of poetry all over the world. No greater a contrast could be imagined than that between the rose and the serpent. Yet the serpent, in its peculiar way, has no less been a theme of poetry and literary interest from time immemorial. But its interest has been not merely literary. It has been religious, mythical, symbolical, mysterious. The tradition of Christianity displays it as somehow connected with the dim origin of the whole problem which man presents to himself. Other religions equally point to it as an object of superstitious fear, or a reverence which is rooted in fear. Connected with the tree, it confronts us on the threshold of the Bible. Connected with the tree, it forms one of the oldest objects of heathen worship. The Christian dreads and shuns it. The pagan—in many lands—dreads and bows down to it. But both agree in regarding it with a fear in excess of its purely physical terrors, striking though these be—a fear which they do not accord to the tiger, the lion, or other creatures which refuse the general awe of man's inferiors for man. Alone among man's enemies it is a gliding death, which strikes once and needs to strike no more; from whose evil jaw there is no escape, as there is from the tooth of the lion, or even the bullet of man: it does not fight fair, it deals in poison—and from the poisoner man recoils, whether it be a Brinvilliers with her *Aqua Tofana*, or an African with his *woorali* dart. It is insidious, treacherous, soundless—but so is the tiger. It has a whispered repute of strange powers—not without evidence: powers of mysterious fascination, paralysing the limbs that would escape. And here we approach the secret of its peculiar abhorrentness. It is the feeling of some unnatural potency, some peculiar and uncomprehended power, inimical to the warm springs of life, incarnated in those death-cold coils of sinister beauty, which instinctively freezes the blood of man, and strikes through him a loathing beyond terror at sight of the living evil we call a serpent. The contrast between this strange, instinctive perception and the beauty of the object which inspires it, adds to the unnatural mystery of the reptile. If death could become incarnate, this is incarnate death.

As such it has glided into literature. And it seems as if its life were the life of death rather than life indeed. It is corpse-cold—so cold that it seeks continually for heat. Its heart is so imperfect that there is no effective partition between the pure and impure (or venous) blood, as there is in mammals. Its breath is so deathly-slow that the respirations can scarce be counted, for one lung is shrivelled. Its organs in general are one-sided in their development—even the female organs of reproduction. It has no activities save the activities of destruction. Its one pleasure is to swelter in the heat denied its body, recruiting from the sun its fierceness and venom: so that vitality itself in it becomes malign, and when it is full of life it is full of death.

One cannot wonder that literature is as full of the snake as of its opposite, the rose. Ruskin has given one of his most perfectly phrased and suggestive passages to its beauty and repulsion. Milton has imagined its primeval splendour in the Garden of Eden. Virgil has described its passage of the sea towards the fated Laocoon. Spenser has expended upon it his luxuriant description: and Keats has woven a whole poem about the serpent-woman, Lamia:

> She was a Gordian shape, of dazzling hue,
> Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
> Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
> Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson-barred;
> And full of silver moons, that as she breathed
> Dissolved, or brighter shone, or inter-wreathed
> Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries.
>
> Upon her crest she bore a wannish fire
> Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar;
> Her head was serpent, but—ah, bitter-sweet!—
> She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete;
> And for her eyes, what could such eyes do there,
> But weep and weep that they were born so fair,
> As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air?

To the serpent Coleridge went in describing his Geraldine:

> A snake's dull eye blinks small and shy,
> And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
> Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
> And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
> At Christabel she looked askance.

To the sloughing of the snake Shakespeare alludes in his famous line:

> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil.

It is not mentioned by the ordinary commentator, but is too obvious an allusion to have escaped notice. Take Mr. Packard's description, in the book which has suggested to us these remarks:

> This moulting of the skin is effected by its being pushed off by the upward growth of fine, temporary cuticular hairs. On certain parts of the body, as on the under side of the capsular skin and scales of the eyes, these hairs do not develope. After the skin is loosened it dries and is readily shuffled off.

The snake, in fact, rubs off the skin against branches, stones, or any other hard substance at hand: as Shakespeare doubtless had often witnessed it in the woods of his Warwickshire Arden.

With those mild, or comparatively mild, snakes of our own isles, Dr. Leighton's very interesting and careful book deals. Here we have abundance of that charm which invests the snake, and but little of its darker side. The one fault we have to find in a book which has given us most pleasant and instructive reading, is the method of illustration. Photography is ill fitted for the scientific figuring of a curved and convoluted object like a snake, where but a small portion of the body can be accurately in focus. The high refraction from the convex surface completes the mischief, and gives us (in the portrait of the ring snake, for example) a mere coil of strongly contrasted black and white, with a few dark flecks on the near portion which is both in light and focus. Another portrait of the same snake shows a shadowed mass of scales, without markings at all. From neither can you learn anything but the shape of the reptile. It is a pity, because the photographs have obviously been obtained with great pains and industry, nor could they be better. The error lay in choosing photography at all. The strongly marked male viper alone comes out well.

But the text is not only satisfactory and valuable to the professed student of the ophidians, it is bright and stored with interest for the general reader. There are but three species of snake in the British Isles, two harmless. Of the latter the common grass snake is well known, even to Londoners, by its exhibition in glass jars as a pet for sale. The smooth snake, which superficially resembles the adder, is unfamiliar and scarce. It is the adder or viper, the one poisonous kind, to which Dr. Leighton is specially devoted, and which occupies the bulk of his volume. He carefully notes its structure, discusses its habits and food (the latter a point he has closely investigated, as it needed investigating), and minutely describes its variations of colour and its distribution among the English, Welsh, and Scottish counties. To this latter matter he devotes several chapters. He has also a very interesting discussion of a curious point—its alleged habit of swallowing its young when it is alarmed. He gives good reason for thinking that if the

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process takes place, the young are not really taken into the stomach, but only into the gullet, as a temporary refuge from enemies.

Apropos of this, we may quote a curious letter from Mr. R. J. Horton to the author:

> I had a small ring snake (grass snake) . . . kept in the same case as a very large specimen, and one day I put a full-grown frog in the case, intending it for the large snake. The smaller one, however, immediately seized the frog, and after some difficulty swallowed it. I distinctly heard the frog croak *in the snake* several minutes after it had been swallowed. In a quarter of an hour or so the frog was disgorged all but the head, which was retained in the snake's mouth. The frog was still alive, and did its best to free itself from its unpleasant predicament, but without success, and the snake began to swallow it again. This process took about half an hour to accomplish, and in another half hour (after the frog had been swallowed for the second time) I could still hear it give a faint croak.

This looks like a case of complicated indigestion. But Dr. Leighton, from his own observations, gives sound reason for supposing that the frog was not really in the stomach, but in the gullet; and that the adder frequently keeps its prey in the gullet till the stomach is ready for it—perhaps because the stomach has already a tenant undergoing digestion. There is no reason, therefore, why the gullet could not become a refuge for the young—a purpose for which it is large enough. Moreover, the young are described as wriggling or jumping into the mother's mouth—as they certainly would not if they were wanted for a meal. It is a disputable subject, on which the author refuses a decision. But he gives a mass of testimony which—if it fall short of scientific proof—will, we think, leave little doubt in any candid mind that the thing is probably true. The more so, because it has been shown that the curious process certainly takes place in the rattlesnake. With regard to the viper, Mr. Jacob of Eythorne writes to the author:

> Three or four different persons . . . have been unanimous in saying that the old one *raised her head slightly* . . , and the young ones *jumped or sprang down the throat*. They tell me that the young did not glide down *on the level of the ground*.

On the other hand, Mr. Prothero, a gamekeeper, writes:

> A few years ago I disturbed an adder in a field near Dineterwood, Ewyas Harold (Herefordshire). She gave a repeated hissing noise, so I knew there were young ones about, as they never hiss more than once unless they have young ones with them. The repeated hissing is to call the young. She then *put her lower* jaw on the ground, and I saw a number of young ones swallowed. I killed the adder, which measured 22 inches in length, and found eleven young ones, about 2½ inches long, inside her.

Another observer also affirms that the adder put her lower jaw on the ground. But except as to this one moot point—whether the viper lifts her head or lays it on the ground when she opens her mouth, and whether, consequently, the young jump or glide down the throat—observer after observer tells the same tale, without variation of detail.

The bite of the viper is seldom actually fatal to an adult; but a very few cases are on record. As regards children, one pretty recent case in Wales is recorded minutely by Dr. Leighton, from the testimony of the two doctors who attended the unfortunate boy. In most cases great swelling, inflammation, and fever accompany the wound, and it is some time before the injured limb is well. It is a common superstition that oil extracted from adders will cure their bite. Here is a lady's account of the famous snake-catcher, "Brusher Mills," whom she met on a walk:

> He was carrying his pouches full of writhing snakes . . . We strolled to a likely spot, "Brusher" found the adder, and quickly whipping out his tongs, seized it near the head. "Now, marm," said he, "would you like to see its teeth?" "Oh, yes," said I; and with the help of other tweezers he made the poor creature open its mouth wide, and I had a fine view. I said that I had heard that he made oil from adders that would cure their bite, whereupon he pulled out a bottle of clear oil from his pocket, and showed me the dreadful bites on his own hands he had cured with the oil. I asked him how he got the oil, and with a grin he said that he baked the adders in an oven in a large jar. "Please, marm," said he, "would you like to see this one have a run and me catch it again?" But this was more than I had nerve for, and leaving the old man a small present, I made off as fast as I could.

"Brusher Mills," with his grin expanding beautifully over his whole face, is photographed on the page accompanying the anecdote. The curious and captivating details on the subject of adders, which Dr. Leighton gives, would fill pages of quotation. But we refer the reader to the book, which will repay reading. It has clearly been a labour of love, and the author's enthusiasm is infectious.

A Prescription for the Twentieth Century.

History of Intellectual Development By John Beattie Crozier. Vol. III. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

DR. CROZIER has already made himself known to all who care for high thinking, not only by the first volume of this work (Vol. II. has not yet been published), but by *My Inner Life*—that candid record of a soul's adventures in pursuit of truth. Had we nothing whereby to judge him but this third volume, we should discern a mind eminently comprehensive and individual, at once broad and subtle to a rare degree. But even more than these qualities we are struck by his courage—a courage which is the outcome of a determined sincerity, a resolve to be content with nothing short of thoroughness. To relate the history of intellectual development in its length and breadth is a great task, yet perhaps even more courageous is the task he sets himself in the present volume. It is nothing less than to apply the principles drawn from his previous survey of the history of civilisation to the politics of the present day. Nor is he content with generalisations. He boldly endeavours to lay down the practical measures by which those principles may be made fruitful in actual politics. And he does so with a largeness of outlook, a resolve to embrace all factors, and select from the various schools of thought whatever he finds valuable in each, and capable (so to speak) of entering into chemical combination with each other, which no previous attempt has paralleled. It may be worth our while to lay before the reader, so far as can be done in limited space, the main lines and back-bone (as it were) of this contribution to political philosophy. For Dr. Crozier is a physician. After exhaustively considering his predecessors' treatment, and acquainting himself with the diathesis and hereditary antecedents of his still infant patient, he has compiled this prescription for the twentieth century. The guardians of that young gentleman are confirmed disbelievers in doctors. Will they let him swallow it?

Dr. Crozier starts with the view that the statesman of to-day, if he is to cope with the subtleties of social condition induced by the modern industrial era, can no longer proceed by the rule of thumb (so to speak) which had a rough efficiency in former ages. He needs to have before him a chart of the progress of civilisation, and to guide himself thereby. "Ancient history" is distrusted by English politicians and the English public as a guide to practical politics; and it may be admitted that it is small use to quote history to a democratic House of Commons or a democratic electorate. Yet it is needful for the statesman himself to know "ancient history." It has fallen into distrust through the defects of historians. They have drawn from history the most opposite conclusions, misleading to all who rely on them as practical guides, because they

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survey history with too narrow a regard—by nations or periods: whereas the true process of civilisation can only be discerned by taking history in its totality, so that the individual variations of nations or periods fall into their just perspective position. Under the shadow of the Himalayas a Hindu peasant will hardly be persuaded that the earth is spherical. Surveyed from the moon the Himalayas would assume their veritable perspective as mere crumples in the general curve of the globe. The fly crawling over the sinuosities of a Malay kreese might stoutly deny that its total line lay straight from hilt to point. In this demand for an inclusive historical perspective on the part of those who would discern the trend of civilisation, Dr. Crozier strikes a right and important note.

Without such a chart of the history of civilisation as he proposes to them (he goes on to say), statesmen are open to numerous illusions. With regard to the present, they are liable to imagine that the particular state of society into which they are born, with all its concomitants, is a natural and permanent state; instead of being an artificial product of evolution from the past, tending constantly to decay and relapse into the wild state (so to speak), unless fostered and safeguarded by the most anxious supervision. The trend and developmental aspect of present ideals and institutions is only to be known by a knowledge of their origins. Destroy (as men are ignorantly ready to do) the force behind them, and they decline. Dr. Crozier instances (among other examples) the gradual relaxation of the once sacred institution of marriage, since the religion which informed it has fallen into desuetude. Another illusion, from his point of view, is the regarding of ideals as ends, instead of means. He cites, in England, the doctrines of freedom of contract, *Laissez-faire*, Universal Suffrage, the Socialist Utopia, with its theory of general payment by labour-time alone. In so far as these ideals have any life in them, it is as means to an end—namely, the elevation of men *en masse*, and the procuring for them fresh instalments of justice. But they have been regarded as ends in themselves, with the result that they have admittedly proved fallacious wherever they have been given a logical trial from that standpoint. All ideals, he considers, are similarly means, not ends; and the statesmen should treat them as means only.

The course of Civilisation, as revealed by history at large, lies between opposing ideals. It zig-zags between their contending attractions as does a planet between centrifugal and centripetal force, but more roughly; inclining now to one, now to another. These contending attractions may be summarised as the influence of the Ideal in general on the one hand, and of Physical Force on the other. But, in the course which Civilisation roughly keeps between them, there is, in our own time, a preponderance of the Ideal, which must increase, but cannot eliminate, a necessary balance of Force. True statesmanship would endeavour to minimise the loss of power from this zig-zag course by co-ordinating the opposing ideals regarded as means only: and to this it would be helped by the Chart of Civilisation in the past.

Dr. Crozier then proceeds to sketch this process of Civilisation, as developed in his previous volumes. Suffice it here to say that the moral of it all, over and above the continuity of evolution, is this process between opposed ideals and the refusal of Providence to pursue any single ideal further than it continues to serve its end. "God in many ways fulfils Himself, Lest one good custom should corrupt the world." Here, as often, the poet has preceded the philosopher. It is a corollary of this that the scientific statesman must push forward no single reform till all collateral reforms have come into line and can be brought forward together. England has hitherto succeeded largely through her natural advantages. But, in the present pressure of competition, the scientific statesmanship which Dr. Crozier advocates has become a necessity.

In approaching the application of this historical philosophy to the present day, he postulates that facts must be stripped of all theories based on experience less wide than the entire course of civilisation and universal human nature; sweeping aside all the single panaceas of any school or party. There must be no partial remedy, but such as takes into account all the relations of the body politic. Each nation must follow its own genius in its contribution to the general advance of civilisation. The government of the inferior races by the superior is a necessity of this advance, as shown by the whole course of history. There must be neither mercantile exploitation of these inferior races nor a false cosmopolitanism. And the statesman must remember (what he is little likely to forget) that a residuum of things must always be left to Providence.

The author approaches the politics of the twentieth century with the preconception that Democracy, for all its drawbacks as an engine of government, until the proletariat attains its emancipation, is necessary as a moral instrument for its elevation. But it must be a practical Democracy, not the ideal Democracy of Rousseau; and hence the motto of statesmen must be Evolution, not Revolution. There must be no violent breach with the past. He lays down four rules. First, the preservation of the national type. A nation must assimilate its neighbour's qualities only in so far as this can be done without injury to the national character. Secondly, there must be no abstract ideals, but evolution from an existing type. Thirdly, the gaps between social grades must be closed up, so that there may be free circulation for talent from lowest to highest, and the whole people may move as one organism. Fourthly, reform must look towards the material and social conditions of states, not towards the character of their inhabitants. It follows that the chief aim of statesmen in the twentieth century must be the removal of barriers between grades of the existing hierarchy, without destruction of that hierarchy.

With unshrinking valiance, Dr. Crozier attempts to apply these principles successively to England, France, and America; but it will be enough if we can here give some view of his dealings with England. Following his principle that reform should approach the material and social conditions of a people, he considers the barriers between class and class in England. And he finds the fault (originally enough) largely in the English contempt for mere intellect. Birth, wealth, or exceptional genius can alone pierce the guarded gates of society. There is no Napoleonic career opened to talent. If England wants intellect, she buys or imports it, paying the lowest prices to inventors and other men of pure intellect whom she happens to need. Intellect is not honoured socially, is not an ideal. This threatens to become a national danger in the present age of international competition. Yet England's great strength is her respect for character, apart from intellect. The necessity, then, is to superadd the one without destroying the other. The social hierarchy must be goaded so that there may be a free rise by means of intellect, not birth or money. Intellect will thus become a national ideal. So he arrives at his practical proposals.

With regard to the land, he would have a far wider distribution of ownership, but not on the French plan of petty holdings. He would have the new holdings graduated, from a not excessive maximum for the great landowners down to a competent minimum for the peasantry, considering value besides extent of acres. But how this redistributed hierarchy is to be compassed he gives no hint. Let us pass, then, to his ideas for the commercial, manufacturing, and city classes.

He would graduate these also, starting from an income proportioned by the talent and energy spent in obtaining it, down to a point compatible with a decent livelihood. To effect this he takes a leaf from the Socialist book, and suggests that all routine public functions should be handed over

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to municipalities or the State; while monopolies created mainly by public demand (such as his pet aversion, the wealthy brewer), ground values, and unearned increments, should be taxed. Thus possessions would, by a natural and gradual process, come to bear some relation to the intellect exerted in acquiring them, and intellect itself would be valued.

Further to lessen the gap between Labour and Capital, he would have the Trades Unions improve their organisation till they should succeed in getting the principle of the "living wage" permanently recognised (a large "till"). Then the steps between Capital and Labour should be graduated to bridge over the gap, as will (he thinks) naturally happen when unearned increment, monopolies, &c., are abolished, and talent is a passport to fortune. Further, he would break up the land for the purchase of plots in town and country, erect cheap dwellings, establish profit-sharing in production, no less than wholesale and retail trade; would establish schools for the training of workmen in technique, &c, and secure protection for their inventions—that by all these means the proletariat may still further be broken up as a separate class.

Arts, sciences, professions, and so forth he would also graduate and throw open to intellect. Moreover, he would have the old titles of nobility extended to all (in preference to creating fresh titles), and bestowed for intellect alone. Yet, he adds, those chosen must be men of all-round culture, or they will lack respect, and the national homage for character will decay.

Dr. Crozier sees that to make permanent such extensive changes their principles must be embodied in the education of the new generation; and he goes on to make proposals for educational reform accordingly. But we have followed him far enough to show the main ideas of his book. It is, at any rate, a carefully thought out and widely considered attempt to apply an historical philosophy to actual politics. Whether, setting apart the difficulties of legislation, changes so radical would actually result from such measures as he indicates, may readily be disputed. He has at least done his best to be eclectic in his combination of ideas and remedies from many thinkers, and has produced a volume which must set others to think—which can be said of few such attempts. Looking at his book as a whole, one is inclined to ask whether the race of philosophic statesmen which it supposes would, if desirable, be possible? The school of active politics does not breed the large and dispassionate view, the calm and patient reflection, the wide combination, which legislation and government on such principles must require. Those who possess such qualities are usually found in the study, and seldom have the push, readiness, and active energy which could bring them to the head of nations, or the stern will which could keep them there. Again, it is an old truth that ideals must be co-ordinated if they are not to be mischievous. But does not Dr. Crozier confound ideals which are permanently true in themselves with such as contain but part truths, and are, indeed, incapable of being ends? Yet politically he is doubtless right, though we should hesitate to endorse his principle in its entirety. We might remark, too, that his defence of intellect is itself based on sufficiently material grounds, omitting its immense influence on character when it is combined therewith, and arguing solely from its effect on national prosperity. Another and much wider observation is one that affects all modern speculators on the future. It never for a moment occurs to him to doubt that present European civilisation is on the road to anything but indefinite progress and expansion, and that this advance must be along the indefinitely widened lines of nineteenth century progress. That century was democratic—the future must be more democratic; it was scientific—the future must be more scientific; it was industrial—the future must be more industrial. That the new century may be destined to bring to the surface currents which have flowed beneath the loud superficial current of the last century, no writer dreams of entertaining. Still less that Western civilisation may have reached or passed the point of indefinite expansion, as has happened to those before it. But, of course, the assumption was a necessary one for Dr. Crozier's purpose. If he regarded the winds, he could not sow. It is not the assumption, but the unhesitating confidence, which strikes us so strongly in modern thinkers. But the twentieth century might do worse than try Dr. Crozier's prescription, or so much of it as he can manage. Unless, before he can take it, he should expire in the hands of his solicitous physicians.

Alfrediana.

Was Alfred King of England? By a Saxon. (Harrison & Sons. 2s. 6d.)

The Story of King Alfred. By Sir Walter Besant. (Newnes. 1s.)

The Story of Alfred the Great. By Walter Hawkins and E. Thornton Smith. (Marshall. 2s. 6d.)

"It is meat and drink to me to see a clown," saith the parti-coloured one; and the lucubrations of "A Saxon" upon King Alfred were a full meal for Touchstone. "A Saxon" endeavours to re-write cosmic history upon the basis of material derived from the book of Genesis, Sharon Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, Mr. Henry Bradley's *Story of the Goths*, the works of Sir Edward Creasy, and a misunderstanding of Prof. Huxley. From him you learn

> that not only had Alfred no claims whatever to the title of "the Great," but that he was merely a Roman pretender, and never succeeded to the English throne. And we may assure ourselves that the entire story has been built up, little by little during the last thousand years, with the view of furthering the aims and ambitions of the Papal power.

"A Saxon's" cosmic formula is the secular conflict between three white races, whom he calls, in Biblical language, Semitic, Hamitic, and Japhetic. It is all delightfully simple. Thus the siege of Troy "represents a struggle for supremacy between the Semitic Israelites and the Hamitic Hebrews." The Romans, who came with Æneas from Troy, were naturally also Hamitic, and the Roman Empire in Europe really represents an Asiatic dominion over the native Japhetic peoples.

> As we learn that the Romans were governed by Consuls, we may more than conjecture that these Consuls were appointed by the Asiatic Great King, and that Rome had not yet secured her independence.

Julius Cæsar was a revolted Consul, for "common sense forces us to conclude that the so-called Pompey—that is, 'the pompous one'—was none other than Arsaces XIV., the Orodes, the Asiatic Great King of Kings." Pompey is succeeded by Antony (Arsaces XV.), whose generals, Brutus and Cassius, put down the revolt of Cæsar, and Octavius is made Consul. The decline and fall of the Roman Empire really means the self-assertion of the Japhetic or European Teutons against the Hamitic invaders. All the Teutons worshipped a great God-King Hermann or Arminius. Incidentally it is observed that the Egyptians also had their God-King, "the Amen."

> The divine title, as handed down to us on the monuments, has been read backwards, and the Great Amen, which still clings to our liturgy, appears as Mr. Mena.

Coming now to the events of English history during the ninth century, we find in the tradition of Alfred nothing but an episode, singularly distorted in the relating, of the Japhetic-Hamitic contest for Europe. The chief representative of the Hamitic power was now known, not as the Consul of Rome, but as the Pope of Rome. Alfred, the close ally of Rome, and anointed with holy oil by Pope Leo IV.,

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must also have been Hamitic, and is, therefore, falsely represented as an English patriot. Really he was "tied body and soul to the Papal power," and the true patriots were the Japhetic Danes and Saxons, who persistently made head against him. Their leader was Guthrum, and Guthrum, not Alfred, was the true "King of England."

> Alfred was, no doubt, like Prince Charlie, a Roman pretender to the throne, but he was never King of England.

The falsification of history in this respect is due to the fact that the chronicles were written after the Norman Conquest and from an Anglo-Roman or Hamitic standpoint. On this point our author quotes Hardouin the Jesuit, who believed all the works of the Fathers and the records of the Councils to be mediæval forgeries; and also Cardinal Newman, who

> tells us "that all knowledge of the Latin classics comes to us from the mediæval copies of them, and they who transcribed them had the opportunity of forging or garbling them. We are simply at their mercy. . . . The numerous religious bodies then existing over the face of Europe had leisure enough in the course of a century to compose not only all the classics but all the Fathers, too."

After the breathless speculations of "A Saxon," the ordinary sober accounts of King Alfred naturally lack savour. Were it otherwise we could highly recommend the posthumous *Story of King Alfred* from the pen of the late Sir Walter Besant. With the exception of the volume of specialist essays edited by Mr. Alfred Bowker, upon which it largely draws, it is probably the best of all the swarm of works on the subject which we owe to the millenary celebrations. Most popularisers of history popularise, we suppose, with their tongues more or less in their cheeks. But Sir Walter Besant really believed in his task. He was convinced that, in literary matters, the democracy counted.

> I should like, if it were possible, to see before me, in imagination, tier beyond tier, stretching far away in the distance, circle beyond circle, millions of white faces intent upon the story of the English King. If they will listen, my voice will reach to the farthest circle; if they are interested, they will listen. Let me see their faces light up as if touched by sunshine when the interest of the subject fills them; let me see the changes as of passing rain and sunshine on an April day on the faces of this vast audience. . . . I would rather write a book for the people than anything else that the world can offer. He who reaches the heart of the people becomes and continues an abiding force.

Whatever one may think about the accessibility of the heart of the people to literature, there is no doubt as to the ring of sincerity in this aspiration. Nor do we see any reason why Sir Walter Besant's little volume should not appeal to a wide circle of readers. It is so admirably done as to make the wish inevitable that he had been able to devote more of his time and talents to this sort of writing. Without pedantry, it betrays a minute knowledge both of the original authorities and of the erudite literature which has gathered round the subject. Without affectation, it is eloquent in the nervous lucidity of its English and in the spirit of whole-hearted admiration for Alfred and his people which pervades it. And if the expression of this admiration occasionally appears, to a critical ear, to reach the point of excess, that is a fault to which the heart of the people, in its present temper at least, is likely to be lenient.

The other little "Story of Alfred" before us, that by Messrs. Walter Hawkins and Edward Thornton Smith, is carefully compiled for the benefit of "the general reader who has no time for research, and the youthful reader who has no interest in it." But it is so slight as compared with Sir Walter Besant's, and so much less full of individuality and power of literary presentment, as to be, we fear, superfluous. Unfortunately, the multiplication of such second-rate books tends to make it very difficult for the first-rate one, when it comes, to secure its proper audience.

Merejkowski's "Tremendous Task."

The Death of the Gods. By Dmitri Merejkowski. Translated by Herbert Trench. (Constable. 6s.)

THIS is the first of that trilogy of romances in which Merejkowski has set himself the tremendous task of presenting and interpreting "the everlasting contest between the idea of a God-Man and the idea of a Man-God; that is to say, between the conception of a God incarnate for a while (as in Christ) and the conception of Man as himself God—gradually evolving higher types of splendid and ruling character which draw after them the generations." The book under review deals with the life and times of Julian the Apostate; the second of the trilogy, *The Resurrection of the Gods*, has Leonardo da Vinci for hero; and the last, *Anti-Christ*, centres about the lurid and savage character of Peter the Great.

The "everlasting contest" is depicted in *The Death of the Gods* with a wealth of movement and of passion which at times has something of the dazzling effect produced on beholders by the enchantments of Maximus of Ephesus We are carried out of ourselves, as it were, to see in ourselves the ancient and inevitable tendencies which have been from the beginning, and Julian becomes a type of the eternal conflict between will and faith.

Merejkowski's general method is the method which has particularly distinguished modern Russian novelists from Gogol to Turgeniev and Tolstoy. He rejoices in lavish accumulation of detail, in the vividness of minor touches which serve to render the final impression living and complete. This is possible only to the highest art; to a lower the method has been, and always must be, disastrous. Merejkowski not only gives us the fact, which is a simple matter, but he also gives us the life behind the fact. He sees behind the ancient worship the meanings which alone made it beautiful and worthy; the divine limbs of Apollo and Diana represent an idea lovely and austere. To him everything is significant; he moves in a world of symbols; he has in him much both of the poet and the priest. It is this mastery of the significance of things which renders the *Death of the Gods* so vital and appealing a book. Merejkowski makes a remote epoch live by reason of the human appeal which, in essence, never changes from age to age. The cry of Christ or anti-Christ is alive to-day as it was when Julian flung off the faith of the Galileans, though to-day it may not be the worship of the Olympians which draws men from the younger faith.

The action of the story extends from the period when the boy Julian was a prisoner in the palace of Macellum to the time when the Emperor Julian was killed in the retreat from Ctesiphon. Merejkowski follows faithfully the main outlines of history. We see Julian learning doctrinal theology from an instructor selected by the Arian Eusebius; we see him reading the day's lessons in the basilica of St. Maurice, overcome by the sight of adoring cripples and the mystery and terror of the Cross; we see him restored to the favour of Constantine and witness of the destruction of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; we see him invested with the imperial purple and marching from victory to victory in Gaul. His gradual falling away from the Christian faith is most skilfully suggested, until at last, on the day which crowns him Augustus Julian, he is initiated into the mysteries of Apollo. "From this day," cries Maximus, "I will cleanse you from this Galilean corruption—slay the shadow of Golgotha in the radiance of Mithra—warm afresh your body, frozen at baptism, in the hot blood of the sun-god!" Then follows an impressive scene, in which Julian, before his assembled army, renounces the faith of Christ:

> "Comrades, our work is finished. Now we will go to Constantinople! Give thanks to the Olympians who have given us the victory!"

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These words were only heard by the first ranks, but there were numerous Christians among them. These were roused by the last startling expression. . . . But the more distant ranks, who had not heard Julian's words, cried:

"Glory to Augustus Julian! Glory! Glory!" and louder and louder yet, from outskirts of the hill, as far as they were covered by the legions, arose a cry repeated by thousands of voices—"Glory! . . . Glory! . . ."

"Look, look," murmured the dismayed Christians, "the Labarum is being lowered!" And, in fact the holy banner was being vailed before the Emperor. A military blacksmith came down from the wood with a brazier and red-hot pincers.

Julian, whose face, in spite of the ruddy gleams of the purple and the sun, was dark with strong emotion, wrenched the golden cross, with its monogram of precious stones, from the staff of the Labarum. Pearls, emeralds and rubies were scattered on the ground, and the glittering cross buried in the earth stamped under the sandal of the Roman Cæsar.

From a casket Maximus immediately drew forth a little silver statue of the Sun-god, Mithra-Helios; and the smith in a few instants soldered it to the staff of the Labarum. . . . Julian knelt before the standard, and, stretching out his arms to the little silver image, exclaimed:

"Glory to the invincible Sun, king of all gods! . . . Augustus worships the eternal Helios, god of light, god of reason, god of the gladness and joy upon Olympus!"

The last rays of sunset lighted the bold beauty of the god of Delphi, and rayed his head. The legionaries stood in silence, save that in the wood the dry leaves could be heard falling. The conflagration of the sunset, the purple of the sacrificial king, the withered woods, all these breathed a magnificence as of sumptuous obsequies. One of the men in the front rank muttered a single word so distinctly that it reached Julian's ear, and thrilled him—"*Anti-Christ!*"

From this point the Apostate sets his energy to accomplish the restoration of the old worship; he organises Bacchic processions in Constantinople, and finds them to be composed of dancers, actors, and courtesans; when he turns from the altar and cries, "Men, the God Dionysus is the beginning of your soul's liberty," he sees nothing but scorn and weariness in the upturned faces. "Where," he asks later, "are the immortal old men, the austere heroes, the proud lads, the pure women in their white and floating robes? . . . Galileans! Galileans! What have you done with these things?" He sees himself struggling against a faith too strong for overthrow, too vital to fear martyrdom; yet he labours on until, at last, in the fatal expedition against the Persians, he renounces even his own gods:

> "I swear by the eternal joy, locked here in my heart, I renounce You, as you have renounced me! I abandon you as you have abandoned me, impotent deities! Single-handed against you, phantom Olympians, I am like unto you, but not your equal, because I am a man and you are only gods! . . ."

The character of Julian is drawn throughout with perfect consistency and firmness. We are presented with the study of a great soul endeavouring to revive belief in a faith degraded and dead, in passionate conflict with a faith emerging triumphantly from much that had gathered round to obscure its splendid dawn. There can be no age to which such a character can fail of its appeal.

The translation appears to have been well and carefully done. There are occasional awkwardnesses of expression, but the difficulties of a translator who endeavours to do real justice to his author are so many that such slight lapses may well be excused.

Other New Books.

THE TESTAMENT OF A MAN FORBID. BY JOHN DAVIDSON.

This second in Mr. John Davidson's series of "Testaments" has perhaps no single passage so fine as the conclusion of the *Testament of a Vivisector*; but, on the whole, it is, we think, more level work. The "Man Forbid" is one who would cut off the whole past of man based on notions of the supernatural, and start afresh from the actual present (or what he conceives to be the actual), all delusions of religion and art eliminated. He is stoned forth by his fellows, of course, and lives with nature in surety of final victory. This melodramatic martyr of revolt, from Shelley and Byron downwards, is getting rather a bore in poetry; and we wish Mr. Davidson could have developed the man's personality without introducing this touch. Really, no one stones Mr. Davidson, whose views have much in common with those here set forth. But the poem has all Mr. Davidson's sinew and undeniable poetic individuality, if somewhat of his occasional rant. The close is on a note of sheer beauty:

> With the Spring
> The west-wind thunders through the budding hedge
> That stems the furrowed steep—a sound of drums,
> Of gongs and muted cymbals; . . .
> The sombre furze, all suddenly attired
> In rich brocade, . . . overrides
> The rolling land and girds the bosomed plain
> That strips her green robe to a saffron shore
> And steps into the surf where threads and scales
> And arabesques of blue and emerald wave
> Begin to damascene the iron sea.

In fine, the poem has strong work, if not wholly Mr. Davidson's best. (Grant Richards. 6d. net.)

THE ETHIC OF FREETHOUGHT, AND OTHER ADDRESSES AND ESSAYS. BY KARL PEARSON.

The author has been led to revise and reissue this book (he tells us) by the reaction towards spiritual ideals manifest in Theosophy, "Christian Science," and the like "superstitions." Although he trusts the reaction to be but temporary, he feels it time for Freethinkers to organise, like the Positivists and Unitarians before them, and be up and doing. Certainly the battle is not to materialism just now; and its innings has been so long that we doubt it may, in its turn, have to "field out" longer than he thinks. The opening paper is an attempt to erect a social and moral system on the basis of Freethought, after examining various philosophical systems, Eastern and Western. It is also a determined protest against "natural theology" and all other attempts to push science into the domain of the "unknown." Of the other articles, we may point specially to those which are historical, such as the review of *Humanism in Germany*. It is not only able and knowledgable; it is also strikingly and unusually fair in its estimate of the contestants in the great battle of the Reformation period. It rescues, for example, Johann Eck, the Catholic, from the torrent of more than Miltonic vituperation poured upon him by Luther and other opposing champions, even to the mild Melancthon; and does justice to his powers of research and his studied moderation of language. Another study is that of the mystic Eckhart, which strikes a note of originality by showing his derivation from Averrhoes. Altogether, it is an able volume, to be studied by all who would know the modern apologetics of Freethought. (A. & C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

WOODLAND, FIELD, AND SHORE: WILD NATURE DEPICTED WITH PEN AND CAMERA. BY O. G. PIKE.

This is a most attractive, even fascinating book. It deals chiefly with birds, observed mostly in the southern counties; but occasionally and incidentally with animals, insects, or

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even flowers. The conquering camera has been carried into English slums and foreign countries, helping the eye and pen intimately to record the habits and daily life of men remote from our own experience. Mr. Pike has done for birds what others have done for men: he has lived among them, so far as man can be admitted to the life of these shiest of Nature's children—more exclusive than ant or bee in their separate and aloof existence. And he has brought among them, under the most difficult conditions, with unswerving patience, the vigilant eye of the camera, which sees and records what the human eye sees not. His text is full of sympathetic and observant detail, dear to every lover of nature; and it is illuminated (rather than illustrated) by over a hundred careful photographs, the fruit of many a sedulous hour. Take this experience of the Ringed Plover on the Norfolk coast:

> While we were setting up our camera, one of the parent birds was seen to be running towards us, and then pretended to be badly wounded, in hope of attracting us further away from the nest. As we did not appear to take much notice, she ran a little nearer, and then laid herself on the ground with one wing hanging apparently useless, as if broken. Next she got up and ran round us in an excited state, all the time uttering a little plaintiff cry, *pu-li*. Her mate arrived from somewhere, and joined her in these determined endeavours to attract us from their home.

Is this instinct? Or how did instinct foresee gunshot-wounds, and provide their mimicry? Did the plover of the Saxon shore imitate this broken wing? Or is it reasoning from experience? Full of such attractive observation is this excellent book, which deserves a wide sale. (The Religious Tract Society. 5s. net.)

WE know of no illustrated paper which makes up into a volume so well as *Country Life*. The ninth volume of this justly-admired journal is now before us, and if we say little of its contents it is because they are too various for description. Moreover, those who know *Country Life* in its weekly form do not need it, and those who do not should see the part before the whole. The admirable series of illustrated articles on "Country Homes and Gardens Old and New," is continued, and it serves again to convince one that the English country house is one of the triumphs of our old civilisation. Every form of country industry, sport, and lore seems to receive attention in these pages, which also reflect to some extent the literary and artistic doings of town.

Divisional Vol. IV. of Thompson's *Gardeners' Assistant*, now being reissued in a thoroughly revised form by the Gresham Publishing Company, is concerned with the culture of fruit in the kitchen garden and the orchard. The scale of this work permits exhaustive treatment of every branch of horticultural work, and we imagine that few gardening experts will complain of any inadequacy in the space here allotted to the formation of orchards, the surgical treatment of trees, and the cultivation, in all their best market varieties, of apples, pears, plums, peaches, nectarines, &c. The work is thoroughly scientific, yet we have found many pages of much charm, and the photographs of gardens, southern walls, and hot-houses lend great attraction to the volume.

We find more publishing than profit in Mr. Joseph Shaylor's compilation *Some Favourite Books and their Authors*. The white and gold cover, the ruled pages, the photogravure of Meissonier's "Student," and the little leaf colophons scattered through the book, give great daintiness to the volume. Mr. Shaylor's aim is to state "a few interesting facts and details relating to fifty well-known books, together with some account of their authorship. The result is a supper jelly. It seems a pity to break it, the eating of it yields infinitesimal nourishment, but—it is harmless.

The *Library* binds late, but it binds well. Such is our reflection on receiving from Messrs. Kegan Paul the very handsome first yearly volume of a new series dating from December, 1899, to September, 1900. The *Library*, it will be observed, is still in the last century. Other criticism we have none. Every subject which belongs to the guardianship of books from "The Open Access Question" to "Incunabula at Grenoble" is within the scope of this ably conducted quarterly.

Fiction.

Fortune's Darling. By Walter Raymond. (Methuen. 6s.)

THIS story falls considerably behind Mr. Raymond's later work; indeed, it gives us the impression that it must have been written long before *Two Men o' Mendip* and *No Soul above Money*. It has, of course, some of its author's good qualities; the country-folk are delightful, and it is never quite dull. Yet we are constrained to say that in parts it approaches dulness much too nearly, and the principal characters, who talk good English, are seldom really alive. To begin with, Mr. Raymond has chosen a plot which is one of the worst as well as one of the oldest known to novelists. We have the heir to an impoverished estate, who proposes to one girl because she is rich, whilst he loves her cousin, who is comparatively poor. One can get up no sympathy for that time-worn hero, the more particularly when, as in this case, he allows the lady to lend him money. John Rumblelow, after his first introduction, fails to interest us; he is a poor creature, in spite of all Mr. Raymond's efforts to make us sympathise with him. Margaret Lane is better, but even she leaves us almost unmoved; her sorrows are not tellingly presented. Old Squire Rumblelow, on the other hand, is good from beginning to end, and the great cock-fight between his black-red birds and Sir Peter Wilkins's ginger ones is as vigorous as may be. Also, as we have said, the country-folk are excellently done, and the feuds between the members of the Corporation of Bristlington are described with humour. But we are disappointed with the book. Mr. Raymond has done such admirable work that he cannot afford now to give us his second best.

Sir Hector: The Story of a Scots Gentleman. By Robert Machray. (Constable. 6s.)

MR. MACHRAY has selected a period for his latest story which is certainly full of romantic possibilities, the period just prior to the '45 rebellion. But there is little real romance in the book, in spite of much that, treated in the right manner, might have yielded romance enough and to spare. The whole story is unconvincing; event follows event in the manner too familiar in plot novels; what little character there is is of the most mechanical and primitive description. The dialogue, too, is painfully stilted, the opening chapter, unfortunately, being worse in that respect than its successors. One is already tired of the mother who on her death-bed, and in spite of the physical disabilities of nearing dissolution, explains at great length to her son that he is not what he supposes himself to be. And in this case the fact that Hector Maclean was really the son of the Marquis of Tullibardine, who was really the Duke of Atholl, does not seriously affect the story, for Hector, being a Whig, never had speech or dealings with that implacable Jacobite. We do not suggest that *Sir Hector* is without interest; the chapters dealing with proceedings on 'Change during the scares of the period are nimble and well-informed, and Hector's ride to the rebel camp at Derby is ingeniously and effectively contrived. But as for the true spirit of romance, the spirit which suggests magic in a phrase, or conjures up a scene in a pen-stroke, we look for it in vain.

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Mr. Machray is careful, conscientious, neat; his facts are accurate, his local colour correct; yet we would gladly sacrifice these minor matters for a touch of vivifying power.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

STEPHEN CALINARI. BY JULIAN STURGIS.

Period 1877. Scene: Oxford, London, and the world generally. Mr. Sturgis has a light, graceful pen, and he knows the lives of the leisured rich. At Oxford, Stephen Calinari "was the most conceited person in the College." He leaves and arrives at his mother's house; "the 'best people' went to Madame Calinari." Later, he makes many journeys through the world—to the Shipka Pass at the time of the Turko-Russian War, for example. A clever novel. (Constable. 6s.)

THE GIANT'S GATE. BY MAX PEMBERTON.

Well may this be called the "Story of a Great Adventure." Also it is Mr. Pemberton's longest and (says his publisher) his "greatest" novel. It tells of a French soldier, a sort of brave Boulanger, whom the French people (oh! these novelists) wished to make Emperor. And there is much about a submarine boat which adventured to this country "past the defences of the Thames." Love, too! For Mr. Pemberton knows his readers. "And looking down thence to the twinkling lights, which shone as stars in the valley below, he stood a moment to say: 'Good-night, Kathleen—beloved!'" (Cassell. 6s.)

THE TRIUMPH OF HILARY BLACHLAND. BY BERTRAM MITFORD.

Mr. Mitford has written many stories of South African adventure. The chapter headings of this work suggest a story of *the* South African War. For example: "What happened at Bulawayo," "An Episode in Siever's Kloof," "The Retreat of the Patrol." But, turning the leaves, we come upon these passages:

"Lo Bengula sat within the *esibayaneni*—the sacred enclosure wherein none dare intrude—at his great kraal, Bulawayo. . . ."

"Lo Bengula sat alone. . . ."

"He looked around upon his sheep and goats. . . ."

A spirited story. (Chatto. 6s.)

YOUTH GOES A-MARKETING. BY J. H. PEARCE.

A Cornish tin and copper mine novel, sober and conscientious, by the author of *Ezekiel's Sin*. "When he had finished his supper, Ambrose put his night's provisions in his crib-bag, and having filled his water-flask with cold tea and water, he put on his hat and made a start for the door."

"'Off early, arn't 'ee?' said his mother, clicking the box vigorously.

'Got a bit of a job to do 'fore I go underground.'"

A powerful story, with strong characterisation. (Allen. 6s.)

HEARTS IN REVOLT. BY H. GILBERT.

Of the religion and love variety. Tells of the growth of a youth in revolt against the conventions of religion, and the suffering of his young woman, "torn as she is by her passion for him and the sense of her religious duty." It opens in Camberwell, and on the title-page is Browning's—

Only I discern—
Infinite passion and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

(Allen. 6s.)

A DOUBLE CHOICE. BY JAMES BAKER.

"Geoffrey felt a thrill of intense pleasure as this man so talked to him. He looked at the card: 'Herbert Barker, Editor of *The Year and Its Art*.' How often had he dreamt of his work being noticed in London." This passage is from page 46, and is the beginning of the career of a journalist, whose experiences form the motive of the book. It includes also some episodes in the life of a "special"; and to make the picture complete, the late Sir Walter Besant is introduced among the characters, and the name of Sir Wemyss Reid figures in the dedication. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THE WOOING OF GREY EYES. BY RICCARDO STEPHENS.

And other stories to the number of seven, filling nearly half the book. *Grey Eyes* is told in the first person. The style is not classical. It begins: "To-night, August the First, Anno Domini 1900, I, James Dalrymple, otherwise Jim, bachelor, aged twenty-seven, begin my diary, a job that I have never attempted before, and that I don't by any means promise myself to keep up long.

"Why do I have a shot at it?"

(Murray. 6s.)

HERB OF GRACE. BY ROSA N. CAREY.

This is the title of a magazine edited by Miss Alma-Tadema, to whom the author (nineteen novels stand to her name on the title-page) apologises. A story of modern life told simply and naturally, with quotations at the heads of the chapters from Maeterlinck, Emerson, Clough, Swedenborg, Jeremy Taylor, &c. The hero is Malcolm Herrick. "Nature intended me for an artist or a poet," Malcolm would say, "but circumstances made me a poet." He was also a "a devout disciple of Emerson"; and once when strolling through Kensington Gardens, he "electrified" Anna by quoting a favourite passage from the essay on Friendship. Malcolm was certainly a prig. (Macmillan. 6s.)

A STOLEN OPERA BY CLARICE DANVERS.

Founded on the American play, "Heartsease." Brandon Dale's opera was called "King Lear." In Chapter V., Part III., we are in the National Opera House; "Hildebrand," was being played. From a box B. Dale cried out: "'Hildebrand.' No, I tell you it's mine . . . mine! In the face of a thousand people I'll swear it's mine. A mother knows her own child. I know the children of my brain. It is not 'Hildebrand'—it's 'King Lear.'" (Pearson. 6s.)

UNPROFESSIONAL TALES. BY NORMYX.

Dedicated to Ouida, and containing sixteen tales, under such titles as "A Mystery," "The Sentence," "Belladonna." The tales vary, says the publisher's announcement, both as regards style and subject—"some of them being modelled after the pattern of Edgar Allan Poe, while others are constructed upon the lines of the modern French school." So! (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

MEMORY STREET. BY MARTHA BAKER DUNN.

Miss Dunn is an American writer. Her story is of New England life and character, cast in the autobiographical form. Thus the valedictory paragraph: "It is a simple story that I have told, but it is a story of life. It has no plot, except as a plot may be lived from day to day. People come and go in it as they come and go in real life, and the stage of its action is the stage of the world. Much is missed out of it that could have been better written by a stronger hand, and its only meaning—if it has one—is the attempt to find out God's meaning." (Jarrold. 6s.)

We have also received *Dauntless*, by Ewan Martin (Pearson, 6s.); *And Afterwards*, by Mrs. Harold E. Gorst (Greening, 6s.); *Where the Oranges Grow*, by N. A. Leykin (Greening, 6s.); *The Key to the Riddle*, by Margaret S. Comrie (Nisbet, 6s.); *The Crime of the Crystal*, by Fergus Hume (Digby, Long, 6s.)

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The Glittering Style.

AMONG the first and last difficulties of literary art are these—to describe things as they are, to know what one feels, and to express that feeling plainly. Which means that the writer must possess the great gift of sincerity—rare in literature as in life. It is such writings only that live, making fresh appeal to generation after generation. The hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee" has that quality, and so custom cannot stale it. It is the possession of George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, the author of *John Inglesant*, the author of *Mark Rutherford*, to name but four. It was as much a part of Darwin as his ill-health, and shines out, a pure, clear flame, in that short autobiography of his, especially the fragment which deals with his speculations on religion. It cannot be counterfeited. Let a writer try to conceal his insincerity as he will, it will out like moisture.

One of the enemies of sincerity is the modern rage for glitter and cleverness in prose composition. We do not say that the glittering writer is necessarily insincere, but his anxiety to strike attitudes, to sparkle, to be saying continually to his reader: "Remark that admirable phrase, that arresting epithet, that bright conceit, that startling simile—am I not clever?" makes for insincerity. The cleverness of many modern books is colossal. Often, as we read, we do not say, "What clear, good thought," but, rather, "Why, on earth, does he say what he has to say so oddly?" Sometimes this cleverness is merely the failure to hide the marks of labour, a craze for polish, the niggling use of a score of brush-marks when one broad stroke should have produced the effect. Take an example from an able and scholarly modern collection of short stories: "He had the soft purring ways of a cat, the tact of a Jesuit, the penetration of a money-lender, the sensibility of a musical amateur, and the morals of a maid-of-honour." Is that good characterisation? No. Do you believe it? No. We are conscious of the writer's ingenuity—that is all. Here are a few passages from another book, a successful and highly praised modern novel. Do they spell sincerity? Hardly. But they certainly conjure up a picture of the author assiduously desirous to be at his best, to glitter, to show his cleverness. We can see him at work making the phrases: "She blinked sagely." . . . "He looked through her eyes into the East, and was aware of the stainless beginning of things—joy as yet unvocal, and sorrow with folded pinions." . . . "Her veins ran ichor; she was full of the unknown god, stamped and sealed the desired of heaven." In contrast let us take, almost at random, a passage from *Adam Bede*. Ten lines and there is Dinah. You know her. You believe in her. She is alive. It is Dinah who makes the picture—not the personality of the author:

> But Dinah walked as simply as if she were going to market, and seemed as unconscious of her outward appearance as a little boy; there was no blush, no tremulousness which said, "I know you think me a pretty woman, too young to preach," no casting up and down of the eyelids, no compression of the lips, no attitude of the arms that said, "But you must think of me as a saint." She held no book in her ungloved hands, but let them hang down lightly crossed before her, as she stood and turned her grey eyes on the people.

These are high matters. Let us now approach the volume that suggested these remarks. It is of American origin. The title is *A Journey to Nature*, the author Mr. J. M. Mowbray, the publishers Messrs. Constable & Co. We know nothing of Mr. Mowbray. This may be his first book, it may be his fiftieth; but one thing is certain—he is an extremely clever writer, scholarly, observant, with a distinct gift of characterisation, and he can construct a book with the best. In this volume he set out to do what Thoreau did, but, unlike Thoreau, he utterly fails to persuade us of his literary sincerity. His book has given us keen pleasure. We read it with interest, and were sorry when the last page was reached; closing it, not with the conviction that here is a fine piece of literature, but that Mr. Mowbray is a very clever man. Possibly that is what Mr. Mowbray desired. Then full merrily all is well.

If Mr. Mowbray wished to convince, his method is wrong from the beginning. We have never been inside the New York Stock Exchange, but it does not need that experience to tell us what a Wall Street stockbroker is like. *Imprimis* he would not scatter through his autobiography references to Brahma, Wagner, Martineau, Milton, Lucullus, Swedenborg, Darwin, Virgil, and Balzac. A Wall Street stockbroker, we suggest, would not write like this (nor should Mr. Mowbray):

> One hot day we lay flat on our stomachs under the shade of a beech, among the June grass and the daisies, peering down into a magic spectacle, and yet it was the planet's history *in petto*. The great loom of the universe was working there with miniature continents. It was a palæontological glimpse of the pre-world, as if Nature kept ceaseless memoranda in shorthand of all her monstrous cycles of change. There were the equatorial forests and the prehistoric monsters. All one had to do was to get the inverse scale adapted, and the gigantic fronds waved their plumes, and strangling creepers wound in tangles, and strange forms of life wandered through. Green leviathans crouched in corners; scurrying termites ran hither and thither. A slow-moving angleworm drew his ophidian length along the ancient geologic reaches, and an armoured pterodactyl, in the shape of a dragon-fly, came in flaming gorgeousness like Apollyon, and picked up an inhabitant or two. Here was the oldest Nibelungen Lied going on still, with real dragons amid the real elements in this demiurgic workshop. Somehow I fancy that Wagner, when he heard the eternal melodies, must have been lying on his stomach and looking at the eternal animate forces.

Neither would a Wall Street stockbroker indite in the solitude of his chamber the string of sentences that follows. Mr. Mowbray should have denied himself the luxury. Not since we perused the war prose of Mr. Hales have we drawn so near to the purple:

> He is a delightful megatherium of an extinct school, and his corrective bellowings, muffled by distance, afforded me much amusement in my solitude.
>
> We had caught the old orb unawares in a positive dithyramb, and as I watched the choric rythmus in the trees, flashing and leaping amid the gnarled branches that took on grotesque involutions, in one blessed instant I felt sure that there were satyrs and fauns, wet with the cool dew, cavorting in Attic exuberance under the trees.
>
> The white flesh of the mænad birches flashed, marble-like, behind the solid junipers.
>
> The air was like children's kisses, and as sweetly cogent as a mother's prayer is to an infant that does not understand one word of it.

These passages show the pit-falls that yawn for the writer who is not able to control his desire to glitter. The result is that the reader in his simmer of protest against the manner of the writing is apt to disregard the matter. And Mr. Mowbray's matter is good—very good. The scheme of the book is simple. He imagines a keen-witted, overstrained

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New York stockbroker (we are unable to regard the conception of the book as anything else than a literary *tour de force*), who, in the opening chapter, suddenly discovers that the strain of living has become too much for him. His doctor, the "delightful megatherium" of the story, gives him six months of life, unless he will consent to retire into the wilderness and live there a year, divorced from every interest and detail of his past life. He consents (he is a widower), snatches his little boy from school, and migrates to a weather-beaten hut in the woods one hundred miles from Wall Street. There they live for a year. The narrative is never dull, and it is never quite real. Thoreau's name wanders through the pages, suggesting on each occasion the inevitable comparison between the work of the author of *Walden* and the work of the author of *A Journey to Nature*. Thoreau wrote from an irresistible desire to express his brooding thoughts and inmost feelings. Mr. Mowbray because—oh! there are twenty reasons why moderns write. The result is that the one book is literature, the other a brilliant piece of literary work. We will conclude by giving two examples. They are both character-sketches of men the authors met in their retreats. Here is Mr. Mowbray's picture of Gabe Hotchkiss:

> Gabe Hotchkiss was a forehanded veteran who had developed along "the cool sequestered vale of life" until it was hard to distinguish him from the materials he had worked with. He wore the aspect of a sinewy old trunk, grey and gnarled, whose roots in the ground have outspread the branches in the air. I was afraid his thrift was earthy. I could not quite make out if that stoop in his shoulders was humility or gravitation. His hair grew bushy and grey all over his head and down his jaws to a sort of mossy stalactite on his chin (I was getting bald at forty-four). He never was sick a day in his life after he teethed, barring three days that he was laid up that year of the Chicago fire by Squire Losee's bull that hooked him under the rib and threw him over a stone fence. He had risen and set regularly as the sun for sixty-five years, and there was no physical intimation that he would not continue to rise and set for sixty-five more. He was as punctual as the gas-collector, or the seven-year locust, and he could cut and pile a cord of wood without stopping to take heed or to take breath, and then walk to town for his supplies when he wanted to save his horses.

And here is Thoreau's picture of the "old brown-coated man" from *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*:

> I can just remember an old brown-coated man, who was the Walton of this stream, who had come over from Newcastle, England, with his son—the latter a stout and hearty man, who had lifted an anchor in his day. A straight old man he was, who took his way in silence through the meadows, having passed the period of communication with his fellows; his old experienced coat hanging long and straight and brown as the yellow-pine bark, glittering with so much smothered sunlight, if you stood near enough—no work of art, but naturalised at length. I often discovered him unexpectedly amid the pads, and the grey willows when he moved, fishing in some old country method—for youth and age then went a-fishing together—full of incommunicable thoughts, perchance about his own Tyne and Northumberland. He was always to be seen in serene afternoons haunting the river, and almost rustling with the sedge; so many sunny hours in an old man's life, entrapping silly fish, almost grown to be the sun's familiar; what need had he of hat or raiment any, having served out his time, and seen through such thin disguises? I have seen how his coeval fates rewarded him with the yellow perch, and yet I thought his luck was not in proportion to his years; and I have seen when, with slow steps and weighed down with aged thoughts, he disappeared with his fish under his low-roofed house on the skirts of the village. I think nobody else saw him; nobody else remembers him now, for he soon after died, and migrated to new-Tyne streams. His fishing was not a sport, not solely a means of subsistence, but a sort of solemn sacrament and withdrawal from the world, just as the aged read their Bibles.

You can choose between them.

Things Seen.

Ordinaire.

The woman sat with her back to the wall in the little French restaurant near Piccadilly, and the man faced her on the opposite side of the table. They were French: they were obviously man and wife; and they had the appearance of being modestly prosperous. Yet there must have been some need of small economies, for, with the meal that was just ended, they had divided between them a half bottle of *ordinaire* at sixpence. The woman's glass was empty, the man's half full: and so they sat, not ready to go yet, having no apparent reason for staying. They did not talk: they seemed to be considerably bored. The waiting at the little restaurant is as bad as the food is good: two men cannot do the work of five, however willing they may be. I was patiently expecting the arrival of my fish, and, for lack of a better occupation, I watched these two who interested one another so little. Chained to the leg of the table on the right of the man was a singularly naked black and tan toy terrier. It had been quiet to begin with, but at last it became querulous and attracted my attention. Looking at the woman again I observed a curious change in her expression; it appeared that she had somehow recovered her interest in life. She said something to the man, who promptly bent down and patted the dog, as if to quiet it. She instantly took his glass, emptied the contents into her own, and drank the wine at a gulp. When the man looked up again she was leaning back against the wall, listless, absent-minded, utterly bored.

The Rook.

He was marching, when I first noticed him on the lawn, in that sedate, grenadier-like sentry-go which is the gait of his species. In the satisfaction of his appetite, which appeared to be considerable, this rook came on one of those overgrown, half-bleached worms the recent rain had stirred. The rook pulled up a monstrous length of worm which was drawn taut from the ground as his own head went back in a series of short jerks. He laid it down—as much of it as he had pulled out of the earth—and put his foot on it to keep it safe while he considered what he would do. A worm that size could hardly be fit for food!

The rook examined his capture carefully, holding it in one foot, his head slanted, his whole attitude showing his keen interest. "Well, I'm ——," he said at length. "That's a worm and a half," he added, betraying his nationality by the idiom. Remember, I am not putting a single word into this bird's beak he did not actually say—say as plainly as a dumb man speaks to those who understand his medium.

At that moment a sheep, strolling aimlessly past, gave out sudden and sharp its sole exclamation. The rook sprang round, letting go the worm. Seeing nothing but the sheep he growled some uncomplimentary remarks on the animal itself, the particular breed to which it belonged, and sheep generally. Then he returned to his worm. It was gone. (It must have slipped back into its burrow.) He lifted one foot, then another, fearing he might have been standing on it inadvertently. He peered closely at the ground, turned irritably and took a few steps, stopped, muttered, "Well, of all the ——!" He renewed his search. It was useless.

A couple of starlings hard by jeered at him. There was the solution of the mystery. In a perfect fury he began his version of the old, old complaint: "Nice thing, I can't leave a worm out of my foot, not for one moment, but you rascals ——," and so on. He blamed everything and everyone but himself. The sheep had begun to graze, and did not care. The starlings just laughed. He might as well have saved his breath and better not have lost his temper. Whereby there seems to hang a moral. But that is neither here nor there.

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The Novel—What Will it Become?

Among those who regarded music rather as a mathematical exercise than as an eternal art there used to be a favourite topic for discussion. It was asked whether it would ever be possible to exhaust all the combinations of notes which produce chords and melodies. I remember, some years ago, a pamphlet appeared claiming that already all the possible permutations and combinations had been utilised, and inferring from this somewhat disheartening fact that never more would a new piece of music be written. It was declared that however fertile the brain of the future composer might be, he could only string together phrases which already had done service. Interesting, indeed, and even charming might his themes be, but novelty and originality were for ever banished to the land of the unattainable.

The discussion may be referred to the realm of prose-fiction, tracing the development of the modern novel from the simplest origins—the folk-tales, for example, of the savage tribes, the metrical stories of Cædmon—down to the higher development under Boccaccio and Matteo Bandello. Ultimately we arrive at Richardson and Fielding—and what then? Must we declare that thereafter the process of development was checked, that for a hundred years prose fiction simply revolved round a stationary axis? Indeed, there is some ground for so rough an assumption, for believing that all the possible combinations of love and hatred, ambition and despair, loss and gain, triumph and conquest, good and ill, have all been exhausted. Not easy is it to discover a hero who has not already strutted across a worthier stage, or a heroine whose course of true love has not been unsmoothed by the same storms of stress and fate. The whole course of modern fiction-writing seems to be a process of refurbishing the material of the old masters. Even our ordinary canon of criticism bears testimony to the same suspicion. We at once refer the new romanticist to Sir Walter; to the disadvantage of the new-comer we point the comparison. We refer the ethical novelist, who possibly is the true novelist after all, to George Eliot, only to show him that his psychology is less penetrating, his analysis less severe, his ethics less subtly devised, his incidents less characteristically marshalled, his climax less convincing. We show the legion followers of Meredith that they halt as far behind their master as do the fewer disciples of Thackeray. We smile at the new Dickens, because so obviously he lacks Dickens's humour, and we sigh that the parlour-maid can find neither friend nor comforter to touch her heart as did Mrs. Henry Wood. The whole tendency of such criticism is towards the bland assertion that the writing of fiction has touched its zenith; there is naught left but the nadir of exhaustion, to which woful spot we are rapidly approaching.

So far as regards the material. But what of the form? Here, too, it would appear that under the sun of Art there is nothing new. The arbitrary division into chapters carries with it such an arrangement of plot-development and character-development that the expert reader, by glancing down chapter-heads, can discover the genius of the story with an unerring intuition. The very chapter-heads have become conventional. Thackeray and Meredith may enlarge them into epigrammatic sentences; the lady novelist may pepper-box her pages with four-line verse of an affecting type, sometimes, as in Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's case, writing her own; other novelists, as Mr. Kipling, may hide their original chapter-head light under the bushel of assumed quotation; but in all cases the variance from the type is but small. The tradition of method holds all in its thrall, and in chapter-heads, as in the treatment of scenery, character, humour and pathos there is an orthodoxy as rigid as all other orthodoxy.

The question assumes, therefore, a two-fold aspect. We may ask, Is there any new material which the novelist-genius of the immediate future will bring before us? just as we may almost despairingly ask, Is there a new form into which he will put his novel material? The questions give rise to interesting conjectures. What if something absolutely fresh came suddenly before us—something as bewilderingly new as was *Sir Charles Grandison* to his generation! It will not be in vain if I attempt to prophesy the direction in which the long-looked-for genius will set to work, not merely in respect to form, but in respect to matter.

Probably one of the characteristic features of the new novel will be the relegation of the element of sex love to a subsidiary place. It may be that current fiction has rather exaggerated the importance of the love of a man for a maid. It is open to doubt if, in most lives, love is the be-all and end-all of existence, just as we may doubt if in any considerable proportion of lives the baser sex problem, as fashioned by a certain class of novelists, has any influence at all. The instances where love is tragic in its incidence, where self-examination and introspection are called upon to decide subtle differences between true and false love, are probably very rare. Nor can it be said of the life we lead that mere marriage is the triumphal point of our work, the final stage of our life's interest. Possibly, therefore, the new genius will not ruin nations, scatter empires into dust, and cry havoc generally, merely to let loose the bridesmaids in the last chapter. As it stands now, love is the thread of interest upon which we string the beads of life, some dark, some glittering; surely the new genius will discover that life itself is the thread and love only one, though perhaps the most beautiful, of the beads.

Again, there is the arbitrary convention, borrowed from the stage, whereby mankind is boldly differentiated into good and bad, with goodness as ultimately the best policy. Fiction is steeped in cheap utilitarian ethics. What daring fictionist could ever devise a life of goodness ending in a crucifixion? Yet life has, doubtless, crucifixions without number, but the canon of convention yearns so for triumphant goodness that we dare not let the good be finally thwarted, as, alack! so often it seems to be. And even the greater novelists are beset by the fallacy that life is a Day of Judgment separating the sheep from the goats. How rarely do we find the psychology, so evident in humanity itself, which manifests the vein of faultiness running through the fine marble of nobility of character! Even more rarely do we see the analysis of mixed motives, good and ill, for deeds which, as deeds, demand our commendation. The public do not want such deep investigation, is the ordinary reply; to which it may be rejoined, that it is for the genius to teach the public what its wants should be.

I am not confusing the novel of plot and the novel of character when I urge that we are now suffering from the hunger for climax. Denouement is the demon which sits on the pinnacle of the art of fiction. The tendency has manifested itself that without a culminating climax a novel had better not be written. The parent of this bastard theory is the unhappy publishers' reader, with his formulæ and his two-foot rule. The genius will find life altogether interesting, and not merely centre his interest in one thunder-clap of a climax. Mr. Silas Hocking, in giving counsel to young novelists, advised them to keep the grand climax as far back as possible. It would be excellent advice to the genius—if he followed it logically and kept the conventional climax out of his work altogether. For he who lives knows well the myriad climaxes of his little days. The "one divine event" is the Now.

Charles Dickens eschewed the reading of fiction, for he felt so keenly the influence of other writers that he feared the loss of individuality. Hence the new genius may be said to be a man without a master. If it were possible, somewhat after the fashion of the famous Platner experi-

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ment, well-known to students of Hamilton's *Metaphysics*, to keep the genius apart from all knowledge of the workmanship of others, while giving him a full knowledge of the facts of life, what a masterpiece we might expect! Thus might we find a greater Charlotte Brontë and a *Jane Eyre* even more pulsing with fresh and vigorous life, aflame with the fire from the altar of knowledge. Unfortunately it is in the other direction that we have drifted, and even a school of fiction has been suggested with class-books and professors, as stultifying to real art as the serial itself.

There have been a few revolutionaries in the past. They have paid the price of their daring. Some have revolted against the form merely, the form which is in danger of becoming archaic. Sometimes the small revolt has brought a measure of success; even a volume of pseudo love-letters has attracted, because it has broken the chapter-head tradition, if for no intrinsic merit of its own. But the genius will not merely be a revolutionary. He will be a leader; the democracy of intellect will at length follow him, and the sentries at the gate of the public mind—the publishers' readers—will be passed in their sleep, for the sand of materialistic considerations lies already heavily upon their eyes. The genius may be wounded and heartsore when he arrives at the citadel—but he will arrive.

J. G. L.

Mr. "How To" Again.

EVEN with the help of the author's Preface, we do not clearly see for whom this addition to the "How To" series is written. We are told that "it is intended for the use of those who, by reason of defective educational advantages, or because they lack the sense of order and thought-sequence, feel an inability to cope with all that is implied in the writing of an essay." Why cope? Is essay-writing a kind of sacred duty, or badge of manhood, which the young Englishman should blush to neglect? We sometimes think it is regarded in that Spartan light. As a mere instrument of education essay-writing has its place and purpose, and an essay on an unforeseen subject in Government examinations is a powerful emetic by which to examine the contents of a candidate's mind. The Essay Society, too, cannot be condemned as a useless institution. These pages may help young men and maidens to shine in some winter evening firmament.

The fact remains that the average mind, "of defective educational advantages," or "lacking the sense of thought-sequence," is incapable for all time of producing an essay that is worth reading. There is, therefore, an amusing unreality about an attempt to aid it in this vaulting ambition. The author of *How to Write an Essay* (Grant Richards) betrays here and there his perfect cognisance of this fact. His patience is not more conspicuous than his lack of enthusiasm. How does one teach essay-writing? We suppose that to a practised writer any exposition of the art must seem absurdly overwrought. The advice tendered to the novice will appal the expert. Yet how teach save by analyses, formal divisions, rules, sections, and sub-sections? You must bid water divide as by a Red Sea miracle that the unchosen people may pursue the chosen. Mr. "How To" has done his best, and one can even congratulate him on his results in a rather forlorn business.

He begins with "The Psychology of an Essay." We suppose there is such a thing as the psychology of an essay, though it is rather terrible to be told so. The first thing to be noted under this heading is "The point of view."

> As a thorough grasp of this matter is of some importance, we will run the risk of unpleasing reiteration by taking two examples—
>
> 1. My Impressions at Napoleon's Tomb.
> 2. The Destiny of Canada in Relation to the United States.
>
> In the first case the course of procedure is perfectly obvious. I am not to write an essay on Napoleon's campaigns or his work in France, not even specifically on his character, but I am to look at the man and his history in the light of a common destiny—*i.e.*, I begin with death, and go back in retrospect over the life. Moreover, the impressions are to be personal, for this is a personal essay. I am not debarred from quoting Heine or any other writer, but primarily the impressions must be my own, and the language should have every evidence of spontaneity and deep feeling.

This makes us wish to go for a walk. But, no, we will love instruction, and apply our hearts unto wisdom. There are three elements in an essay:

1. The Materials: Facts and Ideas.
2. The Process of Building: How to Make a Plan.
3. The Finished Work: Beauty and Strength.

It is necessary to have materials. "Let your theme be 'Design in Nature'; it is evident that you must obtain knowledge of facts from some source or other." It is, indeed; and it is a comfort in this emergency to know that "every public library has its collection of reference books." The present writer, however, would not consider a three years' subsidy and a bed-sitting-room in the British Museum an adequate preparation for writing a paper on "Design in Nature," especially as it is added: "See that you get *all* the facts."

Given the facts, what about "ideas"? Here (in Subsection 2 of Part II.) we strike on one of those sunken rocks of truth over which the novice may be trusted to sail his cockboat with easy unconsciousness. "The presence or absence of ideas depends, of course, on the nature and capacity of a man's brain." It is here that Mr. "How To" and his publisher exchange their first wink. Our impression is that it is the absence of ideas that gives young essayists their courage. Doubtless it is his knowledge of this that emboldens Mr. "How To" to offer them tasks which we hope he would never be so unfeeling as to offer to ourselves. Take the following:—"Optimism or Pessimism: Which has the Deeper Root in Human Nature?" From such inquiries may heaven preserve us. We should be plunged into life-long thought by the enquiry: "Pepper or Mustard: Which would you Miss Most?" But "if you are writing on Enthusiasm . . ." Now, fancy that. Is not such casualness the cream of flattery? You might be writing on Enthusiasm; you are probably not even feeling it, still you might be writing on Enthusiasm—in the intervals, say, of "writing down as many questions as you can about each of the following subjects":

1. The Prejudice of Historians.
4. Total Abstinence.
9. The Mystery of Sleep.
12. The Use of Keeping Pets.
13. Was Thackeray a Snob?
18. Spiritualism.
20. Pompeii.
23. Electrocution.

We pass by Mr. "How To's" intricate disquisitions on "The Introduction of Contrast," "The Laws of Association," "Plan-Formation," "Enforcement, or Application," "Introduction and Transition," &c.—they are rather too advanced for us. Moreover, his pleasing remark that the essays in the ACADEMY and other papers "may well make the youthful scribe wonder whether he will ever pen such productions himself," decides us to be ourselves. We feel that, however much we tried we should never produce those essays on "Religion and Architecture," "Impressions of Great Men derived from the Comic Papers," "The Advantage of Small Stature," "Cologne Cathedral," "Can We be Really Unprejudiced?" "Flying Machines," and "Original Sin," which must be child's-play to those who follow the instructions conveyed in these so ingenious pages.

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Correspondence.

"Insanity in Literature."

SIR,—May the present writer, speaking, as you are aware, with some authority, support Mr. Bennett's assertion that the French pornographic writers work chiefly for the home market? French men of letters are undoubtedly privileged beyond those of any other nation in the possession of a far more extensive export sale; but still, in the main, writers and publishers rely upon and appeal to their countrymen.

I can heartily sympathise with Miss Lynch's feelings of disgust with and horror at the literature she attacks—a literature of which she has not cited the most abominable examples. At the same time I venture to think that the matter is far less important than she fancies. The naturalistic school was in the heyday of its expansion when, some twenty years ago, I was entering manhood. Then, as now, France was to me a second motherland, only less dear to me than my own. I can recall my feelings of disgusted dismay. It seemed to me at the time that with such a literature the whole country must needs be pitching head foremost into a slough of rottenness. I was full of the darkest forebodings for the land and the people I loved. Have they been realised? Not in the slightest. Has there been diminution in the intellectual or in the moral vigour of the French people? In every department of human activity they easily hold their own place in the first rank, and, as a matter of fact, the genius of France has within the last twenty years won distinction in fields from which, formerly at least, it seemed excluded by the temperament of the race. It is quite true that, as compared with certain periods of the past, the present is in France one of stagnation, of second-rate achievement. But this is the case everywhere, and to a far greater extent, it may fairly be argued, in England and in Germany than in France. The world at large is suffering from an absence of genius, as, indeed, was the case 120 years ago, when, save in Germany, mediocrity seemed to reign supreme. And yet *that* period of stagnation was to be followed by an outburst of genius as wonderful as any recorded in history. In any case, no unprejudiced and capable observer of France and the French race would assert that either is decadent.

The fact is, that I, when young, failed to remember, as Miss Lynch, being young, fails to remember, that the phenomenon which seemed to me then, as it seems to her now, of such sinister import, is no new thing. For the last 600 years, at least, French literature has shown the same characteristics. From the writers of the *fabliaux* and Jean de Meung, through Villon, and Rabelais, and Lafontaine, and Voltaire and Diderot, how many of France's greatest writers are stamped with the same mark! The last French story-teller of genius, Maupassant, exhibits the ancestral traits as clearly as any of his great predecessors. Let us recall, too, that, save Aretino, every "classic of the obscene" is French, and that the most famous, or infamous, examples of sexual psycho-pathology are French likewise, and we shall cease to attach too much importance to a phenomenon of such old standing.

But, it may be said, "The very facts you cite prove how pernicious is the tendency you make light of." I do not think so. A candid Frenchman, if told that France has produced more monsters than, say England, would admit the fact; she has also, he would rejoin, produced a far larger number of saints. The French genius, he might urge, is logical and thoroughgoing; in evil as in good it likes to reach the end of the tether, and it is little wonder that the race which has produced a Jeanne d'Arc, a Vincent de Paule, a De Brébœuf, a Palissy, or a Millet (to cite examples of most diverse energy, yet having this in common, that all pushed matters to an extreme), should likewise produce a Gilles de Rais or a *joli Marquis*.

I am aware that to some minds what I have said may appear an apology for immoral literature: it is simply a plea not to attack immoral literature upon a badly chosen ground. The assertion that license in literature entails national decadence is almost a commonplace, but it is a commonplace for which there is no justification in history. There is nothing so harmful in ethics as invalid sanctions; you think the barrier is of iron, and capable of resisting the strongest assault; it proves to be *papier-mâché*, and to yield at the first push.

I would thus urge that the prominence of pornography in French literature of the day is neither significant nor, in reality, disquieting, and that the most effectual remedy, so long as certain limits are not passed, is silence.—I am, &c.,

OUTSIDER.

Crabbe.

SIR,—The following from Crabbe's *The Library* (Hatchard, London, 1807,) may help to send modern readers to the recent editions of Crabbe's works:

> But what strange Art, what Magic can dispose
> The troubled Mind to change its native Woes?
> Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
> Others more wretched, more undone than we?
> This, Books can do; . . . nor this alone; they give
> New Views to Life, and teach us how to live;
> They sooth the griev'd, the stubborn they chastise,
> Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise:
> Their Aid, they yield to all; they never shun
> The Man of Sorrow, nor the Wretch undone:
> Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
> They fly not sullen, from the suppliant Crowd;
> Nor tell to various People various Things,
> But shew to Subjects, what they shew to Kings.

—I am, &c.,

J. EDWARDS JONES.

"Wynton," Burrell-road, Ipswich.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 104 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the most interesting account of an incident seen during a holiday this summer. We award the prize to Miss Violet W. Flashman, Aloa Villa, Dunoon, N.B., for the following:

AT A FARMHOUSE.

While we were at tea a knock was heard at the door, and as his wife rose to open it, the farmer prepared himself for the visitor by drawing off the scarlet nightcap he wore and dropping it behind his chair.

"Jock," the shepherd from the "hull," was ushered in, protesting that he "wadna wait," and that "he had just ca'd in tae see hoo a' wis wi' us in the bygaun."

Nevertheless, he sat down to a large plate of boiled ham, talking with his host the while about sheep and "beasts," a conversation quite unintelligible to me.

As talk became thinner, the farmer leaning down, absently picked up his nightcap and replaced it on his head. Then he asked, "An' hoo's a' wi' Macneil, the shepherd's lad?"

"Man, he's a sair hertbreak tae his folks," answered "Jock." "Fine they want him tae stick by his books, but aye when the laddie hears the bleatin' o' the sheep, he's up an' awa' tae meet them. He's a born shepherd the lad, an' they'd best lat him bide whaur his hert is."

There was a silence, which the mistress broke, saying, "Tak' up a bit mair ham, Jock."

"Na thenk ye," he answered, rising, "I've dune oncommon"; and bidding us "Gude nicht," he departed.

Looking out at the bonnie Scotch hills, and the sunset, and still thinking of the shepherd laddie, I murmured,

> "Books! 'tis a dull, unendless strife!
> Come hear the woodland linnet," etc.

Other replies were:

THE DEAD GOAT.

We had gone for a picnic to a place called End der Welt (End of the World). More venturesome than the others, I attempted to scale the precipitous side of the mountain which formed the *cul-de-sac*, and gave so appropriate a name to the rocky basin at the head of the valley. Toiling over the loose stones on the lower slope I came

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suddenly upon an old man, sitting like a hermit in front of a narrow cave. At his feet lay a dead goat. He fixed his sad eyes upon me and pointed to the top of the cavern. Then I saw what had happened. The poor animal had missed its footing there, and met a terrible end before the opening. The old man questioned me in his Swiss patois: Where was I going? What was I doing? I explained as best I could. He shook his head, muttered something I could not understand, and pointed to the dead goat. He then relapsed into silence, brooding, maybe, over the animal's fate. I left him and continued my way, advancing now more warily. Half-an-hour afterwards I saw far below the figure of a man, with a strange burden on his back, hurrying over the stones. At that moment I slipped a little, but recovered my footing. Then only did I realise the meaning of the old man's gesture. With shaken nerves I slowly commenced the descent. [E. H. H., London.]

The Bull.

As we saw it from the top of the cliff it was a patch of dull red brown, round which shot white specks of sea-gulls that seemed afraid to settle. Below, in the little rock-bound bay, it was the corpse of a young bull, the flotsam and jetsam of a Transatlantic cattle ship. The salt water had kept it fresh enough to allow of approach from the windward, but the gasses of putrefaction had begun to bloat the body from within. The limbs were stiffened in the attitude of the last effort, and, with the protruding tongue, told of the last maniacal desire to live. It was curious how, as the beast washed up and down on the rubble, half covered with water, its legs seemed to stretch and bend, and its head to nod grotesquely, in a kind of mockery of the simpering of the June sea and the grave repose of the cliffs. A Hugo might have rhapsodised over it: a Sterne grown whimsical and sentimental: but a coastguardsman, mindful of Board of Trade regulations, buried it the same evening where it lay, in the tiny cove—hopeless in storm for crew, but yielding some chance of salvage—to which the Cornish wreckers once lured their quarry.

[F. F. M., London.]

The Eisteddfod.

It was the closing incident of the last day of the Eisteddfod. The Male Voice Party Competition was just over, and the vast audience relaxed from the tension at which they had listened and criticised. The singing had been very close, so close, indeed, that the winner scored by only one point, and the adjudicators were long in coming to an agreement. Signs of impatience began to show themselves, and cries of "Mabon" brought that energetic and good-humoured worthy to the front. In answer to the demands that rose from all sides, he broke into an old Welsh tune, and at the second line was joined by the audience. Gradually the melody swelled louder and louder as belated voices took up the strain, and before the second verse was ended it pealed from 20,000 throats.

It was a sight to thrill one. That vast assembly on its feet, losing sight of itself and of all things as it flung its soul into the songs of its own land, in its own language. Songs that were in its blood. Something sprang into my throat and choked me. The sea of intense faces were blurred into a vague mist; the next moment Mabon gave the signal for silence.

The adjudicators were ready, and as he yielded his place to them, he remarked, with a bland smile of self-complacency: "The adjudicators say that *my* choir is the best." Over the rapt, exalted faces a smile flashed. That deepened into a chuckle, and with a hearty roar the great Unity resolved itself once more into its 20,000 factors, and, stretching its multitudinous limbs, settled down comfortably to the important business of listening to and of criticising the adjudication.

[J. P., London.]

The Ferry Boat.

Standing on the outer pier of Scarborough harbour towards evening, when the reflection of a golden sunset lay caressingly upon ship and sail and sailor alike, I saw the old ferry-boat man embark fourteen passengers from the adjacent rude stone steps for the point of the pier opposite, seventy yards or so away. (At Scarborough they are superstitious, and the piers form almost a horse-shoe.) The sea was lumpy, and the old ferryman seemed to have some difficulty in controlling the boat. A stalwart girl near me, whose age might be anything from eighteen to four-and-twenty, and who was without hat and with bared, sunburnt arms, busily knitting a fisherman's guernsey, shouted to the old man: "Now, Grand'y, *buck up!*" He did not lift his eyes, apparently recognising the voice, but he answered, slowly and, to me, hardly audibly: "Nay, lass, me chest's bad." The girl quickly put her work into the big pocket of her blue apron, and scrambled fearlessly down the steps. Sternly bidding the old fellow take a seat among his passengers, she took the oars, and, pulling straight and strong, the boat and its fourteen-penny cargo were soon cunningly across at the spot desired. [C. C., London.]

The Blessing.

It was the eve of the fishers' departure, and the old men, the women, and the children, sole inhabitants of the village during the fishing season, were gathered in groups on the quay. The last farewells had been said, and the men had joined their boats. In the bow of a vessel at the head of the fleet stood a white-haired priest, with arms outstretched. The lambent rays of the sun fell in floods of mellow light about his head, and cast a long cruciform shadow towards the shore. All heads were bowed as the priest lifted up his voice in prayer: "O Thou who of old didst fill the fishers' nets, bless the work of our hands. . . . When the heavens are black with thunder, and the winds and waters rage against us, stretch forth Thy hand and soothe the troubled seas, and deliver Thy servants in the hour of their distress. . . ." There was a pause, the silence unbroken but for the sonorous voice of the sea with its untiring surge and roll.

Then sails were hoisted, anchors weighed, and, shaking themselves like birds before a flight, the vessels glided out of the harbour; and soon, very soon, the eyes of those left on shore were straining after a few black points marked off against the glittering band of light which divides the sea from the sky. And far away in the west the sun dropped beneath the waves, and the sea rippled on, heedlessly, rhythmically. [J. R., London.]

Aboard the State Express.

It happened across the herring-pond. The sun had just arisen, and the weary passengers aboard the famous State Express were lounging about in various stages of *déshabille*—some smoking and chatting, others trying in vain to woo that gentle sleep which is ever a rarity on a Trans-American railway-train.

Suddenly our speed slackened until our pace did not exceed six English miles per hour. I rose, yawned, stretched myself, and, walking across the corridor to the steps, looked out. Two farm horses had strayed on to the track, and the engine-driver, with the able assistance of some juvenile passengers, was vainly endeavouring to "chivvy" them from the line. In vain the passengers shouted, the syren hooted, and the small boys threw pebbles. Serenely, and apparently unconscious of the interest they evoked, the equine vagabonds trotted on, careful only to keep a few yards in front of the engine.

All this time many of the passengers were gathering flowers along the track, chasing butterflies and otherwise disporting themselves, pleased at the break in the monotony of that otherwise dreary journey. For eighteen miles we chased those wayward animals until at length a farm-steading appeared, and the frisky creatures neighed farewell and galloped up to the home pasture.

The train stopped, and for half an hour these enterprising, "lick-creation" Yankees on board the record-breaking State Express swore at, discussed, and argued with the owner of the farm. Yet when we mentioned it to them, they said: "Guess yew easy-going, slow-coach Britishers cyant lick the State Express, nohow."

[R. C., Alloa.]

The Guide.

Tramping about delightful Jersey, I found myself one day following two other travellers, who, constantly referring to a map, appeared to be in doubt about their road—as was I. Map-roads are so strikingly alike. My companion tramps were clearly on the look-out for guidance. Soon, a small, old countryman approached, carrying a bundle and a walking-staff. On meeting my fellow-travellers, one stepped forward, saying: "Will you kindly direct us to the Castle of Mount Orgeuil?" The old man stopped, hesitated, and said: "One moment, Sir." Composedly placing his bundle and staff upon the ground, he fumbled in a baggy pocket, and produced what looked like a short, thick telescope. With a sudden dexterous movement he lengthened it a foot, sedately applied the taper end to his ear, extended the wider end invitingly towards his questioner, and said: "*Now*, Sir." The unexpected preliminary to conversation, and the sudden manipulation of the ear-trumpet was irresistibly amusing, and it was with laughing embarrassment that the question was repeated into the instrument. The old man, at great length, and in Frenchified English, gave careful and exhaustive directions, which were gratefully acknowledged. He then complacently picked up his bundle and staff, and with a benignant salutation resumed his journey. We last saw him pointing with his staff, and bowing like a chamberlain; and we could not but admire the kindly, courteous, old-world manner of our aged mentor, which contrasted so markedly with that of his English bucolic compeers.

[E. H. H., Bristol.]

Other replies received from the following:—W. H. G., Catford; Sigma, Manchester; F. B. D., Torquay; C. C., London; D. T., London; E. M. Z. C., Port Glasgow; G. M. W., Hull; A. F. H., Dalkeith; E. L., Didsbury; P. C., Sydenham; T. S. W., Hanley; K. M. P., Bangor; S. W. P., Liverpool; E. M. S., London; R. W. R., Clapham.

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THURSDAY EVENING.—Overture, "Leonora" No. 2 (*Beethoven*), Scena, "Marfa" (*Joachim*), Cantata, "A Song of Darkness and Light" (*Parry*), Prelude, "Romeo and Juliet" (*German*), Song and Chorus (*Chas. Wood*). Finale of Act II., "William Tell" (*Rossini*), Song from "Carmen" (*Bizet*), Overture, "Cheval de Bronze" (*Auber*).—Miss Nicholls, Miss Brema, Mr. Coates, Mr. Bispham, Mr. Greene.

FRIDAY EVENING.—Overture, "Les Deux Journées" (*Cherubini*), Cantata, "Rinaldo" (*Brahms*), Variations for Orchestra (*Elgar*), Cantata (*Glazounow*), Caprice, Piano and Orchestra (*Saint-Saëns*), Balcony Duet, "Romeo and Juliet" (*Gounod*), Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini" (*Berlioz*).—Miss Nicholls, Miss Crossley, Mr. Coates, Mr. Borwick.

SATURDAY EVENING.—Prelude, "Colomba" (*Mackenzie*), Scena, "Endymion" (*Cowen*), Banquet Scene (*Bruch*), Aria (*Spontini*), Concerto for Violin (*Mozart*), Overture, "Frieschütz" (*Weber*), "With Verdure Clad" (*Hadyn*), Motet (*Hadyn*), Vocal Duet (*Goring Thomas*), Choral Ballad (*Pearsall*), Overture, "Carnival" (*Dvorák*).—Mdme. Albani, Miss Nicolls, Miss Wood Miss Crossley, Mr. Davies, Mr. Black, Mr Greene, Dr. Joachim.

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The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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The Literary Week.

THE *Letters of John Richard Green*, which will be published next month, have been edited and prepared for publication by Mr. Leslie Stephen. They form in reality a biography, since Mr. Stephen, while confining himself as far as possible to the employment of Green's own words, has furnished introductory narratives in explanation of Green's position during successive periods of his life. Information for this purpose has been supplied by Mrs. Green, who has supervised the whole work.

PAINTERS of "literary pictures" in search of a subject might consider the first meeting between Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy. We are indebted to Mr. Edmund Gosse for the anecdote, who narrates it in a paper in the *International Monthly* called "The Historic Place of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy":

> The first novel which Mr. Hardy wrote has never been published and will never see the light. The name of it was *The Poor Man and the Lady*, and it was full of the revolutionary and anti-social extravagances which are native to the unripeness of a youth of genius. It happened by a strange and interesting coincidence that the "reader" for the publisher to whom this MS. was submitted happened to be no less a person than Mr. Meredith. He saw the rough power in the book, and he recommended it for publication. But he also sent for the young man, and with great courtesy and friendliness urged him to consider whether it would not be wise to adopt, on his first introduction to the public, a gentler guise. The result was that Mr. Hardy asked leave to suppress *The Poor Man and the Lady*, and retired to write *Desperate Remedies*.

MR. KIPLING'S new story, *Kim*, which is as long, if not longer, than *Captains Courageous*, will be published next Thursday. It is skilfully illustrated by Mr. Lockwood Kipling. The father of Kim, the hero, was an Irish soldier, but Kim was brought up as a poor white among natives in Lahore. Loafing there as a street arab of wide experience, and already known as "Friend of all the world," he meets a lama from Tibet who is on a pilgrimage to the Buddhistic River of Healing, where he hopes to be able to escape from the Wheel of Life. Kim accompanies him as *chela*. The account of the life by the Great Trunk Road, from the plains to the highest hills, gives Mr. Kipling the finest opportunity he has yet found to show shifting phases of Indian life, man and woman, priest and soldier, Hindu and Mohammedan, native and European.

A NEW novel by Mr. G. W. Cable may be expected this autumn. The hero of the story is Ned Ferry, the chief of Confederate scouts, and the heroine is a Confederate newspaper correspondent who was of great service to the leaders by furnishing them with valuable information.

OF the French edition of Dmitri Merejkowski's *The Death of the Gods*, which we reviewed last week, twenty editions have been sold. In preparing the work, Merejkowski visited all the spots where the hero of his romance had lived and made history. He followed the footsteps of the Emperor Julian through Asia Minor and Greece, and throughout the whole of France and Germany. In preparing the second volume of the trilogy—namely, *The Reawakening of the Gods*, of which work Leonardo da Vinci is the hero—Merejkowski visited and stayed in all the towns in which Leonardo had lived, from the village of Vinci to Amboise. He has studied in the same thorough manner for the third and final volume, *The Anti-Christ*, the character and wanderings of Peter the Great.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: Please cordially thank the writer of the articles on style for this last, so timely and illuminant, on the "glittering," and ask him to tell us more. For instance, is there anything in literary style and stylists which at some period in the man or the language reaches its meridian, passes, declines into the dark? anything of self-will, vanity, incapableness, or inherent decay (decadent), as with the pear or the peach, which come slowly to their moment of perfection, and then—tend to rottenness? As, for example, not quite explicably, in prose with George Meredith, or Carlyle (compare his essay on Burns with "Shooting Niagara"), or Pater; and in poetry with Robert Browning. In architecture also: take the Gothic. Has not Amiens Cathedral reached the summit, slightly exceeding and toppling over from perfection? and is not Milan, with all its glory, partly a decay? our own Norman, too, passing into perpendicular, decorated, flamboyant, and then losing itself? Do the arts of sculpture and painting hint at the same advance from ripeness to decay? Where is the Greek grace of form, the middle Italian loveliness of grouping and tint? And the nations—do we find the like law there? Get someone to work out this aspect of the problem for us.

MR. PINERO'S new play, "Iris," at the Garrick Theatre, is a stern lesson to the writers of sentimental novels and gallery-truckling dramas. Few, very few, authors show Mr. Pinero's courage—the courage of forcing a character to be consistent to the end. The treatment of Iris in the last act by Maldonado and Trenwith, may harrow the pitying and sympathetic heart, but to the judicial observer of life, unmoved by sentimental considerations, their behaviour is natural. Mr. Pinero also shows another form of courage in this remarkable drama of modern life. He is content to hold his hand, at any rate in the first two acts, to allow the action to unfold itself quietly, even a little tediously, while preparing for the tragic crises of Acts III. and IV. The finale may almost be described by the much-abused word awful, but who can say that it is anything else but true to the facts of human nature? We need not despair of the stage while there are such brains and temperaments as Mr. Pinero's to work for it. The writing is never forced. Small witticisms, mild epigrams fall naturally, and it is not Mr. Pinero's fault that the audience should laugh loudly at "England, land of lean women and snug men," or "A financier is a pawnbroker with imagination." It is refreshing to hear across the footlights such a reflection as, "Sorrow and remorse have their egotism as ease and joy." "Iris" is a play to see, and to remember.

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In the October *Fortnightly* Mr. Nowell Smith writes on "The Popularity of Criticism" in a shrewd and interesting way. He conceives literary criticism—books about books—to be really a superior form of gossip. Moreover: "Literary criticism has this further advantage over other gossips, that its personalities are current coin for so many. A literary *causerie* cannot, of course, have the intensity of the gossip of two housewives discussing the lady who lives between them; but then anyone, *litteratis imbutus*, can partake of it. So far are books from being 'absolutely dead things,' that they are better evidence of the existence of their authors than exists for that of almost any human beings outside of the scope of our immediate senses." That literary criticism does not lack the spice of malice which is deemed necessary to the success of more worldly gossip is shown in Mr. Smith's own remarks on that much-whipped horse, Prof. Saintsbury's style. He contends, as many have contended, that Prof. Saintsbury's always weighty opinions would have more acceptance if they were expressed in a less "atrocious" style—a style which he declares must be deliberately affected:

> He is constantly playing with more or less jocular allusions like the following (p. 410):—"Claudian . . . receives praise for his praise of Stilicho, and Dares (as we expect with resignation) for his 'veracity'; indeed, the clerestories toward that south-north are quite as lustrous as ebony." This is all very well occasionally, though the allusions are, it must be confessed, often too obscure for the ordinary reader; but constant repetition of the trick is none the more excusable because it is a well-known pitfall for the "man of letters." And Prof. Saintsbury's unflagging jocularity is most oppressive. "In fact, those to whom the woman who killed Abimelech with a stone or slate is the patron saint of criticism." . . . (p. 464): "But the carnal man cannot help sighing for a tractate—a tractatule even of the tiniest—on English verse, from the Venerable One" (p. 403): such ἀγωνίσματα, scarcely at home outside the sporting papers, may occasionally visit the sleepy lecture-room, but are only irritating when set down solemnly in the black and white of a substantial volume. And the Professor's diction, his structure of sentences, if not his mere formal syntax, are such that one wonders how a lover of literature could write as he does, or could expect lovers of literature to read him without constant disgust.

The question occurs to us, however, How long is it worth while to go on baiting a writer about his style? The style is the man, and when the man is well in years, neither the one nor the other is likely to undergo much change. Prof. Saintsbury's good qualities are many and most valuable; ought we not to rest contented with the all he can give?

Dr. Conan Doyle hopes to get out a new edition of his history of the Boer War very soon. In it he will include all operations up to the second year of the war. Since the first edition appeared Dr. Doyle has remained a close student of events, and has had many officers' letters and diaries from the front through his hands. Meanwhile he has been talking to a representative of the *Daily Express* on the future of the war. He contends that the thing to be done is to capture the Boer Government on the principle that a serpent should be attacked on its head, not chopped about at its tail-end. And his recipe is this:

> To capture them, one should choose 3,000 of the lightest and hardiest men in the Army, give them 6,000 of the best horses, one led horse for every man; no guns, no baggage, and a young leader, Plumer or De Lisle for choice. Let them loose with a free hand, and help them by stopping the drifts. Let them follow their chase across Africa if necessary, but let them ride it down at last.

We note, by the way, that Dr. Doyle shares our dislike of the use of sporting terms in despatches.

What should be done to put down pernicious literature? Some sensible remarks on this subject fell from the lips of Mr. Stephen Wigney, secretary of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, the other day, in a chat with an interviewer. Mr. Wigney does not believe in denunciation. His word is substitution. His colporteurs, numbering between fifty and sixty, manage to turn over more than £5,000 a year in selling books of distinctly moral and religious tendencies. Their aim is to offer good literature in the place of bad. The selection of such literature must be a difficult task. How compete with the penny dreadful? Mr. Wigney confessed, "It is very difficult indeed," and added:

> I sometimes spend hours skimming books and periodicals to decide if we can admit them to our list. Of course I have always the Committee, with Pastor Thomas Spurgeon as president, to refer to. Yes, it is delicate and difficult to know where to draw the line.
>
> In publications for boys I object to slang and vulgar language. The characters, while adventurous, should always be animated by a noble spirit. Such books need not be always preaching, but they should breathe a pure atmosphere. I know that a boy can and does enjoy such a book as *John Halifax, Gentleman*. We have sold numbers of that book very cheaply. We can now sell for threepence such books as *Queechy*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and the *Wide, Wide World*. Speaking metaphorically, they will go on selling as long as the world lasts. A very nice book for the family is *Ministering Children*, which we can sell for threepence, in paper covers. I like the Tract Society's publications, also some of Cassell's, such as the *Quiver*.

A *Daily News* leader-writer wrote breezily on Elizabeth Barrett Browning last Tuesday. While hailing her as a great poet, the writer does not spare her extravagances. Thus:

> Such a couplet as—
>
> "Our Euripides, the human,
> With his dropping of warm tears,"
>
> gives to most of us a sickly and nauseous sensation. Nothing can be well conceived more ridiculous than Euripides going about dropping tears with a loud splash, and Mrs. Browning coming after him with a thermometer.

And again:

> The great curse of the Elizabethans is upon her, that she cannot leave anything alone, she cannot write a single line without a conceit:
>
> "And the eyes of the peacock fans
> Winked at the alien glory,"
>
> she said of the Papal fans in the presence of the Italian tricolour.

The writer contends, however, that Mrs. Browning's failures are failures of power, not of weakness:

> This is the great and dominant characteristic of Mrs. Browning, that she was significant alike in failure and success. Just as every marriage in the world, good or bad, is a marriage, dramatic, irrevocable, and big with coming events, so every one of her wild weddings between alien ideas is an accomplished fact which produces a certain effect on the imagination, which has for good or evil become part and parcel of our mental vision for ever. She gives the reader the impression that she never declined a fancy, just as some gentlemen of the eighteenth century never declined a duel. When she fell it was always because she missed the foothold, never because she funked the leap.

She did not funk the leap, and occasionally came a cropper. Well, the argument is good if the language is free, and it is well that this aspect of the "glittering style" should be considered. Unfortunately the opportunities for considering it are few.

The *Daily News* has published an interesting article by Signor Ugo Ojetti, on Mr. Caine's *The Eternal City*. Signor Ojetti is an Italian writer, whose knowledge and point of view give his judgment more than ordinary weight. While granting to Mr. Caine's story "many qualities of emotion and conviction," he says that it

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is "logically an anachronism, because it places men like Pope Leo X. and David Rossi, who are at best men of some remote future, in the contemporaneous atmosphere of to-day." The writer points out that an Anarchist, and particularly a Christian Anarchist, is an impossibility in the Italian Parliament, and he proceeds to show how Mr. Caine has utterly failed to grasp either the social or political life of Rome:

> The Italian Government appears in *The Eternal City* more corrupt than that of Turkey; spies and delators—the masters of public affairs; Deputies reduced to such baseness that after the Speech from the Throne they rush to the public lottery; the postal service so foolishly administered that Donna Roma's letters to David Rossi end in the hands of the Pope; the Home Minister a brigand who introduces false letters into a public trial, decides the state of siege in the capital of the kingdom, and discusses it in the presence of his mistress with the highest officers of the State, treats the King as a schoolmaster would not treat a pupil of ten years of age, and then unceremoniously sends a note to the Vatican to the Pope; the police, so good that they do not sequestrate the *Sunrise* even when it contains the famous revolutionary Lord's Prayer, do not search the house where the Prime Minister is killed, so that a paper which would alone reveal the true assassin is found by the English Ambassador; and, lastly, our King, timid, a fool, in weak health, who goes secretly to recommend himself on his knees to the Pope to be saved from a supposed Anarchist attempt, creates a rascal Dictator, and on his death abdicates, sighing, "Who will govern now?"
>
> As regards the King, although the Socialists and Republicans may think it necessary to-day or in the future to depose him, no one of them doubts his iron character, his vast culture, his liberal views, the seriousness of his work, his will to do and not only to speak, his immaculate honesty, and the acuteness with which he judges men.
>
> This, I say, as an Italian and as a Roman.

To this Mr. Hall Caine replied at length, and with his usual spirit, in the *Daily News* of last Tuesday. The passage in his reply which fits the above remarks of Signor Ojetti is as follows:

> If it had been my purpose to impeach the Government of Italy, it is not offences of general application, but, more particular, corruptions, I should have spoken of. I should have spoken of the corruptions which led to the failures of your banks; of your trusts; of your subsidised mail ships which carry no mails; of your Mafia, of your Camorra; of your Press Laws; of your Parliamentary system which is broken up into countless groups and hundreds of office-seekers, each playing for his own hand, and making a staple government of your country difficult or impossible. I should have balanced this picture of the Rome of Monte Citorio by a picture of the Rome of the Vatican, with Roman priests neglecting their pastoral duties while their Holy Head holds gorgeous ceremonials and discourses on Temporal Power. I should have depicted the bad system of your police, which is vitiating the foundations of justice. I should have told a story like that of your Acciarito case, wherein the man condemned for life for an attempt to assassinate King Humbert was neither hanged, as he would be in some countries, nor shot, as he would be in others, but tortured in his cell at Santo Stefano by sham prisoners, warders, superintendents, and directors, who forged letters, created children, and employed all the machinery of bad drama to obtain the denunciation of innocent men. I should have . . .

Space forbids us to quote more of Mr. Caine's cumulative defence, a controversy of which the importance is so doubtful.

A WRITER in the *Westminster Gazette* has discovered humour in an unexpected place—the Official Guide to the Church Congress at Brighton. The editor of the Guide, wherever possible, has worked in quotations "to enliven leisure moments during dull speeches." These quotations are, he says, "largely from the works of the late Mr. William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon." Here are some extracts from the Guide:

> The vice-presidents of the Congress it describes as "Reverend Fathers and well-learned Bishops" ("Richard III."), the general committee as "Doing nothing, with a deal of skill" (Cowper), the executive committee as "A little group of wise heads" (Ruskin). Of the reception committee it says they "find you out a bed" ("Midsummer Night's Dream"), and refers to the executive officers in Pope's words: "Fire in each eye and papers in each hand," and to Mr. Chambers himself, as Editor: "Contented, that he lopped a branch" ("Henry VI.," Part III.). Even the time-tables are not sacred. "How poor are they that have not patience" ("Othello"), "Who hath brought the fatal engine in?" ("Titus Andronicus"), "Stir not until the signal" ("Julius Cæsar"), "She sat like Patience on a dress basket" ("Twelfth Night"), improved version, are quotations decorating the extracts from Bradshaw; and to a footnote, "Connexion at Havant uncertain," is added: "Patient, though sorely tried" (Longfellow). The cycling visitors are warned: "Better go on foot than ride and fall" (Middleton).

WE have noted some curious dedications. In his newly-published book of papers entitled *Likewise the Younger Women* (Grant Richards), the Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair inscribes these religious papers as follows:

TO THE
MOTHERS' UNION
CHURCH OF ENGLAND WOMEN'S HELP SOCIETY
GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY
METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION FOR BEFRIENDING
YOUNG SERVANTS
YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
AND
LONDON DIOCESAN SOCIETY FOR YOUNG WOMEN
THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED
WITH ALL BEST WISHES FOR
THEIR ADMIRABLE WORK

THE play on the subject of *Francesca da Rimini*, which Mr. Marion Crawford has written for Madame Sarah Bernhardt, was originally written in English. A rough French version, which the author read to Madame Bernhardt, was made by Mr. Crawford himself, but the actual version to be played will be made by Monsieur Marcel Schwob. This version is merely to be an accurate translation, and does not raise M. Schwob into the position of a collaborator. Mr. Crawford has gathered the material for his play from the true story of *Francesca da Rimini*, and he believes that he has discovered the actual room in which Francesca was murdered.

IT cannot be said that there is no market for occasional verse while such publications as the *Smart Set* are with us. The latest issue contains no less than twenty-eight poems or verselets, and we have taken the trouble to count them.

To the American *Bookman* Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who is always a close observer of journalistic tendencies, communicates his views on the future of the halfpenny newspaper in connection with the recent striking provincial developments of the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express*. Referring to Mr. Harmsworth's untiring enterprise, he says:

> I have good reason to believe that Mr. Harmsworth's plans were on a larger scale than he has yet been able to carry out. It was proposed to purchase the *Times*, and to sell it at a penny. If the proposal had been carried through, no doubt a great company would have been formed for the purchase and publication of the *Times* and the *Daily Mail*, and such a combination would have been most formidable. With us, however, the halfpenny press at its present size must have limits. It is a small eight-

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page journal, and cannot give anything in very full detail. For example, it could not report the meetings of the Manchester Town Council or give the commercial news which Manchester men require. My own belief is that its development is only beginning, that instead of receiving as at present a small sheet for a halfpenny we shall receive as much as is now given in a penny paper, the additional cost being made up by additional advertisements. Certainly much money will be lost before all is ended, and perhaps some money may be won.

From the annual report of the Public Libraries Committee for the Borough of Finsbury we take the following table of books issued to readers :

Science and Art	11,510
Social Science and Theology	3,119
History, Travel, Biography	9,531
Language and Literature	1,842
Poetry and Drama	990
Prose Fiction and Juvenile	83,435
Miscellaneous	5,868

It will be seen that out of a total of 116,295 two-thirds were "fiction and juvenile." The lumping together of "fiction and juvenile" may, perhaps, be taken as an expression of the Committee's mild disapprobation.

The historical romance, which Mr. Howells, amongst many others, considered some time ago to have had its day, appears, in America at least, to be continuing its triumphant course. We hear of such books selling by their hundreds of thousands, and the production is not stayed. A writer in *Harper's Weekly* tells of an American publisher who has ten or a dozen authors under contract to produce historical novels, which are to appear periodically during the next two or three years. Whether, before their production, the public will have grown tired of the "swashbuckler in literary opera-bouffe" is an interesting matter for speculation. We think they will, though we hardly agree with the writer of the article that the religious novel is likely to get the next "boom."

Bibliographical.

That piquant actress, Miss Rosina Filippi, who has appeared so little on the stage since h r marriage, appears desirous of a literary as well as a histrionic reputation. In 1895 she issued a small volume of *Dialogues and Scenes from the Novels of Jane Austen*, "arranged and adapted for drawing-room performance." In the preface to this she boldly asserted that Jane Austen "is essentially dramatic, and her characters assume shape, form, and colour; her plots are human, her people are alive. Her dialogues and scenes are complete in themselves." Since then Miss Filippi has given us a dramatisation of "Pride and Prejudice" (which, however, has not yet been published); and now she is announced as about to publish a play of Japanese life and character called "The Mirror." Some may remember that she made a very pleasant appearance, some little time ago, in the "Japanese" play called "The Moonlight Blossom."

A bibliographical interest attaches to the preface which Mr. Watts-Dunton has written for the three-and-sixpenny edition of his *Aylwin*—the "Snowdon" edition, as it is to be called, in recognition not only of the prominence given in the story to the famous mountain, but of the special acceptance which the book has met with at the hands of Welsh readers. In this preface the author quotes from an idyll which is to appear in his *New Poems*—an idyll recording the further adventures of Sinfi Lovell, Aylwin, and Winifred. The writer has also something to say about the "close portraiture" in fiction of persons known in real life, on which subject an utterance by Sir W. Besant is cited.

It is becoming quite the fashion for our bards, however young they may be, to issue an edition of their "collected poems." The latest to succumb to the temptation is Mr. Arthur Symons, who surely can look forward to a good many years of poetic effort. *Days and Nights* (1889), *Silhouettes* (1892), *London Nights* (1895), *Amoris Victima* (1897), *Images of Good and Evil* (1900)—these, I believe, represent all Mr. Symons's volumes of original verse up to now. Is it not a little early to "collect"? Perhaps what Mr. Symons really intends to do is to *sift*, to *select*—which is a very different thing, when you come to think of it.

With reference to the *History of Jests*, for which, the other day, I expressed a desire, an esteemed correspondent reminds me of Abraham Hayward's essay on "The Pearls and Mock Pearls of History," which is, of course, well known to me—as is also another thing to which he refers: Mr. Paley's little collection of "Greek Wit." There is, to be sure, the French work, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*; but I was thinking rather of our own history and jests, and wishing that the latter could be traced to their actual sources, instead of being ascribed indiscriminately to all sorts of people.

We shall all be glad to welcome the edition of Leigh Hunt's *Old Court Suburb*, which Mr. Austin Dobson is to supervise. It could not be in better hands. Meanwhile, the whole book is so far alive that Messrs. Hurst & Blackett thought it worth while to issue it, a little more than three years ago, in a half-crown shape. It will be remembered that an edition of Leigh Hunt's *The Town* was brought out by Messrs. Gibbings in 1893 at 12s. 6d.

There should be room for the monograph on Richard Hurrell Froude which Miss Louise Imogen Guiney proposes to bestow upon us. J. A. Froude's elder brother, R. H. Froude, is one of the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown." His character and work have not yet been popularised. He lives for scholars and theologians in Newman's *Apologia* and Mozley's *Reminiscences*; he also lives, more or less, in the volumes of his *Remains*, published in 1837 and 1839. J. A. Froude discoursed of him in the *Nineteenth Century* for 1879, but it is to be feared that to the average man and woman he is *nominis umbra*. He will be best remembered in connection with the *Lyra Apostolica* and the *Tracts for the Times*; but what mark can a man hope to make (if he is not a genius) who dies at the age of thirty-three?

A volume of selections from the verse of Dora Greenwell was included in the "Canterbury Poets" series in 1889. One of our publishing firms now intends to do the lady honour by making a fresh choice from among her rhythmical productions. She has a distinct, and no doubt lasting, place among the feminine meditative poets of whom Christina Rossetti is easily first. There are six volumes of verse to select from—those of 1848, 1850, 1861, 1869, 1873, and 1876. Miss Greenwell lived to a fairly good age (sixty-one), and is, perhaps, as well esteemed for her prose as for her verse, though neither is likely to obtain a permanent position in our literature.

I read somewhere of a forthcoming edition of the poems of Tennyson, in which use will be made of the pictorial illustrations contributed by Rossetti, Maclise, Millais, and Holman Hunt to the volume of 1857. This should be a real boon for Tennysonians. I did once possess the volume of 1857, but it has been "conveyed" from me by someone. In place of it, all I have is a copy of an American edition of Tennyson, in which all (or most of) the said illustrations were reproduced, with the most painfully inartistic results. A careful reproduction of the 1857 drawings would be a valuable possession.

Mr. Grant Richards does well to promise, in the issue of his "World's Classics," a reprint of Hazlitt's *Table Talk*. The book is, I believe, on Messrs. G. Bell's list, but of that I am not quite sure. Anyway, Mr. Richards's reproduction will be thoroughly acceptable.

The Bookworm.

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Reviews.

The Literature of Regret.

A Vanished Arcadia: Being Some Account of the Jesuits in Paraguay, 1607 to 1767. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Heinemann. 9s.)

> **And Huzzab shall be led away captive, she shall be brought up, and her maids shall lead her as with the voice of doves, tabering upon their breasts. . . . Take ye the spoil of silver, take the spoil of gold: for there is none end of the store and glory out of all the pleasant furniture. She is empty, and void, and waste: and the heart melteth, and the knees smite together, and much pain is in all loins, and the faces of them all gather blackness. Where is the dwelling of the lions, and the feeding-place of the young lions, where the lion, even the old lion, walked, and the lion's whelp, and none made them afraid?**

Some such refrain as this pervades Mr. Graham's books, and we confess that we are greatly drawn to a writer who, in an age of Success, is consumed by these long and futile regrets. Consumed, did we say? But we are not sure of that. There is in Mr. Graham an interfused cynicism which throws doubt on the word. We do not gather his creed so as to define it. A democrat of democrats in his views of life, he is an aristocrat in thought and feeling. Moreover, he is a preacher whose incidental cleverness obscures the mission it recommends. There he and Mr. Bernard Shaw are in the same box.

Mr. Graham believes in the right of man to be happy, and he has travelled in Paraguay. Doubtless he believes in other things, and we know that he has travelled in other places, but this will serve. The right of man to be happy and undisturbed in a lowly and cheerful destiny is his favourite text; South America is the canvas on which he loves to embroider it. In his *Thirteen Stories*, published a year ago, we found Mr. Graham's heart going out to strange Brazilian, Uruguayan, and Paraguayan folk of thirty years ago—a people changed and changing; and to lost Gauchos, negroes, British wastrels, and the whole Spanish-Indian fringe of humanity in South America. He has wandered among this cheerful, unsuccessful humanity, and Europe cannot make him forget it. Hating plutocracies and disliking commerce in all its colossal forms, Mr. Graham loves the wandering, unachieving, easily satisfied peoples of the earth in whom gaiety, courtesy, and simplicity survive. So he has written this defence of the Jesuit rule in Paraguay between the years 1607 and 1767. He is probably under no delusions in the matter. He knows that the Jesuit *régime* could not by any possibility have continued much longer than it did. But he points out that it kept the Indian population going, and the clue to his book is found in these sentences:—"It has been nobly said that the extinction of the smallest animal is a far greater loss than if the works of all the Greeks had perished. How much the greater loss that of a type of man such as the Indians, whom the semi-communistic Jesuit government successfully preserved, sheltering them from the death-dealing breath of our cold northern life and its full, fell effects!" In this illogical-chivalrous strain the book is written. It is a brief for the Jesuits, not a history. It may be a true brief, but the tone is that of the advocate with a lump in his throat and a bitter jest on his lips. We really cannot take the book more seriously than Mr. Graham does himself, and he remarks: "*Historicus nascitur, non fit.* I am painfully aware that neither my calling nor election in this matter are the least sure. . . . I never took a note on any subject under heaven, nor kept a diary, by means of which, my youth departed and the countries I once knew so well transmogrified, I could, sitting beside the fire, read and enjoy the sadness of revisiting in my mind's eye scenes that I now remember indistinctly as in a dream." Thus it is that bad histories and good books are written. We do not call this a bad history, but chiefly it is a good and flavoursome book—"a hotch-potch, salmagundi, olla podrida or sea-pie of sweet and bitter, with perhaps the bitter ruling most, as is the way when we unpack our reminiscences—yes, gentle and indulgent reader, that's the humour of it."

Mr. Graham had sight of his "vanished Arcadia" in 1870 after the war between Paraguay and Brazil, and much of the charm of the book lies in his descriptions of such relics of the Jesuit times as came under his view. The relics of a human society, be it a family or a tribe or a nation, have in them a profound pathos. For the individual we rightly care little unless he was our friend; but even a stranger cannot stand unmoved before a deserted mansion, or mingle without tears with the last weedy remnants of a fine race doomed beyond hope. Everywhere in Paraguay Mr. Graham seems to have asked himself, "Where is the dwelling-place of the lions and the feeding-place of the young lions?" Where walked the long procession of Indians going to their field labour at sunrise? They were led by the Jesuits bearing some saint aloft, and as the procession advanced to the sound of sacred music the Indians dropped off one by one to their work in the fields until at last the priest and the musicians and the acolyte returned alone to the village. But now—

> **On every side the powerful vegetation had covered up the fields. On ruined church and chapel, and on broken tower, the lianas climbed as if on trees, creeping up the belfries, and throwing great masses of scarlet and purple flowers out of the apertures where once were hung the bells. In the thick jungles a few half-wild cattle were still to be found. The vast *estancias*, where once the Jesuit branded two and three thousand calves a year, and from whence thousands of mules went forth to Chile and Bolivia, were all neglected. Horses were scarce and poor, crops few and indifferent, and the plantations made by the Jesuits of the tree (*Ilex Paraguayensis*) from which is made the *yerba maté* were all destroyed.**

And this is the note of the book. It is suffused in regret for the vanished Arcadia, such as it was, in which the hard-working Jesuit priests sought to make the Indians good Christians and happy workers. It is certain that for nearly two centuries they maintained a form of government which, even if doomed to be swept away, did during that time enable generations of poor Indians to maintain their numbers in face of the white invasion, and live happily the while. The *estancias* and workshops were communistically managed, and payment for work and produce was made in food and cloth from the common stock. The arts of Europe were taught and practised, and the Indians, who, left to themselves, would have wandered from plain to plain, settled in the little townships (each ruled by two Jesuits), and made boats, tanned skins into leather, built carts, and printed books. Feast days and processions lent some pageantry to this quiet life, in which neither ambition nor despair had place. Mr. Graham is quite conscious of the instability which besets all such cheerfully stagnant systems. To such objections he has always some charming ineffectual reply. "One thing I am sure of—that the innocent delight of the poor Indian, Alfirez Real, mounted upon his horse, dressed in his motley, barefooted, and overshadowed by his gold-laced hat, was as entire as if he had eaten of all the fruits of all the trees of knowledge of his time." Or he philosophises like this:

> **In the eternal warfare between those who think that progress—which, to them, means tramways and electric light—is preferable to a quiet life of futile happiness of mind there is scant truce, so that readers have to take their choice whether to side with Funes or Azara in judging of the Jesuits' rule in Paraguay. There is no middle course between the old and new; no halting-place; no chink in which imagination can drive in its nail to stop the wheels of time; therefore, no doubt, the Jesuit commonwealth was doomed to disappear. But, for myself, I am glad that, five-and-twenty years ago, I saw the Indians who still lingered about the ruined mission towns,**

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> mumbling their maimed rites when the Angelus at eventide awoke the echoes of the encroaching woods, whilst screeching crowds of parrots and macaws hovered around the date-palms which in the plaza reared their slender heads, silent memorials of the departed Jesuits' rule.

Such regrets may be in vain, but when they are finely expressed and have some root in the writer's own memories they are good reading. They may also be illogical, but who will say that in this age of ruthless advance they are not medicinal?

Regret is not the only note of this book. Its ironic humour gives salt to its melancholy. Mr. Graham has great sport with the arch enemy of the Jesuits, Don Bernardino de Cardenas, Bishop of Paraguay. That worthy's crusade against the Jesuits is set forth in passages like this:

> Preaching one day in the Cathedral, after the consecration, he turned towards the people, and, showing the holy wafer, said: "Do you believe, my brethren, that Jesus Christ is here?" All, being true believers, answered as one man that such was their belief. In the same way as at a scientific lecture, when the lecturer holds up some substance, and says, "You all know well that calcium tungstate or barium hydrocyanide has this or the other property," the hearers nod assent like sheep, being afraid to contradict so glib a statement from so eminent a man.
>
> Then said Cardenas: "Believe as firmly that I have an order from the King to expel the Jesuits." The people all believed, and Cardenas forgot to tell them that by the expulsion of the Jesuits twenty thousand Indians would pass into his power, whom he could then distribute among his friends as slaves, as he proposed to divide the Indians of the missions among the Paraguayan notables to win them to his side.

Within some eight and twenty years of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Paraguay the Indians whom they had preserved (if only in political amber) were a nation scattered and peeled. They withered, says Mr. Graham bitterly, before "that competition which has made the whole world gray, reducing everything and everyone to the most base and common denominator," adding yet more bitterly:

> The world, it would appear, is a vast class-room, and its Creator but a professor of political economy, apparently, unable to carry out his theories with effect. Therefore to us, the Western Europeans, he has turned for help, and upon us devolved the task of extirpating all those peoples upon whom he tried his 'prentice hand. On us he laid injunctions to increase at home, and to the happier portions of the world to carry death under the guise of life to those into whose lands we spread.

All of which is fair as far as it goes. Thus we all think at times. But are we not as helpless, we who ride the whirlwind, as those who perish beneath it?

The Epistles of St. Paul Secundus.

Passages from the Letters of Auguste Comte. Selected and Translated by John K. Ingram. (A. & C. Black. 3s. 6d.)

Egoism probably never made a more gigantic effort towards subjective immortality than in the case of the eccentric genius whose full name was Isidore Auguste Marie François Xavier Comte. He was a man who repaired by rebuilding. As we read the names of the new months he imposed upon the year—Moses, Homer, Aristotle, . . . (this month is Shakespeare, by the way)—we find ourselves unconsciously murmuring Moses Comte, Homer Comte, Aristotle Comte, although Comte, the Founder of the Universal Religion and the First High Priest of Humanity, is merely claimed by his eminent disciple, J. H. Bridges, as the successor of Aristotle and St. Paul.

The selection from letters to a dozen of his disciples now before us gives one a fundamental idea of the system which Lewes and Mill in Comte's opinion misrepresented and Harriet Martineau ably summarised. Uppermost in the mind of the reader on closing the volume is Comte's mediæval regard for a submissive reverence. "No association can really exist without inequality," he remarks to Dr. Georges Audiffrent, whose Comte MSS. were placed at Dr. Ingram's disposal. The association he has in mind is Positivistic, though Positivists, he informs Henry Dix Hutton,

> destined—as they are—to direct the world of our time, some by counsel, others by command, cannot fulfil their mission aright without a constant feeling of their mental and moral superiority

to "the individuals and classes which now oscillate empirically between retrogradation and anarchy."

It is the capacity for faith which is withdrawn by a habit of democratic irreverence. Therefore Protestantism, which crippled the priesthood and encouraged even inferior intellects to demand proofs of the statements of persons whose intellectual pre-eminence entitled them to the time-saving compliment of faith—Protestantism was obnoxious to him. In Roman Catholics he saw promising proselytes. He seems, indeed, to be borrowing from a Jesuitic defence of the saints as objects of supplication in the following passage:

> Theologism, especially in its monotheistic form, has . . . developed the taste for absolute perfection which disposes to a disdain of the real affections as unworthy of such a contrast. But in the Positive state it is sufficient that the adored being, without being considered perfect, should be really superior to us, even though this superiority should be only partial, especially if it concerns the heart, as in the ordinary case of feminine types, who are the principal objects of personal worship.

In this passage we have a rationale for the homage which distributes itself in a pantheon; and its excellent commonsense contains the germ of Positivistic mysticism—the adoration of Space, Earth, and Humanity. The mysticism is the climax of Positivism, and, as in all philosophies, its exposure, its catastrophe. It would be strange if it were not, for the life of Comte is not that of a well-balanced being. It is not a well-balanced boy who composes a letter categorically forbidding a professor from entering his school. It is not a well-balanced man who marries a registered *fille de joie*, and who at least twice attempts suicide. A man of amazing information, a prodigy, Comte certainly was; but we are of opinion that it was his versatility and his suspicious and industrious egoism which made him a philosopher. Vindictive one might also suppose that egoism to be; for it might well wish to avenge his self-threatenings and that trying period of self-sinking when he collaborated with Claude Henri, Comte de Saint Simon, the voluminously incoherent father of French Socialism.

The megalomania which is distinctive of rational thought, and consequently of philosophy, is most striking when Clotilde de Vaux enters his life. In 1844 he informed Miss Austin (Ranke's translator) that she was the only lady of intellectual ability "in whom I have had the happiness of seeing moral delicacy united with mental elevation." The compliment was just in time; a year later he met the incomparable Clotilde. Derelict wife of a "lifer," the tragedy of her marriage must have powerfully suggested his own. Gruber, Comte's German biographer, is sceptical of the uncarnality of his attachment for her; but an interesting passage in a letter to Henry Edger, the leading American Positivist (March 27, 1856)—a passage omitted by Dr. Ingram—has convinced us to the contrary. In that passage Comte seems to indicate that he had wholly surmounted his sensual nature at or soon after the age of thirty. Now, he first met Clotilde de Vaux in 1845, when he was forty-seven. We therefore accept his famous friendship as idealistic, and willingly admire such a tribute as the following in a letter to Dr. Audiffrent (May 23, 1857):

> I have been of late perfectly assured [on the final judgment of Posterity regarding Clotilde de Vaux] by recognising that her moral glorification is irrevocably

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> bound up with the intellectual conviction of the immense superiority of my *Politique* over my *Philosophie*. In order better to measure this decisive superiority, I have read during the last few days the best part of the *Philosophie Positive*—namely, the last three chapters. . . . Besides their moral dryness, which made me read immediately a canto of Ariosto to restore my tone, I profoundly felt their mental inferiority in relation to the true philosophic point of view at which the heart has completely established me.

Unfortunately Clotilde de Vaux was not merely for Comte an influence; she was the "mother of his second life" and the "positivist virgin." These are expressions which indicate that, though he might eliminate Christ from a world remoulded to Positivism, he had a notion that he would not look ill himself in that seamless robe for which Roman soldiers cast lots. He confides to Henry Edger (April 3, 1857) the following "secret hope," omitted by Dr. Ingram. After remarking that Holy Week recalls him every year to the principal catastrophe of his private life, he adds:

> C'est encore au Dimanche des Rameaux qui doit après-demain survenir le fatal anniversaire où commence l'éternité subjective désormais assurée à l'angelique inspiratrice de la religion positive. Mes intimes tableaux de la douloureuse semaine ainsi terminée, quand je les aurai suffisamment publiés dans la biographie promise pour 1864, seront peut-être destinés à doter nos successeurs d'une commémoration annuelle mieux meritée que celle dont nos prédécesseurs honorent la Passion chimérique du prétendu fondateur du Catholicisme.

That is a passage whose itch for imitation almost justifies the lines of Mortimer Collins, which record that positivism came in when tails went out.

And yet it was a great man who died in the rue Monsieur-le-Prince at Paris forty-four years ago. Though one is sorry that he knew his own greatness so much more accurately than his weakness, there is undoubtedly something Messianic in his voice, even the voice that calls war a transitory accident, and advises us to evacuate Gibraltar. It was no *uebermensch* that, under the benediction of nine new sacraments, sped the altruist on the way to incorporate himself in the *Grand Etre*. But, and we say it with Carlylean intention and intensity, it was a man.

Galopaud's Goose.

War Notes: The Diary of Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil, from November 24, 1899, to March 7, 1900. With a Preface by E. M. de Vogüé. (A. & C. Black. 5s.)

THE traditional soldier whose heart is on the battlefield as the traditional sailor's is on the sea is still a son of France. The nomenclature of war remains French. Yet France produces soldiers whose ambitions she cannot satisfy—soldiers who cannot bear her defeats and find little scope in her enterprises. Such a man was the brave Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil, who fought against us in the present Boer War, and, refusing to surrender, was shot on April 5 of last year while conducting a reconnaissance of Lord Methuen's position at Boshof.

This record, consisting of his diary in South Africa and an introduction by M. Vogüé, of the Académie Française, is less important than interesting. It is French in every line, and an Englishman experiences that curious mixture of admiration and astonishment which French sentiment and French actions so often inspire.

It is particularly interesting to have M. Vogüé's word that Villebois-Mareuil was a disappointed French soldier. The disasters of the French arms in 1870, and not less the gradual conversion of "that mystic family, the army," into a "good citizen guard," embittered the young officer who had taken up the sword with the reverence of a priest taking orders. He resigned, and tried literature and politics. But his hand still felt for his sword, and "when the African Vendée [note the phrase] presented to all who were free and devoted the attraction of a noble cause to be served, he felt it quiver." The unemployed soldier of France, the Othello-like lover of glorious war, went forth to fight with and for the Boer. "He took the cross," says M. Vogüé—"that is the phrase we must ever use in speaking of men of this lineage"—and of such he adds:

> They still answer, after so many centuries, to the call of ancestors who went to the Holy Sepulchre. Their modern crusades have changed in name and in object; they go to emancipate America with La Fayette, to liberate Greece with Fabvier, to defend the Boers with Villebois-Mareuil. . . . Alas! the same disillusionment everywhere awaits them. It is apparent on every page of the Colonel's diary.

The hero weeping is of all figures dear to the French imagination. But, then, their way of putting things! Villebois-Mareuil was a brave man, that is certain, and we think that Lord Methuen's special recognition of his chivalry might have been noted at the end of this volume. Looked at in another way, Villebois-Mareuil's enterprise was ridiculous. Of all men he, the polished French soldier—an academician of war, so to speak—was least likely to be helpful to the Boers. And he was not helpful. He advised and implored in vain. He was beside himself with grief at the slow workings of the Boer mind and its enslavement to fatal habits. He could not bring home to the Boers certain principles of war; in vain he entreated them to do that little more and to be that little braver which might again and again have wrought havoc on our side.

With true literary instinct M. Vogüé fastens on the manner in which Villebois-Mareuil spent his Christmas on the veldt as typical of his illusion. He whose dearest memories were of the struggle with Germany, he whose dearest wish had been for the revenge which his country had deferred or forgotten, he who had accepted the Boer cause as a last hope of proving himself the perfect soldier, spent Christmas night drinking champagne with German officers. We turn to the diary and read: "The German officers invited us yesterday evening to drink champagne, Braun saying that, at the anniversary of the Christian era, Christian officers could not but unite confraternally. The conversation was very cordial, and I returned the invitation by asking them to dine with us this evening on Galopaud's goose." There follows a humorous digression on the death of Galopaud's unpaid-for goose, and then—the feast, and the skeleton at the feast. For while he disengaged the merry-thought it was borne in on Villebois-Mareuil that the irony of life had brought him and his companions into a curious position. "Between the Boers and ourselves there is the irreconcilable barrier of another religious cult, and between the comrades of the same military cult—drawn together through their isolation as foreigners—is the bitter recollection of a mutilated fatherland." Could the isolation, the homelessness, of the old-world traditional soldier, pure and simple, in the world of to-day be more vividly exemplified? The bones of Villebois-Mareuil's career were that night picked even cleaner than those of Galopaud's goose. But he was a brave man.

The Latest Follower.

Boshtan Ballads: Flotsam from the Isis, and Other Verses. By Lionel F. Begbie. (Oxford: Alden; London: Simpkin, Marshall. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. BEGBIE is the latest follower in the track of Praed, Calverley, Seaman, "J. K. S.," and the line of light poets who have sprung from the Universities. But we cannot say that he bears undimmed the torch which has been passed on to him. The fun is boisterous and obvious, not

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to say puerile in many cases: there is little of the classic culture, neatness, and dexterity in style—nothing of the refined and arrowy humour—for which we have learned to look in verse of this kind. Perhaps "Thoughts on Moderations" is as favourable a specimen as we can find. It is quieter and less exaggerated, with something, at least, of the note we have come to think traditional in verse from Oxford and Cambridge:

Spring! and the doomed of Spring's exams,
Lamblike, find solace in their Dams;
Remorseless Moderators now
Seek Deltas whereupon to plough,
As swains beside the Nile;
Now waggish S—dgw—ck winks his eye,
Inscribing on my paper "Φ"!
Or flings me down a Gulf to die
Like ancient gaol-birds vile.

Now ghosts return of squandered hours
When as I lolled in jasmine-bowers,
And careless or of book or desk,
Perusing something Zolaesque
Would charm the panting days on;
Reproachful recollections throng
Of social pleasures in the Long,
Of hazel eyes which it was wrong
For reading men to gaze on.

O ye two chairs of wattled rush
Ensconced behind the laurel-bush
At Mrs. Prim's *al fresco* dance
In June, remember ye perchance
How close ye came together!
Ye scissors that I treasure still,
Ye wrought a very venial ill
In poaching hairs upon that hill
'Mid purple-tufted heather.

Alas! alas! Is this the mind
Of one who leaves all joys behind?
Is this the mood in which to tease
The Bacchæ of Euripides?
The Œdipus Tyrannus?
Proud-prancing Æschylean words?
Terse Tacitus? The Frogs? The Birds?
V.L.'s by shoals? N.B.'s by herds,
Invented to unman us?

O Barber, bare this burning brow!
Round it, my towel, nestle thou!
Shed thine effulgence, midnight oil!
Thou coffee-kettle, haste to boil!
(Be ye inscribed, my cuffs!)
Ye Moderators all, beware,
Dread what the desperate can dare!
Then, d——d be he who first cries "Spare,"
Come on, ye fell Macduffs!

Even here we have the intrusion of blatantly mechanical humour in the last line; and it riots through the semi-political skits which open the volume.

Edward FitzGerald.

Notes for a Bibliography. By Col. W. F. Prideaux. (F. Hollings. 6s. net.)

In the spring of last year Col. Prideaux contributed to the columns of *Notes and Queries* certain "Notes for a Bibliography of Edward FitzGerald." These, with some additions, were issued later in the year, in pamphlet form, for private circulation, only fifty copies being printed. They now reappear, recast and augmented, in the form of a little bound volume of eighty-eight pages, published by Mr. Frank Hollings, of Great Turnstile, Holborn. The booklet is one which all true devotees of FitzGerald will hasten to acquire. Even the possessors of the privately printed "Notes" will not be able to resist the fascination of the present issue. And, first of all, because of the said augmentations. "Notes" of this sort are among the things that grow. New things come to light; the bibliographer has further opportunities, and hastens to avail himself of them. This is what Col. Prideaux has done. The notes on the Rubaiyat editions of 1859 and 1872 have been expanded with much advantage to the reader. Of the latter edition Col. Prideaux says: "In the history of what is sometimes called the 'Omarian Cult' it is of importance, because it was not till after its issue that it first dawned upon the reading and thinking classes of the time that a new star had arisen in the literary firmament." Other additions have been made in the way of useful and interesting foot-notes. The recasting of the text is a further boon. The "Notes" are now arranged under the headings of "Separate Works," "Posthumous Works," and "Contributions to Books and Periodicals." This is a distinct help. As in last year's pamphlet, the bibliographer ignores the American editions of FitzGerald's works, and contents himself with bare references to only the chief biographical memoranda and critical comments which have grown up round the name and fame of FitzGerald. A bibliographer has a right to limit his own field of inquiry; but it is to be hoped and expected that, in the respects named, Col. Prideaux's successors will repair his deliberate omissions. Already the biography and criticism of FitzGerald has assumed fairly large proportions. One may or may not regret this; but facts are facts, and the bibliographer must do his duty—he cannot shirk it, even when it is most unpleasant. By way of a *bonne bouche*, Col. Prideaux reprints, as an appendix, and by permission of Mr. Aldis Wright, the little known notes on Crabbe's "Suffolk" which FitzGerald contributed to the *East Anglian* and *Notes and Queries*, and which have not till now been reprinted in this country. These, obviously, are very welcome, as an agreeable supplement to the *Miscellanies* (Macmillan). Lastly, there is the pictorial frontispiece—a reproduction, in photogravure, of the sketch of FitzGerald by Charles Keene owned by Mr. Bain, of the Haymarket, and reproduced with his consent. This presents only a back view of its subject, but it helps, nevertheless, to bring the man before us—within limits—in very graphic fashion. The typography of the present volume is all that could be desired. The paper is good, and the binding is neat, not gaudy. Author and publisher may both be congratulated.

Other New Books.

Alfred the Great: England's Darling. By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate.

It speaks better for the patriotism than for the literary taste of England that this dramatic narrative (as its author explains it to be) should have reached a fifth edition, and be thought worth a cheaper reissue. For, regarded as a narrative in dialogue, as Mr. Austin tells us we should regard it, and dismissing all discussion concerning the legitimacy of such a form (which may be thought settled by Mr. Kipling's prose work, *The Story of the Gadsbys*), it is a very languid performance. From the poetic standpoint there is a preponderance of semi-prosaic or altogether prosaic language and conventional imagery. Once Mr. Austin indulges in such carelessness as "the sinewy curve of each fresh keel." Can a keel be sinewy (*i.e.*, muscular)? Or did the Laureate mean "sinuous"? When he would be bold, he talks of Saxon kings "with Woden's thunder moaning in their veins." An unhappier instance of daring which "falls on the other side" it would be hard to quote. A man may have lightning in his veins, for lightning is a fluid, swift and

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fiery like eager blood. But thunder is mere sound, and a man whose blood should sound like thunder would signal his approach a mile off. There is no correspondence in nature to excuse the singularly misguided and ludicrous image. Yet Mr. Austin is a craftsman and a man of talent. There are one or two happy lyrics, and many passages which capture a certain impressive poetic eloquence, deserving admiration. Occasionally there are lines of true poetry, in a minor and not very noteworthy degree. As a whole, it is clever rather than inspired work, which certainly does not deserve the hasty contempt that some have poured on it. But the limpness of the poem as an organism forbids us to call it a success. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE POEMS OF SCHILLER.
TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY E. P. ARNOLD-FOSTER.

It was a bold task indeed to translate the whole of Schiller's non-dramatic poems. We admire the zeal which dictated such an effort; but it is impossible to say that Mr. E. P. Arnold-Foster has given us more than the "tolerably faithful rendering" which is all he lays claim to. Of Schiller's poetry there is no suggestion in these dry bones. Compare, as an example, Mr. Arnold-Foster's version of the *Dithyramb* with Coleridge's. The later version is more faithful, but it is shudderingly prosaic beside the spirited lines of Coleridge. The first lines are enough:

> Take my word for it
> That the gods never
> Wander alone.

How conversational is this, when you see how Coleridge has put it:

> Never, believe me,
> Appear the Immortals,
> Never alone.

Lack of elemental poetic taste has, we fear, made this laudable and painstaking effort fruitless. The hexameters are especially terrible—as is the way of English hexameters. (Heinemann.)

PICTURES OF WAR. BY JOHN STUART.

In reprinting his letters from South Africa to the *Morning Post* Mr. John Stuart says: "I knew that the ground of impressionist description would be covered by the late Mr. George Steevens, to my mind the greatest of all war correspondents. He could see as much as a whole General Staff put together, and had a marvellous power of remembering incidents in the order of their occurrence. . . . I determined, therefore, to adopt a conversational style, only departing from that style when the gravity of the subject made such a departure desirable. And I tried to write as if I were talking in a London club to a soldier, a South African resident in London, who would appreciate certain local information, and to a man who would be attracted by interesting personalities and interesting anecdotes." The result is an interesting and always lively narrative. The book is belated, of course, as books and belatedness go nowadays, but its merits are the same. We cull one passage which speaks for itself:

> We cantered along till we came to a steepish hill, and during its ascent the Queenslander tried to quote poetry. It is a national habit among Queenslanders. They know Lindsay Gordon by heart; they indulgently admit that Whyte Melville is nearly as good as he; they have planked their reputation on "The Man from Snowy River," and every district has a few dare-devils who, in the intervals between hard riding, hard drinking, and hard flirtations, compose really respectable jingles of rhyme, which first they show to the girl of the moment. Then they read them, after the billy and the damper, to a rather more critical circle of men, who are prepared to back their criticisms with their fists. Finally they send them to the local newspapers, and if they be at all good Australia rings with the verses for a week or a month.
>
> One night during the after dinner yarning I owned to a surprised Queenslander that I had never read "The Man from Snowy River." For one brief, painful moment he hovered on the verge of apoplexy. But in less time than the telling takes he had pulled himself together, and in fifteen seconds he was reciting the verses at an easy hand gallop. And I know a dozen Queenslanders who could do the same.

(Constable. 6s.)

GLORIES OF SPAIN. BY CHARLES W. WOOD.

Mr. Wood is a traveller of the "indefatigable" order, and we believe this is not his first book on Spain. His *In the Valley of the Rhine* is fresh in our recollection. He is a gossipping and picturesque writer of travels, and you know one of his books at sight by their multitudinous tables of contents and their rather florid illustrations. To this volume there is no preface. You plunge at once into an infinity of detail, anecdote, "things seen," descriptions, criticisms. We like the old-fashioned miscellany of chapter-contents. As thus: "Chapter I. On Calais quay—At the Customs-house—A lady of the past—Ungallant examiner—Better to reign than serve—Paris . . . Chapter V. A Gerona senora—Grace and charm—Lord of creation—Morning greeting—Arcades and ancient houses—Conscription—Streets of steps . . . Chapter VI. Beauties of age—Apostle's doorway—How the old bishops kept out of temptation . . . Chapter XIII. Barcelona—H. C.'s anxiety—Mutual salutes . . ." And so on. About such a book there is either very much or very little to be said. Space permits us to say only a little. Mr. Wood knows his subject, and everything interests him. Consequently he interests. But his is the pedestrian vivacity of other days. We dip at random—all dipping here is at random. The Ruins of Poblet:

> "Then you don't believe the legend?"
>
> "Not I, señor. I believe much more in the jovial times the old abbots indulged in. At least we have a capacious refectory and inexhaustible wine vaults to prove what fine banquets they had in the Middle Ages. We have come down to poor times, in my opinion. The world in general seems very much what this monastery is—a patched-up ruin."
>
> "If the world were only half as beautiful," said H. C., "we should spend our years in a dream."
>
> "It would not be my sort of dream, señor," returned the old guardian drily. "I have been here for twenty years, and confess I would give all the ruins in the world for a good and gay back street in Madrid or Barcelona. To you, señor, who probably come from the great cities of the world and mix with gay crowds—well, I daresay you think this paradise. To me it is a dreary wilderness."

Mr. Wood sees the world much as William Howitt did, and he has Howitt's incapacity for growing weary of sight-seeing. But he has not Howitt's aroma of style, nor the flavour of Howitt's Quakerly reservations and complaisances. A very good gift-book, all the same. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

THE UMBRIAN TOWNS.
BY J. W. AND A. M. CRUIKSHANK.

This volume of the "Historical Guides" series, initiated by the late Mr. Grant Allen, is quite excellent in its way. You must not look to it for what Mrs. Meynell has called "the spirit of place"—the elements differentiating one town from another, and making it a living, recognisable individuality, an organism distinct as any man or woman of our acquaintance. It is an historical guide, and approaches the Umbrian towns as archæological "finds," palimpsests of history. But from this standpoint it is well and even lovingly done. The little *résumé* of Umbrian history which begins the book is written with no less intelligence than if it were destined for a manual of history; and makes the point (in effect) that the establishment of Italian republics during the feudal decline was the reversion of the Latins to

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the old Latin municipal idea, held down by the superimposed feudalism of barbarian conquerors, against which it was constantly struggling. A type of the whole book is the treatment of the Church of S. Francesco in Assisi. The course of Umbrian art is carefully sketched, and the frescoes are treated according to the sequence of that historical development, not in their mere order of occurrence. Each fresco is labelled (so to speak), and the more important described and elucidated, with all necessary collateral information. It is a book interesting in the library no less than the tourist's pocket. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d net.)

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF RIPON. BY CECIL HALLETT.

"A short history of the church and a description of its fabric" is the sub-title of this book. For its style—well, take this casual passage:

> The great window in the central compartment is one of the finest examples of geometrical tracery, if not one of the largest windows, in England. It is over fifty feet high, is twenty-five feet wide, and has seven lights. Of these the three at either end are compri·ed under a sub-arch, in the head of which are three cheque-foiled circles, while the central light of the seven is surmounted by an arch, not so high as its neighbours, but impaling upon its acute point a huge circle which fills the head of the window, and contains six trefoils radiating from the centre. The arch of this superb window is rather acutely pointed and richly moulded, and has two very slender shafts worked on the stones of either jamb, with foliage on their capitals. Just above the ground below this window there may be observed in the wall one of the many architectural puzzles in which the cathedral abounds, a half-arch, rising towards the right and filled with masonry, except at the right side, where is a narrow opening that runs in for a few feet. A string course continued from the sides of the aisles passes below the three windows and round the buttresses, which are further relieved at a little height above it by a set-off.

This is "one of the many architectural puzzles in which" the book abounds. It may be superlatively accurate, but to the general reader an elementary treatise on liquid air (for example) would, comparatively, be fascinating. For the scientific expositor does explain his terms as he proceeds. In other words, Mr. Hallett is too severely technical and dryasdust for all but architectural students. Yet the book has the outward guise of a popular account; and Ruskin has shown how architecture can be made attractive. Mr. Hallett has given a careful and valuable synopsis of the cathedral and its history; but was it necessary to revel in technicalities as he undoubtedly does? We hope not, if architecture is ever to become a matter of general interest in England. (Bell. 1s. 6d. net.)

THE "ARROW" WAR WITH CHINA. By CHARLES S. LEAVENWORTH

Those who know China are absolutely certain that the present lull is only temporary, and that hostilities will break out again in a few months, exactly as they did last year. In their dealings with European nations the Chinese seem to forget everything and learn nothing. The history of each recurring dispute with China is simply a repetition of those which have gone before; the details differ, but the main facts remain exactly the same. This is very clearly shown in the book before us, *The "Arrow" War with China*, a useful little volume which tells the history of the wars and negotiations with China from 1856 to 1860. The real cause of the conflict was the "City Question," or the right of entry into Canton, and of direct official intercourse with the authorities there, but the ostensible reason for hostilities was the insult to the British flag which the Chinese perpetrated by boarding the lorcha *Arrow*, hauling down the Union Jack, and arresting the native crew.

The question of the ratification of the Treaties at Peking was the next cause of dispute, and the war went north. The capture of the Taku forts, the imprisonment of Mr. Parkes and Mr. Loch, and the capture of Peking followed, and need only be referred to, but a delightful specimen of bland Chinese impudence will be worth quoting. Mr. Bruce, the British Minister, had gone north to make peace and demand indemnities after the war, and the Chinese had so little sense of the real facts of the case that they sent him the following message in answer to what was really an ultimatum:

> The [English] despatch written on this occasion is, in much of its language, too insubordinate and extravagant for the Council to discuss its propositions more than superficially. For the future the British Minister must not be so wanting in decorum. The above remarks will have to be communicated by the Commissioner to the British Minister, whom it will behove not to adhere so obstinately to his own opinion, as so doing he will give cause to much trouble hereafter.

The reply was the taking of Peking. Truly nothing changes in China, and this little book is but another witness-stone on the ever-increasing pile of evidence. (Sampson Low. 3s. 6d. net.)

Prescott's great work, *The Conquest of Mexico*, has now been before the public for nearly sixty years. Its inclusion, in a three-volume edition, in the Bohn Libraries, is welcome, the more so because it is here accompanied by an introduction written specially for this edition by Mr. George Parker Winship, who, in a few competent pages, points out the weaknesses in a work of vast success and surpassing interest. Written with laborious care and art, and following the successful *Ferdinand and Isabella*, the *Conquest* was a great success, and, as Mr. Winship says, it has remained the standard authority for one of the most fascinating episodes in American history. Prescott was not a "scientific" historian, of course; and, beyond this, he lacked personal knowledge of Spanish and Mexican character. Hence, although his documentary facts are nearly always right, his interpretations are sometimes less satisfactory. "He probably never saw an American Indian," says Mr. Winship, but concludes his strictures with the remark: "Read as fiction, but as fiction very true to the facts, no one need ever regret the hours spent with Prescott's romance of Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico."

A great deal has been written here and there, and from time to time, about the childhood of Queen Victoria, but in *The Childhood of Queen Victoria*, by Mrs. Gerald Gurney (Nisbet, 6s.), we have a whole book, carefully compiled and well illustrated, devoted to the upbringing of the Princess Victoria from her birth to her twelfth year. Mrs. Gurney has been industrious; she has "waded through" many volumes, "each of which yielded perhaps but one tiny anecdote or remark." She has been assisted, too, by some of the late Queen's tutors and guardians. The result is a full and readable record. We should have preferred more illuminating page-headings than the names of places and palaces, as "Kensington, 1828 and 1829"; but this is a trifle. The description of Queen Victoria in the preface as "perhaps the greatest sovereign the world has ever known" has in it that amiable lack of the sense of proportion which seems to be inseparable from royal biographies.

Messrs. Macmillan send us a new edition of Mr. James Lane Allen's story, *A Kentucky Cardinal* (6s.), illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson. Do many remember the pretty personal dedication of this book: "This is to her from one who in childhood used to stand at the windows of her room and watch for the Cardinal among the snow-buried briars"? Mr. Thomson's drawings are quite bewitching.

A second edition of *The Evolution of Sex* ("Contemporary Science Series," 6s.), by Professor Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thomson, is issued by Mr. Walter Scott.

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Fiction.

The History of Richard Calmady: a Romance. By Lucas Malet. (Methuen. 6s.)

When you see Richard Calmady sitting at table he is an Apollo. His splendid head, his strong, clear-cut face, which has all that gallant beauty which comes only to the children of true lovers, his broad shoulders and noble carriage, all mark him clearly as a man among men. But see him stand upon the ground, the hideous deformity in his stature allowing his long arms almost to touch the floor, see the grotesque shuffle which is his laborious substitute for a walk, see him even sitting—when once the concealing table is removed and those legs ending at the knee are disclosed in all their ghastly rigidity—and the Apollo is at once forgotten, and he becomes merely one of those repulsive freaks of a country fair with whom he himself could not fail to recognise his relationship. And the very clear distinction of these two impressions, scarcely ever confused, which are produced by his physical personality, is characteristic of his effect as a literary character The reader never sees him all at once. The table may be there to conceal his legs, and one's admiration may be concentrated on the Apollo; or the deformity may obtrude itself on the view, and one can think of nothing else. Richard is either one or the other, never a combination of the two. And the consequence is that he does not end in being a very real person.

The artistic justification of Richard and his deformity is, in fact, not himself, but his influence upon others, and especially upon the opposite sex. He is himself more or less of a dummy, an ingeniously but rather morbidly contrived prism by which all the many colours in that very subtly blended spectrum, a woman's sexual personality, may be ascertained, decomposed, and separately set forth. Many women are successively put under the lens and subjected to the experiment. There is Clara, the housemaid, who nursed the young dwarf in his youth, and wept when he resolved that he was old enough to have a valet. There is Mrs. Chifney, the trainer's wife at the stables, who also wept—simple soul—because she thought he had a face with the resignation of an angel. There is little Lady Constance Quayle. She, too, wept when Richard released her from the engagement of marriage into which she had been forced by her relations. But the three important patients, the three characters which give the book its claim to be called real and vivid and alive, are Katherine Calmady, Helen de Vallorbes, and Honoria St. Quentin. In these three persons the author shows with very great skill the effect of the deformity on the perfect mother, the perfect sensualist, and the perfect virgin.

It is difficult to say which of the three studies is the most admirable. In all the author shows a subtlety, a frankness, and a tact which are insufficient to conquer one's distaste for the morbid instrument which has been chosen as the key to these women's hearts. Moreover, all the three are drawn with an instinctive sympathy which is quite lacking in the portrait of the man, and which shows, even if we did not know that "Lucas Malet" is the pseudonym of Charles Kingsley's daughter, that the book is written by a woman.

Perhaps of them all, Katherine Calmady, Richard's mother, is the finest. Pure with that purity of one who has once sounded love to its depths and, that love once lost, prefers rather to remain ever afterwards chaste in the memory of the past than accept any second best in the opportunity of the present, she walks through the book almost with a majesty, at any rate with that calm dignity of motion which in Richard's eyes distinguished her so clearly from other women in a crowded room.

The second of the three women, Helen de Vallorbes, Richard's evil genius, if she is certainly not a pleasant character, is scarcely less real, except in a few moments of crude melodrama, than Katherine Calmady. With the artistic temperament's capacities and limitations in emotion, but with no more sentiment or morality in her view of life than to take the most enjoyment out of it, she ends in only developing that side of human character which leads to passionate sensualism. She is cruel—she was the child who laughed at Richard's infirmity—calculating in her pleasures, and with all the subsequent repulsion for the objects of her desires, which is the curse of ignoble passion. To her the grotesquely-deformed Richard becomes a subtle attraction. She begins by inspiring him with love, and ends by degrading that love to lust. The character is melodramatic at times, as when she is dressed in a "flowing, yet clinging silken garment of turquoise, shot with blue purple and shimmering glaucous green." And the chief incident in her amorous relations with Richard is described with quite unnecessary elaboration.

Beyond these three characters of the book nothing else and nobody else matters. Richard does not matter; he is a dummy or a shadow. It is, perhaps, just as well, for if one began to consider this short-legged hero seriously he would very soon become ridiculous. Cyrano de Bergerac had to do a good deal of laughing at himself to maintain his heroic position in relation to his audience, but even he was only grotesque as a lover; he was not grotesque as a man and a warrior. The minor characters do not matter; they are not drawn with originality or comedy, and they tend to become wearisome. The melodramatic absurdity of some of the scenes does not matter, although that of the clergyman, Julius March, discovering the old family legend in the library while the dwarf in the Velasquez picture opposite seems to grin at him through the growing darkness is absolutely Corellian in its obvious luridness. The whole idea of this explanation of Richard's deformity by legend is unworthy of Lucas Malet; it should be left to the *Bow Bells Novelette*. The unreality of some of the dialogue does not matter, although it frequently includes curiously unconversational words, like "casement" and "greensward," and a speech by the old doctor, on page 404, reads exactly like a schoolboy's essay, and quite unlike anything that any human being could have said in talking. Nothing matters, in fact, except that Lucas Malet has drawn three very real portraits of three very different, but all interesting, women. And, if we regret the rather grotesque figure which is made to assist in the development of these three characters, we can forgive the author for the truth and humanity of the chief characters.

The Wooing of Grey Eyes. By Riccardo Stephens. (Murray. 6s.)

There is a certain kind of melodramatic story which Mr. Stephens writes extremely well—such a story, for instance, as *Mr. Peters*, which was so good that one wonders why it did not have a more marked success. Now, *The Wooing of Grey Eyes* is melodramatic enough in all conscience, but it lacks the qualities which distinguished the earlier work; the characterisation is cruder, the situations more forced, the construction, one is inclined to say, amateurish. That the lady called Grey Eyes should have been wandering about Hawksheugh, and there have met Jim Dalrymple, is, perhaps, likely enough, but that her villainous husband, who is also Jim's cousin, and supposed to be dead, should be wrecked outside Hawksheugh and be rescued by Jim is a coincidence quite unworthy of Mr. Stephens's ingenuity. Further, the writing of the story is unequal: at first it is too slangy, later it is overdone with what approaches fine writing. The rest of the volume is made up of seven short stories, all good, and one or two excellent in their kind. That, for instance, called "The Little General," which deals with some experiences of a Roman Catholic priest in an Edinburgh slum, has both humour and effective pathos. Mr. Stephens evidently knows these people, and about them he writes with a sureness of touch which carries conviction.

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From the Land of the Shamrock. By Jane Barlow. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE charm of all primitive, homely things grows as the complexities of life increase, and stories dealing with the lives of village people, when not unbearably tragic, have a strong and half-tender fascination. Among this simpler society, the demands on the whole are so touchingly little, the humour is so shrewd, the pathos so profound and genuine. Life is set in such close proximity to nature and to natural things, that the fatigue of civilisation falls like a burden off one's shoulders as one reads. *From the Land of the Shamrock* is a collection of Miss Barlow's peasant sketches, all fragrant of a deep poetic feeling, and at the same time full of delicious and childlike humour, the humour of the Irish people. The entire book exhales the atmosphere of delightful people—the people who are brave and content upon very little; the people who, for all their dirt and illiterateness, have so much to teach the cultured.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

NEW CANTERBURY TALES. BY MAURICE HEWLETT.

A Prologue and six "New Canterbury Tales," dedicated to Mr. Frederic Harrison "with sincere respect." Five have appeared in English and American magazines, the sixth, Dan Costard, "kept his story to himself." This is Mr. Hewlett's manner of introducing them: "Here, then, you have the tellers of these new Canterbury Tales: the Lady Prioress of Ambresbury; Master Corbet the Scrivener of London; Dan Costard the Prioress' Confessor; Smith the Shipman of Hull; Captain Brazenhead formerly of Milan; and Percival Perceforest, who was born in Gloucester. The first day brought them to New Alresford, the second to Waverley Abbey, the third to Reigate on the side of the hill; the fourth to the Abbey of Boxley in Kent; and the fifth to Christchurch, Canterbury. Now, then, *Pergite, Pierides.*" (Constable. 6s.)

DESPAIR'S LAST JOURNEY. BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

The story of Paul Armstrong's life—told by himself—in a desolate spot in the Rocky Mountains, where he, his ill-ordered career behind him, has just arrived to live the life of a Solitary. "You have made a hideous muddle of things," he said to himself, "a hideous muddle. Nothing to fear, for everything has happened." He asks the station-keeper if he has any whisky. The answer is "Yes." Upon which the Solitary remarks: "It's not unlikely that I may offer you ten dollars for a drink—twenty—thirty—an hundred. . . . If you allow yourself to be persuaded to give me so much as one teaspoonful, no matter when or why, I'll shoot you next day." Then follows the account of his life—four hundred pages of strong writing. (Chatto. 6s.)

THE SECRET ORCHARD. BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

The scene is laid in France. The book opens at the Chateau de Fitzroy, "this golden month of September, this golden hour of the afternoon." The company is aristocratic, and the style and manner of telling the story is of the easy, luminous character that we associate with the authors of *The Bath Comedy.* The pages are peppered with dukes, marquises, ladies' sweetmeat names, and other ornamentations. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY. BY F. NORREYS CONNELL.

"Zooks, that's a rakehelly cornet on the bay." The speaker was a former Duke of York, the period one autumn day when "he and an allied Anglo-German army were being hustled across a Dutch river by seventy thousand breechless Frenchmen." But the hero is the gallant Captain Daly of the Horse Grenadiers. His exciting adventures are here set forth. (Richards. 6s.)

THE DIVA. BY ANNIE THOMAS.

A quick, brightly written story of modern life, one of the chief characters being Captain M'Kay, who "had displayed courage, endurance, the keen powers of observation of a scout, and all the other fine, manly qualities a soldier should possess under Kitchener of Khartoum." The opening chapter finds the scout in "Lady Betty Pottinger's cosy little home in Green-street." On page 44 the Transvaal President delivers his "insolent and extortionate ultimatum." But that is by the way. Comedy is the note of the story. (John Long. 6s.)

THE JUST AND THE UNJUST. BY RICHARD BAGOT.

A long, leisurely, serious story by the author of *Casting of Nets.* Hugh Lester, a younger son, through a series of deaths, succeeds to an earldom and forty thousand a year. The Earl married, but there was another lady with whom he had "maintained for some years past a *liaison* which showed no signs of wearing itself out." Mr. Bagot is an industrious writer. His readers need leisure. (Lane. 6s.)

THE LITTLE SAINT OF GOD. BY LADY FAIRLIE CUNNINGHAME.

"There is material," says the author in the preface, "for half-a-dozen histories, and for a score of romances, in the adventures of the great leader of the Chouans, and of the Chouans themselves." This, then, is the story of the career of the Marquis de la Rouërie, the Chouan leader. The author claims for *The Little Saint of God* (she was the Chouan leader's beloved) that it is true, not in general outline only, but in almost every detail. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

MASTER OF MEN. BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

A pleasant story, with dramatic situations. It opens with a picture of Enoch Strone, foreman of Dobell's engineering works, bicycling home to a cottage he has built on a hill, where he can enjoy his books and nature in solitude. The Vicar calls upon him. Strone is rude, announcing that he is not a Christian, and that he doesn't believe a word of the Bible. But the Vicar is a bookman. He has a first edition of the *Sundering Flood*—and—and Strone offers him a cup of tea. The Vicar was "amazed at the extent and depth of the other's reading." (Methuen. 6s.)

DEATH, THE SHOWMAN. BY JOHN FRASER.

A strange medley of characters troop on the stage in the first chapter, including Mukhtir Bey, a Duchess, a Prince-Bishop, Schändli, Dolores, and Billa, an Indian ape. They are assembled in Mrs. Jack Cade's villa on the slopes of the Pusterthaal, for the purpose of giving "a drawing-room adaptation of Ober-Ammergau's solemn drama." Sir John Clanes, of the 2nd Life Guards, kindly undertook the part of the Beloved Apostle. (Unwin. 6s.)

A FRIEND WITH THE COUNTERSIGN. BY B. K. BENSON.

A bustling story of the American Civil War, told in the first person, and accompanied by thrilling pictures and maps. One of them illustrates this incident: "Suddenly I began to take off my clothes—there in the tree. I must reverse my uniform, and must be a changed man before another Confederate should come my way." (Macmillan. 6s.)

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THE ACADEMY.

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A Dreamer of Things Impossible.

IT is a singular and not very creditable fact that (as we have recently experienced) the tales of Edgar Allan Poe should be difficult to procure in their entirety—apart from complete editions of his works. It is the more regrettable and singular because these creations of genius touch on two sides two of the most popular modern schools of British fiction. Perhaps, indeed, this is the explanation of it: that the derivative has ousted the original. On the one side they have relation to the "detective" fiction of Dr. Conan Doyle, on the other they are in contact with the fantastic fiction of Mr. Wells. And between these two extremes is enthroned the very Poe—single, singular, with no predecessor and no authentic successor—unless it be the Stevenson of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. That central and—artistically—supreme class of his tales is difficult to describe, for, indeed, to describe it is to describe Poe himself. It has been the tendency of the modern romantic school, and of modern poets in general, to make themselves the heroes of their own work. Chateaubriand, Byron, Shelley, are instances that come at once to one's mind, and Byron had strong influence on the early Poe. But not Byron, not even the author of *Epipsychidion* and *Alastor*, hardly the author of *Atala*, had such a peculiar gift for arabesquing their own lives, for transcendentalising themselves, their happenings, and environment. In nearly all these tales of idealistic terror or beauty, of which the *House of Usher* is an example, the hero is Poe himself; while they constantly revolve round situations suggested by his own history. To consider Poe is to consider these tales, to consider the tales is to consider Poe.

It is significant that his family was alleged to be descended from the Irish family of Le Poer—one of the English Pale, it is true, but thoroughly Irished by long residence and intermixture. The spirit of his work is Celtic, if the form of his poetry be not, indeed, of direct Celtic origin. It is at least possible that he should have seen some of Mangan's poems, and that unfortunate Irish poet anticipates Poe's peculiar form so strikingly that it is difficult to believe the resemblance can be accident alone. Yet, hardly less singular than such a coincidence would be, is the coincidence between the lives of the two men—identical in drudgery, misery, poverty, bondage to stimulants, and not far from identical in their deaths. It is the visionary and ethereal spirit of Celtic romance which informs the central group of tales no less than the poems. The Celtic temperament would go far to explain Poe's weakness and strength; his brilliant caprice, his pride and passion, his literary quarrels, his lack of robust moral stamina, his ready enslavement to alcohol. The Celtic visionariness, with its lack of hold on earth, is further accentuated in him by the love of strange ways in reading which he shared with Shelley. The trait is constantly appearing—implicit or explicit—in his heroes. The hero of the scarcely-sane *Ligeia* relates:

> With how vast a triumph, with how vivid a delight, with how much of all that is ethereal in hope did I feel—as she bent over me in studies but little sought, but less known—that delicious vista by slow degrees expanding before me, down whose long, gorgeous, and all untrodden path I might at length pass onward to the goal of a wisdom too divinely precious not to be forbidden?

His quotations testify to the same thing. Glanville, Raymond Lully, Platonists like Henry King; by his citation of them he indicates the shadowy and mysterious authors whom he found congenial to his mind. But not to penetrate them, so far as we can see, with the zeal of the thinker. He loved, as he says himself, "those who feel rather than those who think." They give him dreams, suggest the stuff of tales or poetry; they are, indeed, to him, in no disparaging sense, "such stuff as dreams are made of." When a mind thus exalted, and of such natural development in one supermundane direction, applies itself to fiction, the result must needs be strange, almost monstrous. The pearl is an abnormality, the result of external irritation which provokes the precious excretion. These tales are no less precious and abnormal. One feels the reading of them as it were an unlawful pleasure, wrung from pain, disease, calamity, and the fruitage of delirium. The cost is too great, and the pleasure itself scarcely human. We said of *Ligeia* that it was hardly sane; we might have said thus of all the group to which we refer. Poe was conscious of this, and absolutely suggested—before Lombroso—a relation between madness and genius. For the hero of *Eleonora* surely speaks in the name of Poe:

> Men [he says] have called me mad, but the question is not yet settled whether madness is or is not the loftiest intelligence, whether much that is glorious, whether all that is profound, does not spring from disease of thought, from *moods* of mind exalted at the expense of the general intellect. They who dream by day are cognisant of many things which escape those who dream only by night. In their grey visions they obtain glimpses of eternity, and thrill, in waking, to find that they have been upon the verge of the great secret. In snatches they learn something of the wisdom which is of good and more of the mere knowledge which is of evil. They penetrate, however rudderless or compassless, into the vast ocean of the "light ineffable."

This perilous doctrine is at least not far from descriptive of Poe's own genius. There was something uncanny about the man which forbade intimacy, almost approach. Of the hero (there is virtually but one) who paces through these tales in Poe's image you feel that no woman could live with him without going mad—or dying. And death, accordingly, is Poe's gift to all his women. The tales are vital with a wrongful vitality. They are told by heroes whose sensitive nerves have the preternatural acuteness of initial insanity; colour, sound, scent—every detail of description in their rendering becomes morbidly distinct to us, like the ticking of a clock in the dark. In the *House of Usher* this feature becomes conscious of itself; the hero hears the beating of a woman's heart while she stands without the closed door. Beauty and terror are alike portentous, "larger than human," like figures in a mist. The landscapes are preter-human, painted as with fire, and blinded with a light such as only streams from the fountains of the dreaming brain. The heroes live by choice in chambers out of nightmare, where curtains like molten silver fall in cataracts on carpets of burning gold, lighted by coloured flames which writhe from antique lamps, and perfumed from carven censers; on golden tapestries phantasmal figures waver in the rushing of a continuous wind. Amid such surroundings women of unearthly beauty, or the shadow of Poe's own child-wife, pass and die, and dying, give rise to tragedies of impermissible terror; the Red Death incarnates itself among the fated revellers; or a man flies through life pursued by the visible presence of himself. Beauty which cannot separate itself from terror, terror haunted by beauty, are the powers which rule this world of an opium-dream.

It is the deliberate turning away of a man from the normal; it is the obsession by the desire for better bread

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than is made from wheat. When Poe theorises on landscape-garden ng, he avows his preference for the artificial style; but must have a "spiritualised" artificiality, an artifice which suggests the more than mortal. Yet this world at which the human heart aches becomes real while we read—there is the genius. The art is admirable in its sureness and delicacy. The imagination has seized these things of beauty and terror with more than the closeness of a poet—with the closeness of a dream; and there is no closeness, either to terror or beauty, so appalling as that of a dream. The scope is strange and narrow, but the mastership is absolute.

Yet the same man who can thus handle ideal horror and loveliness with the touch and arts of a poet is also, on another side, and within the limits of romance, one of the most convincing of realists. The man who wrote *The Fall of the House of Usher* and *The Masque of the Red Death* wrote also *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* and *The Descent into the Maelström*. For the dreamer was also a keen analyst and an amateur of science; and had his active days in youth. Mr. Wells himself has not combined romance and realism more startlingly than that feat is achieved in *Arthur Gordon Pym*. The seizure of the ship, and, above all, the whole episode of the storm and subsequent starvation, are done with amazing wealth and verisimilitude of imaginative detail. In reading the description of the escape from the Maelström, in the other tale we have mentioned, it is hard to realise that Poe, in all probability, never was in the neighbourhood of the Scandinavian seas. The little vivid touches seem the result of experience. For instance:

> The boat made a sharp half-turn to larboard and shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the waste-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels letting off their steam all together.

Or again:

> The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmen say is the only pathway between time and eternity. This mist or spray was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great waters of the funnel as they all met together at the bottom; but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist I dare not attempt to describe.

The hackneyed comparison is doubly intrusive in the mouth of a Scandinavian fisherman; but otherwise the passage has an admirable air of eye-witness. The effect of the story, however, is not in single passages, in any cataract of "description," such as an inferior artist would have attempted, but is gradually built up from the accumulation of small matter-of-fact details. It is the very opposite pole of style and art from that in the first-mentioned group of tales; yet both are handled with equal power and effect. Perhaps in this group of tales the *MS. Found in a Bottle* most directly anticipates the wonder-tales of Jules Verne and Mr. Wells. The material is not, like theirs, scientific; but the method strikes the note which all have since followed, according to their ability.

Finally, this wonderfully original artist has struck out and set the method for yet another class of tale—the "detective story" now represented by Dr. Conan Doyle. For, with Mr. Blatchford, we refuse to concede that the deductive method is undeveloped in Poe's tales of this class.

Certain applications of the deductive method Dr. Doyle has developed from his medical experience which are not to be found in Edgar Poe. But the deductive method itself is used by Poe with consummate skill. Dr. Doyle may also pride himself that in many cases he has trusted his mystery entirely to the ingenuity of the problem; whereas Poe holds back the essential clues the better to effect his surprise. But the merit of the tales lies deeper than their display of analysis. It is the finished art of construction and narrative, bringing out the ghastly element or the thrill of excitement with exact *crescendo* of effect; the beauty of the exposition; and, over all, the style of a master, which can endow with immortality a thing in its essence so ephemeral as this species has shown itself in other hands. Let it be, if you will, that the great Dupin was the bungling pretender which the great Holmes, we know, once declared him to be. Yet Poe makes us believe in his greatness—and that is *the* thing which matters in art. Perhaps the truth is that Dr. Doyle, too, is an artist, and knows the artistic value of "bounce" in the right place. From the artistic standpoint, however, these latter tales—*The Murder in the Rue Morgue* and their kind—though they were the first to make Poe's fame as a tale-writer, will be the last to keep it. It is on the two former classes that his fame must chiefly rest—and rest securely.

Things Seen.

The Optimist.

Her cottage was to let, and she personally conducted me over it. Inside there were several beautiful pieces of furniture, and a quantity of mellowed ivories and bronzes; but the dirt and disorder were unpardonable. In the second sitting-room there were three small round tables, and place for little else. She explained that it was arranged in that fashion because one did not invariably feel like having meals on the same spot; and, moreover, that to take food with other people was a most disagreeble practice. Eating, at the best of times, was a gross performance, and to have conversation worth the name with a person thus occupied was an insult to thought. She pointed out the figured Japanese blue silk covering the walls of both rooms, and drew attention to the richness of its colour. The silk was grey with age, and here and there frayed into slits, showing a hideous paper behind.

In appearance she was herself a woman about forty-five, but lined with a literal net-work of nervous lines. She wore a short loose black cashmere jacket, buttoned down the front, but with two or three buttons missing, so that a Jaeger under-garment gazed out from the gap. She wore no corsets, and held a large pair of garden scissors in her hands from beginning to end of the interview. Her fingers were long and white, and on both sparkled a number of antique rings. The face was cold, intolerant, but predominatingly refined. As a girl she might have been very good-looking.

Passing into the kitchen and larder she explained that she had placed cupboards in single rows everywhere, so that each article of food might have its proper place: dairy produce—eggs, butter, milk—in one, meat in another, fruit in another, &c. She opened one door with a magnificent gesture, and on the same shelf I saw a dish of greasy-looking butter, the remains of a leg of mutton, some fruit, lard, and a piece of Gruyère cheese. It did not disturb her.

She escorted me into a wild-looking garden. "Here," remarked the owner of the cottage, "is my sward of peace. Here I had the lawn laid to be like velvet; or, rather, like the velvet loveliness of moss. In this one patch," and her eyes took in the appearance of seeing through substances instead of at them, "I allow no one to walk unless barefooted. It is my chancel to nature, and must be approached reverently. The lawn," she added, perhaps obscurely conscious of the flowering mustard, "wants cutting, but you see I am hard at work, keeping order. It is all so clear in my mind that I can afford to take it easily. The mere doing the actual work is nothing when you have once got the finished picture in your head."

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She went with me to the gate, and, as we shook hands in a side piece of garden—a perfect wilderness of weeds twined about untrimmed rose-bushes — she remarked moodily: "Action is always ridiculous—a tedious repetition of insignificant details. It checks imagination instantly, and imagination is the one thing the Lord gave us beyond the reach of money. We have the gratification of knowing that millionaires are incapable of purchasing it."

I left her leaning on the gate. She looked harassed, but I have never been able to decide whether this lady was to be pitied as an eccentric, or envied for an astounding power of inward vision.

The Traveller.

UNCLE TEDDIE put me in the train at Penzance, having arranged with the guard to paste a label, "For Ladies Only," on the window. His instructions were precise. I was to speak to nobody. Then he left me. The next thing that happened was just the kind of thing that happens in sensational stories. The train was starting when the door was thrown open and a young man jumped in. He was in a state of wild excitement. For several minutes he remained with his head thrust out of the window, staring at the flying country. His body shook with emotion. I sat very quiet, feeling horribly nervous, wondering when the next stoppage would be, and how soon I could make up my mind to pull the communication cord. Suddenly he turned from the window and flung himself in the seat opposite mine. His eyes were extraordinarily bright, and clear, and curious. One hand clung to the window sash, the other clutched the cushion. He seemed to find the support necessary. All at once he asked, with a tremor in his voice as if half afraid of my reply, "Shall we go any faster?" I made some sort of answer that I tried to make coherent. He looked about him with the quick movements of a bird, and asked the inconsequent questions with which a lively child pesters its mother; but he demanded quick, intelligent answers. I was thankful to find that my replies seemed to please him, for, at the end of an hour, he beamed upon me and said: "Where are you going?" "Bath," I replied. "I'm going to Bath," he said jubilantly; "we shall meet there. I am so glad." "But Bath is a large place," I remarked. He coloured, and murmured: "Oh, Bath is a large place." He was quiet for a little while, and then said: "Do you know I have never been in a train before. Never been in a train before to-day!" Against my judgment, I could not help saying, "How is that?" "There are no trains in Scilly. This is the first time I have ever been out of the island. How splendid trains are. I shall never get tired of trains."

Paris Letter.

(*From our French Correspondent.*)

M. OCTAVE MIRBEAU is impelled by a generous instinct, which is the root of Socialism, to scourge ruthlessly all existing states of things. That everything might be better not even the airiest optimist will deny. But there are limits to the Apostle's freedom of speech, limits to his just accusations, and M. Mirbeau leaps over these limits with a revolting indifference to tact and taste. The abhorred institution of his nightmares is the bourgeoisie. It is a hate he shares with Stendhal and Zola, whose detestation of the bourgeois lies in diametrically opposite sympathies. Stendhal has a passion for the upmost, not merely upper, ranks of society. Princes, ministers, duchesses, and cardinals—these are his privileged favourites; a taste he has imparted to his disciple, M. Bourget. Zola, on the other hand, worships the people—the scientific workman, the reforming dreamer. He, like M. Mirbeau, unjustly charges the unfortunate bourgeois with all the existing wrongs of humanity. On the fourth page of his unjoyous "*Vingt et un jours d'un Neurasthémique*" M. Mirbeau remarks that the "bourgeois classes are everywhere in a state of decrepitude, and their children, of impoverished growth in the putrid morass of marriage, belong already to the past." Elsewhere he qualifies the bourgeois as *immonde*. Yet he has considerable talent if he could only be got to look upon life with a less jaundiced eye, and if he could accommodate his pity for the poor and oppressed to a juster appreciation of the oppressor. For assuredly it is not all rose-coloured virtue when we step below the rank of the bourgeois. Real Socialism should preach fraternity and not class hatred. M. Mirbeau is nothing if not "actual." And so one of his pet aversions, the minister, M. Georges Leygues, appears on the scene at a fashionable watering-place in the Pyrenees, and is made to hold forth appropriately by the terrible caricaturist. The cruellest and cleverest portrait is that of the Marquis of Portpierre, the friend of the Duke of Orleans. As a satirist M. Mirbeau has no sense of humour, but is bitterly mordant. The marquis is a false *bon enfant*, of a perfidious joviality, an accomplished trickster who takes in everybody —friends, electors, tenants, and the poor. When he poses as Parliamentary candidate he dons blouse and cap, treats his electors, slaps them on the back, and calls them "mon brave." His opponent is a poor devil of a teacher, in a worn, well-preserved frock-coat and tall hat long since past its prime. The marquis, by coarse jeers at the *mirliflor*, drawing attention to his own humble attire in contrast with the teacher's *habits de prince*, succeeds in getting him hissed and insulted. The picture is overcharged, according to the laws of caricature, but it stands out strong and striking. You see the man hateful, jovial, sly, dishonest, and *grand seigneur* in the modern acceptation of the definition in France to-day. Another biting satire is the illustrious painter in despair before the corpse of his adored wife, who hitherto has been his eternal model. "What is left him now that his beloved is gone?" Painting! He rejects the notion passionately. He has sacrificed the love of wife and child to art, and now he will break his palette, burn his brushes. "But little by little his eyes lost their expression of sorrow, and little by little his glance, a moment ago anguished and wet, had that concentration, that tension of all the visual forces which narrow the eyes of the painter in a ferocious moment when he finds himself in presence of a nature that interests him. He cried: 'What tones, sacristi!'" In another instant he has seized his brushes and easel, and is lilting an old studio song as he paints for dear life the dead beloved. He has forgotten all but his work; and when the valet interrupts him to say that the "Pompes funèbres" are without, he exclaims: "What Pompes funèbres?" The valet with difficulty makes him understand that the undertakers are there for his wife, and that the model is a corpse. "And, gaily, with a schoolboy grimace on his lips, a grimace which brought back altogether the Bohemia he had once belonged to, he recommended: 'Tell the undertakers that they have mistaken the house: it is in the next street.' And he returned to his painting."

This passion for reform of existing abuses by which the majority are made to suffer needlessly has induced M. Mirbeau to preface a book that might have been an important document, and which remains merely a futile plaint, *Un an de Caserne*, by Louis Lamarque. M. Mirbeau takes this book very seriously indeed, and congratulates the writer on having chosen such a subject rather than endow literature with more symbolic princesses or Scandinavian legends, or obscure and mournful verse, the despairs of love and death, or the revelations of the depths of the Anglo-Belgian soul. And this from M.

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Octave Mirbeau, the discoverer of Maeterlinck, whom he introduced to the world as "the Belgian Shakespeare"! He tells us pompously that this is a book "lived," and "lived" it assuredly is; but how? Here is a youth of twenty-one who goes to barrack in the same tearful mood of a child of ten facing school and separation from his mother for the first time. If he were departing for the colonies for ever he could not weep more grievously over himself and call more feebly for his mother and his mistress. He sits before a mirror and watches the expression of his face, and gravely writes: "I wore so sad an air that many visages around me softened, and more than one glance was full of pity." Instead of telling us about general suffering, he invites us to weep with him as he sits at the window and thinks of the beloved, "his tender, unquiet, and so sweet love." When an author sets himself the legitimate task of writing a book of the kind, he should begin by putting his private sentiments under lock and key. We want to know the class of men he associated with, and how they fare; we want to see something of them, something of their officers and of their daily lives. But we are not in the least interested in M. Lamarque's sentimental troubles, which apparently consist of a temporary separation from a facile fair one who continues to write to him; and at twenty-one a youth ought to be able to leave his mother's skirts without clamouring for the universe to stand still and pity him. And even as a soldier he seems to have had a particularly easy time. He paid a *brosseur* to do his work. He had lodgings in the town, to which he was free to retire four hours a day. M. Mirbeau has wasted his indignation, and his preface is worthier a stronger case.

I was offered *Le Cœur dans la Main et l'Estomac dans le Talon* by a youth just returned from the regiment after his year's service. He told us it was hugely enjoyed by the whole regiment, and read aloud amid shouts of laughter as *une bonne blague*, a sort of French *Three Men in a Boat*. After M. Lamarque's weeping pages, I was curious to look at a volume that had kept a regiment at Caen in shouts of laughter. It delighted me to know that a French regiment could laugh, and that all the men were not condemned to sit at the window lamenting their mothers and their absent mistresses. As a specimen of French humour it would be impossible to find anything more deplorable. Even M. Lamarque was better employed than the soldiers who enjoyed this shocking and indecent drivel. We were many and all grown up, and most of us turning gray, around the poor lad who wished to impart his regimental hilarity to us, and the kindest word any of us could say to him was "C'est idiot." It is surprising how absent in the French is the schoolboy spirit. They seem incapable of conceiving such a thing as innocent fun. It is a thousand pities for the youth of the land.

H. L.

A Second-Hand Catalogue.

Miss Millard's catalogues have had their full share of attention of late, not only in the Academy but elsewhere. Mr. Walter T. Spencer is as worthy of study. Mr. Spencer is the Dickens specialist in New Oxford-street, opposite Mudie's, whose window offers always rare editions of that author and also of Thackeray, Cruikshank, and (strange companion for these twain) Richard Jefferies. Mr. Spencer's new list, which reached me by post a day or so ago, is so remarkable that its fame must be at once diffused. It contains three unique items which the Boz Club ought to buy, but which will almost certainly make the Atlantic passage. These are a paper-knife, a pen, and a slate, once the property of Charles Dickens, and all vouched for.

Mr. Spencer is a critic, an enthusiast, as well as a dealer, and the core, the beating heart of the present catalogue, is his description of the emotions kindled in him by this paper-knife. Here he rises to poetry. The second-hand bookseller is transfigured, a nimbus shines about his rapt brow, eloquence visits earth once more. A writer in last week's Academy was pleased to disapprove of the glittering style: how, I wonder, would he describe Mr. Spencer's raptures? But this is the glowing passage:

> In this catalogue will also be found Charles Dickens' Pen (*which please see*). He generally wrote with a quill, an implement of such short life in those tireless fingers, that it was constantly being replaced. The Paper-Knife, however, besides being equally a "Right-Hand Tool," had an infinitely longer existence. It must [now he is warming] be saturated in every fibre with the electric personality of the Master. Now he has dallied with it, a sheet cut now and then, as he read with appreciative interest; now the quick nervous hand would slash open the leaves, as the hour of an appointment drew near. How often, I wonder, has he sat back in his chair, eyes half closed, musing, planning, holding levées of characters invisible as yet to any eye but his own, with this little instrument, dot-and-dashing cablegrams from Fancy-land, as the unwearied mind wove its wondrous patterns out of gossamer into groundwork for fictions which will be still more dear to English and to American men, women, and children a hundred years hence than they are even now.

This, I contend, is clever writing; almost brilliant. For it supplies the purchaser with precisely the suitable thoughts to accompany his bargain. Cannot you see him, this purchaser, in his home in the States, reproducing Mr. Spencer's fancies? conjuring up the right feelings? Mr. Spencer adds that he never had a Dickens' relic that he valued more highly than this, or parted from more reluctantly. Considering the emphasis which he lays upon his Dickens' worship one is surprised that he does part with it. Eighteen guineas!

Next, the pen. "Sacred to the memory of Charles Dickens . . . a relic worthy of being made an heirloom." This is a quill that was removed from the Master's desk immediately after his death. Mr. Spencer takes only a sip of Hippocrene in this connexion. His deep draughts are over; they stopped with the paper-knife, although that was only three guineas more. (But three guineas can command much rhetoric.) This is the burst of ecstasy reserved for the quill:

> Of a literary man, what more intimate, close, or characteristic memorial could be suggested than the pen which conveyed to his world of readers his golden thoughts?
>
> I ought not, I cannot say more:—I leave it to his legion of admirers, and only hope it may find a worthy and final resting-place, where it may interest thousands yet unborn.

Finally, also at fifteen guineas, we come to the Master's engagement slate; but by this time Mr. Spencer is cool again. For the slate no minstrel raptures swell. It is described with business-like exactness, the price is added, and there you are. But probably it will be in Illinois before Christmas.

The unique character of Mr. Spencer's list is by no means yet exhausted. Dickens may be his hobby, but his pen touches gracefully or informingly on many another writer, and his appraisements are curiously interesting. Thus, the prices of autographs are, as usual, illuminatively instructive. The signature to a letter "With affectionate greetings, Hall Caine," is five shillings—sixpence more than *The Eternal City* less discount. But what a treasure to paste in the cover! The transition from Mr. Caine to Miss Corelli (and *vice versâ*) is always too easy: Mr. Spencer offers several letters from that lady to one Mr. Rashleigh, at varying sums, all higher than one would expect, or, in these times of Imperialistic income-tax, than one can stand. For a criticism of *The Gay Lord Quex*—with this terse and accurate judgment in it: "All that is degraded in tone on the stage is invariably well done"—£2 5s. is asked. What

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can one not buy for forty-five shillings? Mr. Cook will take you to Lucerne and back for something like that. For an invitation to Stratford-on-Avon, 15s.; for an invitation to the theatre (not to *The Gay Lord Quex* one feels sure), 18s.; and for a note arranging to send the carriage to meet the gentleman, 18s. Says Mr. Spencer:

> Now, I beg to call attention to the fact that Miss Corelli has always opposed an adamantine front to the autograph-hunting-demon, and has baffled, as a rule, his most insidious attempts. These four letters are, every one, to be reckoned as prizes, by the body of genuine autograph collectors, which, while it will not grudge liberal prices for good letters, would never stoop to obtain them on false pretences.

I do not particularly desire any of this series; but I should not mind venturing a few shillings to have a sight of Miss Corelli's next letter to her friend, on the subject of traffic in private correspondence.

Let me conclude by quoting as a kind of postscript to the interesting *Tin Trumpet* article in the ACADEMY a week or so ago, the MS. epigram by Horace Smith which Mr. Spencer copies from a sheet of paper, dated Brighton, 1837:

> Let this plain truth those ingrates strike
> Who still, tho' bless'd, new blessings crave,
> That we may all have what we like
> Simply by liking what we have.

V. V. V.

Correspondence.

The Lady of Riddles.

SIR,—The author of an interesting study of Mary Stuart in the ACADEMY (September 14) asks whether she was dominated by terror when Bothwell abducted her. He despairs of an answer, yet I think that an answer is possible. We know that along with Mary Maitland of Lethington was taken and carried to Dunbar. His position is mysterious: he had certainly been allied with Bothwell in the bond for Darnley's murder. On the other hand, he had not signed the bond of April 19, 1567, advising Mary to marry Bothwell, and he and Bothwell had usually been on hostile terms. Consequently we have evidence that Bothwell, just after the abduction, threatened to slay Lethington. Now, Sir James Melville, in his memoirs, with Drury, in a despatch of the moment, and Mary herself, in the memoirs of her secretary, Wall, all combine in saying that the Queen rescued Maitland, threatening Bothwell with extreme punishment if he touched Lethington. It would seem to follow that she was quite undaunted. On the other hand her action is not like that of a woman enslaved by a passion for her rough wooer. If she was neither terrified nor besotted by passion, her attitude is rather more of a riddle than ever; while, if Maitland did not know of the contemplated abduction—so dangerous to himself—it is just possible that Mary was equally ignorant.—I am, &c.,

ANDREW LANG.

Mr. Pater's Style.

SIR,—After reading your remarks *re* Mr. Gwynn's *Daily News* article on Mr. Pater's style, I would suggest (if you can kindly allow me the space to do so) that those who are anxious to enjoy the charm of his writings should first apply themselves to Mr. Symons's charming essay, "Walter Pater" (published by Leonard Smithers, 1897), in *Studies in Two Literatures*; then to "Walter Pater" direct, especially *The Child in the House*, *Imaginary Portraits*, *Appreciations*, and *Gaston de Latour*, that delightful, unfinished romance, wherein one can read of *the* road "like a white scarf flung across the land"; and, later, in that sweet land of "Peach Blossom and Wine," how Gaston dallied for nine dreamy months with Montaigne and his young wife; and of the lingering, loving talks over books (of which Montaigne had a goodly store), of the quiet walks in the sun-kissed vineyards.

As Mr. Gwynn rightly says, these "Essays from the *Guardian*" are Pater's slightest words! but, being his, are interesting, if not representative and convincing.—I am, &c.,

Ipswich. T. E. JONES.

"The Ordinary Commentator."

SIR,—The writer of a review entitled "The Snake in Literature," in pointing out what he considers is an omission of the "ordinary commentator" of Shakespeare, is himself at fault. Your reviewer says:

> To the sloughing of the snake Shakespeare alludes in his famous line—
>
> "When we have shuffled off this mortal coil."
>
> It is not mentioned by the ordinary commentator, but is too obvious an allusion to have escaped notice.

I was myself under the delusion contained in the above paragraph until I read a very interesting article by Mr. H. Courthope Bowen, entitled "How to Study a Poem," which appeared some time ago in the *Educational Review*. Fortunately I have found the actual article, and am able to give the *verba ipsissima* of the writer:

> A writer's vocabulary may contain obsolete words, unfamiliar words, and, most puzzling of all, familiar words used in an unfamiliar sense. In dealing with such matters the rapid impressionist, through his habit of catching at the meaning as a whole, may sometimes score a success—though not infrequently he goes hopelessly wrong. The laborious pedant, on the other hand, is almost sure to air his learnedness, and give us a derivation which hardly ever helps a child, and seldom anyone, except to justify the meaning when found. The question is not what the word meant originally, but what it meant to the writer when he used it. When our laborious friend once catches that idea he scores heavily. Let us take an instance—from "Hamlet":
>
> "When we have shuffled off this mortal coil."
>
> "That," says the rapid commentator, "means when we are dead." "Yes, quite so; but please explain the metaphor." "Well, evidently it is taken from the idea of a snake's sloughing his skin." "Not so fast," says the plodder. "*Coil* means *skin*? Perhaps." So we take down Mrs. Cowden Clarke's concordance, and find that "coil" is used twelve times in the plays; and in the eleven other cases the context shows clearly that it means *confusion, noise*—no idea of skin, wrappage, or curl of rope. "Shuffle" is used eight times; and in five of the seven other cases plainly means *to practise shifts or tricks—to do in a perfunctory way*; while in the remaining two the meaning is closely similar. One of our cases is from "Twelfth Night": "Oft good turns are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay" (*i.e.*, thanks). So "shuffle off" means *to elude, to get rid of somehow*; and our original statement has nothing to do with snakes, but means *when we have got rid, in one way or another, of the noisy confusion of our human life.*

—I am, &c., T. L. HUMBERSTONE.

Coventry.

Answered.

SIR,—In answer to a correspondent's query in last week's ACADEMY, I am writing to say that the book containing a description of the Garden of Eden is Eliot Warburton's *The Crescent and the Cross*. I cannot give the publisher's name as I have it in the Tauchnitz edition only.—I am, &c.,

Littlefield House, Exmouth. A. L. FERRAND.

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Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 105 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the plot of a short magazine story. The result is not encouraging. A short story should deal with one incident and its ramifications. A volume would be needed to work out many of the plots submitted. And we would remind amateurs in general that life is not entirely composed of murders, suicide, and anarchist plots. We award the prize to Mr. W. B. Smith, 162, Adelaide-road, N.W., for the following:

When the Hon. Felix Foresite accepted the portfolio of Transport in South Cooksland colonials expected great things. He was a "live" man, and had to save their export trade. Their hated rivals in North Cooksland had cut them out in the Japanese market.

So he assembled all stockowners, and pooled their interests so cleverly that carcases should be delivered at Yokohama to sell three halfpence a pound cheaper than their competitors. He bought six steamers, fitted them with freezing-chambers, and with engines giving two knots more than any North Cook boat.

When O'Shea, Premier of North Cooksland, read of these doings he sent for his nephew, who had been a ship's doctor, and therefore half a sailorman. He explained the dangers of this competition, and his nephew explained the use of ammonia as a freezing-agent and the properties of its gas. Both agreed that the first of the rivals reaching Yokohama would capture the trade.

The doctor took passage to Yokohama by the rival line, on the *Oharasu*. He ingratiated himself with all, especially the freezing-chamber engineer. The *Peter O'Shea* was sixteen hours behind when the *Oharasu* passed through the Heads into Yokohama harbour. As the *Oharasu* neared the wharf half the crew rushed on deck, and all the engine-hands. An escape of ammonia gas.

The engines were now without control; the captain steered the vessel twice madly round the harbour, cut down half-a-dozen sampans, and grazed through the Heads again to open sea. The gas worked off by degrees, but the *Peter O'Shea* had her cargo discharged first. The doctor dropped the key of the condensing-chamber into the water and winked.

Other replies are as follows:

A French peasant woman, during the Franco-Prussian War, finds a young wounded German scout. Moved by maternal compassion, and thinking of her only son, who, with his father, is absent in arms, she disregards the lad's nationality and nurses him back to convalescence. The tenderest bond of sympathy is formed between the two. While talking one day, she beseeches him to spare her son if Fate should ever bring them face to face, and shows him a photograph of the boy. The scout recognises it as that of his first victim, whose agonising face haunted him throughout his delirium. Unable to bear his position, he leaves the house without a word and hides in a wood, intending to make good his escape by night. Late the same evening the husband returns home invalided, and states that he found an enemy skulking round the house, and that, despite his disablement, he had killed him. He describes his victim. It was the scout. He produces a little gold rosary found in the dead man's pocket-book. It is the one the mother had clasped round her own boy's neck when he had set out. [S. C., London.]

Hannah Peile is a dressmaker whose hours all the week are timed to the click of the sewing-machine, and whose Sunday's rest is in the quiet Baptist Chapel. Here, unconsciously, she learns to listen to the voice instead of the words of the young minister. In the front pew is always seated a girl of Hannah's class to whom money has given a superior position. One day her engagement to the minister is announced, and in Hannah this awakens a new, stinging consciousness. Time passes, and Hannah is chosen to make the wedding-dress, when she has to listen to those near confidences of woman to woman. The night before the wedding she takes the dress to the bride's house, who, for superstitious reasons, refuses to put it on. Hannah is present to do so, and while the other is upstairs hunting for coral beads the minister enters. The dress and the darkness deceive him. He advances with open arms—to discover his mistake, and reads the secret in Hannah's eyes. He hurriedly takes his leave, and when the bride returns the dress is lying in tempestuous folds on the table, and the little dressmaker has fled. [E. C., Gravesend.]

The scene is laid in a village, where the actions of your neighbours and the advent of strangers form the only excitements. A mother and daughter inhabit a small house there, and strive, by continually starving the servant and a watchful economy in charities, to make a decent appearance. The result invariably leaves the local tradesmen with somewhat of a deficit. Into this society comes a young and wealthy novelist, whom the worldly-wise mother strives to ensnare into marrying her sordidly-minded daughter. The man, to whom a woman's disappointment is but a mere incident, more amusing than otherwise, sees through the artifice and flirts with her so desperately that both consider it a settled affair. They tell all their friends what a rich man he is, and linger lovingly on the advantages of so gifted and wealthy a connection. The denouncement comes with the daughter reading a private letter in his room, where she finds that he has only used her as a copy to make the love-scenes in his novels more sincere and realistic. [R. K. H., Epperstone.]

Major A—— is guardian to a young girl, Elsie S——, aged twenty years. On reaching the age of twenty-five she becomes heiress to a large fortune. The Major thinking that, all things considered, she will make an excellent wife for him, decides to propose to her; but not being sure of the legality of a guardian marrying his ward before she is of age, consults a young barrister friend of his, called Charles D——, carefully omitting to mention any name or give any clue to whom he really refers. Charles D—— assures him it is quite legal, and that a guardian may propose to his ward when and where he pleases. The barrister then takes his departure, and the Major sends for his ward, but she is nowhere to be found. In about two hours she returns, enters the Major's room and informs him she is engaged to be married, and wants his consent. "Who to?" inquires the Major, aghast. "Oh!" says Miss Elsie, "You know him well—he is a friend of yours—Charles D——. Will you give us your consent?" [C.A., Howth.]

James Higson, a money-lender trading secretly under an assumed name, but known in good society, has lent money to Tretherfe: he has sued him, but cannot get paid, since the security he took proved worthless, and Tretherfe lives at home, and has no property Higson can seize. Higson hears Tretherfe has married and taken a house with new furniture: his solicitor being away, Higson *personally* puts the bailiffs in and sells all furniture in the house during Tretherfe's absence on honeymoon: subsequently various solicitors write claiming damages from Higson, the furniture sold being partly Mrs. Tretherfe's and partly her brother's, the latter having intended to live at the Tretherfe's house and having brought *his own* furniture there: the bailiffs also claim damages for expenses incurred owing to wrongful seizure. Higson's solicitor advises the claims are legal: Higson must keep out of Court to conceal his identity and avoid ridicule, so perforce pays heavy damages to Mrs. Tretherfe and brother, which more than cancel Tretherfe's debt. Later, Higson meets the Tretherfes at a dinner-party, where Mrs. Tretherfe (American, pretty, vivacious) tells the whole story. Higson (being *incognito*) has to join in the general laughter at his own discomfiture. [E. W. H., Manchester.]

Amgar flew down the Hill of Allen like a curlew, and was soon lost in the starry bog on his way to count the foemen at Shanavoola (the-old-milking-place). Little he guessed that Morla, the King's daughter, was the cause of his dangerous mission. Yet she had insisted on his being sent through girlish wilfulness, because her father had upbraided her for loving Amgar. He returned pallid and bleeding, and, after delivering the numbers, fell dead. Under his harper's jacket were found two slips of elm-wood with these lines:

"Oh! were I a wood and thou, the night dark with my trees,
How I should keep thee, and have thee, and hold thee,
Here in my branches, here till the dawn!
But I am not a wood, and thou art a queen lovelier than the night,
For ever beautifully moving away to the music of my heart
Beating in vain from dawn to dawn."

Morla went among the foeman disguised as a harpist, and having killed Amgar's slayer, was stabbed on the spot. Sometimes in Glenaree (Glen-of-the-Kings) the bogmen hear a woman weeping at night, and snatches of a mournful, passionate singing; but many say it is the wind and the curlews. [W. A. H. B., Kildare.]

Replies also received from: E. H. H., London; F. L. W., Bradford; H. V. S., London; P. C. F., Cambridge; R. D., London; F. H., Leigh-on-Sea; F. B. G., London; P. A. L., Rugby; J. P., London; G. N., Bristol; E. M. W., London; H. S., Corfe Castle; T. C., Buxted; A. M. B., Godalming; F. B. D., Torquay.

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The Literary Week.

We publish this week a Supplement containing a classified list of books announced for publication during the autumn season.

Mr. Lockwood Kipling's illustrations to *Kim*, which is reviewed in another column, while admirably illustrating the story, present a novel appearance in book illustration, being reproduced from bas-reliefs. *Kim* was published simultaneously in England, the Colonies, the United States, Canada, Germany, France, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, and it is said that this story cost Mr. Kipling more work than any of his former books, some of the sections having been re-written a dozen times. Mr. Kipling continues his custom of printing snatches of original verse at the beginning of the chapters. They vary in interest and quality. One runs thus:

> Here come I to my own again—
> Fed, forgiven, and known again—
> Claimed by bone of my bone again,
> And sib to flesh of my flesh!
> The fatted calf is dressed for me,
> But the husks have greater zest for me,
> I think my pigs will be best for me,
> So I'm off to the styes afresh.

It is well known that many men holding appointments in Government offices devote a portion of their leisure to the writing, and also to the reviewing, of books. Nevertheless it was something of a surprise to a certain highly-placed and exclusive official to discover the other day that two of the reviews of an important book lately published by him were from the pens of the two juniors in his department.

There is an admirable suggestion for unsuccessful novelists in the practice which has just been adopted by the Rev. William Fergus, of Blythswood Church, Glasgow. Mr. Fergus is about to publish a novel called "Satan's Holiday," upon which he has long been engaged. By way, presumably, of advertising it, he has begun to read portions of the manuscript to his congregation. Mr. Fergus says he does not wish to offend Scottish prejudice by any disturbance of use and wont, and hence, before beginning to read from his novel, he announces that anyone desiring to leave may do so.

The forthcoming edition of the Collected Poems of Madame Duclaux will contain in a preface the following pretty and modest explanation of her identity and performance:

> Persuaded that no English readers will remember two foreign names, in addition to an English one, in connection with the person of one minor poet, I have reverted to that which I bore when first I wrote them. Mary James Darmesteter has no longer a right to exist. As regards the English public, Madame Duclaux has given no proof of her existence; she has before her a future of French prose, and leaves her English verses to Mary Robinson. . . . Entirely lyrical, intellectual, or romantic, these poems must sound as the merest tootling of Corydon's reed-pipe in ears accustomed to a heroic blare of trumpets or expecting the mystical melody of Tara's harp.

The current issue of the *Candid Friend* contains the following "Special Notice":

> The proprietors greatly regret to have to inform their readers that the founder and editor of this paper, Mr. Frank Harris, whose personality and ability are too well known to need commendation from them, has been compelled by ill-health temporarily to resign the editorship. They can but trust that Mr. Harris's health may soon be restored sufficiently to permit him to resume the duties of the position; and, in the meantime, notwithstanding his absence abroad, they hope to be helped by his counsel and ripe experience.

Chapter IV., Book I., of Mr. H. H. Joachim's *A Study of the Ethics of Spinoza* is entitled "God and His Modes." This was misread by a certain scribe as "God and His Moods," and drew from him the comment: "Dear me! What an excellent title for an article in the *Spectator*."

Mr. Hall Caine in a speech the other day in the Isle of Man, referring to *The Eternal City*, said "the Protestants complain that it is not Protestant; the Catholics that it is not Catholic." Our complaint is that it is not interesting.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Bernard Shaw is to re-issue *Cashel Byron's Profession* in a revised form with a new preface. Stevenson found this witty satire on the conventional view of life much to his taste. Mr. Shaw is also about to publish a new version of the story in Elizabethan blank verse, entitled *The Admirable Bashville; or, Constancy Unrewarded*, and *A Note on Modern Prize-fighting*.

The agricultural labourer will figure prominently in a volume, about to be issued, written by Mr. George Bourne, the author of a novel called *A Year's Exile*. The book is entitled *The Bettesworth Book*, and it consists simply of an exact record of actual "talks with a Surrey peasant," the peasant being an old man employed by the author for many years past as a gardener. Mr. Bourne achieved a considerable degree of intimacy with this peasant, who reveals his mind on nature, the weather, employers, animals, social customs, &c., &c., with much more freedom than labourers are wont to exhibit, except among themselves at the village inn. The book is put forward as a sociological document.

Mr. Jacob A. Riis, author of that powerful and suggestive book, *How the Other Half Lives*, is about to publish, through Messrs. Macmillan, *The Making of an American*. Mr. Riis is a Dane. Once a starving day-labourer, he is now one of the right kind of philanthropists in New York.

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THEY are discussing in America the desirability of reviving literary patronage. "Were it not better to seek to please a wealthy gentleman of taste and culture than a vast rabble who demanded so many million pages of writing per annum, to supply a mental opiate in the intervals of toiling, eating, and sleeping?" The answer to this is that the manufacture of mental opiates for the million is not the whole of the literary activity of to-day, and that if the advocate of patronage will open his eyes he will see that there is a public (far exceeding in enterprise and wealth any conceivable body of patrons) who do make honest and aspiring literature possible. The ease with which an artist can get good work published and recognised nowadays is ahead of anything that was possible in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and his opportunities are slowly but surely widening. This is the way of freedom and naturalness. It is odd, too, that the writers who clamour for patronage as the remedy for the reign of money in the book-market suggest that this patronage should be the hobby of millionaires. "What we want is the millionaire turned publisher," says a Chicago novelist and essayist. The artist is to write, and the millionaire is to stand the racket in exchange, we suppose, for dedications. We see no salvation here. Moreover, the evidence that there is a flood of genius dammed up, waiting only the turning of a golden key, is scarce and unconvincing.

REMINISCENCE and old-time gossip lend their aromas to the September issue of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*. Mr. John Fyvie writes about "The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington" in the comment-cum-quotation style which, unless it is done very badly indeed, is always interesting. Similarly Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower tells the life-story of another *grande dame*, to wit, Anne Luttrell, Duchess of Cumberland, whose unfinished portrait by Gainsborough was hardly known until Queen Victoria lent it to the Guelph Exhibition. Personal recollections of Rubinstein employ the pen of another gossipper, and Sir Algernon West, who is a social encyclopædia, strings together his memories of some "Celebrated Women of Recent Times." The flow of old memories is continued by Mrs. Amelia Young, who makes a volume of *The World* (1787) give up its quaintnesses, and by Mr. Wilfrid Sheridan, who brings forward some unpublished letters bearing on his ancestor, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In one of these the traditional "Sherry" is all himself:

> Chancery-lane, nr. Holloway's,
> Wednesday.
>
> DEAR SHAW,—I wish extremely you could call on me at the Albany before ten this evening; if not, I will meet you here punctually at twelve.—Yours truly,
>
> R. B. SHERIDAN.

Alas! this note bears the indorsement of Shaw:

> He did not attend at either place herein mentioned. Mem. sent me to Mr. Moore, who, he said, had some money for me from him (Sheridan). I met Mr. Moore and mentioned this. His answer was that he had none, &c.

Altogether, a good number of the *Anglo-Saxon*, and not nearly so wanting in actuality as we have made it appear, for Mr. Julian Corbett writes on War Correspondence, Mr. Frederic J. Crowest on Coronation Music, and Mr. Earl Hodgson on Liberalism.

STUDENTS of the religious novel—a form of fiction which we are told stands next on the rota of popularity—may like to make a note of some remarks dropped by Mr. James Macarthur, the pleasant literary gossipper of *Harper's Weekly* Mr. Macarthur says:

> Recently I had occasion to remark the distinction which *Robert Elsmere* and *John Inglesant* gained, in their time, as religious novels. I wonder if, half a century hence, they will be as entirely forgotten as is Miss Jewsbury's *Zoe, or The Two Lives*, which had its little day fifty years ago, and long since ceased to be. *Zoe* was not only the precursor of Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*, published three years after it in 1848, but of *Robert Elsmere*. It is of some importance to recall the appearance of this work, for in modern English fiction *Zoe* was the first novel in which the hero's career is made dependent on the victory of modern scepticism over ancient and orthodox belief. Like Robert Elsmere, he renounces religious orders and hierarchical distinction, and, burning with the desire to serve his fellow-men, devotes himself to humanise a half-savage people in one of the wildest iron districts of South Wales. His unwearied efforts are beginning to reap some reward when Mirabeau, on the eve of the French Revolution, arrives in England, and makes fierce love to the heroine, and a Methodist revival also reaches the village in which the hero has been labouring. The irony and tragic force of the closing chapters are very striking. The career of Miss Jewsbury's hero ends in his being cast forth from the village as an emissary of Satan, amid the storm provoked by a rude and ignorant Methodist ranter. Although, like Robert Elsmere, he also is cut off by premature death, it must be said that the close of *Zoe* is far less commonplace than that of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel.

Have any of our readers an acquaintance with *Zoe?*

THE *Fortnightly* has a good article by Mr. Harold Spender on Ravenna. "How lonely she lies to-day! Fringed with her melancholy pines, and lulled with no music except the croaking of the frogs, there she sinks into silent decay. Her streets are grass-grown. Her churches are empty. The very tourist shrinks from her depressed hostelries. He tries to come for the day and speeds away for the night, frighted by some vague rumour of fever, or ignorant of her claims to renown. And yet Ravenna took from Rome the fading glories of the latter Empire, and was lit for a brief space with the glory of that mighty sunset. Here was the twilight of the gods." Mr. Spender is soon standing by Dante's tomb, and walking under the frontage of Theodoric's palace. He does not, of course, forget Byron, but we could wish that Byron had enjoyed a more proportionate mention. There are not so many things in English poetry better than Byron's "Ave Maria" stanzas in "Don Juan." Some imp of darkness or accident made us misquote Byron a fortnight ago. We offer his shade the appeasement of this:

> Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
> The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
> Have felt that moment in its fullest power
> Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
> While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
> Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
> And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
> And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.
>
> Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
> Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
> Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
> Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
> Ave Maria! oh, that face so fair!
> Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
> What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
> That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.
>
> Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
> In nameless print, that I have no devotion;
> But set those persons down with me to pray,
> And you shall see who has the properest notion
> Of getting into Heaven the shortest way;
> My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
> Earth, air, stars—all that springs from the great Whole,
> Who hath produced, and will receive, the soul.
>
> Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude
> Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
> Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
> Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er,
> To where the last Cesarean fortress stood,
> Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
> And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me
> How have I loved the twilight hour and thee

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It is interesting to have Mr. Spender's note on the present state of the pine forest :

> The pines are not so thick as when Dante walked in the Vicole de Poeti, or even when Byron rode out to his daily pistol-practice. But there is no danger that the world will ever lose these immemorial trees, instinct with a world-melancholy, born partly of association and partly of their own gaunt mournfulness—lofty trunks, bare up to a great height, and then lifting their burdens of stiff fir into the blue Italian sky. There is something profoundly mournful about these stern sentinels of Ravenna in her decay. They are so unlike Italy. They seem to have been left behind by that Gothic army of Theodoric that encamped there, to keep watch and ward over the bones of all those wandering, hapless exiles from the North who have found in Italy at once their paradise and their grave.

Lovers of Scott will do well to possess themselves of the October number of *Chambers's Journal* for the sake of Miss Eve Blantyre Simpson's article on "Last Links with Scott." Some of her facts and stories appeared recently in the *British Weekly*, but others are added, and the whole forms a very interesting and touching record of the recollections of the little and ever-lessening band of those who remember him. Undoubtedly the most striking of these memories is Mr. George Croal's. He distinctly remembers the speech in which Sir Walter avowed his authorship of his Waverley Novels, and the storm of enthusiasm it aroused.

Some interesting particulars concerning the proposed Victor Hugo Museum in Paris are given by the *New York Times Saturday Review*. The Museum will be opened on February 26 of next year as part of the centenary celebration of Hugo's birth at 6, Place de Vosges, then known as the Place Royal. The prime mover in these celebrations is the aged M. Meurice, Hugo's Boswell, known of late to English readers by his presentment of Hugo's love-letters. M. Meurice is over eighty years of age, and he will crown Hugo's and his own careers by giving to the Museum, besides a goodly sum of money, a collection of MSS., portraits, busts, books, and other Hugoana. Of M. Meurice's unflagging devotion to Hugo's genius, M. Henry Fouquier made eloquent mention recently in the *Figaro* as follows :

> I cannot imagine a spectacle more moving than that of this magnificent old man—for Meurice is over eighty—a writer of great merit himself, content still to figure as a disciple. He has constituted himself the guardian of the fame of Victor Hugo—that master of an entire literary generation—a master who seems a god. Yet this god of poetry really needs some defence against the disrespect of certain writers of our day. It would not be difficult to find, with a little research, a certain tiny chapel—so very tiny that its officiating priests may appear giants—where one of the articles of faith is that there cannot be found in all the works of Hugo one page that is worth the *Voiseau Ivre* of Verlaine's *bel ami*, Arthur Rimbaud. . . . This sort of disrespect may well be classed as the worst of literary snobbishness.

A Victor Hugo monument is to be unveiled, and the Victor Hugo revivals will fill the theatres.

"Number from First to Sixth, according to taste and service of audience." In this note referring to the blank left in the last line of each stanza of his new verses, "M. I.," published in the *Windsor Magazine*, Mr. Kipling confesses the banjo. But the verses are a very good banjo libretto, and they will be appreciated by the Mounted Infantry :

I wish my mother could see me now, with a fence-post under my arm,
And a knife and a spoon in my putties that I found on a Boer farm;
Atop of a sore-backed Argentine with a thirst that you couldn't buy—
I used to be in the Hampshires once
(Glosters, Lincolns, and Rifles once),
Sussex, Scottish, and Yorkshires once! (*ad lib.*)
But now I am M. I.!
That is what we are known as—that is the name you must call
If you want officers' servants, pickets, an' 'orse-guards an' all—
Details for buryin'-parties, company cooks, or supply—
Turn out the chronic Ikonas! Roll up the —— M. I.!

.

I wish my mother could see me now, a-gatherin' news on my own,
When I ride like a General up to the scrub an' ride back like Tod Sloan—
Remarkably small on my 'orse's neck to let the shots go by.
We used to fancy it risky once
(Called it a reconnaissance once),
Under the charge of an orf'cer once,
But now we are M. I.!
That is what we are known as—that is the word you must say
When you want men to be Mausered for one-and-a-penny a day.
We are no dollar Colonials—we are the 'ome-made supply;
Write to the London Ikonas! Ask for the —— M. I.

We hear great things of the success of the new art magazine, the *Connoisseur*, of which Messrs. Sampson Low are the English publishers. The October number has a very prosperous and inviting appearance. Reproduction of masterpieces in colour is apparently to be one of the *Connoisseur's* strong points, that of Morland's "Farmer's Stable" in the National Gallery being admirable. There is also an excellent facsimile of a colour print by Kunisada, "The Travellers," with a landscape in the background by Hiroshige II. In the Sale Room column we have an interesting *olla podrida* of notes, from which we "lift" the following :

> One of the most curious books that ever was written by an adept in the art of unravelling mystery was seen in a London sale-room a month or two ago. It sold for ten shillings, and was therefore not worth mentioning from a merchantable point of view, albeit it was cheap at the money. It is known as *Hermippus Redivivus; or, The Sage's Triumph over Old Age and the Grave*; the author, one Hans Heinrich Cohausen, it seems—for no name is given on the treatise—a physician born at Heidelsheim in 1665, who had the misfortune to die, in spite of his theory, at the comparatively early age of eighty-five. Had he not been knocked down by a cart at Münster, he ought to have been living still, for the method of prolonging the vigour and life of man, as laid down by this sage, makes it as certain as anything can do—on paper—that no one who follows it can possibly shuffle off this mortal coil in a natural way till he is as old as Methuselah. Cohausen, in his search for the elixir, had come across an inscription on an old monument, which set forth that Lucius Clodius Hermippus, whose remains were entombed below, had lived to the age of a hundred and fifteen years and five days, "anhelitu puerorum"—*i.e.*, by imbibing the breath of young boys—and his treatise is written to prove that this is no fanciful inscription, but conveys the sober truth. On paper, as we have said, he proves his case up to the hilt, and it is a thousand pities that the Münster vehicle deprived him of life just at the very moment when it was beginning to become interesting. Hermippus is dead, it is true, and he died young; but that was because he did not know the whole truth—he was but a pioneer whom an accident foiled.

The *Rambler* rambles this week into a tirade against "The Real *John Milton*"—accusing him, of course, of treachery, double-dealing, and domestic tyranny. "All through his Life, Self was his God." After a rapid and unsparing summary of Milton's political and matrimonial life, the writer remarks : "He devoted himself to Poetry and the dragooning of his Daughters," and that is all we hear of his poetry :

> He died with scarcely a Friend in the World, his natural sourness intensified by Poverty, Blindness, and Disease.

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> It is difficult to commiserate him, for, whatever Admiration his Poetry may inspire, we cannot forget that he reviled his murthered King. He died with querulous Complaints about evil Times and evil Tongues, unrepentant of his own Wickedness, full of Envy and Malice at the Restoration of that national Happiness which his scurvy Soul could not share.

Milton's is one of those lives which can never be cast into a form acceptable to all. He lived in warring times and took sides, and his partisanship will always signify, because the struggles in which he was engaged will always be deeply significant. To this welter of forces in which his memory dwells, must be added the incompleteness of his character and its harsh and masterful elements. These again will always signify, because they share the undying significance of marriage. All of which is no endorsement of the *Rambler's* high jinks in the judgment-seat.

We have received from Messrs. A. Constable & Co. a set of twenty volumes of their new edition of Shakespeare. It is well printed on good paper, and each volume contains an illustration, printed in colours, by such artists as Mr. Byam Shaw, Mr. Leslie Brock, Mr. Jacomb Hood, and others. The volumes are to be issued at fortnightly intervals, and will be sold separately at half-a-crown each.

We suppose the juxtaposition of the following paragraphs, which appeared in a contemporary, was quite accidental:

> In a glove fight at Fort Erie yesterday, says Reuter's Buffalo correspondent, Jim Ferns knocked out Frank Erne in the fifth round.
>
> Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. have in preparation the first volume of the Cloister Library, a new series, which is to contain a choice selection of works of a meditative character.

Bibliographical.

It is a little surprising to note in the lists of forthcoming books a new study of Walt Whitman. One would have thought that the last word had been said concerning that strenuous personality. It is only a few years since we had —all within the same twelvemonth—the books on Whitman by J. A. Symonds, J. Burroughs, and T. Donaldson, two of which, at least, were worthy of remembrance. Prior to that came books on the same topic by R. G. Ingersoll (1894), H. L. Traubel (1894), and W. Clarke (1892). Going farther back, we come across the volume on Whitman by R. Bucke (1883). But the number of such things is legion. One of the earliest and one of the fairest estimates of Whitman was that which the late Robert Buchanan included in his *David Gray and Other Essays* (1868). "Artistic sympathies," he then wrote, "Walt Whitman has none; he is that curiously-crying bird—a prophet with no taste. He sees vividly, but he is not always so naturally moved to sing exquisitely. He has the swagger of the prophet, not the sweetness of the musician. Hence all those crude metaphors and false notes which must shock artists, those needless bestialities which repel prudes, that general want of balance and that mental dizziness which astonish most Europeans."

Messrs. Ward & Lock have just issued a story by Mr. Le Queux called *The Temptress*, and Mr. Le Queux has promptly called attention to the fact that the work is not a new one, having been brought out originally in 1895 by the Tower Publishing Company. There can be no objection to this fact being known, but it is not quite clear that Messrs. Ward & Lock were called upon to blazon it forth. There is nothing in their edition of the tale which states or implies that it is a fresh product of the author's ingenuity. I assume that Mr. Le Queux parted with the copyright of the story, and that the Tower Company transferred it to Messrs. Ward & Lock "for a consideration." The resuscitation of *The Temptress* has led sundry reviewers to deal with it as a novelty, but that is nobody's fault but their own. The incident should be of value to young authors, who should be careful, when surrendering their copyright, to make certain stipulations about the future of their work—about the manner and circumstances in which it may be reproduced by and by. If literary beginners nowadays commit acts of folly, it is not from want of warning and exhortation.

Let us hope the best from Lord Dufferin's promised Introduction to the new edition of the works of Sheridan. About those works it is not perhaps possible to say anything new, but assuredly Sheridan owes very little to his critics. Macaulay was hostile; Mrs. Oliphant was utterly at sea. The most sympathetic of his censors was, I take it, Hazlitt; we must remember, too, the essay by Leigh Hunt. One of the most competent of the commentators was Mr. Brander Matthews, U.S.A., who wrote the biographical sketch for the edition of Sheridan's "Rivals" and "School for Scandal," American in origin, which Messrs. Chatto & Windus sent out in 1885. This edition, by the way, had illustrations from the pencils of Mr. E. A. Abbey, Mr. C. S. Reinhart, &c.

Sir Rennell Rodd's appointment to Rome has induced a few people to remember that he is not only a diplomatist but a writer of verses. As a matter of fact, he has been publishing rhymes for two decades at least. Since 1881, when he issued *Songs in the South*, he has produced *Poems in Many Lands* (1883), *Freda, and Other Poems* (1886), *The Unknown Madonna, and Other Poems* (1888), *The Violet Crown and Songs of England* (1892), and *Ballads of the Fleet* (1897). As Sir Rennell is only forty-three years of age, we may look, I dare say, for more such volumes.

Mr. Horace E. Scudder, who is to give us the authoritative *Life of J. R. Lowell*, should already be tolerably well known to the English public. Messrs. Sampson Low published in 1882 his monograph on *Noah Webster* ("American Men of Letters" series); and his *Childhood in Literature and Art* (1894) and *History of the United States of America* (1897) have both had English publishers. Certain other books of his—such as *Boston Town* (1881), *The Bodley Grandchildren* (1882), *The Bodley Family in England* (1883), *The Viking Bodleys* (1884), *Stories and Romances* (1886), *Book of Folk Stories* (1887), and *George Washington* (1889)—have also had some circulation in this country. Mr. Scudder, I may add, anticipated Mr. Herbert Paul in entitling a volume of critical essays *Men and Letters*. That was in 1887.

The latest biography of Wagner is to come to us from America, being the work of Mr. W. L. Henderson, who is, I believe, a Transatlantic critic of some note. No doubt it will show reasons for its existence, but meanwhile we are pretty well supplied with Wagner memoirs of one sort or another. One of the first was that which the late Dr. Hueffer contributed to the "Great Musicians" series in 1883. Then came a translation of F. Muncken's book (1891), F. Praeger's recollections of the composer (1892), H. T. Finck's monograph (1893), and H. S. Chamberlain's work (1897), to say nothing of a big biography, from the German, now in course of publication. Of Wagner's correspondence, of course, several volumes have been issued.

The recent revivals of Shakespeare's "Henry V." will no doubt help to enlarge the public demand for the volume on Henry, "the typical mediæval hero," which Messrs. Putnam promise us. Messrs. Benson and Waller have made Henry popular in quarters where next to nothing was known of him. It is now about twelve years since the Rev. A. J. Church wrote for the "English Men of Action" a sketch of the career of Henry. The coming volume will probably be a more elaborate performance.

The Bookworm.

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Reviews.

The Old Quest.

The Hearts of Men. By H. Fielding. (Hurst & Blackett. 10s. 6d.)

THIS is a book by itself. It is not a great book, nor an epoch-making book, nor a book that libraries and clubs will buy. Divines will not use it as a text for sermons, and it will not be discussed at dinner-tables to the accompaniment of wandering inspections of frocks and stealthy glances at the *menu*. Yet it is, in its way, a rare, an exceptional book. It is sincere from cover to cover, the work of a lonely, brooding, introspective, but not unhappy man, on whom the riddle and mystery of existence has pressed heavily, and whose inner life-task has been to discover what he believes, and what is the meaning of the world's many religions. It is the search for a new faith, by a man "who did not find it, because he knew not what he sought." Many writers would have cast their reflections into the form of a novel, as Mr. James Lane Allen did in *The Increasing Purpose*. Mr. Fielding has preferred the directer form of veiled autobiography. For that we are grateful. The Boy referred to impersonally through these pages is himself; so is the Man.

We have called *The Hearts of Men* an exceptional book. That is so, and only an exceptional nature can produce an exceptional book. With this author the child was father to the man. As a boy he was of those (unenviable, unhappy few!) who take things hardly, who must for ever be asking why, who are not content with conventional theories from earthy elders, who will not be fobbed off with specious explanations. The curious, rebellious mind of this child was not quieted by contact with the world, as so often happens. The same questionings pursued him as a man, and it almost might be said that Providence or Fate worked with him, so that he might win through, helped by an exceptional environment, to his goal. Not for this seeker after God the distracting life of cities, competition, and the exhausting struggle to pay the way. His career sent him to the East, whence has come "all our light," the birthplace of religions, the home of those whom Max Müller has called "the most spiritual race the world has ever known," the country, conquered and yet in vital matters all unconquered by us, where "they carry their religion about with them," where "they are proud of it," where "they desire all men to know it." There, in a house half-way up a mountain side, he lived many years, much alone, with his books, his thoughts, and the marvel of the dawn, continually asking of himself and of nature: "What is the truth of things? what do you mean? And I—what do I mean? What is the secret of it all?"

Old questions! The libraries of the world are dark with books that have attempted to answer them. Shall we listen to this inquirer for a little? He comes with good credentials. Many quiet lives have profited by his former book, *The Soul of a People*. That was an attempt to understand a people, the Burmese; to understand a religion, that of Buddha. But he could not rest in Buddhism, although its rule of Law—unalterable, unchangeable—known by the Buddhist "long before our scientific men found it in the stars," held him with a firmer grasp than any other religion. He must pursue his Quest.

It is a simple narrative, the work of one who feels, rather than of one who thinks; mystical if you like, never philosophical. The sentences are short, the style candid as a child's face. He has nothing new to tell. Who, outside science, has? In the course of his inquiry tradition and authority are gracefully returned to their graves; creeds and other inventions of subtle minds are gently discarded; and in the hearts of men and women alive to-day, whose personal religion, whose daily conduct of life, rises above their creeds, he finds his answer. But his path was long and tortuous. Let us follow him a little.

We pass over his boyhood, and the agony he endured from being unable to reconcile the week-day code as shown in the daily life of a public school, and the Sunday code as taught in chapel and at prayers; we pass the awakening that came from reading the *Origin of Species* and the *Descent of Man*, and come to the man who is, for better or worse, committed to his Quest. It will not be denied. He must find his way or perish. Surely, he reflects, not an impossible task. In this Empire of ours all the great religions are to be found. "It is the home of Brahminism, and of the mystical forms of Hinduism. There are more Mohammedans here than under the Sultan of Roum. There are the Parsees here, fugitives long ago from Persia on account of their faith, the only sun worshippers who are left. There are Jews who came here no one can tell how long ago, there are Christians who date back may-be eighteen centuries, there are Armenians and Arabs."

> If anyone want a faith here are enough and to spare. "Therefore," thought the boy, who had now become a man, "I will seek here for what I want. I know what I want. I have it clearly before me. I have even written it down. It is not as if I was undertaking a blind search for something of which I was not sure. These are my three essentials; a reasonable theory of the universe, a workable and working code of conduct, a promise in the after life that gives me something to really desire, to really hope for, to be a haven towards which I may steer. I will take each subject, each section of a subject, separately and read it up. I will read up these faiths from books, I will study them as I can from the people, and I will see what they are. Surely somewhere can be found what I desire, what I desire so greatly to find."

He bought shelves of books, and read them intently, hope always lurking in the unturned leaves. Books on Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Judaism, Parseeism, Confucianism, Jainism he read, and on many other strange faiths. But most of all he read about Buddhism. Several years of his life were thus spent. Then he collected certain ideas from various faiths, correlated and compared them; and, after endless labour, he had advanced no farther, we gather, than the conception (there the savage and Mr. Herbert Spencer join hands) that "God is the Big Man who causes things." One by one this Solitary rejected the faiths of the world, till there were left to him but two—Christianity and Buddhism—and these in time went the way of the others. He found neither in Christ nor in Buddha the models men follow, "because men are sure that, though there be truth in their teachings, yet it is not all the truth, though there be beauty yet are there other beauties as great, nay greater than these." And so, by slow degrees, always simplifying, he began to feel his way towards his goal, getting his first glimpse the day he realised that "God arose, never out of reason, always out of instinct." Finally he turns away from the creeds that the spiritual geniuses of the world have formulated, puts his books aside, and steps down into the life around him, saying: "Man and his necessities are the eternal truth, and all his religions are but framed by himself to minister to his needs. I will now go to those who know because they *know*, not because they think. My books shall be the hearts of men."

There Part I. of *The Hearts of Men* ends. In Part II. he tells how, following this clue, he found the path that led to peace. He had learnt "never to be deceived by theories or professions"; that "the desire for immortality is one of the strongest of all the emotions; but the ideal which the theologian offers to the believer to fulfil his desire has no attraction. The more it is defined the less anyone wants it. . . . Dogmas and creeds are not religion. . . . Never mind what the creeds say; watch what the believers do. . . . Who are the happy men and women in the world? They are the people who have religion. . . . Religion is

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not what you say, but what you feel; not what you think, but what you do. . . . The creeds are but theories to explain religion. . . . No matter where you go, no matter what the faith is called, if you have the hearing ear, if your heart is in unison with the heart of the world, you will always hear the same song. . . . Religion arises from instincts . . . There is no 'evidence' in religion; you either believe it or you don't. . . . The great *doers* have always been religious, the great thinkers rarely so. . . . The faiths are all brothers, all born of the same mystery . . . They all come from that fount whence springs the life of the world."

Which is to echo St. Paul's words that the Spirit of God dwells in every man, the Spirit of that one "God who is above all and through all and in you all."

Many are certainly inclining to some such simple faith, carrying with it simple rules of conduct. It is the business of living in this world, the duty of cheerfulness, the necessity of discipline in pleasure as well as in work, with which men are at last beginning to concern themselves. Some are even beginning to ask whether they desire immortality. In the September issue of the *Fortnightly Review*, an Oxford don, Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, prints the following questions, which have been sent out broadcast by the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research:

I. Would you prefer (*a*) to live after "death," or (*b*) not?
II. (*a*) If I. (*a*), do you desire a future life whatever the conditions may be?
(*b*) If not, what would have to be its character to make the prospect seem tolerable? Would you, *e.g.*, be content with a life more or less like your present life?
(*c*) Can you say what elements in life (if any) are felt by you to call for its perpetuity?
III. Can you state *why* you feel in this way, as regards Questions I. and II?
IV. Do you NOW feel the question of a future life to be of urgent importance to your mental comfort?
V. Have your feelings on Questions I., II., and IV. undergone change? If so, when and in what ways?
VI. (*a*) Would you like to *know for certain* about the future life, or (*b*) would you prefer to leave it a *matter of faith?*

A sign of the times. It is the life that tells. Who chooses a friend or a clerk for his creed? It is a man or woman's religion that makes and holds friendships, religion being (it is Mr. Fielding's definition) "the recognition and cultivation of our highest emotions, of our more beautiful instincts, of all that we know is best in us." In the outward expression of his own hardly-won inner life man rises above his creed. The Newman who lives is not the subtle dialectician of the *Apologia*, but the man who wrote: "One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves"; the Paul who holds the hearts of men is not the Paul of the "there are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial," but the human heart which broke through the fine meshes that the intellect had been weaving in that great outburst: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity. . . ."

A Great Surgeon.

Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget. Edited by Stephen Paget, One of His Sons. (Longmans. 12s. 6d.)

It has been said that the worst biographer, and a great enemy of sound biography, is the Widow. We do not think that such an indictment can be brought against the Son. As a rule, we find sons' biographies of their fathers good reading. They may err, as this and most biographies do, in being too long; but they are not seldom frank and manly. The life-stories of Sir John Millais and Archbishop Benson, as written by their sons, have these qualities, and the book before us is another example of a just biography by a son. Mr. Stephen Paget has in his father a subject which warrants, and demands, eulogy. Sir James Paget was a very fine man, who rose in life by unceasing effort yet with an unfailing natural dignity and humility. Thus he excites two kinds of admiration. Yet there is a carefulness and a studious quietude in all Mr. Stephen Paget's praise of his father which are grateful to the reader. Not only there is the book good. Mr. Paget has an instinct for biography. He understands the charm of detail and of interiors. This is how he pictures his father working of an evening in his great house in Harewood Place, where he lived and gave consultations for thirty-six years:

> He usually came in about five, for tea and letters. Dinner was a very plain meal, soon over; a Spartan sort of dessert was put out upstairs; he fetched his books and papers from his study, unlocked his desk, and set to work, at a narrow segment of the table that we all used. Two feet and a half was enough for his desk, his letters, and his glass of wine; and always, year in and out, he sat at the same point of the table's compass, and made the least possible space do for everything. He began work at once, took his wine and his tea while he wrote; heard and praised the music, but did not stop writing for it; at ten read prayers, then wrote till twelve, and sent his first batch of letters to the post; then wrote again, or read pathology or surgery till one or two in the morning. Of all memories of Harewood Place, the most vivid is of him sitting at his own small share of the big round table at his desk; and we knew the moment when he signed a letter, and the etching sound of his pen changed to a swishing sound as he wrote his name.

Again, we wish to know the manner of a great London physician to his patients. It is one of the things that is asked and discussed in regard to every doctor. Mr. Paget does not fail us:

> His manner toward new patients was rather formal; it was an ordeal for some of them to consult him. He used to stand while he spoke to his patients, and was sparing of his words, but careful to write or talk fully and precisely to the medical man who had advised or brought the patient to consult him. With those patients who talked much he was silent; he said it was the quickest way in the end; and he was fond of trying in how few words he could write or say a thing. Once he was challenged to a sort of contest in brevity, and accepted the challenge. His adversary was a Yorkshireman, who came into his consulting-room and merely thrust out his lip, saying, "What's that?" "That's cancer," he answered. "And what's to be done with it?" "Cut it out." "What's your fee?" "Two guineas." "You must make a deal of money at that rate." And there the consultation ended. He saved his words to save time and because it amused him to save them, and not from any love of talking in oracles. To be brief was to be wise, to be epigrammatic was to be clever; and his constant word of praise was "wise."

We have plunged *in medias res*, and it is not our purpose to trace Paget's long career from the year 1830, when he was apprenticed to a doctor in Yarmouth, his native town, to his death less than two years ago. It is a record of strenuous toil, slowly but at last richly rewarded. In the autobiographical memoir which he left, and which is the basis of this biography, he wrote: "If I had died before I was forty-seven I should have left my wife and children in extreme poverty. . . . If I had died or had become unfit for hard work before I was sixty, they would have been very poor." This is the statement of a great West End surgeon who rose to the height of his fame and to the proverbial £10,000 a-year when most men are beginning to slacken in the struggle. Honour retarded his acquisition of honours, for during years of his early career he was joining with his brothers in the discharge of debts incurred by his father, whose good fortune had ebbed in late life

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leaving him poor, but blameless in the eyes of a censorious world.

Sir James Paget, like Dr. W. B. Richardson, has a good word for the old apprenticeship system, whereby a student learned at the outset of his career a great deal of miscellaneous medical knowledge and many points of practice. His early studies were continued at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, but under conditions very different from those of to-day. He crept slowly from one little success or appointment to another, and in his first year discovered, without getting much credit for it, the parasite *Trichnia spiralis*. At twenty-two, being only a little way advanced in his profession, and quite without prospects, Paget became engaged to be married. This indiscretion was the happiest event of his life, "the beginning of an engagement which for nearly eight years gave me help and hope enough to make even the heaviest work seem light, and then ended in a marriage blest with constancy of perfect mutual love not once disturbed. No human wisdom could have devised a step so wise as was this rash engagement." What his work was in quantity and effort may be gathered from the pages of his own memoir. It included every kind of task, even teaching and medical journalism and the cataloguing of the collection in the Royal College of Surgeons Museum. A glimpse of his thoroughness and scientific methods is given in regard to this catalogue, which occupied much of his time for seven years:

> I described every specimen as I saw it standing or lying before me; nothing was to be told but what could be then and there seen; nothing that could be only imagined or remembered; there was to be mere translation from eyes to hand. And I venture to say that in tasks of scientific description no other method than this, where it is possible, should be trusted.

The work seemed arid enough, but Paget's mental fibre was of the best, and the long years of waiting, on an income averaging £170 a year, were lived by him in consistent effort and fidelity to his career. His tasks were so long and hard that "nothing in after life could seem laborious."

It was as a consulting surgeon and pathologist, and as a lecturer on pathology, that Paget gained wealth and fame. In practice, says his son, "his highest excellence was not in operating, but in his calculation of all the complex forces at work on a patient—heredity, temperament, habits, previous illnesses; in his insight into the variations and abnormalities of disease; and in his pathological knowledge or the characters, tendencies, and developments of surgical diseases." With the highest medical and surgical sagacity went a rare talent in exposition. Paget was an orator, if into that word you read the severe dominance of matter over mere eloquence, and of serious purpose over verbal art. The many extracts from his addresses which Mr. Stephen Paget quotes prove that he was a master of the kind of oratory which could alone serve him and his hearers. We wish space permitted us to copy a good many of these passages. The following words from a lecture on Degeneration are specially worth quoting, because they deal with a subject on which he meditated much in relation to himself:

> To degenerate and die is as normal as to be developed and live; the expansion of growth and the full strength of manhood are not more natural than the decay and feebleness of a timely old age; not more natural, because not more in accordance with constant laws as observed in ordinary conditions. As the development of the whole being, and of every element of its tissues, is according to certain laws, so is the whole process regulated, by which all that have life will, as of its own workings, cease to live. The definition of life that Bichat gave is, in this view, as untrue as it is illogical. Life is so far from being "the sum of the functions that resist death," that it is a constant part of the history of life that its exercise leads naturally to decay, and through decay to death.

Compare these words, delivered during his thirties before the Royal College of Surgeons—where some of his seniors were vexed to sit under "a mere boy"—with what he wrote to Sir Henry Acland as late as 1896:

> I am, thank God, well, and may have been refreshed, in some measure, by my holiday. But I am growing very old, and as I watch the changes that old age brings, I constantly feel sure that they are such as one should be thankful for—including as they do the consciousness that the "time draweth near," and that, in the short time that may remain, there is very little claim or need for the work that almost wholly occupied one's earlier days; and that one's mind is wholly unfit for the study of such subjects as used to be one's delight and seemed to be one's duty; and that thus and by various other means one is being taught how best to use the time thus mercifully granted, and, as it were, divinely set apart and exactly fitted for its best use.

Thus becomingly did a well-knit, ordered and richly stored life draw to its close. We have not named a tenth of his occupations and triumphs. His friendships might have detained us. He bore the pall at Tennyson's funeral. We find him at the Grillion Club, sitting between Gladstone and Matthew Arnold. George Eliot writes to him about medical points for her stories. Browning and Romanes are his guests at Harewood Place, where Paget's firm, fine face lights up as Browning tells a story of a girl in their Italian lodgings who regularly stole their tea, which they bore with, but were angry when their candles went too, yet were mollified when they found out that she stole the candles to burn before a little shrine in expiation of her thefts from the tea-caddy. Well born in the best sense, as he tells us, well nurtured and companioned in his home, early married, faithful to himself and to his profession, Sir James Paget rose by the sheer headway of his character, without pushing or advertisement, until in the fulness of time he became a spectacle of all that is dignified and highly trained in man.

Millais painted his portrait. Photography has perpetuated his kind yet firm features, and his mild yet lofty looks. When he stood under Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Hunter at the Royal College of Surgeons, to deliver the Hunterian Oration before an audience which included the Prince of Wales, Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, Dean Stanley, Mr. Huxley, Mr. Tyndall, and many other distinguished men, one feels that he must have earned from them all the judgment which Gladstone expressed afterwards, when he divided mankind into two sets—the happy few who heard that oration and the to-be-pitied many who did not.

Good Art Criticism.

The Study and Criticism of Italian Art. By Bernhard Berenson. (Bell. 10s. 6d.)

A HANDSOME book and one all alive is Mr. Berenson's latest addition to the several volumes that bear his name. Vitality, indeed, is its most penetrating quality; vitality of style, vitality of content—and this in an age when Swinburne's "apes of the Dead Sea" are nowhere more active than in the field of art-writing. Mr. Berenson goes forward with a stride, an ease, a certainty that, translated into terms of paint, would stamp him one of the masters; and his thoroughness is that of a German who has learnt to think in English.

Mr. Berenson is always instructive, but with erudition he combines a rare gift for speculation of the right sort. His *Vasari in the Light of Recent Publications*, for instance, saves us any amount of trouble by establishing quite clearly how much and how little the Tuscan Boswell owed to his predecessors. Vasari was not the first writer to collect personal paragraphs about his beloved Florentines, but he was the first of any moment. The "Anonimo Maglia-

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becchiano," an industrious but flat-footed compiler, Antonio Billi, who preceded him, are so lucidly explained that, except for professional purposes, we feel nothing could induce us to examine a body of material so inferior to the structure quarried from it by Vasari. The Tuscan was an artist; his predecessors were not. They did good service, however, in preparing the way and furnishing matter for those indispensable "Vite."

Mr. Berenson, we make bold to say, is at his best in the paper on "Amico di Sandro." Like the late Dr. Owen, he constructs the entire animal out of some fossilised remains. In other words, he has found a new master, and, too, a very necessary one. "There exists a group of Florentine pictures . . . which at present pass under the names of Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, and Filippino Lippi"—this group is evidently the work of someone else. Mr. Berenson's task is, primarily, to prove it homogeneous; secondly, to find the *homo*. This he does so convincingly that one of our most haunting doubts is gradually dissolved. In the royal apartments of the Pitti Palace, opposite the "Pallas" discovered by Mr. Spence, hangs a circular Madonna put up by the curator. Mr. Cornish describes his "find" as a Botticelli: arguing that there is nobody else to whom it can reasonably be ascribed. This Madonna is Botticelliesque, but inferior in quality to the real thing. It is second-rate, and might well be the work of one of Sandro's followers; indeed, of the very person, who, on similar grounds, Mr. Berenson christens "Amico di Sandro." We have not examined this piece with any minuteness, but, so far as we recollect, it bears much the same relation to a representative Botticelli that the Naples "Virgin and Child with Two Angels" does to the Chigi Madonna.

The speculative work to which we have just alluded is brilliantly carried out; no strain is put upon the intelligence—indeed, we turn from "Amico di Sandro," feeling more than anything the moderation with which his claims are urged. The like spirit infuses a highly exciting paper on "Certain Copies after Lost Originals by Giorgione." Not so very long ago Mr. Herbert Cook treated the same subject; but here Giorgione was lurking behind every tree. Mr. Cook was so anxious that no possible example should escape that he committed excesses. Mr. Berenson is content with a smaller haul, and never too eager to saddle his hero with the work of a lesser hand. He also, it is interesting to read, plumps for the Hampton Court "Shepherd Boy." Mr. Cook quite spoiled the case for the prosecution by a somewhat shaky ascription to Torbido, and by an enthusiastic acceptance of work much inferior to the "Shepherd Boy"; also by neglecting the morphological evidence which Mr. Berenson uses to such advantage.

In conclusion, we must call the reader's attention to some very excellent, if less mature, work on Correggio; to a paper dealing with the earlier Venetian masters as exemplified by the exhibition held some years ago at the New Gallery; and to a very suggestive note on the actual images seen in the "mind's eye" of Dante. The "Perugini," on p. 11, is a misprint for "Perugino"—nor would Charles Dickens's son-in-law have it otherwise. The book is illustrated with many pertinent reproductions.

Our Own Times.

Modern Europe: 1815—1899. By W. Alison Phillips. (Rivingtons.)

THIS is an excellent book, which should certainly be in every newspaper office. In the space of 600 pages Mr. Phillips contrives to give a connected and readable history of Europe from the Battle of Waterloo down to the outbreak of the Boer War; and when we consider that this period includes the revolutionary upheavings of 1848, the Crimean, Franco-Austrian, Austro-Prussian, Franco-Prussian, and Russo-Turkish wars, together with the founding of two new Great Powers in the Kingdom of Italy and the Empire of Germany, the task may well seem Herculean. In order to effect it, Mr. Phillips has to cut all descriptions of campaigns, and, in fact, of all military affairs, as short as possible; but perhaps this is no great loss. With the increasing complications of the military art, it may be doubted whether long descriptions of strategy and tactics such as Kinglake attempted in his *Crimea* have much permanent value.

The story that Mr. Phillips has to tell may serve to remind us how quickly events once familiar are receding from us. To a generation which has seen Mr. Gladstone's Bulgarian atrocity agitation and its faint recrudescence over the Armenian massacres, it seems odd to hear that the independence of the Greece which has been so long the spoiled child of Europe was not accomplished without barbarities to which the Bulgarian and Armenian horrors are as feathers:

> The Greek clergy [says Mr. Phillips, in describing the insurrection of 1821], headed by Archbishop Germanos of Patras, took the lead in proclaiming a war against the infidel; and the Mussulmans of the Morea, taken by surprise, had no time in which to organise resistance. At the outburst of the revolt these numbered some 25,000 souls; within six weeks none survived save the remnant which had escaped into the fortified towns. These, too, as one by one the strong places were starved into submission, were massacred with every aggravation of barbarity. The storming of Tripolitza followed by the deliberate slaughter in cold blood of 2,000 Mussulman prisoners of all ages and sexes, completed the first chapter in the history of the revolt.

When we consider that during the last Greco-Turkish war neither side had anything to complain of in the treatment of wounded or prisoners, we may flatter ourselves that public opinion in Europe has made some ethical advance in at least one particular.

Whether it has done so in others is more open to doubt. Metternich is compared by Mr. Phillips to Mephistopheles as being the very spirit of unbelief; yet it is difficult to say that in point of public faith we have gone far forward since his time. Nothing is more striking in this history than the cynical way in which European statesmen—honourable men as they no doubt are in private life—yet break their most solemn public engagements when once they have fulfilled their purpose. Russia, Mr. Phillips tells us, entered into the Black Sea Treaty of 1856 with the deliberate intention of repudiating it at the first convenient opportunity, an opportunity which duly occurred during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. But in doing so she very well knew what she was about, for the liberty to denounce it was the price, according to Mr. Phillips, with which Bismarck had purchased Russia's neutrality, and even in certain circumstances her active aid against France as far back as 1867. We all remember "the traitor stab" that France dealt Italy when she stipulated for the cession of Nice and Savoy as the price of her help against Austria, but that was at least fair bargaining. But what shall we say of the treachery with which both France and Prussia plotted against Europe in the secret treaty for the partition of Belgium and Luxemburg, which was, fortunately, never carried into effect? Even Italy, it is said, in spite of the assistance she received from Prussia in achieving her own independence, was willing to throw in her lot with France in 1870 on certain terms, and the only thing that prevented this was the dallying of Napoleon III. with the offer until it was too late. The diplomatists and statesmen of Europe appear in Mr. Phillips's book as a set of cardsharpers apparently playing an open and honourable game, while secretly each one is scheming to obtain some unfair advantage from his neighbours.

Mr. Phillips does not conceal his own political bias,

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although he seldom allows it to interfere with his impartiality. He is possibly right when he argues in more than one passage that England has done herself harm rather than good by the efforts she has made to check the expansion of Russia in Europe, inasmuch as she has thereby compelled the Czar to seek increase of territory in Asia. Setting aside the question whether policy has really much to do with the territorial expansion of nations, it seems to us that Mr. Phillips's contention will only hold good if Russia is really plotting the eventual conquest of India, a contingency which only time can make certain. The Crimean War is now generally admitted by both political parties in England to have been a mistake, and it certainly seems curious that if Russia's eventual aim be India she did not make further efforts to achieve it when we were in the throes of the Great Mutiny. For the rest, Mr. Phillips passes over in silence the abandonment of the Soudan under Mr. Gladstone—a fault which he may perhaps consider wiped out by the subsequent reconquest by Lord Kitchener; and, although he goes at some length into the partition of Africa, omits all reference to the surrender at Majuba. It is curious to be reminded by him that the idea of a Franco-Russian alliance is as old as the Treaty of Tilsit, and was declared by Lamartine to be "the cry of nature, the revelation of geography, the alliance of war, the balance of peace." He thinks that it only fell into abeyance through the abhorrence felt by the French democracy at the crushing of Poland by Russia, and later by the apparent instability of Republican government in France. In this, too, he may be right.

Almost the only protest that we should care to make against Mr. Phillips's *dicta* on such questions is the proposition which he advances very early in the book, that "in the national as in the constitutional movements of the age the motive power will always be found to be the pressure of material needs or interests." This theory, wherein appears the leaven of the old Utilitarian philosophy, is, in fact, disproved by nearly every page of his book. It was certainly the pressure of no material need or interest that induced Europe to play the fairy godmother part in the establishment of an independent Greece and an independent Italy. Nor was it material need, or, apparently, anything but jealousy of the rising power of Prussia, which caused all France in 1870 to egg the Emperor on to war. Even the aggressions of Russia on Turkey, resulting as they have done in the creation of a belt of autonomous Christian States between her and her supposed goal of Constantinople, do not here appear to have been dictated by the greed for territory. Rather, does Mr. Phillips say, their origin is to be sought in the mystical ideas of Alexander I., who thought himself called by heaven to be the champion of Christendom, and to the impress which that policy, once seriously taken up, has left upon the still doubtful character of the Russian bureaucracy. If there is a lesson to be learnt from Mr. Phillips's history, it is that sentiment, and not reason, more than ever rules the world.

It only remains to say that three maps, a very full bibliography, and a sufficient index make the book as valuable for reference as it is pleasant to read.

Good Sense and Observation.

A Motley Crew: Reminiscences, Observations, and Attempts at Play-Writing. By Mrs. G. W. Steevens. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

> I only publish this *Motley Crew* because it was the wish of one whose word to me was—and is—law that it should be done.
>
> Should any part of the volume attain any measure of success, it would encourage me to go on, so let the critic and public beware.

By all means let Mrs. Steevens go on; in its way her book is entertaining. There is in it a brisk good sense, touched with a feeling of all the pity and difficulties of life, which goes home to the reader. We do not wonder that the late Mr. G. W. Steevens urged his wife to publish these sketches. The "Sketch in Five Phases" with which the book opens has for its theme a marriage like that in "Locksley Hall"—"Thou art mated to a clod"; only the results are painted in darker colours. As for the telling, it is not a bit dramatic, but simply narrative and comment into which a slow Biblical simplicity and remoteness have crept. Good, too, in the same style is "Fell by the Way"—a young man's error. In all we find observation and keen human sympathy. The essay on "Charities and Charity," reprinted from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is the straight talking of a woman of clever practical benevolence and quick wits. Best of all we like "The Opinions of an Old Lady." The old lady is Mrs. Oliphant, and the paper is a gay little record of her wise prattle about life, young women, and books, during a country visit. On a wet day her hostess said to her in the library: "I hope, dear madam, that you find something you can read":

> She sniffed again, more decidedly this time, and drew her lips together, making what, if I had not so much respect for her, I should call a *moue*. "I can read them, my dear," she said, "I have a robust appetite. I can read the *Family Herald*, which my maid takes in regularly. They are a sort of bane and antidote; the *Family Herald* all victim and fine manners, the new literature the reverse. I think I prefer Lady Angelina, or even the angelic governess who triumphs over every temptation, to the flushed and walloping young woman of the others; but you know I am old-fashioned. I begin to lose myself in the sound, and don't know which is which—Keynotes, or Discords, or Eclogues, or Spasms—they are all in the same tone. The women are a trifle more indecent than the young men, but neither the one nor the other, as far as I can see, are acquainted with anything better in life than those beings whom in my time we called by disagreeable names, and desired to hear of as little as possible."
>
> "It is the reign of realism," said I. "They all wish to depict things as they see them."
>
> "The reign of fiddlesticks!" cried my Old Lady.

The whole thing is airy, inconsequential, and wise—the pleasantest scourging and forgiving of the New Woman by the Old Lady:

> "There is that poor lady of the *Heavenly Twins*," she said. . . . "The best character in that book is the wicked husband who keeps his word like a man and a gentleman, which is a great deal more than the woman does. It is perhaps the danger with us old people that we get too tolerant. A great many of the people who are dear to me do very wrong things, but it makes no difference in my feeling towards them. It is not what one calls forgiving. I think sometimes that it makes me understand how at the last——"
>
> She looked away over the valley, and said no more; until after a minute or two her voice, which had become a little husky, came out quite clearly: "I like that house among the trees—where you see the roofs only—no, not the others that stand up and grin at you across the coombe—the one with the roofs."

She talked of Gyp. "I was passing through her district once, and I had the greatest mind in the world to call upon her and say, 'My dear, you are delightful; you are the gayest, the wittiest, the most enchanting creature; but why, oh! why will you always gather that handful of nastiness and fling it in our faces at the end? And there is no need for it; and it's not your forte at all.'"

The Old Lady's final departure in a cab by which she had forestalled the carriage and luggage cart ordered for her is quiet humour that we like. By all means—by all manner of means—let Mrs. Steevens go on giving us her observations in such forms as these.

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Other New Books.

UNSTORIED IN HISTORY. BY GABRIELLE FESTING.

The epithet, "some famous women," seems at first sight rather in conflict with the title of this book, *Unstoried in History: Portraits of Some Famous Women of the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries.* But the meaning is that they were women in their way illustrious, who yet make no figure in formal history—and indeed are most of them without any conspicuous biography, if they have found a biographer at all, as is not always the case. Truth to say, some of them seem hardly fit subjects for the adjective "famous," being but very minor and inconspicuous personages in themselves, apart from the chance absence of literary conspicuousness. But it is an interesting book, just the thing which women in general do well, and better than men. These vivid glimpses into the feminine domesticities of bygone days, drawn from contemporary letters and records, as they appeal to a woman's understanding sympathy, exactly suit the woman's touch—light, discursive, and kindly. A man's hand would crush in the handling these old scented robes of dead ladies. Here you may read how the "heying and frisking" of Queen Bess's giddy-pated maids of honour did greatly incommode of nights reverend diplomatists, one of whom retaliated by parading the ladies' dormitory in night-shirt and spectacles, declaiming Latin verses. Or how another lady stung all her fellows to bitter envy by attending a royal birthday-ball in a three-hundred-pound dress. Is it possible that these fluttering moths have passed to the same dread Assize as Elizabeth, Agrippina, and Semiramis? They, with their gossamer ambitions and little scented passions? It is a book you will read to the last word, and thank the writer. (James Nisbet. 6s)

AN ISEULT IDYLL, AND OTHER POEMS. BY G. CONSTANT LOUNSBERRY.

The title of this little volume does not stir us with any great promise of originality, and as the title are the contents. Polished, cultivated, supple verse, in the strict mode of the day; a pleasant music, languorous and thin; derivative colour and derivative diction, such as we have encountered in a dozen similar little books of verse; and under it all—nothing to say. Mr. Lounsberry (if we may at a venture so interpret the epicene name on the title-page) is best in descriptive passages, as most of this class of merely competent verse-makers are; though it cannot be said that even these passages have any touch of magic, or originality of idea. The "Ode to Bacchus" may yield an example:

> Born and re-born, now sorrowful, now glad,
> Through change eternal rising from the sea,
> His are the tides that pulse, now slow, now mad,
> Within the blood of man and beast and tree;
> His is the grape, a globe of fire and dew,
> Dusky as night, like day shot through with fire,
> An amber bead of sunshine and of rain;
> To solace woe, for those who rightly sue,
> And drown despair or kindle dead desire,
> On to the mountains, hail him from the main!
>
> Ye maids of Thebes, ye mothers, hurry hence,
> For madness mingles with the midnight air.
> The liberator Bacchus! whither, whence?
> Then follow, follow, track him to his lair.
> Unbind your tresses, let your fillets fall,
> And seize ye each a thyrsus sharp and sweet,
> Forget not then to draw the dappled fawn
> About your foam-white shoulders as ye call,
> *Evoï, Bacchus! hurry we to greet*
> *The God before the sky is strewn with dawn.*

That is good craftsmanship: but the phrases constantly suggest the model, not one has taken fire from its own motion, or draws its juices (so to speak) from the intensity of the life underneath. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

SEA AND COAST FISHING. BY F. G. AFLALO.

We have read this work with a concern which is due to our respect for its subject; but we cannot say that Mr. Aflalo has quite risen to the occasion. He has what a Scots reviewer once called "fatal facility." Of this let us give an instance:

> I have lately come across several quite excellent sea-rods of various price and pattern, among the best being one supplied to me by Messrs. Allcock, of Redditch, of sectional cane, and with some cork in the butt. The fittings are in white metal, with a pin arrangement in the ferrules. The large rubber button or knob on the end of the butt is a great comfort when playing large fish, and the rod is, moreover, in two joints only—an advantage, I find, when putting it together in a boat. In putting a rod together on a bank, or even on a pier, the extra joint does not matter, and a three-joint rod has its advantages in packing smaller, as each of the three need be but a third the total length, instead of, as in the other case, one-half.

This, no doubt, is eloquent; but it is a very long way of saying that a third is shorter than a half. Besides, Mr. Aflalo, if really he were a skilled fisherman, would not have waited until he was in the boat before putting his rod up. He would have put it up before he embarked. There are many other passages in this work which annoy us from the same cause—many passages, that is to say, in which Mr. Aflalo, assuming that all his readers are ignorant of his subject, goes prattling on in a manner which affirms great knowledge, whilst, as a matter of fact, he is writing about nothing of any importance at all. The illustrations, also, are exasperating. On page 82, for example, we find a picture very badly reproduced and under it this legend:

> Showing the "Bates" Sea Reel (Carter's), Bernard's new form of Landing Net, a sectional Cane Rod by Allcock, and a Paternoster by Farlow.

This is very impressive to the untutored mind; the trouble is that the advertisement which it gives to Carter, Bernard, Allcock, and Farlow is of absolutely no use, as the rod, the landing-net, and the Paternoster are quite indistinguishable in the picture from any others which Mr. Aflalo might have chosen for reproduction. In the text there are many signs that our industrious bookmaker pretends the virtue of knowledge when he has it not. It is not a good book; but we do not know of any on the same subject which is not just as bad. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

The one drawback to Mr. E. T. Cook's *Popular Handbook to the National Gallery* has been its bulk. It was not for the pocket. Messrs. Macmillan have now issued the work in two thin-paper volumes in red leather. In this form the book may be easily taken to the National Gallery in the pocket. There has been much rearrangement of the pictures since the first edition was published, and of all alterations and additions Mr. Cook takes count. He has also introduced many fresh notes.

The Story of Fish Life, by Mr. W. P. Pycraft (1s.), is added to Messrs. Newnes's "Useful Stories" series. Mr. Pycraft has caught the spirit of this admirable series, and his chapters on "How Fishes Breathe," "Fish Liveries, and Why they are Worn," and "Courtship and Nursery Duties" are especially interesting.

Hands, and How to Read Them: a Popular Guide to Palmistry, by E. René (Pearson, 1s.), is as convincing or unconvincing as you please. All we can say is, that it is a taking little book, well printed, well illustrated, and big with suggestion.

Messrs. Macmillan begin this week an edition of the novels of Thackeray at 3s. 6d. per volume. The first volume is *Vanity Fair*, with Thackeray's illustrations. The volume is excellent in form and size, and those who know and appreciate Messrs. Macmillan's edition of the non-copyright novels of Dickens will be glad to have their Thackeray.

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Fiction.

New Canterbury Tales. By Maurice Hewlett. (Constable. 6s.)

MR. HEWLETT'S new book offers his admirers what might be called homeopathic doses of the usual mixture: six short stories of mediæval life strung together on a very slender thread of narrative. It marks no advance in his art technically; it is less interesting and piquant than the *Little Novels of Italy*; but many persons, we imagine, will find it easier reading than *Richard Yea and Nay*, although that work far excelled it in nervous force and lofty purpose. Whatever one may say about the artistic success of Richard's history, there is no question but that Mr. Hewlett set himself a great task, and endeavoured with all his might to carry it out. Here he has taken his obligations more lightly.

The stories are of the expected kind. Love is the motive of all save one, which tells, without much verisimilitude, of the abduction of a boy by the Jews. Two of the others turn upon those incredible exchanges of costume between youths and maidens which ought by this time to be ruled out of fiction by conscientious writers; in one of them, "The Cast of the Apple," the same device (a commonplace, it is true) being employed to determine sex as that which the Widow used with the petticoated Huckleberry Finn —if Mr. Hewlett will excuse a comparison with aught so modern. The remaining three stories treat of the heroic chastity of a noble lady assailed by King Edward III.; of the tragedy following upon the seduction by one brother of the beloved of another (vitiated to the reader by the glaring unlikelihood—nay, impossibility—of Matteo having an illegitimate child without all Milan knowing not only of it, but of its father); and of an old hermit's desperate endeavour to conquer his desire for a young girl, and of the winning of a soul from the powers of evil. In this last story Mr. Hewlett's weakness is displayed: he can take his place with the best in a gay, romantic *conte;* his tales of dashing youths and lovely maidens go with a superb lilt; he has a gusto, a joy in his work which make him for a while a bracing companion; but the history of a soul's progress to spiritual peace is outside his field. He can record it, but his heart is elsewhere; we are not impressed.

After the stories themselves comes the question of setting. Mr. Hewlett, we are afraid, would have some difficulty in rebutting the charge of perfunctoriness in this matter. It is not enough in styling a book "New Canterbury Tales" to collect half-a-dozen stories from one's recent output, and allege that they were told on the Pilgrims' Way, in the fifteenth century, of a company of travellers. Chaucer, if we may be permitted to mention his name in this connexion, gave to his stories and their narrators a convincing unity. Mr. Hewlett apportions them with no inevitableness. In fact, we get the impression that the whole Canterbury Tale machinery was an afterthought, and that it has bored Mr. Hewlett not a little. We never remember to have read anything by a capable literary man, master of literary artifice, so half-hearted and unpersuasive as these connecting passages.

The Giant's Gate: A Story of a Great Adventure. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell. 6s.)

IT must be admitted that this is an ambitious story; more than that, it is worked out with a certain precision of execution which, in a detached way, we cannot but admire. To take Paris just after the *affaire* Dreyfus; to invent a man called Davignon who has a good deal in common with a General whom we need not name; to make Davignon a conspirator against the Republic which is to fall before his personality and give place to an absolute monarchy for the salvation of France—here, indeed, is ambition enough. But Anatole France, who had far more knowledge than Mr. Pemberton, wrote of the *affaire* with reserve and without heroics. Now Mr. Pemberton is nothing without heroics; this book is full of them. His characters are always in the limelight; they are rhetorical even when they are making love; they are rhetorical when they are explaining impossible inventions; they are rhetorical when they die. They strut about a stage where the cheapest epigram suffices; they overwhelm one in torrents of words. This, it must be said, is neither life nor any approach to life. If one were to believe in Mr. Pemberton's Paris and his conspirators, one would, indeed, have to believe in a nation of fools. It is because we believe nothing of the kind that we close *The Giant's Gate* with satisfaction—and a smile. Mr. Pemberton's crowd is a stage crowd; but we admit that he is an admirable stage manager. There are scenes in this book which would make some audiences howl with delight.

Stephen Calinari. By Julian Sturgis. (Constable. 6s.)

MR. STURGIS is at some pains in this novel to display the cosmopolitanism of his culture. He delicately, carelessly, hints, or leaves you to understand, that he has walked round Life and Art as one might walk round the pond in Kensington Gardens. Oxford, London, Peru, the Shipka Pass, Aristotle's ethics, the modern newspaper, the great middle-class—the catalogue of his informations might be indefinitely extended. Yet he gives himself away completely in the first paragraph of *Stephen Calinari* as an *ingénu* of literature. Here is the first paragraph:

> Grey and green is Oxford in summer,
> A place of delicate vapours.
> Low by the river she lies, centre of sloping hills,
> And a light haze seems
> To float about her towers and pinnacles.
> A softened sunshine fills to the brim
> The walled gardens of her ancient colleges.
> Drowsy is all the air,
> Like the afternoon of lotus-eaters.
> The birds who babbled thick at dawn
> In the close shrubberies,
> Are silent in this slumbrous afternoon.
> Moisture and sun have made these shrubberies dense;
> They push beyond their boundaries out
> On to the shaven lawns.
> Somewhat monotonous the green may seem,
> And the grey;
> But since the summer is young,
> The verdure has innumerable shades,
> And the grey walls
> Have been touched by time and weather to many tones.

It is the sort of prose to send a young girl into raptures, and to make the reviewer smash up furniture like a Maldonado. It goes well in between descriptions of the following sorts:

> There was not half a length of daylight between the boats. A rattle was sprung, a stroke quickened at the sound. But the gallant young stroke before them quickened even more, and for a moment it looked . . .
>
> "Madame Cally," the world said in its terse, expressive language, "really did you thundering well . . ."
>
> She had the face of an angel, of a fashionable angel. Could this be she who two short years ago had followed him about with artless admiration and an apron . . .?
>
> Her strong hands sought the keys as he went obediently to his seat. It was a setting of "The Erl-King" of Goethe. . . . The quality of her voice moved him to the heart. . . . Exquisite was the art which distinguished . . . cup of life . . . unplumbed sea.

Add to these things a father dead and disgraced, who turns dramatically up about page 200, and you will perceive the materials of a thoroughly conventional fiction. Nevertheless, *Stephen Calinari* is not so bad after all. "The Coop family," into which the great Stephen marries, seems to have been genuinely observed.

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Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

THE RIGHT OF WAY. BY GILBERT PARKER.

A "man-of-the-world" (we borrow the epithet), melodramatic story. Mr. Parker had announced that *The Lane That Had No Turning* should be his last work about French Canada. He has kept his promise, for this story was written before *The Lane*. The hero is one Charley Steele, known as "Beauty" Steele. He is a barrister, and wins his wife by his skill in securing a verdict of not guilty for a man justly accused of murder. After marriage his wife discovers that he is a drunkard; that he had been drunk when he rose to address the jury. This book is the story of Steele's struggle against his devil. (Heinemann. 6s.)

MOUSMÉ. BY CLIVE HOLLAND.

Japanese! An old friend! It is the continuation of the history of the little lady who was first introduced to the public in *My Japanese Wife*. Mousmé and her husband leave Japan and come to London, where Mousmé pays visits to milliners and dressmakers, and rustles into English ways. When asked to sing, she replies: "I cannot make velly big noise when I sing, but Lou say if I wear velly smart, nice *kimono*, people will listen." (Pearson. 6s.)

THE MONOMANIAC. BY EMILE ZOLA.

A translation by Mr. Edward Vizetelly of *La Bête Humaine*. The translator contributes a breathless preface. Here is a passage: "The story teems with incident from start to finish. Each chapter is a drama in itself. To name but a few of the exciting events that are dealt with: there is a murder in a railway carriage; an appalling railway accident; a desperate fight between driver and fireman on the foot-plate of a locomotive, which ends in both going over the side to be cut to pieces, while the long train of cattle-trucks under no control, crammed full of inebriated soldiers on their way to the war, who are yelling patriotic songs, dashes along, full steam, straight ahead, with a big fire just made up, onward; to stop, no one knows where." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

A LOSING GAME. BY HUME NISBET.

A lurid story of Sydney in its infant days, with the subtitle of "An Australian Tragedy," packed with exciting incidents. "The hero of the following romance," says the author in the preface, "was a veritable personage, only ever so much worse than he is represented in these pages. Of aristocratic birth, he ran the gamut of crime without missing a single note. He was a monster with the instincts and conscience of a tiger, his will power all the more deadly by reason of his undoubted gifts and accomplishments." So the reader knows what to expect. (F. V. White. 6s.)

THE WORK OF HIS HANDS. BY CHRIS. HEALY.

A first novel, and a perfervid one. On the second page Mr. Healy refers thus to Charles Reade: "That divine writer—may his soul rest in peace." The characters in *The Work of His Hands* are of the people, the period is 1871, the opening scene a workshop near the Clerkenwell-road, the hero a wood-carver "of genius," but unstable. He "passes through fire, but his good angel saves him," and he becomes very pleasantly rich. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE PURPLE CLOUD. BY M. P. SHIEL.

Another of Mr. Shiel's wild imaginings, less coherent, if that were possible, than *The Lord of the Sea*. The Purple Cloud stretches over the cover, giving horrible fidgets to a gentleman in inky black clothes. On page 461 we read: "We will fly west to one of the Somersetshire coal mines, or to one of the Cornwall tin mines, and we will barricade ourselves against the cloud, and provision ourselves for six months—for it is perfectly feasible, and we have plenty of time, and no crowds to kick down our barricades—and there in the deep earth we will live sweetly together, till the danger is overpast." (Chatto. 6s.)

SILVIA'S AMBITION. BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

It was to be an actress, but the ambition is not fulfilled till the end of the book, and it is accompanied by troubles and explanations. The story is of the mild character, and will be pleasantly noticed by the religious press. In the beginning Tom Collis saves a woman with a baby from jumping off Blackfriars Bridge, and thereby wins a wife and a home, which was what honest Tom wanted. (Hodder. 6s.)

DON OR DEVIL. BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

> Let us bang these dogs of Seville,
> Children of the devil,
> For I never turned my back upon
> Don or Devil yet.

This gives the title to a bustling romance of fighting and adventures by sea and land. The period is just after Waterloo, and Rufus, having been jilted by Miss Somerset, ships in the *Campanella*, a unit in the British legion, to fight the Spaniards in Venezuela in the "noble cause of liberty." (Pearson. 6s.)

THE BOURGEOIS. BY H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

A story, light in character, slight in treatment, showing an easy knowledge of the superficial side of Continental life. "The Bourgeois" is the title of a play, and this book is mainly concerned with the adventures of Peter Alabaster, an American, and a ripe philanderer. Strange happenings accompanied the production of "The Bourgeois"—the theatre was gutted, and the damage was estimated at 1,000,000 francs. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

MOOSWA. BY W. A. FRASER.

Belongs to the *Jungle Book* class, and is well illustrated. In it animals are gifted with speech and power of reasoning. They choose a king, and in their councils Mooswa, a venerable elk, is a leader. The boundaries are those parts of North America near the River Saskatchewan, a favourite hunting-ground for trappers. In return for kindness shown to them by Rod, the young son of a trapper, they are enabled to save his life when at the point of death.

BARBARA WEST. BY KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN

Contains, among other matter, some light sketches of Bohemian journalism in the 'eighties, but the book, we are informed in an accompanying note, "is offered as a sound gospel of sex [whatever that may mean], and is the story of Barbara, lost by her ignorant disregard of Nature's just and kindly purpose." (Long. 6s.)

THE COURT OF HONOUR. BY W. LE QUEUX.

The hero is one of a Continental gang of swindlers, and the heroine a young Russian lady of title. It begins: "This curious drama of cosmopolitan life, a drama of love, of hate, of avarice—indeed, of all the cardinal sins of man—was related to me by Frank Talbot, millionaire, the chief actor in it." (F. V. White. 6s.)

We have also received: *Ivy Curdew*, by Perrington Primm (Jarrold, 6s.); *For Love or Crown*, by A. W. Marchmont (Hutchinson, 6s.); *In the House of His Friends*, by R. H Savage (White, 6s.); *An Ill Wind*, by Mrs. Lovett Cameron (Long, 6s.); *The Lords of Life*, by Bessie Dill (Long, 6s.); *Miss Pauncefort's Peril*, by Mrs. Charles Martin (Long, 6s.); *Romance of a Harem*, translated from the French by C. Forestier-Walker (Greening, 5s.).

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THE ACADEMY.

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Mr. Kipling's Way.

Kim was published last Tuesday, and Mr. Kipling being a personage in the world of Letters, the volume was reviewed in troops of journals on that day. The opinions were bewilderingly conflicting, as was to be expected. For, in reviewing novels, few critics follow any canons of criticism. The reviewer should be judicial and impartial, keeping in mind certain masterpieces of fiction in construction, plot, and characterisation. But that, we fear, is a counsel of perfection. The reviewer usually succumbs to asking himself such questions as: Does this book appeal to me? Was I interested? Has the reading of it carried me away from myself and my environment? Does any part remain with me now I have finished it? This method is not the narrow way of art, but it is natural, and the questions are familiar in many mouths. It is hard to overset temperamental predilections. One reviewer of *Kim*, we notice, finds the Lama "a colossal bore," complains that the book is "without a vestige of love interest," and decides that, as Mr. Kipling lacks the faculty of construction, he can never make "a great novelist." For ourselves, we can very well do without the "love interest," we do not find the Lama a bore, and we do not resent Mr. Kipling's lack of the faculty of construction or his ungeometrical plot. Let there be no misunderstanding. Oftentimes in these pages we have enlarged upon the importance of the technics of the art of fiction; but technics, like creeds, are for the unillumined. A man may override routine rules, as the Boers overrode the art of war laid down by European sapience. It is a dangerous game to play, but victory excuses all. This we tried to explain in our review of *Captains Courageous*. Mr. Kipling may never make "a great novelist," because he is more interested in ideas, in the great interior movements that live and move in the deep-rooted instincts of man, than in the ordinary ways and moods of polite life. He is still untamed, unspoilt, and he has the courage to be himself. In *Kim* Simla is mentioned, but the petty details of Anglo-Indian Society life are ignored. There are no flirtations under the deodars, no rides, no boudoir prattlings, and the blessed word marriage is hardly mentioned. The plot wanders like a man on an uncharted walking tour. Clues are dropped, hints that are apparently full of pregnant meaning come to nothing, or to a fulfilment so episodic, so unvital to the development of the story, that they might just as well have been omitted. The prophecy in the early chapters of *Kim* of "a Red Bull on a green field" that was to influence Kim's career, gives an opportunity for introducing a graphic picture of military life, and two Kiplingesque characters—an Anglican and a Roman Catholic chaplain—but otherwise it serves no end. Mr. Kipling is always more interested in the incident he is working upon than in the relation of that incident to the story. His joy is always in the present moment. And when he has written himself dry on the incident of the moment he just drops it: not often, happily, with the contempt with which he made an end of *The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes*.

Yet *Kim* has coherence. It is a book not about a set, or a circle, or a particular grade of society, but about a nation. The canvas is ablaze with the colours of India. Behind the brilliant, shifting scenes of that multitudinous life—detailed and broad in turn—that he is able at will to dig from his memory and present in living pictures, looms the background of things that are changeless while all around is changing. It is this consciousness of the Big Things Behind, in contrast with his quick, bright interest in the present, shown in a dozen of his best poems and stories—shown in this book, too—that constitutes Mr. Kipling's claim to greatness. When a writer has that, it is not necessary to judge him by the ordinary canons of the novelist's art.

We can imagine that when Mr. Kipling began to plan *Kim*, a huge, shadowy central Motive emerged from that brooding period of incubation which always precedes the writing of a book that is not to pass into forgetfulness with the season. He thought of that arresting fact, so strange to Western minds, of a whole nation accepting and proclaiming their religion in their daily lives. He thought of that impulse, described in *The Miracle of Puran Bhagat*, which compels a certain type of native mind, holy man and layman, to renounce the world and go forth shorn of all worldly possessions to seek that peace which the world cannot give them. And so the Lama of this story grew into life. With him it begins, with him it ends, and about him the incidents of the narrative circle. "The one remains, the many change and pass." This personification of the unchanging ideal of the Oriental's life dominates the pages—"an old man, wise and temperate, illumining knowledge with brilliant insight." Tramping India in pursuit of his desire, everywhere he is received with the reverence that is always given to the holy man. Once only is he maltreated, but his assailants are two secret-service foreigners in the pay of the Russian Government. The object of his travels is to find the Buddhistic River of Healing, bathing in which the pilgrim washes away all taint and speckle of sin, and escapes from the Wheel of Things. He is prepared to spend "years in his quest; having nothing of the white man's impatience, but a great faith."

> "The books of my lamassery I read, and they were dried pith; and the later ritual with which we of the Reformed Law have cumbered ourselves—that, too, had no worth to these old eyes. Even the followers of the Excellent One are at feud on feud with one another. It is all illusion. Ay, *maya*, illusion. But I have another desire"—the seamed yellow face drew within three inches of the curator, and the long forefinger nail tapped on the table. "Your scholars, by these books, have followed the blessed feet in all their wanderings, but there are things which they have not sought out. I know nothing—nothing do I know—but I go to free myself from the Wheel of Things by a broad and open road."

It is this typical figure—the aspiration of a nation made incarnate—huge, shadowy, but defined—that looms as the big motive behind these brilliant kaleidoscopic pictures of Indian life. That, we take it, was Mr. Kipling's foundation and corner-stone in fashioning this story. Against this figure he flings gleefully the personification of the modern spirit—the imp Kim, with the cunning and resourcefulness of a street arab, combined with Irish wit and devilry. In these two Mr. Kipling depicts that friendship between man and man which can be a task better worth achieving than ringing the changes on that "love interest" which the critic of the *Daily Chronicle* misses. More: he shows the gradual domination of the young intellect, taking its colour from the day's experience, by the old head, bearing meekly the ancient knowledge. This may be prophecy:

> "I am an old man [the Lama says to Kim], pleased with shows as are children. To those who follow the Way there is neither black nor white, Hind nor Bhotiyal. We be all souls seeking escape. No matter what thy wisdom learned among Sahibs, when we come to my River thou wilt be freed from all illusion—at my side. Hai! my bones ache for that River, as they ached in the *te-train*; but my spirit sits above my bones, waiting. The Search is sure."

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The pull of the ancient wisdom, right or wrong, is too strong for Kim, and he drifts towards the mystical practices that have always held India. Even the British materialism of Lucknow railway-station cannot check him in the path along which he is being propelled, though very secretly. The East is slow-moving, as she is reticent.

> A very few white people, but many Asiatics, can throw themselves into a mazement as it were by repeating their own names over and over again to themselves, letting the mind go free upon speculation as to what is called personal identity. When one grows older, the power, usually, departs, but while it lasts it may descend upon a man at any moment.
>
> "Who is Kim—Kim—Kim?"
>
> He squatted in a corner of the clanging waiting-room, rapt from all other thoughts; hands folded in lap, and pupils contracted to pin-points. In a minute—in another half second—he felt he would arrive at the solution of the tremendous puzzle; but here, as always happens, his mind dropped away from those heights with the rush of a wounded bird, and passing his hand before his eyes, he shook his head.
>
> A long-haired Hindu *bairagi* (holy man), who had just bought a ticket, halted before him at that moment and stared intently.
>
> "I also have lost it," he said sadly. "It is one of the Gates to the Way, but for me it has been shut many years."
>
> "What is the talk?" said Kim, abashed.
>
> "Thou wast wondering there in thy spirit what manner of thing thy soul might be. The seizure came of a sudden. *I* know. Who should know but I?"

The lavish mind that projected this book has given us much else. There is the varied life of India of to-day, touched deftly in with clean, clear-cut characterisation. Here again the shifting panorama is presented against a background that is permanent where all else is restless. This background is the Grand Trunk Road that runs straight "bearing without crowding India's traffic for fifteen hundred miles—such a river of life as nowhere else exists in the world." It haunts the imagination. As Kim, the imp, dances against the Lama's grey, inimitable personality, so the bright peripatetic life of India flashes against that passive, unchanging highway. The pictures sink into the memory:

> A thin, high Kattiwar mare, with eyes and nostrils aflame, rocketted out of the jam, snorting and wincing as her rider bent her across the road in chase of a shouting man. He was tall and grey-bearded, sitting the almost mad beast as a piece of her, and scientifically lashing his victim between plunges.
>
> They met a troop of long-haired, strong-scented Sansis with baskets of lizards and other unclean food on their backs, the lean dogs sniffing at their heels. These people kept their own side of the road moving at a quick, furtive jog-trot, and all other castes gave them ample room; for the Sansi is deep pollution.
>
> Then an Akali, a wild-eyed, wild-haired Sikh devotee in the blue-checked clothes of his faith, with polished-steel quoits glistening on the cone of his tall blue turban, stalked past.
>
> A solid line of blue, rising and falling like the back of a caterpillar in haste, would swing up through the quivering dust and trot past to a chorus of quick cackling. That was a gang of *changars*—the women who have taken all the embankments of all the Northern railways under their charge—a flat-footed, big-bosomed, strong-limbed, blue-petticoated clan of earth-carriers, hurrying north on news of a job, and wasting no time by the road.
>
> A little later a marriage procession would strike into the Grand Trunk with music and shoutings, and a smell of marigold and jasmine stronger even than the reek of the dust.
>
> It was beautiful to behold the many-yoked grain and cotton waggons crawling over the country roads: one could hear their axles, complaining a mile away, coming nearer, till with shouts and yells and bad words they climbed up the steep incline and plunged on to the hard main road, carter reviling carter. It was equally beautiful to watch the people, little clumps of red and blue and pink and white and saffron, turning aside to go to their own villages, dispersing and growing small by twos and threes across the level plain.
>
> "And they are all bound upon the Wheel," said the Lama. "Bound from life after life. To none of these has the Way been shown." He shook himself back to this world.

Kim is hardly a novel. It is a kinematograph of a people, telling also what they feel—what they have felt through time, and the effect of that immemorial feeling on those of to-day. Kim, the protagonist of the restless, quick-witted, eager present, and the Lama, the protagonist of the passionless past, full of replies, full of wisdom, represent Mr. Kipling's two sides, and it is his way in prose and verse to fuse those two sides together.

Things Seen.

The Emigrant.

For perhaps the tenth time in half an hour the train drew up with a sudden jerk, and the American tourist who shared the carriage with me threw down his paper and cursed Irish railways with fluency and unction.

"And this is the country they make such a row about," he said, snapping down the window. "Heavens, what a people!" Outside the rain was falling pitilessly, and through it I caught a glimpse of a steep hillside split up by stone walls into tiny fields, dotted with sodden corn-stooks; and beyond the fields a black and sullen expanse of bogland. On the dripping platform the guard, magnificent in braided uniform, stood watch in hand; while a solitary porter in tattered corduroys lounged on a bench and smoked a clay pipe with philosophic calm.

The engine whistled impatiently; but just as the train began to move the door of our carriage was flung open, and an old man with a tin box under his arm climbed in panting. Even apart from the elaborate array of labels on his luggage, the battered top-hat and new suit of shiny broadcloth, that contrasted so oddly with his gnarled hands and face, seamed by wind and weather, proclaimed him an emigrant. He had been a herd on a mountain farm, he told us, but had grown too old for the work, and was now about to join his son, who had money, "somewhere in Chicago," he explained vaguely. "Magnificent city—Chicago!" said the American, and launched forthwith into a description of its glories, to which the other replied listlessly, staring with a set face out of the window.

Suddenly the shadow of a mountain loomed up in front, and the old man pointed eagerly: "Slemish!" he cried, with a new ring in his voice, "that's where I lived—up there beyond the ridge—a fine place!" As we whirled past it was only a bare hill, blurred by trailing wisps of mist, with a few sheep wandering over its stony pastures; and I saw the tourist's lip curl scornfully. But the old man's face was alive with an interest all the wonders of Chicago could not quicken; and he leant far out for a last look, the rain-drops glittering in his hair.

The Caller.

The cab dropped me at the corner, and a church clock somewhere off the Fulham-road chimed the third quarter after one. "Good morning, sir," said the cabman, who drives me every night from Fleet-street. "Good night," I replied. That is our invariable joke. And then, as I started up the quiet street which contains my garden gate, I was arrested—not in the ordinary sense—by a policeman. He was clambering laboriously upon a railing which guarded the quiet side of the corner shop. I

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wondered, and watched. Gaining his foothold, he felt carefully about the ledge above his head, and having found something, he tugged. It was surely a rope. "What are you doing?" I enquired, with a sudden hope of catching a constable on the wrong side of the law. He said nothing, but seemed, like Pope's spider, to live along the line he held in his hand. After a few moments' intense silence he relinquished the rope, returned to the pavement, and recognised me as a respectable ratepayer. "It's the baker," he explained. "He ties the rope to the corner of his blanket, and one of us calls him every morning. It pays him."

And as my baker rose to bake my morning roll, I wearily undressed in the hope of a night's rest which would give me an appetite to eat it.

The Irish Brogue.

THE strange vocabulary of the Scotch Lowlanders has long been a valuable literary asset; in Scott's footsteps petty men have trodden their way to fame and fortune. It has been remarked that Great Britain is being divided amongst the novelists, who carve out kingdoms for themselves, like the Saxons of the Heptarchy, and, acquiring power with time, need fear no trespasser. The lord of Wessex, as in Saxon days, is the strongest ruler; the Yorkshire Moors were held by a woman, whose fame grows, like a tree, in unmarked lapse of time; London is now mourning a kind master. Writers must illustrate the universal by the particular, and local colour, remote dialects, appeal also to the desire for novelty which is often the only strong passion of novel readers. Certain novels, written largely in broad Scotch, were received some years ago with so much enthusiasm that one could imagine the reading public to believe, like Mr. George Moore, that English was worn out as a means of literary expression. He has gone to his own, and his own, so far, have welcomed him not. Like nine-tenths of the Gaelic League, he has no Gaelic, and he scorns the English which his Irish fellow-countrymen speak. It is indeed strange that the gutturals of a Scotch farmer are held worthy of many phonographs, while the gentle Irish brogue always calls forth an English smile. Nobody seems to have studied the genesis and development of the English which Irishmen speak; the speech of the potato-patch is ignoble compared with that of the kail-yard. Of course, Ireland has bred no such man as Scott, that leviathan, that Master of Ceremonies who has introduced two nations to one another. Unjust Fortune has cursed Irishmen with the fatal fluency of speech, which leaves them no time for writing or thinking, and wastes their energies on politics. Yet a study of the English spoken in Ireland is interesting and profitable to a student of English literature. The Irish accent is the result of arrested development. Everybody knows how Cromwell planted Munster with English colonists, how they throve therein until, after the Restoration, the Bishops harried them as Nonconformists, and the English Government closed all markets against them, and how they faded out of the joyless land which they had made smiling and fertile. The native Irish learn readily, when they must, and never forget. The English garrison, Cromwell's veterans, when they were established and dominant, taught the Gaels English. Since that time the Irish have learnt no new fashions in English speaking. They pronounce it to-day as Cromwell and his troopers, as Milton, Dryden, and even Pope pronounced it. Slight changes were made, as must be when a people learns an alien tongue. Still we may say on the whole that the brogue at which the English smile is the accent which Ireland learnt from the Puritan settlers. Mr. Flavin and his fellows abuse the House of Commons in much the same tone as that which Cromwell once used to a more famous Parliament.

It is no new suggestion that Irishmen talk better English than the English. Dean Swift wrote to Pope expressing his regret at some slighting remark of the latter's concerning the Irish: "The English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilised than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred." It will be remembered that the Dean was an Englishman, and would thank everyone to remember it. It is possible here to give only a few illustrations of the survival of old words and pronunciations in Ireland. The many-headed multitude who are "agin the Government" use the old preposition which they learnt before it was modernised into "against." The word survives, of course, in many rural districts of England, where there is little reading of books. Ireland keeps to the old fashions because the peasants are illiterate beyond English comprehension. The peculiarity of pronunciation which most strikes the tourist is the broad sound given to such words as "please, sea, beast, complete." Waller, Dryden, and Pope habitually pronounced them as "plaze, say, baste, complate," as all students of seventeenth and eighteenth century poetry have noticed. Dryden, for example, wrote:

> Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey,
> Held to them both the trident of the sea.

Pope pronounced "tea" in the same manner as a Tipperary peasant does. One example, referring to "great Anna," is well known; here is another:

> Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
> And sip, with nymphs, the elemental tea.

So in Munster the country folk talk of the "lay," meaning "lea," that pretty word which Englishmen have abandoned to the poets. It was the influence of French that made our ancestors pronounce "complete" and "thème," and the influence still holds good over here. Listen to Pope again:

> Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great,
> There, stamped with arms, Newcastle shines complete.

English, with characteristic inconsistency, has kept the broad sound in "great." "Key," in Dryden, rhymes with "play," and why does modern English pronounce "quay" in the same way as "key"? Pope, who stood at the parting of the ways, was already inconsistent, and rhymes "appear" with "bier." In Milton editors have replaced, for "height," the proper spelling "highth," a noun formed regularly from the adjective, as "depth" from "deep." People find it ridiculous that the Irishman, faithful to his teachers, speaks of "the hoith of good company." So we have forgotten Shakespeare's pronunciation of "character," but the Irish servant still talks of getting a good "charácter."

It seems as if Englishmen have quite lately rid themselves of the aspirate in words that begin with "wh," such as "which," "what." Dickens drew attention to its absence in the Cockney speech of his day by means of the spelling "wot," "vich," and it may have been strange in the ears of men of his time. The Scotch, as well as the Irish, have been true in this matter. Innovations make their way, even now, more slowly in Ireland. During the last century the Scotch diminutive "donkey" has won its way all over England, but here the ass generally keeps his ancient name. Schoolboys "cog," as they did in Shakespeare's time, when they have not learnt their work, but English boys "crib." By the same token, as Dean Swift used to say, all classes speak of a pack of cards as a "deck," just as Pope and he used to speak of them. The peasantry believe as strongly as ever in a personal devil, and he lends his name to many landscapes; appeals to him are on every tongue, but they call him "the Divil." That is the unvarying spelling of the word in the Elizabethan dramas, and it is hard to see why the spelling and pronunciation were changed. The force of association is such that one can hardly imagine stern Oliver and his saints speaking of their arch-enemy, the "Divil."

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Oliver himself must have pronounced his surname as "Crummle," or why should the old, old curse be "the curse of Crummle"? The expletive "sure," which now indicates all that there is most Irish, was very common in Elizabethan times, and ever on the lips of the best society at Queen Anne's Court. It runs riot in the pages of Congreve and Wycherley. Dr. Johnson did not fear to employ it in that most touching poem, Levett's epitaph:

> His virtues walked their narrow round,
> Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
> And sure the Eternal Master found
> His single talent well employed.

The Conventional-Sentimental.

A WEEKLY contemporary which devotes itself largely to literature remarked the other day: "It is not our business to criticise [popular] novels." Nevertheless, popular novels must be and ought to be criticised. It is useless by ignoring them to pretend that they do not exist. They are a sign of the times, and since the period of Scudéri they have always been a sign of the times. Two works of fiction now before us—*A Jilt's Journal*, by "Rita" (Unwin); and *Love Idylls*, by Mr. S. R. Crockett (Murray)—are thoroughly "popular"—the production of respectable and dignified "hands" well-practised in the craft of distorting life prettily. In regard to "Rita's" book, one knows, of course, that despite the title the jilt is not a jilt—not a real jilt—but a charming girl. A real jilt would be antipathetic to the reader, and "Rita's" heroines are never antipathetic. This self-styled jilt—her name was Paula: a name common of late years among women who feel the need to be "understood"—commenced her journal at the age of seventeen, upon leaving school.

> It was a momentous occasion, and we felt its gravity. One phase of life had closed for us. We could never again be three schoolgirls interested only in the rivalries and duties of fully-occupied days. We were to stretch our clipped wings at last and soar to the world beyond our safely-sheltered nest.

The sentiment and the style are perfectly true—to fiction. In fiction a girl of seventeen would naturally write like that, in those pretty, if fatigued, phrases. Going home by train to her uncle-guardian, Paula read a novel by Ouida. "I closed the book, and, looking straight before me, met the eyes of a fellow-passenger." The fellow-passenger was the son of a yeoman farmer ("plain Adam Herivale"), much beneath Paula in station, but everyone knows instantly and instinctively that she will marry him in the end. She is bound to marry him; just as she was bound to meet him in the train, and just as he was bound to be a very superior yeoman. She met him again in a ruined castle, and he then said:

> "I mean—I just love it all, ruin or no ruin. These stones have a history for me. I know the names of ward and keep and tower as well as I know the look of the skies above them."

That is precisely how farmers express themselves when they have been "born and bred under shadow" of an old castle. Paula asked Adam what he did with himself between seasons. "One thinks—and dreams," he said. Exactly.

Paula's uncle-guardian was an archæologist and a professor. Therefore he ate his meals absent-mindedly. His domicile was conducted by a sour-faced housekeeper named Graddage. Because she was sour-faced her name was Graddage. On Paula's retirement from school Graddage introduced a niece of hers into the house to act as maid to the young lady, and the young lady spoke thus to the niece:

> "Come and sit down here, and let us have a talk. We're both young, and though I'm mistress and you are maid, youth stands for much."

"Youth stands for much," said the philosopher of seventeen.

Later, in the skating season, the beautiful and vicious Lady Brancepeth tried to make mischief between Paula and plain Adam. Lady Brancepeth used words like *parti*, *adieu*, and *nil*, and, having done her worst,

> she skimmed off, graceful as a swallow, her airy laugh ringing on the air, where it seemed the sting of her echoing words still lingered.

In two years the whole jilting business is over, and the philosopher, now aged nineteen, thus crystallises her acquired wisdom:

> "I have seen two worlds, Adam—the world of the country, and the world of the town. I know which is best, I think."

Mr. Crockett's book is less homogeneous. It consists of several short stories, some of them (the best) done several years ago, some romantic, and some unromantic. Yet we think we can give the spirit of the volume in a single extract:

> The Count paused awhile in the leafy shadow of the porch, for it was pleasant there out of the heat. Suddenly there came a soft rustle as of wings or summer draperies, a patter down the stairs, a rush out of a door, and a clear voice exclaiming, "Why don't you answer, silly old curmudgeon of a father? Do you really think I cannot see you hiding there in the porch?"
>
> Two arms were thrown impulsively about the Count's neck, and then turning he found himself closely face to face with the dismayed, terrified eyes of the fairest maid it had ever been his lot to behold. The girl stood before him crimsoning from brow to bosom. Her hands had fallen from his shoulders to her sides, and had again been halfway lifted to her eyes as if to cover her face from the shame. She took her breath short, panting like a captured bird that fears mishandling. The Count St. Polten was equally surprised. His heart certainly jolted within him in a manner strange and unwonted. And when he awoke to himself, lo! he had his dirty campaigner's cap in his hand, and was bowing over the girl's hand as though she had been the Empress-Queen herself.
>
> But suddenly, with a startled recognition of tardy dutifulness, the girl knelt before him and set his hand to her lips, kissing the signet of the Count's ring as her father had done.
>
> "The Count!" she murmured. "I have been rude to the Count, my father's gracious lord!"

The Count St. Polten and the plebeian Gertrud ("a rosebud of twenty-one") thus behaved to each other exactly as Counts and village maids always have and always must behave to each other in popular romances. Mr. Crockett is, of course, well aware that in real life, mediæval or modern, neither Count nor maid would have done as he says they did. He knows he is writing the sweetly untrue. "Rita" knows she is writing the sweetly untrue Every reader knows that both concoctions are a beauteous fraud, an iridescent lie, an elaborate and deliberate swindle. Maids never did embrace Counts under porches in mistake for their fathers. Maids never did meet their fated young men in the train going home from school. The chances are that wicked women are not beautiful and that they skate badly. The chances are that farmers do nothing but farm, that archæologists take a keen interest in their meals, and that sour-faced housekeepers are named Smith, Pratt, Cholmondeley. Certainly no sour-faced housekeeper was ever yet named Graddage. Such poetical appositeness could only happen in Dickens or in Paradise. All popular fiction is, more or less, the result of a desire for paradise. "Oh! to be wafted away from this black Aceldama of dailiness," exclaims the average novel-reader; and the popular novelist replies: "I will waft you." The fact is, life isn't good enough for the average novel-reader. He thinks "Rita" and Mr. Crockett have improved on it. Life is bread and he wants toffee, and the more toffee he gets the more he will have.

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In Memoriam H. C. M. W.

AUGUST 8, 1901.

THE wind blows sweet through the valley,
A strong wind, pleasant and free;
It blows with a rumour of travel
To the moorland up from the sea.

The miles and the desolate distance
It shatters them all at will,
While we wait here for a message
From a voice for ever still.

O wind from the great new countries,
What know you of pain and loss?
We are weeping for him in England
Who died 'neath the Southern Cross.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 106 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best description of the pictures in a private room. The essays sent in number more than forty, but sentimentality is the fault of too many. We like feeling, but this should be natural and inevitable. We are glad, however, that two of our competitors show a sense of humour. Between these: Mr. George Cruickshank, 36, Torphichen-street, Edinburgh, and Mr. U. L. Napier, 4, Belsize-avenue, Hampstead, N.W., we have decided to divide the prize. A cheque for a half guinea has been sent to each.

As I entered the room, my eyes involuntarily scanned the walls. "Real oil paintings!" said my host proudly. They were; and as smooth and oily as furniture-shop pictures (!) usually are. Not that I mean to insinuate that my friend had bought them along with his furniture—on the contrary, he soon began to inform me where and for how much he had picked them up; pointing with pride to the foreign signatures on the corners as evidence of value. "I can't abide copies," he said. "I want pictures on my walls as no one else can never have the same as." I said it was a worthy ambition, and made a dive in the direction of a small sketch in silvery tones half-hidden in a corner, which my trained eye had caught sight of. "Oh, that!" he went on. "Now, that is a thing which I wouldn't have hanging on my wall nohow, only, you see" (lowering his voice) "the artist is a friend of the missus, who is Scotch, you know. And this is by one of them Glasgow chaps as paints the rough, unfinished kind of pictures. For myself" (waving his hand towards the walls with an air of conscious culture), "I like them refined and—ahem!—smooth!"

As Turner used to say, "Rum thing art, ain't it?"

George Cruickshank.

It is three years and more since I looked on my walls—once the dear shrine of a dominant passion. Pale terra-cotta wall-paper, the pictures kept strictly to the "line"—forming, in fact, a sort of shrunk dado round the room—these things show how I worshipped Hammerton. Much of my art passion, however, must have been blatant sentimentality. Witness five girls' profiles; sweet, simpering things, posed against rose-bushes and what not, myrtle-green frames—all the "Fee-fo-fum" of the dealer in popular prints.

How my soul revelled, too, in symbolism. But, to look on that water-colour of "Life and Death Fighting over the Sick Man" gave me thoughts unutterable. And 'tis a grim contest i' faith. Skeleton Death, clad in bistre garment, pours from his horrid maw shere hell-fire. He is rushing upon his adversary, a fiery dart high poised above his head ready to fall. But the tall man in the whirling red robe has him tight clutched by the sword-arm. The flames may lick his naked breast and curl through his very hair. He recks not. Neither dart, nor brimstone, nor ghastly, gnashing jaws, nor all the frightful powers of darkness can budge that noble Salamander!

A picture of another sort hung where that patch of darker terra-cotta half hides behind the head of Napoleon. No less than a Sam Bough, the scene, "Glen Carron, Ross-shire." "This little gem," said the catalogue, "is the work of the painter's best period." I had a cheque from the auctioneer, "proceeds of sale, less cost of new gilt frame and our commission."

An elder brother grew rampant at the loss of such an heirloom. Heirloom or no, I needed cash to lay ghosts withal. And, besides, Art no longer hath dominion over me as it was wont.

Let me to my book again! U. L. Napier.

Two other replies are as follows:—

It was a large, well-furnished room. Broad bay-windows opened to the east, giving a view of the noisy, busy city below, of the tangled shipping in the harbour, the wide bay, and the high hills beyond. The general disorder, the Bohemian lack of arrangement among the tables and chairs, marked it as a bachelor's living-room; and the number of canvases and sketches hung about the apartment marked its owner as a generous patron and a keen critic. Some of these were framed, and well placed for light and wall space; others were tacked carelessly upon a panel, or stood singly or in groups upon the ledge of the high redwood wainscotting.

There, in the place of honour at the end of the room, was a large canvas by William Keith—an evening scene. The sun's rays have just left the harvest field and the great gnarled oaks which grew by the meadow brook, yet they still burnish the clouds above. The hay-gatherers are piling high the last wain of the day, and over the field of their labours, with the coming of the night, settles a quiet peace—a spirit of rest. On the right hangs the portrait of a tall, slender young lady—a figure of charming girlish grace. On the left is a woodland path in Fontainebleau, by Diaz. The late afternoon sun breaks through the forest foliage, and flecks the path and tree-trunks with sunlight. In the foreground two French peasants are gathering wood. Here below it on the panel-ledge stands an unframed sketch of an Algerian rug-market—a water-colour—glittering in the brilliancy of its tropical sunlight and its bright Oriental colours; and close by, in sharp contrast, a dark, threatening sky above an angry dashing surf. On the side wall appears a dark-eyed Neapolitan street-singer, and there beside her a clumsy Dutch windmill perched upon its pedestal of stone.

But all these were mere sketches as compared with the *chef-d'œuvre* of his little collection, which stood upon the easel near the door. Here was his famous picture, Hoffman's "Christ upon the Mount of Olives." Before it one simply stood and gazed. That kneeling figure, with clasped hands, that face upturned towards the light, held one as by a spell. One could now understand why the child had stood before this picture and wept. To look upon it was to pray, and before it all the other pictures and the room itself seemed to fade away and disappear. [H. S. S., London.]

"What do you think of that picture?" asked my friend, during a lull in our talk of books and life. "It is called 'Love and Death,' and I often notice in the evenings, when twilight steals into the room, how the dark figure of Death slowly fades out of sight, and the white form of Love remains alone. There is an idea for a sonnet," he added. My gaze drifted away, however, to the red-chalk drawing, a copy of "Rossetti, by himself, ætat 18," and there rested for awhile, captivated by that sensitive young face. It was the face of a thoughtful lover of beauty—a face not yet marred by pain, but with an elusive, inexplicable look, as of foreshadowings of griefs to come.

"And my ceiling-picture," said my friend. "I do not think you have noticed it." I looked up, and saw dark clouds and blue sky, and out of the clouds rose a beautiful winged form, with out-stretched hands. The eyes I could not understand. "She seems to be blind," I said. "What does the picture signify?" My friend rose, and, taking from his shelves the little volume of "Sonnets of this Century," he read me Robertson's "The Lost Ideal of the World"—"Blind, and in all the loneliness of wings!" I lay back, looking up at the picture, as he read, thinking great thoughts, dreaming great dreams that the poet who wrote and the artist who painted had also known. [F. N., Edinburgh.]

Competition No. 107 (New Series).

WE publish this week a special supplement, containing publishers' announcements for the autumn season. From the lists therein printed we ask our readers to pick out what, in their opinion, promise to be:

(*a*) The two most interesting biographies.
(*b*) The two most interesting works of history.
(*c*) The two most interesting works of travel.
(*d*) The two most interesting religious works.
(*e*) The two most interesting novels.
(*f*) The two most interesting books for children.

To the competitor whose selection most nearly resembles that produced by a collation of all replies received a cheque for a guinea will be sent.

RULES.

ANSWERS, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, October 9. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

*** *Owing to pressure on our space Correspondence is held over.*

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Announcements.

THE following lists have been crowded out of our Special Announcement Supplement:

Messrs. Burns & Oates.

The Madonna: A Pictorial Record of the Life and Death of the Mother of Our Lord Jesus Christ, by the Painters and Sculptors of Christendom, Reproduced from more than 500 of their Works. The Text Translated from the Italian of Adolfo Venturi, with an Introduction by Alice Meynell 31/6
Dziewicki (Michael Henry), The Little Flower of Jesus: being the Autobiography of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and the Holy Face, Carmelite Nun. Translated from the French, "Histoire d'une Ame" 6/0
Kerr (Lady Amabel), A Saint of the Oratory: the Life of Blessed Antony Grassi, of the Fermo Congregation net 4/0
Newman (Cardinal), Callista: a Sketch of the Third Century 2/0
Cecilia (Madame), The Retreat Manual: a Handbook for an Annual Retreat and Monthly Recollection 2/0
Avis (Whyte), The Catholic Girl in the World 3/6
Egger (Rev. Joseph), Meditations on the Sacred Heart ... 2/6
Vaughan (H.E. Cardinal), The Reunion of Christendom net 0/6

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

Wells (H. G.), Anticipations: an Experiment in Prophecy 7/6
Diaries of the Emperor Frederick during the Campaigns of 1866 and 1870-71 and His Journeys to the East and to Spain. Translated from the German by Frances A. Welby. Edited by Margarethe von Poschinger net 12/0
Garde-Chambonas (Count de la), Recollections of the Congress of Vienna (1814-1815)
Harper (Charles G.), The Norwich Road: an East Anglian Highway 16/0
Moore (Henry Charles), Omnibuses and Cabs: their Origin and History 7/6
Boyle (Frederick), The Culture of Greenhouse Orchids: Old System and New net 8/0
Duckitt (Hildagonda J.), A Cape Housekeeper's Diary ... 4/6
Ketab, Indian Dishes for English Tables 3/6

NEW EDITIONS.

A New and Complete Edition of the Novels of Samuel Richardson. With 78 illustrations, reproduced from etchings, by Thomas Stothard and E. F. Burney, and a portrait of Richardson. 20 vols. each, net 2/6
Charles Dickens's Works: The Oxford India Paper Dickens. 17 vols. each, net 2/6
Lanteri (E.), Modelling: a Guide for Teachers and Students net 15/0
Hatton (Richard G.), Figure Drawing and Composition: Being a Number of Hints for the Student and Designer Upon the Treatment of the Human Figure. 9/0
Harper (Charles G.), A Practical Hand-book of Drawing: for Modern Methods of Reproduction. With many illustrations showing comparative results 7/6
Gissing (George), By the Ionian Sea: Notes of a Ramble in Southern Italy 16/0
Crane (Stephen), Great Battles of the World..... 6/0
Stamer (W. J. A.), 20,000 Miles of Road Travel in Central and Western Europe 12/0

Messrs. Chapman & Hall also announce new Art text-books and treatises.

Messrs. Greening & Co.

Kenyon (C. Fred.), Hall Caine: the Man and the Novelist 3/6
Fyffe (Hamilton), Arthur Wing Pinero: a Study..... 3/6
"R.," Dress in a Nutshell 0/6
Downing (Chas.), God in Shakespeare. New and Revised Edition, with New Preface 5/0

FICTION.

Forestier-Walker (Clarence—Trans. by), Romance of a Harem net 5/0
Soissons (Count C. S. de—Trans. by), from the Russian of Nicholas Leyken, Where the Oranges Grow: a Humorous Story 6/0
Gull (C. Ranger), The Cigarette Smoker..... 2/6
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Autumn Announcements Supplement.

SATURDAY: 5 OCTOBER, 1901.

Harvest.

ONCE more the harvest is plenteous. The first thing that strikes one in the announcements of publishers for the present season—printed in the ensuing pages—is the enormous mass of fiction offered to the public. We find that the new novels published and to be published exceed four hundred. In children's books we fancy there is some falling off from the records of the last few seasons. If it be so the circumstance is neither to be wondered at nor regretted.

It cannot be said that any new trend or tendency is discernible in the lists before us; and the number of books of compelling and obvious importance is probably not larger than usual. Yet the announcements are anything but dull, and there are certainly some books for which permanent room will be made on many shelves. For example, the *Illustrated History of English Literature*, on which Dr. Garnett and Mr. Edmund Gosse have collaborated, is likely to receive prolonged attention in such bookish times as these. Allied to this work is Messrs. Chambers' new and revised edition of their *Cyclopædia of English Literature* in three half-guinea volumes. This is practically a new work, and has been edited by Mr. David Patrick. Many will reserve shelf space for the forty parts of the *Edinburgh Folio Shakespeare* which Mr. Henley is editing. Another desirable work of the serious order is the illustrated edition of the late Mr. Traill's *Social England*, in six volumes. The illustrations should be of great value; they will be about 2,500 in number, and they are taken from extant remains or contemporary pictures. The three supplementary volumes of the *Dictionary of National Biography* may fairly rank as the most important publication in the heavy brigade.

Books of considerable interest in history and biography and reminiscence are abundant. We need only name at random Mr. Andrew Lang's *The Mystery of Mary Stuart*, John Richard Green's *Oxford Studies*, Lord Acton's and Mr. Archbold's *The Teaching of History*, the *Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget*, Mr. Herbert Paul's brief Life of Mr. Gladstone, the *Correspondence of Lady Sarah Lennox*, and—in lighter vein—Mr. Harry Furniss's autobiography.

Naturally we feel special interest in books of criticism, and *belles lettres*. Messrs. Macmillan's announcement of eight new volumes in the "English Men of Letters" series is inspiriting. Messrs. Blackwood will also add several volumes to their "Modern English Writers." Mr. William Archer, greatly daring, has pronounced judgment on nearly all our "Poets of the Younger Generation" in separate studies. His publisher has added their portraits, and marked the lot One Guinea. Dr. George Brandes' *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*—a work of colossal range and sagacity—will be completed gradually in its English dress in six volumes. Dr. Richard Garnett comes forward with *The Essays of an Ex-Librarian*, Mr. Henley with another *Views and Reviews*—a series of appreciations on Art, and Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton with a volume of Essays. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's "Blackstick Papers" are sure of a welcome by lovers of literary gossip. In literary biography the books of topmost interest are Mr. Graham Balfour's *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson* and a new volume of Edward Fitzgerald's Letters.

The Art Book, as it is called, is as conspicuous as ever. The term is more convenient than just, for it is applied to books of very different merit—to the really critical work and to the picture book round whose illustrations letterpress has been poured. It is to the higher class that the large volumes produced by Sir Walter Armstrong belong. This year he has been at work on Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., an artist who appealed greatly to Dr. John Brown and Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. William Strang's *Thirty Etchings illustrating the Works of Rudyard Kipling* are bought up. A work of first-rate interest in this department will be Mr. Lionel Cust's *National Portrait Gallery*, with reproductions of all the portraits in the national collection. The art of Mr. Herkomer is sumptuously illustrated in Mr. A. L. Baldry's book on this artist. Mr. Marillier has prepared an illustrated chronicle of the art and life of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Lady Dilke proceeds in her surveys of French art. A large pictorial record of the Madonna is in preparation.

Of poetry there is rather a dearth. The only volume that need be named in advance is Mrs. Meynell's "Later Poems."

The set and the series are still loud in the land. Two new editions of Tolstoy's works are in hand. George Eliot is going into her last complete copyright editions, Thackeray into his first considerable non-copyright editions. French standard fiction is also being brought to the front. Despite the existence of a very long series of histories of the nations, a new "Great People's" series, which one imagines to be on similar lines, is projected. Pocket series of standard works are especially active.

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MR. J. E. B. MAYOR sends the following to *The Classical Review*, under the title "Charles Lamb also among the Prophets":

> In the twentieth volume (Berlin, Schwetschke, 1901) of the *Theologischer Jahresbericht*, p. 178, is a curious proof that bibliographical industry may cast its net too wide. Under the heading "Israelitische Religionsgeschichte" I find: "*Lamb, C.*, Essays of Elia. 2nd series. N.Y. Scribner (London, Macmillan)." I gladly bear witness to the general accuracy and astonishing diligence of the contributors to this serial, which stands at the head of its department.

THE *Sketch* states that the firm of Americans who started the cheap reprint of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in this country, and were also responsible for the *Standard Library of Famous Literature* and several other similar undertakings, has made a profit of over a quarter of a million sterling.

WE regret to hear of the serious illness of Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, author of *John Inglesant*. Added to the severe suffering caused by muscular rheumatism is an internal trouble which prevents the system receiving proper nourishment. Mr. Shorthouse is sixty-seven.

WE have received from Messrs. Cassell & Co. the first part of *The Nation's Pictures*, a portfolio containing reproductions in colour of "O Mistress Mine," by Mr. Abbey; "Autumn," by Mr. Alfred East; "Napoleon on Board the *Bellerophon*," by Mr. Orchardson; and "An Idyll," by Mr. Grieffenhagen. All are good. The reproduction in colour of Mr. Grieffenhagen's beautiful picture, "An Idyll," is particularly successful.

MR. F. WELLS, "a humorous bibliophile of Boston," has projected himself into the twenty-second century, and has returned with a number of notes of a book-collector, which he has handed to the Editor of the *Critic* (New York) for publication. Here are a few:

> *My Last Visit to America*, by Henry James. Translated into English by Brander Matthews and Harry Thurston Peck, author of *Peck's Bad English*. Scotch Notes, by J. M. Barrie. Indiana Notes, by Booth Tarkington. Pink Paper Edition.
>
> *I and the Empire*, by Rudyard Kipling, poet laureate of the Anglo-Saxon Empire from 1904 to 1934, author of one hundred and thirteen volumes of pamphlets, treatises on military tactics, street-car advertisements, and doggerel. Is mentioned in his own time as having written tales of adventure, most of which were destroyed in the Irish invasion of 1937. Two copies of the *Jungle Book* remain, and are to be found in the Roosevelt Menagerie Library in New York. This copy is of the famous Elephant's Head Edition of 1913. Uncut.
>
> *My Political Career*, by Samuel L. Clemens, pseudonym Mark Twain, a political writer and controversialist of the Twentieth Century. In his own day widely known as a humorist.

MR. F. C. VERNON-HARCOURT, "once a well-known figure in histrionic circles, but now a successful conductor of missions," is about to publish his autobiography. It is to be called *From Stage to Cross*. This would seem to offer an opportunity to Mr. Wilson Barrett.

THE *Dial* (Chicago), in its issue of October 1, devotes fourteen and a-half columns to reviews of recent poetry. "The names, for the most part," remarks the reviewer, "are unknown to fame." In the advertisement columns of the same journal a new novel is announced as demonstrating, "through the great principle of the universality of natural laws, the principle upon which all science rests, that the Darwinian theory of evolution and all undulatory theories are alike absurd and impossible."

THE unpublished MSS. of the brothers de Goncourt have just been deposited at the Bibliothèque Nationale. They contain the correspondence of Jules and Edmond from 1851 to 1896, as well as ths "Journal" covering the same period. The portfolios containing the MSS. are not to be opened for twenty years.

MR. A. C. MCCLURG, of Chicago, has ready *A History of American Verse*, by Mr. J. L. Onderdonk, covering the subject from the colonial period to the close of the nineteenth century.

THE following communication from a would-be contributor has the interest of novelty:

> Mr. —— sends the enclosed contributions on approval, and hopes that if they are suitable the Editor will write in order that other copies may be recalled, and that if they are unsuitable the Editor will kindly return them in the stamped envelope. N.B. The contributions are *short serious* poems, suitable for a small empty space.

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America has already read and reviewed Gorki's novel, *Foma Gordyeeff*, for which in England we are still waiting. Gorki's real name, by the way, is Alexei Maximovitch Pyeshkoff. He was born in Nizhni Nóvgorod on March 14, 1868 or 1869 (he says), in the family of his grandfather, the painter Vasily Vasilievitch Kashirin. His father died when he was five years of age. Gorki's adventures as cook's boy on a Volga steamer, man of all work at Kozan, railway watchman at Gzaritzyn, beerseller at Nizhni Novgorod, and finally as an author, are set forth by Miss Hapgood the translator of the forthcoming novel. Meanwhile America's judgment is not specially favourable. One critic says: "The immense talent of the author is evidenced on every page, but the story, on the whole, is disappointing, and, toward the end, becomes a trifle wearisome. It is really little better than a series of episodes and interminable discourses, the burden of which is the appalling ugliness of social conditions. But while Gorki speaks with ferocious derision of all institutions, he has nothing to put in their place. He does not preach any positive doctrine and has no system of constructive philosophy. He is satisfied with the conviction that our existence is an evil, that there should be no curb on the passions, that the only thing admirable in life is individual strength and passion, and that life itself should be a desperate search after something which, if found, would account for it, but which can never be found because it does not exist! The work is full of similar incoherences and contradictions." We shall see.

Mr. Samuel Butler, whose *Erewhon Revisited* appears this week, has to his credit several books. His critical essay, *The Authoress of the Odyssey*, is good reading whether we accept the "authoress" or not. *Erewhon* and *Erewhon Revisited* are now published together. The Preface to the first edition of *Erewhon* (1872) was simply this:

> The Author wishes it to be understood that Erewhon is pronounced as a word of three syllables, all short—thus, Ē-rĕ-whŏn.

Upon this clever satirical fantasy Mr. Butler spent ten years, whereas, he tells us, *Erewhon Revisited* was written easily between November, 1900, and the end of April, 1901. And he adds:

> There is no central idea underlying *Erewhon*, whereas the attempt to realise the effect of a single supposed great miracle dominates the whole of its successor. In *Erewhon* there was hardly any story, and little attempt to give life and individuality to the characters; I hope that in *Erewhon Revisited* both these defects have been in great measure avoided. *Erewhon* was not an organic whole, *Erewhon Revisited* may fairly claim to be one. Nevertheless, though in literary workmanship I do not doubt that this last-named book is an improvement on the first, I shall be agreeably surprised if I am not told that *Erewhon*, with all its faults, is the better reading of the two.

In his preface to *Erewhon Revisited*, Mr. Butler sets his readers right on one important point—his beliefs. "I have never ceased to profess myself a member of the more advanced wing of the English Broad Church. What those who belong to this wing believe, I believe. What they reject, I reject."

"The works of the 'localisers' I have not read," says Mr. Andrew Lang in introducing his study of Tennyson just added by Messrs. Blackwood to their "Modern English Writers" series. "The professed commentators I have not consulted." "I have not dwelt on parallels to be found in the works of earlier poets." Mr. Lang seems to have thrown over a great deal of lumber, and he is surely right when he says: "After all, what we must live by is, not his opinions, but his poetry. The poetry of Milton survives his ideas; whatever may be the fate of the ideas of Tennyson his poetry must endure."

American critics are wrestling with those problems of popularity in literature which in England have been handled so interestingly by Mr. E. A. Bennett. The latest see-saw is a defence by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton of such novels as Miss Johnston's, Mr. Leicester Ford's, and Mr. Winston Churchill's. Even Mrs. Atherton, however, merely pleads that these prodigiously circulated stories "must have done much toward educating our immense lower middle class." She looks to the future, and says: "The truth is, there are as many separate publics for as many varieties of the novel as can be devised; and that, with our growing wealth, educational facilities, and independence of character, to say nothing of flights to Europe on incomes ranging from a hundred thousand a year to five hundred economised dollars, there is no reason in the world why Mr. Henry James should not have a following of fifty thousand in the course of the next decade, nor why *Tom Jones* should not be revived with the same enthusiasm as recently attended the rebirth of the emasculated *Wandering Jew*."

A correspondent of the *Morning Post* propounds a riddle which, in a less concrete form, has puzzled ourselves considerably from time to time. He asks: "When is an author not an author? I mean: John Smith wrote an *Algebra* twenty years ago. He goes the way of all flesh, and fifteen years later James Brown revises the *Algebra*, which is still published as Smith's. Five years later, again, George Robinson re-writes the Brown-Smith *Algebra*, and Prof. Jones, F.R.S., supplies the work with a preface. Is Smith's *Algebra* still on the market as the publishers lead us to suppose? Anyone who scans an educational catalogue in almost any department of learning will admit the pertinence of this query, and we hesitate to pronounce on the morality of the practice. An analogy will, perhaps, be helpful. A man buys an umbrella; next year he has it recovered; another time, new ribs are put in; a new stick follows next, and fresh mounts are added subsequently. Is it still the same umbrella? Zeno's paradoxes are nothing to this."

The clever fiction parodist who disports himself in *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow* has this month selected *Richard Calmady the Younger* as his whipping-post. And his flicking and lashing is of the liveliest. We beg to lift the first three chapters:

I.

The birth of an heir to Sir Richard and Honoria came in due course. Whether the prize Dachshunds were too absorbing, or whether Lady Calmady had been reading too much gynecological fiction, or whether the child merely took after its father, is still a moot point; but, be it as it may, the new Richard Calmady was, like the old, born without legs. Father and son stared at each other. Between them they hadn't a leg to stand on.

II.

Lady Calmady did not learn the dread news for some weeks. At last it was impossible to keep it from her longer, and Dr. Knott was deputed to break it with his customary tact.

He entered the sick room with a bang, hurled the nurse out of it, and flung himself into the armchair at Lady Calmady's bedside.

"Madam," he said, bringing down a heavy fist on the sleeping babe in her arms, "madam, it's another freak."

III.

Lady Calmady stood by the window. The Dachshunds must die, she had said, and the deed of extermination had begun. Chifney, the chief kennel-man, was administering prussic acid in the middle of the lawn. Lady Calmady watched with heroic fortitude: her mother-in-law could not have shown finer self-control. Last of the Dachshunds came her own favourite, Edward Longshanks. He gave

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one despairing glance at her window, barked pathetically, and fell with a dull thud.

"To-morrow," said Honoria, turning to Julius, the pale monk beside her, "to-morrow we will begin to keep ostriches."

THE controversy on "Fabian Fatuities" in the *Daily News* has drawn a long and characteristic letter from Mr. Bernard Shaw, in which his general argument is perhaps less interesting than his *obiter dicta*. One of these is a bitter comment on our South African commissariat arrangements:

> What do you suppose, Mr. Editor, seems to me the most disgraceful fact in the whole war? Forcing men to attend the executions of their friends, perhaps? Or shooting under cover of the white flag? Not a bit of it. If you may hang one enemy, why not force another to see you doing it, if it annoys him sufficiently? A white-flag incident is only a particular sort of ambush: whether a man lures me within gunshot by hiding behind a stone or waving his handkerchief on a stick matters nothing to me if he hits me when he fires. No: what makes me feel savage is that we have killed our own men by thousands because we had not energy and capacity enough to boil or distil their drinking water. After that there is no use in waving flags and scattering Victoria Crosses and talking about the gallantry of our soldiers. It means that we are good-for-nothing duffers, miserable, hysterical sycophants, who, having no officers and no statesmen, are content to dress up a few chance donkeys in lion skins and togas and pretend that they are Cæsars and Solons.

WE understand that among seventy new members of the Dante Society are H.R.H. the Duke of Abruzzi, Count Costa, Count Plunkett, Lord Windsor, Mr. Choate, the Archbishop of Armagh, Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, Mr. Paget Toynbee, Mr. Asquith, and Prof. Saintsbury. The Dante cult was never more prosperous than now.

MORE English as she is wrote. The writer of a German trade circular, of recent date, introduces himself as a "manufactory of water-tight and fire-proof clothes for mining and industrial works," and he promises to send everything "free pockage fixed for cash." He says: "Since long time in mining and resembling works the fact is known and unpleasantly perceived, that leather clothes, which mostly have been used till now, by no means can suffice for the claims to be called for water-tight clothes. Therefore instead of leather clothes such ones of oiled or caoutchouced stuff have been tried to use, but these also have the inconvenience to be too much too havy and incommode to hinder the free movement of workmen." He concludes as follows: "Proves of stuff and whole clothes will be sent to, when desired."

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us reviving the familar proposal that a series of epicene pronouns should be incorporated in the language. In consequence of their absence a writer is compelled to use such phrases as "he or she," "him or her." Our correspondent suggests that the following words (all of which, we think, have been proposed before) should be brought into use:

Heesh	for	He or She.
Himmer	,,	Him or Her.
Hizzer	,,	His or Her.
Hizzers	,,	His or Hers.

IT is sometimes bruited that Dickens's reign is nearing its end. We do not believe it. But whether he is read as much formerly or not, his influence appears to be recognised as active in literature. Mr. Edmund Gosse points out in an article in the *International Monthly*, from which we have already quoted, that Mr. Meredith's early debt to Dickens can be easily assessed. More novel, if less convincing, is "Claudius Clear's" contention in this week's *British Weekly* that in *Kim* Mr. Kipling has followed Dickens's method of conceiving character and has even imitated some of his episodes.

THE Elizabethan Society is doing useful work, and has as its programme for the winter season shows, the support of some prominent workers in this field of literature. It is anxious to extend its scope, and we can recommend all students to consider its advantages. The new programme is as follows:

October 9—
"Shakespeare's Justice Shallow not a Satire on Sir Thomas Lucy."
BY MRS. C. C. STOPES.

November 6—
"Concerning Alfred the Great."
BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

December 4—
"An Elizabethan Conception of Beauty."
BY FREDERICK ROGERS.

January 8—
"Thomas Shadwell."
BY WILLIAM G. HUTCHISON.

February 5—
"Shakespeare and Contemporary German Criticism."
BY MISS ELIZABETH LEE.

March 5—
"Shakespeare's Prose."
BY SIDNEY LEE.

April 9—
"Inigo Jones and his Masques."
BY ERNEST RHYS.

May 7—
"The Maid of Honour: an Unpublished Romance (of the Seventeenth Century) by Sir Henry North."
BY A. H. BULLEN.

On the other Wednesdays of the session the society will meet at eight o'clock to read the plays of Thomas Middleton.

The meetings take place at Toynbee Hall.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS'S proposal to initiate a series of Folios which may prove a type and exemplar of modern book-making makes a beginning with the first part (one of forty) of an edition of Shakespeare. It is a noble and comely production, a delight to the eye and to the touch. Mr. W. E. Henley, who is responsible for the text, will keep as close to the First Folio (1623) as he can, and "will trust to common-sense and a becoming reverence for his Author for the rest."

ANOTHER beautiful edition of Shakespeare is the "Windsor" edition of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack, of Edinburgh. It is a one-play one-volume edition in maroon canvas, lettered and designed in gold. The photogravure frontispieces, consisting of portraits and views, are admirable. Mr. Henry N. Hudson has supplied introductions and notes. The footnotes are of the appreciative as well as merely expository kind, and some readers of the straiter sect may think that the indication of beauties in the text is slightly overdone, as where Mr. Hudson says: "This is the artfullest and most telling stroke in Antony's speech," but Mr. Hudson is a very interesting commentator, whose maxim is that annotations to Shakespeare can and should be entertaining. Hence the more technical and scholarly notes are placed at the end of each play, the footnotes being such as can be at once assimilated. We imagine that this will be a popular as it is certainly a most comely and cheap edition. The price of each volume is 2s. net, and the first eight volumes are ready. Any volume can be purchased separately.

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS send us a big box of Christmas cards, almanacks, children's booklets, &c.—a budget of artistic kindliness we may call it. Christmas card seems, however, a poor term to apply to some of these productions. Large and highly finished photogravures and landscapes call for a more sounding name. One singularly

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artistic New Year card represents 1902 as a child among corn, the whole being carried out in imitation of a copper bas-relief with great success. In the production of such dainties Messrs. Tuck are past masters.

MR. W. S. GILBERT'S "letter of congratulation" to Mr. Clement Scott on the occasion of the "grand birthday double number" of *The Free Lance* is characteristic. "Dear Scott," it begins,

> Your ideas as to the duties and privileges of dramatic critics are so diametrically opposed to mine that I think we had better let matters rest as they are. Nor do I think that the fact that you will have achieved sixty years on the 6th October is a reason for a general jubilation. I am sixty-five, and nobody seems to care.
>
> I bear no ill-will towards you, but I have an excellent memory.—Yours truly, W. S. GILBERT.

We presume Mr. Gilbert did not regard Mr. Archer's "Real Conversation" as a birthday present.

Bibliographical.

I READ, concerning the late Major-General Drayson, that he was the author of a standard work on *The Art of Practical Whist*, and that he wrote also on billiards, geological and astronomical subjects, and sport in South Africa. That is so. The book on *Practical Whist* reached a fifth edition in 1892, and in January of last year General Drayson brought out a little work on *Intellectual Whist: Conversations, Discussions, and Anecdotes on the Great Game*. His *Untrodden Ground in Astronomy and Geology* appeared in 1890; a new edition of his *Among the Zulus* in 1891. So recently as last year we had from him *Early Days among the Boers; or, Diamond Hunters of South Africa*, which, however, was only a new edition (with a new title) of a book brought out by him originally in 1889. I find he wrote *The White Chief of the Caffirs* (1886), *From Keeper to Captain* (1888), and *Thirty Thousand Years of the Earth's History* (1888). But surely, in his younger days, General Drayson was a contributor of adventure-stories to a boys' magazine which I read "in the days of my youth"? Perhaps some of my contemporaries, with a better memory than mine for boyhood's reading, may be able to tell me.

Messrs. Wells Gardner have an excellent excuse for bringing out a new edition of Mrs. Sherwood's *Fairchild Family* (albeit condensed). There has been no issue of the tale, apparently, since 1889. The worthy authoress seems to maintain her popularity fairly well. Her *Little Woodman and his Dog Cæsar* came out at sixpence last year; her book of reminiscences, *Here, There, and Everywhere*, was published over here in 1898; in the previous year we had had the opportunity of reading her *Epistle to Posterity; being Rambling Recollections of Many Years of My Life;* and previously to that came her *Art of Entertaining* (1892), her *Henry Milner* (1891), her *Popular Stories* (1891), her *Indian Pilgrim* (1890), and so forth.

I understand that the little book called *Some Recollections of Jean Ingelow and Her Early Friends* is from the pen of a very near relative. It is pleasantly written, and is, of course, trustworthy; but it is permissible to regret that the task of writing the biography of Jean Ingelow was not laid upon the shoulders of a competent man-of-letters.

In addition to the illustrated *History of English Literature* promised us by Mr. Heinemann, and the elaborate new edition of Messrs. Chambers's *Encyclopædia of English Literature* (which is in effect a history), we are to have, it seems, a *History of English Literature, from its Beginning to Tennyson*, from Messrs. Methuen. It is gratifying to gather from all this, that the public is taking an enormous interest in our literary works and record, but is there not some chance of the subject being over-done? The "histories," "handbooks," "manuals," "outlines," and so forth, which have been devoted to the topic during the last decade alone, are legion. To name only a few: *Outlines*, by Ryland (1890), *History*, by W. H. Low (1890-94), *History*, by B. Ten Brink (1893-6), *Outlines*, by W. Renton (1893), *Short History*, by E. S. Kirkland (1893), *Chaucer to Tennyson*, by Pencoast (1893), *History*, by J. Logie Robertson (1894), *Biographical History*, by Morell (1895), *Short History*, by Meiklejohn (1896), *History*, by Stopford Brooke, (1897), *History*, by George Saintsbury (1898), *Short History*, by T. P. Marshall (1898), *History*, by John Dennis (1899), *History*, by A. J. Wyatt (1900), and so on, and so on.

And, during these ten years or so, there have been new editions galore of such books on English literature as F. A. Laing's *History* (1892), Pryde's *Biographical Outlines* (1894), Austin Dobson's *Handbook* (ed. Griffin, 1897), and Thomas Arnold's *Manual* (1897). In my own view, a history of English literature cannot be written satisfactorily by one man, or even by two or three; it must be written by a body of experts. Most works of the kind have had the fatal faults of superficiality, of opinions expressed at second-hand, of an assumption of knowledge where there was little or none. No one man, however industrious, can compass the whole field of English literature—not even if he devotes his whole life to it, which one is rarely able to do. Even our "professors" of the subject would be obliged to admit, if pressed, that they could lay no claim to omniscience concerning English literature "from the beginning, to Tennyson."

Messrs. Bell are credited with the intention of producing a series of books, mainly for young women, the first of which is to be a new edition of Mrs. Jameson's *Shakespeare's Heroines*, with illustrations by Mr. Anning Bell. No doubt Mr. Bell's drawings will be all that could be desired, but are they wanted in this particular connexion? Messrs. Bell published, in 1897, an edition of *Shakespeare's Heroines*, illustrated by photographic portraits of popular actresses in favourite Shakespeare parts—Miss Ellen Terry as Beatrice and others, Miss Ada Rehan as Katherine and others, Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Juliet, Miss Mary Anderson as Hermione, and so forth. Would not these portraits appeal more powerfully to girls than any number of new drawings? I may add that I think it a pity that the original title of Mrs. Jameson's book should have been dropped, even in favour of one more directly descriptive. *Characteristics of Women—Moral, Poetical, and Historical*: that is what Mrs. Jameson called her work.

Mr. Punch's Dramatic Sequels, which are to appear shortly in volume form, are, of course, written in the vein of parody or banter. Treated seriously, the subject would yield material for a very readable little book. "The Ticket of Leave Man" was followed by "The Ticket of Leave Man's Wife," "Our American Cousin" by "Lord Dundreary Married and Settled"—two instances which occur to me now out of the many which might be named. Sequels to popular stories might also be dealt with in the same volume; the latest instance being that of the newly-published *Erewhon Revisited*. Something, too, might be said about prologues to plays and to novels. An English writer of our day has written a play leading up to the action in one of Dr. Ibsen's dramas. Mrs. Clive, after telling what happened after Paul Ferroll killed his wife, produced another narrative describing why he killed her. These are among the curiosities of literature.

Announcement is made of a story by "Dick Donovan," to be called *Jim the Penman*. This is the title of a well-known play by the late Sir Charles Young, with whom, however, it may not have been original. There was, I believe, an actual "Jim the Penman."

THE BOOKWORM.

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Reviews.

An Anthology of Conversions.

Roads to Rome: Being Personal Records of some of the More Recent Converts to the Catholic Faith. With an Introduction by His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE sixty-five spiritual histories which form this book are remarkable reading. At the same time the interest and importance of the sketches vary considerably, and a weightier effect would have been produced by encouraging the thirty more capable writers to fill the space occupied by the less capable. But the difficulties of editorship must have been great, and Cardinal Vaughan's introductory warning to the critics is not overdone. What we have here is a miscellany of personal narratives, and each narrative is itself rather a miscellany of episodes, selected memories, and phases of thought than a closely knit autobiography. The wonder is that so many interesting people could be persuaded to attempt a task of confession and analysis such as a man may well postpone until his latest leisure, or leave undone. All these writers have been through deep waters, and believe that they have passed from darkness to light. We should not describe them as "all sorts and conditions of men," yet their personalities and occupations are sufficiently various. Some have made longer journeys than others, having journeyed from total unbelief or indifference to the arms of an "infallible" Church. In one case a member of the National Secular Society, a friend of Mr. Bradlaugh, was led to examine spiritualism, whereby he became convinced of a future life. A chance visit to the Oratory in the Brompton-road seems to have done the rest, though we readily admit that the inevitable *lacunæ* in these brief narratives ought not to be taken advantage of by the critic, for in every case the process of conviction was probably longer and more complex than the pen has written. A Baptist minister and a Unitarian minister tell the stories of their momentous decisions, made in each case in mature years. Among lay converts we have a barrister, a novelist, a naval officer, a professor of anatomy, a publisher, and an ex-judge. But in the majority of cases it is the naturally ecclesiastical mind with which we have to deal, and more than twenty times we find the Anglican priest becoming the Roman Catholic priest. Nothing in the book is so striking as the preparation for Rome which Ritualism affords to its lovers. Again and again we seem to be watching the progress of a mind to which ecclesiasticism is meat and drink, and not seldom in the course of a candid narrative we find the step from Low to High Church described in terms of thankfulness only inferior to those employed for the final entry into the Church in which ecclesiasticism puts forth all its power and beauty. The effect on the lay reader of the book is weakened by this pervading circumstance. He often feels that he is studying the effects of temperament rather than the call of faith. A passage like the following is so churchy that it excites a smile. It has almost the heightened tone which a half-satirical novelist might give:

> The "wicket-gate" by which I entered . . . was St. Michael's, Brighton, where the services, though out of the same prayer-book as we had at St. John the Baptist's, were yet as different as a fine day is from a wet one. I became converted at once. Yes, it was a case of instantaneous conversion. I was introduced to Mr. Beanlands, the incumbent of St. Michael's, at the house of the Rev. John Purchas, whither a friend took me for an evening party. I took to Mr. Beanlands and he to me, I went to his church, and from that day until I became attached to St. Bartholomew's, I loved that little church with a passionate devotion, being never happy away from it. I became detached from my home in a degree which would not be commended to a Catholic, and spent every spare moment at St. Michael's. Its friends became mine; its religion mine. There I made my first Communion on a Maundy Thursday, having been prepared for it and for Confirmation by Mr. Beanlands.

This apologist was a Churchman through and through, and his conversion to Rome seems to have been—we can say it, we hope, without the least offence—of a professional kind. He passed from Church to Church in the warmed atmosphere of Church. High Anglicanism satisfied him for many years.

> Yet through all the happy hubbub of children's voices, bright evenings, processionals and recessionals, High Celebrations, school treats, choir breakfasts, concerts, and entertainments, there was a word which rang ever and louder in my ears, and that word was ROME. Somehow it seemed to me to rhyme with "Home" (as indeed it did).

As indeed it did. "Up to the last day of my ministry in the Church of England," he informs us, "I believed in my Orders. It was the last rope to which I clung. . . . The storm burst midway in the reading of the *Apologia*. When the last page was reached—indeed, before—I was a castaway. I could not resist the logic of the great thinker, the great convert." In the same strain of ingrained ecclesiasticism many of these converts pour out their experiences, until one fancies that what they sought was not so much truth as a more imposing and completer setting for truth. For example, in one paper we have this description of a High Church priest's dissatisfaction: "I had to go on Sundays to the village church. I used to rub my eyes, and say to myself, 'Is that man a Catholic priest?' as the grey-bearded parson read 'Dearly beloved' in a sing-song, or sprawled over the north end of the Communion-table. I could not stay away from Communion on Sundays; yet *I thought it almost certain that I had made only a spiritual Communion.*" The italics, which are ours, mark his conviction, so difficult to the "broad-minded" layman, that the Church sanctifies the faith, and not the faith the Church. Miss Adeline Sergeant, the novelist, tells how it tried her to reflect that she had probably no right to use the prayers of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bernard which she found in her Anglican books of devotion, since these saints would have utterly repudiated the Church to which she belonged.

As the way to Rome through Ritualism is the widest and best trodden road in this book, so is Newman, who footed it alone, the most frequently honoured guide. Indeed, the book is one long testimony to his influence. Hardly a writer fails to mention him, and a great many name him as their most decisive counsellor. He led them like a kindly light to the Light. "Cardinal Newman was, under God, the chief factor in my conversion," begins one writer, and he ends by quoting Newman's rapturous words at the end of his "Discourse to Mixed Congregations":

> Oh! long sought after, tardily found, desire of the eyes, joy of the heart, the truth after many shadows, the fulness after many foretastes, the home after many storms . . . how can you doubt that she (the Catholic and Roman Church) is the messenger for whom ye seek? . . . Come to her, poor wanderers, come to her, for she it is, and she alone, who can unfold to you the meaning of your being and the secret of your destiny.

"Certainly I owe more to Newman than to any one else," writes "A Barrister." After reading Newman another barrister, who became a Roman Catholic priest, was actually able to see "the whole Papacy, infallibility and all, as a corollary to Butler's *Analogy*." But, he adds,

> The work that settled all my doubts, perplexities, and hesitations was one of a lighter sort. In *Loss and Gain* I found my fears drawn out and marshalled in dire array; they pressed me close and pierced me through and through. And then I saw my old bugbear, Catholic subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, in a light new to me indeed, but true beyond dispute. And what an ugly monster it was!—ugly and monstrous, not because it

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disclosed itself as a baser piece of quibbling than was ever invented by pettifogging attorney (though that was my ultimate and free conclusion), but because I saw that there is something lower than a quibble, and that is a religious compromise.

Among the literary influences noted, none is quainter than that of Dr. Littledale's well-known work, *Plain Reasons Against Joining the Church of Rome*. This book has been regarded as a sovereign specific against the Papistical virus, and doubtless, when taken in time, it has restrained many restive Anglicans and Dissenters from "going over." But just as certain medicines act differently on the same patient according to the stage of his malady, so the *Plain Reasons* seem to defeat their own end if they are introduced into a mind that is halting on the verge of decision. Their effect, then, is to precipitate the doubter into the arms of the Pope. "Dr. Littledale's work, *Plain Reasons Against Joining the Church of Rome*, gave me a great push," says one convert, formerly an Anglican curate, "I found it a shameless mass of untruths, misrepresentations, and misquotations." The Rev. Robert Bracey, priest of the Order of St. Dominic, writes: "Among books sent to me at this time was one which was an especial help, and took away the very last lingering doubt—Littledale's *Plain Reasons*. I compared it with Father Ryder's reply, and it had upon me an effect hardly intended by its author." Another convert and priest is outspoken: "Dr. Littledale's *Plain Reasons* is a book gangrened with falsehood. These falsehoods have been exposed over and over again by Catholic writers." "This book finally helped me to become a Catholic," says another, who tested its statements by reference to the Latin and Greek authorities; and a professor of anatomy, who took the same trouble, though at first struck dumb by its arguments, was quickly set at rest by Dr. Ryder's equally well-known reply, *Catholic Controversy*. "And now I should like to know which of those two books made a Catholic of me?" is his comment.

The instruments by which these converts were led into the fold are less important than the attractions of the fold itself. On these we shall say little. The unity and authority of the Roman Catholic Church are, throughout these experiences, the most irresistible and prevailing of her qualities, just as the disunity and lack of authority in the Anglican Church appear to some minds to be her fatal weakness. The ecclesiastical mind necessarily presses toward Rome. It may stop short, but thitherward it must press because all ecclesiasticism outside of Rome is felt to be amateurish even by the most loyal adherents of the Anglican Church. Of course deeper and more heartfelt issues are involved, but few High Anglicans can suppress the feeling that Rome offers that whole of which his own Church offers the part. That is the note of these confessions, and it will appeal to the reader or it will not. But apart from assent and dissent, the book is extremely interesting. Its human touches and humours (if we may use the word) are many. A passage like this, for example, helps one to realise the uses of the Underground, and the complexity and variety of men's business and desires as their faces flash by:

> I went up to London, took the Underground to South Kensington, and, leaving my portmanteau at the station, I went with trembling heart to ring the bell of the Oratory and to ask for "one of the Fathers." A good Father duly appeared in a parlour. "I have come," I said rather feebly, "because I have been for a long time troubled about the claims of the Roman Church. Will you give me some advice?" I was relieved when he laughed: "Well, if you want my advice, of course I advise you to join it!" After this I laughed too, and we were at once excellent friends. The next day (St. Nicholas) I was reconciled, and the day following I made my first Communion.

One good story, and we must make an end. It is from Mr. Kegan Paul's interesting paper, and is applicable to a difficulty very common among those who go to Rome in the flesh before they do so in the spirit:

> A distinguished ecclesiastic was talking in Rome with a lady who, while in England, had shown some disposition towards the Church, but lamented that in the Holy City she had seen much that was to her quite disedifying, and quite unlike the pious practices she had known at home. He replied, "*Ah, madame, il ne faut pas regarder de si près la cuisine du Bon Dieu.*"

We are not sure that the weightiest words in this interesting collection are not those of Lord Brampton (Sir Henry Hawkins). They are very brief and simple, but they reflect the best and final pronouncement of any sincere convert. "It was the result of my deliberate conviction that the truth—which was all I sought—lay within the Catholic Church. I thought the matter out by myself, anxiously and seriously, uninfluenced by any human being, and I have unwavering satisfaction in the conclusion at which I have arrived, and my conscience tells me it is right."

The Claim of the Artist.

Gioconda. By Gabriele d'Annunzio. Translated by Arthur Symons. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

To the plain man, the man who hates all affectations, poses, and exotics, the man who remembers the perfect sincerity and straightforwardness of the classic masterpieces, there is something disconcerting, if not actually repellent, in the first glimpses of this play. It seems to be deliberately unusual, it seems wantonly to annoy that precious instinct of commonsense and social decency which always prevents the man of right reason from appearing too conspicuously different from his fellows. The dedication runs: "For Eleanora Duse of the beautiful hands." Why for, instead of to? Why of the beautiful hands? Is it entirely correct thus publicly to particularise the charms of a woman whom one admires? Why Eleanora Duse at all—after the singular, the unspeakable portrait of La Foscarina in the author's novel *Il Fuoco*? The stage directions begin: "A quiet foursquare room, in which the arrangement of everything indicates a search after a singular harmony, revealing the secret of a profound correspondence between the visible lines and the quality of the inhabiting mind that has chosen and loved them. . . . Two large windows are open on the garden beneath; through one of them can be seen, rising against the placid fields of the sky, the little hill of San Miniato . . . and the church of the Cronaca, 'la Bella Villanella,' the purest vessel of Franciscan simplicity." The plain man naturally exclaims: "Secret of a profound fiddlestick!" He thinks of Bedford Park, minor magazines of high culture, and all Artiness and Craftiness. He stolidly objects to the commingling of architectural criticism with instructions to a stage-carpenter; there is a time for all things, and he is well assured that d'Annunzio has chosen the wrong moment to inform him that a certain church is the purest vessel of Franciscan simplicity. In one word, one word at once vulgar and unavoidable—Rubbish!

In our quality of being plain, we, too, were irritated by all this circus-caracoling of a soul too self-consciously "artistic." We were continually irritated in reading the play. We had no sooner recovered from the Franciscan simplicity of the Bella Villanella than we were overset by "*a pause, burdened with a thousand undefined and inevitable things.*" We tried to imagine how the page of another play would look if it were rubricated thus:

> *Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!
> Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
> Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
> That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

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I'll gild the faces of the grooms witha
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within. A Pause, burdened with a thousand undefined and inevitable things.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me when every noise appals me?

It is a mercy that Shakespeare happened to live before the infected age of artiness! We refuse to consider what *Hamlet* would have been if Shakespeare had written it under the obsession that no one must for a single instant be allowed to forget what a terrific artist he was and what an inexpressibly deep feeling for art actuated and controlled his least utterance.

We do not wish to lay too much stress on the lesser phenomena of d'Annunzio's productions. But these dedications, these solemn asides, and a thousand other trifles in his plays and his novels, do really point to the gravest defect of his individuality—namely, the tendency to magnify Art (with the majuscule) at the expense of all else, to pretend that nothing is worth aught save artistic beauty and the ability to perceive the same, and finally to go about beneath a banner with the legend: "Watch me, I am an artist, not a man." The fact is, d'Annunzio is as foolishly sentimental about Art as your English novelist is about Love. He can't talk about anything else. He has got it on the brain. He is a creature of one idea.

And having so vented our English spleen against the antics of this excessively self-conscious Latin decadent, we are at liberty to say with all heartiness that, in the essential qualities of imagination and of form, *Gioconda* is an extremely fine play—nearly fine enough to crush the prejudice which it arouses. Of course it is preoccupied with Art, and of course the hero is an artist. These things must be, with d'Annunzio. Lucio Settala is a sculptor, and at the beginning of the piece we find him recovering from an attempt to commit suicide. Lucio was hopelessly divided in his allegiance between two women, his wife, Silvia, and Gioconda, the woman whom the artist in him loved. He sought death as an escape, but failed. Convalescent, unhappy as ever, he discusses the hopeless situation with his friend, Cosimo Dalbo. Cosimo advises that "goodness will give him light."

LUCIO SETTALA.

Goodness! goodness! Do you think, then, that light must come from goodness, and not from that profound instinct which turns and hurries my spirit towards the most glorious images of life? I was born to make statues. When a material form has gone out of my hands with the imprint of beauty, the office assigned to me by nature is fulfilled. I have not exceeded my own law, whether or not I have exceeded the laws of right. Is it not exactly true? Do you admit it?

COSIMO DALBO.

Proceed.

LUCIO SETTALA.

[*Lowering his voice*] The sport of illusion has mated me with a creature who was never meant for me. She is a soul of inestimable price, before whom I kneel and worship. But I am not a sculptor of souls. She was not meant for me. When the other appeared before me, I thought of all the blocks of marble hidden in the caves of far mountains, that I might arrest in each of them one of her motions.

And this is part of his portrait of "the other," Gioconda:

LUCIO SETTALA.

She is always diverse, like a cloud that from instant to instant seems changed without your seeing its change. Every motion of her body destroys one harmony and creates another yet more beautiful. You implore her to stay, to remain motionless; and across all her immobility there passes a torrent of obscure forces, as thoughts pass in the eyes. Do you understand? Do you understand? The life of the eyes is the look, that indefinable thing, more expressive than any word, than any sound, infinitely deep and yet instantaneous as a breath, swifter than a flash, innumerable, omnipotent: in a word, *the look*. Now imagine the life of the look diffused over all her body . . . Imagine through all her limbs, from the forehead to the sole of the foot, that flash of lightning like life! Can one chisel the look? The ancients made their statues blind. Now, imagine, her whole body is like the look.

The tragedy for Lucio consists in the fact that Gioconda is always waiting for him in the studio, of which she has a key. In the studio is an unfinished statue of her, which was to transcend any previous effort. He dare not go and he dare not keep away.

LUCIO.

You should have let me die. Think, if I who was intoxicated with life, if I who was frantic with strength and pride, if I wanted to die, be sure I knew there was an insuperable necessity for it. Not being able to live either with or without her, I resolved to quit the world. Think: I who looked on the world as my garden, and had every lust after every beauty! Be sure, then, I knew there was an insuperable necessity, an iron destiny. You should have let me die.

In the result the wife, braver than the husband, goes to the studio to encounter Gioconda. The meeting between the two women is the best part of the play, a piece of magnificent drama in which not a word is misplaced. In answer to Silvia's repeated and almost hysterical assertion, "He does not love you, he does not love you," Gioconda flings the scornful retort: "Your love cries out like a drowning man." Defeated in argument and recrimination, Silvia boldly and desperately lies.

SILVIA SETTALA.

Enough, enough. Too many words. The game has lasted too long. Ah, your certainty, your pride! But how could you believe that I should have come here to contest the way with you, to forbid your entrance, to face your audacity, if I had not had a certainty far more sound than yours to warrant me. I knew your letter of yesterday, it was shown to me, I know not if with more astonishment or disgust.

GIOCONDA DANTI.

[*Overcome.*] No, it is not possible!

SILVIA SETTALA.

Yes, it is so. As for the answer, I bring it. Lucio Settala has lost the memory of what has been, and asks to be left in peace. He hopes that your pride will prevent you from becoming importunate.

Then the rage of Gioconda breaks out. "Ah, you have brought him to this! How? How? Binding the soul, like the wound, with cotton-wool? doctoring him with your soft hands? He is unmade, finished, a useless rag. . . . Poor thing! Poor thing! Ah, why is he not dead, *rather than the survivor of his soul?*" She rushes forward in fury to shatter the beautiful unfinished statue, and to save the statue Silvia cries out that she lied. But the statue is already falling, and Silvia's hands are crushed beneath it. Gioconda flees.

That is the end of the play, though there is another act—an act of much symbolic beauty in which Silvia's child offers flowers to her mother, and Silvia cannot take them because she has no hands. "What a cruel love!" exclaims the half-witted Serenata when Silvia says that she gave away her hands to her love—"What a cruel love!" As for Lucio, he works in the studio, "works, works, works, with a terrible fury; perhaps he is seeking to rid himself of a thought that gnaws him." And Gioconda is still there beside him, silent. So it finishes, a drama of which the mere factual basis has been used in scores of pseudo-artistic novels of the Latin Quarters of every European capital, a story of the very tritest, yet made new and made original by the creative power of an artist who always treats his themes as though none had ever treated them before. The moral which

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d'Annunzio would have us draw is, no doubt, that Silvia's sacrifice and ruin were part of the tribute which omnipotent art may rightfully demand from life, that Lucio and Gioconda were in lawful possession of the studio, serving Art (with the majuscule), while handless Sylvia could only offer her forehead to the embrace of her child. But we are well aware, and every plain person is well aware, that such a moral is absolutely wrong. No beauty and no force can give authority to the antique pretence that the artist, alone of all men, may obey "his own law" in "exceeding the laws of right." D'Annunzio's play is of "the present time." It is meant for spiritual realism of to-day. But strip off the embroidery of beauty, the verbal charm; forget the dramatic appeal; remove the scene from "Florence and the coast of Pisa" to London. Put the house in Redcliffe-square and the studio in the Boltons. Conceive the actual trio of people; conjure up the very circumstances; and then dare to say that Lucio was not either a scoundrel or a coward, or perhaps both. The moral position is untenable, and if d'Annunzio were fifty times d'Annunzio, he could not hold it against the attack of the simplest soul that lives. D'Annunzio is an extraordinary artist; he can do everything except the impossible; but that he cannot do. And so *Gioconda* remains a fairy-tale, unconvincing as a fairy-tale, vicious and handsome.

Mr. Symons's translation is entirely admirable.

The Rough Drafts of Creation.

Dragons of the Air. By H. G. Seeley. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE fauna and flora of the world before the Flood—or of that world, at least, which we commonly call antediluvian—form a subject singularly fascinating to the imagination. It is a whole undiscovered country reclaimed to our modern knowledge, as fresh and as peculiarly ours as America was to the Elizabethans. For thousands of years this country, say rather this world, has been lost to romance, lost even the tradition of it. For centuries it has lain beneath the daily feet of men, a thin veil of earth more effectual than the spaces which cover the stars. The horses of Timour swept over the mammoth, the imperial feet of Cæsar trod upon the mastodon, the axes which quarried sovereign cities may have laid bare the bones of the plesiosaure—dead sovereignties less lasting than they. Sepulchres and ossuaries have not availed the bones of puissant conquerors, while those of the icthyosaure were sealed for immortality. But the opening of these primeval tombs and sarcophagi of the rocks profited nothing while there were none skilled to translate their meanings. In our own day, when as by a shadow of the final judgment the records of the perished ages are being unrolled, this most antique history is also being read which was before Egypt and the builders of Babel: its strange ancestries are expounded, its monstrous dynasties enscrolled like those of Assyria, its trees rise again from their long frost of petrifaction, its mummies are discased from their swathing of stone.

This is a romance in itself; but the romance which lies in these new and unimagined forms, hidden from the poets and taletellers of all previous ages, and given up to eyes almost satiate with wonders, has yet to find its writers. Perhaps the very vastness of unfamiliarity alarms adventurers; perhaps the difficulty of peopling it with a thinkable human interest holds them aloof. Tennyson has seen its uses for impressive and large allusion—

> Nature brings not back the mastodon,

he has said, and referred to

> The bones of some vast bulk that lived and roared
> Before man was.

Nor can any forget the allusion (in "In Memoriam") to those

> Dragons of the prime
> That tare each other in their slime.

But Tennyson is almost alone even in the use of the theme. In an occasional later and younger poet you may find mention of the plesiosaure or other typical monster. But it is to the tellers of tales we might naturally look for fuller development of this virgin field, and the tellers of tales are as silent as the poets. Jules Verne, in one of his earlier books, gave us a fleeing glimpse of the mastodon and the "dragons of the prime" in the very act of battle, but dropped the half-lifted curtain as if fearful he had pushed beyond his powers.

> I first adventure; follow me who list,

he might have said with the English satirist; but none of whom we know has followed. Where is Mr. Wells? Of all men he alone might successfully attempt this romance of the young earth. He has given us many a romance of the future; will not his time-machine travel backward as well as forward?

When the solitary student, using such time-machines as science has provided him—of which Mr. Seeley's able book now before us is one—travels back into those grey ages, he is bewildered at the novelty of the living world in which he finds himself. Some vague rumours there are of such creatures possibly still lurking in the mysteries of the deep seas: the problematical sea serpent has been surmised by some to be a relic of them. A certain gentleman contributed to a certain periodical an account of his meeting (in a Southern Asiatic island, if we remember aright) with a curious sea beast which, from his description, appeared not unlike to a miniature and modified plesiosaure. But the creature, unfortunately, could not be preserved; and over the periodical in question lies the trail of De Rougemont, forbidding credence to any unsupported story in its pages. (That great romancer, by the way, might have done something with this great field of romance.) In such wild rumours alone do we obtain any preparation for the actualities which science sets down for us in cold blood regarding the infancy of the earth. We have strayed, it seems, into the ancient forge and workshop of nature, where she is busy with her first experiments. We watch her trying her 'prentice-hand on the forms from which, when she has gained in mastery, she will develop the beings that populate our present earth. We see her industriously working at the great main conceptions we now know so well, but which here we can hardly recognise, so mixed and unshapen do they lie. We behold, cast off from her anvil, in bewildering rapidity of succession, shapes so fantastical, grotesque, and terrible, as never peopled the most lawless dreams of an Eastern haschisch-eater: apparitions of intertwisted types and composite phantasms, more and more strange than all the brute-gods of Egypt. We are among the rough drafts of a creation.

When the first strange compound of bill and beast was sent over from Australia (that dustbin where Nature's remnants may still be picked out), there were men of science who would not believe it to be anything but a clever "fake" worked up from the head of a bird and the body of an animal. Yet it is a mere hint, a faded sketch, of the things which once swarmed on earth. Nature then was feeling her way to the ultimate conception of distinct natural orders; and among her other wonderful experiments she invented the pterodactyl. That singular product of her imagination has furnished Mr. Seeley with the materials for an elaborately studied book, which will be hailed with gratitude by every scientific student of his theme. It results from the study, not only of the specimens stored in the museums of Europe, but of a great collection accumulated during years of toil by himself at his own uni-

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versity of Cambridge. To the general reader it will have hardly less interest as a romance in the rough. For the pterodactyl is not bird, nor beast, nor reptile; because it is bird, beast, and reptile—all, yet none.

You may see, in fancy, a flying object which at first appears a large bat. But it alights, and, behold! a bat on all fours, with a tail of enormous length relatively to its body. Then that body in shape is rather lizard than bat, and you perceive it stands on long, thin legs, bent inward at the knees like an old man; while from the fore-legs slant upward and backward a pair of folded wings like the triangular sails of a yacht. And the head! Large, disproportioned, clumsy, something like an inflated head of a snake; with eyes seemingly copied from the make-up of the well-known Mr. Chirgwin—the "white-eyed Kaffir" of the Halls. For they are set in a great oval depression of the skull, completing the irresistible grotesqueness of the whole oddity. And now another has flown down near us, of much greater size, and a more marvellous flying machine than the first A long tail like a slender spear-shaft is tipped at the end with a large leaf-shaped membrane, which might be the spear-head—as we see it in the spears of some Australian savages. And the head—like a snake's with water on the brain—has a long bill like a heron's (though differing in shape), which opens and shows long teeth. You now perceive, indeed, that the first creature has also long teeth—long and sharp like a miniature crocodile's. Presently they are gone again, on great, sweeping, membranous wings. The maddening nightmares are pterodactyls.

Disregarding anachronism, we have tried to paint the portrait of two species from different epochs. It is more or less the general likeness of the many species described in this fascinating book. And anatomically the mixture of bird, beast, and reptile is yet more pronounced. Those three great groups are not yet evolved as separate and distinct orders; and this is one of Nature's trials on the road to achieving that evolution. But the evidence in favour of this view, and the relation of the pterodactyl to the dinotherium (another strange composition which is an important link in the chain)—these things must be sought in the book itself. The whole anatomical and evolutional relations and theory of flying reptiles in general are treated with extreme thoroughness; and the view of their evolutionary position, which we have very broadly and generally indicated, is put forward and worked out with great persuasiveness and skill. It is the last and completest word, at present, on the flying dragons.

Sarah.

The Queen's Comrade: The Life and Times of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. By Fitzgerald Molloy. (Hutchinson. 24s. net)

It seems impossible to have been a much more unpleasant woman than Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Yet two people were found sincerely to love her—the weak but warm-hearted Anne (the famous Mrs. Morley of their correspondence) and her husband. That she should have been so much adored by even two persons suggests a kindly strain somewhere beneath the overbearing surface. In the whole of Mr. Molloy's bulky records of her, however, there is not a single charming trait to be discovered—there were none, apparently, to give. The main interest of the two volumes, in fact, is far less in their account of the tempestuous Sarah than in the intimate revelations made of three successive rulers and their Courts.

The unnecessary bitternesses connected with the displacement of James II. are dwelt upon at some length. There is, indeed, a Lear-like desolation in the picture of his final struggle against his own children, and in his daughter Mary's sickening deceptions towards him. As regards, again, the inner lives and personalities of William and Mary, some curiously interesting details are given. They had ugly minds, these two, while Mary at least was such a complicated mixture of *naïveté* and cunning, gloom and self-complacency, vindictiveness and a futile piety, that it is difficult to know whether to yield finally to contempt or to pity. The outpourings of her journal are almost pathetic, in the unconscious self-revelations made. In one of them she wrote: "Upon everything that happened I prayed and meditated, and found myself grow in grace, for which ever blessed be the name of God." Mary, it may be mentioned, had entered the palace from which she had ousted her father "laughing and jolly as to a wedding feast."

William of Orange is perhaps done less than justice to in this life of Sarah. Brutal he undoubtedly was, but, as an international politician, he effected much for England. In reading Mr. Molloy's descriptions of his singularly unengaging personality, it must be remembered that the results of his foreign diplomacy cannot easily be over-estimated. The Duchess of Marlborough, dominant as her presence naturally is in both volumes, is far less interesting than the successive royalties she badgered so incurably. Her intrigues, ambition, and unworthy and unending quarrels, are already notorious, and the one charming story of which she is the principal figure owes its attraction, not to her own share in it, but to that of her unfortunate husband, the famous Duke of Marlborough. And on the death of the latter she found in a cabinet, where he kept all he most valued, a mass of her hair. Years before, when

> furious because he disobeyed her, she resolved to mortify him, and knowing that her beautiful and abundant hair was a source of pride and delight to him, she had impetuously cut it from her head. The shorn tresses had been left in a room through which he must pass, and in a place where he must see them. But he came and went, saw and spoke to her, showing neither anger, sorrow, nor surprise. When he next quitted the house she ran to secure her tresses, but they had vanished, and on a consultation with her looking-glass she saw how foolish a thing she had done. But she said nothing about her shorn locks, nor did he, and she never knew what had become of them until they were found by her among those things he held most precious.

As regards the famous quarrel ending the long friendship between Queen Anne and the great Sarah, sympathy is irresistibly with the former. The final scene between them, however, has a certain dramatic value. The terrified but desperate queen, with her one dull sentence, "You desired no answer and you shall have none," is magnificent in its way. The stolidity of the repetition of this one phrase in the flaming wrath and "disorder" of the other has both the force of contrast and austerity. To retaliate would have been an overwhelming temptation to most.

Other New Books.

A Winter Pilgrimage. By H. Rider Haggard.

The very detailed title of this book (*A Winter Pilgrimage; being an Account of Travels through Palestine, Italy, and the Island of Cyprus, accomplished in the Year 1900*) sufficiently describes the scope of its contents. It is not a classic of travel; it is not even literary journalism of that superlative distinction which we associate with the name of G. W. Steevens But Mr. Haggard, as a novelist, gives heed to the first and greatest of literary demands, for the traveller no less than the novelist—"Thou shalt not be dry"; and, as a novelist, also, he knows how to observe it. He has an eye for the things which interest, and his book is entertaining—sometimes informing. He believes that he

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has found the site of the Crucifixion; since the cliff in this spot (the "Place of Stoning," where the Jews stoned their criminals) has a fanciful resemblance to a skull—shown in a photograph. This supposes the cliff to have survived unaltered since the Crucifixion—though there was an earthquake immediately afterwards. At Pompeii he notes an inscription proving that a certain player of farce there was a Christian: and gives amusing samples of the guides published for Western visitors in Italianate English. For instance, a bronze is described:

> The counterpoise represents a nice womanish bust with a covering on its head, under which are ivy-leaves; she has her hair curled on her deck. She leans softly on her cheek the index of her right hand, of which the pulse is adorned with a bracelet, and she turns her head on the right. A lamp and a beak; Jupiter, radiated on a disc, leaning on the sceptre and sitting between Minerva, armed with a lame, and the Abundance, with the cornucopia, both seated.

It is a nice "derangement of epitaphs"; and there are others of equal felicity. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

THROUGH RHODESIA WITH THE SHARPSHOOTERS. BY RENNIE STEVENSON.

The odd thing about South African War books is that, although they are far too many, each can plead, if it does not bear in its very title, a *raison d'être*. Each has a public. Thus to some readers the record of the long and lonesome marches of Lord Dunraven's sharpshooters must of necessity be the most interesting book on the war yet published, simply because it is concerned with themselves or their friends. But even the general reader, repleted as he is, can turn without dismay to a book which tells its story in only 200 uncrowded pages. Mr. Stevenson's aim is simply to describe the inside working of a squadron on the trek, and a very amusing and touching story he makes of it. The "last post" sounds drearily over a comrade's grave; a Kaffir sells a jug of beer and forgets to bring back the change out of a sovereign; camp humours, canteen talk, scares from hyenas, and difficulties with waggons lend variety to the eternal programme, described by a poetic trooper as:

> Trekking, trekking, trekking, always bally-well trekking,
> From reveillé until lights out, our work is never done.

No troops, we imagine, have seen more of the wild and desolate life of the veldt, jungles, and forests of South Africa than these sharpshooters. One of Mr. Stevenson's most unnerving experiences was losing himself for several hours in the forest, with monkeys jeering at him from the trees. The sharpshooters ran all sorts of risks from wild animals. Sometimes a whole pack of hyenas and jackals would get on their track, as many as fifty of these dangerous beasts following them mile by mile, so that when a man wished to fall out three or four others remained to protect him. Scorpions, tarantula, and vermin afflicted the men in camp. The task of drawing water at night from the nearest river or well was not a comfortable one in view of wild-beast amenities; but the only lion with which our author actually tried conclusions (he fired directly between its eyes) turned out to be a pair of harmless glow-worms.

Some odd things happened. "One dark night, when we were sitting around the fire, a trader glided through the camp riding a white donkey. We were all thunderstruck. We thought there wasn't a white man near us for at least eighty miles. One chap rather aptly expressed our feelings by crying out, 'Here, what's the name of that steamer?' The trader never looked round, but passed away into the night as mysteriously and softly as he came." That story has a weird quality that we like; but, indeed, the whole book is a striking little record of such stern and fearless pic-nicing as Britons love. (Macqueen.)

TO-DAY WITH NATURE. BY E. KAY ROBINSON.

Mr. Kay Robinson, reverting to the precedents of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, prefaces his book with a commendatory copy of verses by Mr. Harold Begbie. It is a book frankly without form—though we cannot add "and void"; a mere collection of brief jottings on "things seen" in nature, arranged in series under the different months of the year, but otherwise without attempt at any thread of connexion. Nevertheless, these notes were worth publication; they are pleasant, interesting, and full of information, the work of an observer with eyes and love to sharpen them. Take the notes on the flight of birds, which show that many heavy birds, slow and clumsy in their rising flight, move at immense speed when they are homing towards a perceived distant spot with a downward flight. He recalls the analogy of a "coasting bicycle," and instances the vulture, with the swan and other migrant birds, nearing the home coast. They sometimes miss their mark, and rebound from the ground to a distance of several feet. Heavy land birds, or such as fly in large companies (including, however, the light skylark) avoid this by turning before they light, their heads facing whence they have come. Again, he notes the courting hare in February preparing for his "March madness":

> Often a couple playing a fantastic follow-my-leader game in and out of the hedges down a country lane will almost run between the legs of a pedestrian before they notice his approach. For the hare, like all hunted animals, has his eyes better placed for seeing behind than in front, whereas all animals that hunt have their eyes placed well forward. The same rule holds good with birds.

He instances the forward eyes of the owl. Seldom, indeed, can you open a page without happening on something you did not know before, and are glad to learn now. A quite charming book to keep by you and dip into. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

HOW OUR NAVY IS RUN. BY ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

Lord Charles Beresford concludes his introduction to Mr. Hurd's volume in these words: "Write books, ye authors, and help the country to insist that the comfort and efficiency of the Fleet shall be commensurate with its great and historic associations!" Which apostrophe we echo, with the reservation that the books be accurate and well informed. Mr. Hurd's book appears to be both. It is popular in tone and style, and particularly popular in its illustrations. The author describes briefly and clearly how the "handy man" lives and fights, how he is dressed and how fed, what pay he receives and what promotion, if he is lucky, he may expect. It will be news to many readers to learn that the Admiralty allowance for paint for a man-of-war is wholly inadequate to keep her in fit condition:

> It is essential to success that the vessel be smart within and without, and the story is told by his shipmates that one officer, now an admiral, spent as much as £2,000 in a three-years' commission in keeping his ship trim. . . . Not many officers spend as much as this. A first lieutenant in a battleship will, however, often dip into his pocket to the extent of £100 to £200 a year sometimes. . . .

This is one of the things which are all wrong, and such books as Mr. Hurd's should have some influence in putting them right. (Pearson. 5s.)

FROM THE HEART OF THE ROSE. BY HELEN MILMAN (MRS. CALDWELL CROFTON).

We hesitate to say that anything which Mrs. Crofton writes is superfluous, yet there are chapters in this book to which no other word would so well apply. The sub-title reads: "Letters on Things Natural, Things Serious, Things Frivolous." These letters range over a variety of subjects, from Matthew Arnold's poems to Mr. G. F. Watts and

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Magazine Clubs. Many of them were letters received by the author, and included in this collection because, no doubt, they appeared to her to have intrinsic interest. Some of them have, notably one from Mrs. Ritchie, which gives certain particulars about Thackeray's method of writing; others have not. Why "Monica's Tea Party" was included we cannot conjecture; the chapter consists merely of a foolish piece of dictation, which, we are told, was set at the tea-party. But there are things in the book which are quite pleasant, and occasionally delightful. The garden chapters are nearly all good, though we seem to detect a lack of the freshness and friendliness which were conspicuous in *In the Garden of Peace*. The fact is, that too much is being written about gardens; the subject is too elusive to give any steadiness of inspiration; hence we are nowadays getting book after book which talks of flowers without giving us any of their exquisite suggestion. Now, Mrs. Crofton does sometimes give us that suggestion; and it is because she does that we wish to see her more careful of her delicate talent. (Lane. 5s. net.)

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT. BY A. G. BRADLEY.

The pen-work of Mr. Joseph Pennell would alone make this volume delightful. The Lake country seems made for effective pen-and-ink drawing, and Mr. Pennell has taken his opportunities. But the text is also good, providing an excellent itinerary in no stinted fashion, and a due share of those historical and local records without which no book of the kind would be esteemed complete. Mr. Bradley's descriptive work, when he essays it, is as adequate as anything short of genius can make a species of writing which must—with rare exceptions—seem otiose beside poetry on the one hand and such drawings as Mr. Pennell's on the other. It is a thoroughly interesting volume for the library, no less than for the pocket of the tourist. And that can be said of very few books of the kind. (Macmillan. 6s.)

IN THE ICE WORLD OF HIMALAYA. BY F. B. WORKMAN AND W. H. WORKMAN.

This record of mountaineering deserves the second edition it has obtained. It is a vivid and continuously interesting account of how an Englishman, and still more an Englishwoman, aided and accompanied by a Swiss guide, climbed some of the most difficult summits in the great Himalayan range, taking scientific records and photographs on their way. Apart from its interest for professed climbers and geographical experts, the record of natural difficulties overcome is stirring to every reader. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

AN ARTIST'S WALKS IN BIBLE LANDS. BY HENRY A. HARPER.

Mr. Harper was a considerable traveller in Palestine, Syria, and Egypt, and made careful records, both with pen and brush, of what he saw. This volume is made up of selections from work contributed to the *Sunday at Home*, and appears fairly representative of the best which the author accomplished. His drawings are accurate and suggestive, and the descriptive articles which accompany them are full of information, not too technically stated, about the sacred places of his pilgrimages. These include the modern Jerusalem, Golgotha and Gethsemane, Bethlehem and Bethany, the Dead Sea, and the Sea of Galilee. Mr. Harper's method was to conduct his journeyings, as far as practicable, on foot, thus gaining points of view impossible to the ordinary tourist; and it may be added that he appears to have had a knowledge of Palestine in detail, and at first hand, which more ambitious writers on the same subject have not infrequently lacked. The volume is well and handsomely produced, and admirably serves the purpose for which it is designed. (Religious Tract Society. 6s. net.)

Fiction.

Despair's Last Journey. By David Christie Murray. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

IN his later work, Mr. Murray has shown a depth of purpose which was absent from his earlier books. Not that they lacked purpose; but in *Despair's Last Journey* he becomes something of a preacher and a prophet; it was the same with *The Church of Humanity*. The present story is in many respects fine: it has cumulative force; and it is full of strong character and observation. It is the history of a man who, largely through his own fault, is brought to the edge of the abyss, but at last renounces his own despair; he grows to the belief that "God's inexorable justice and infinite mercy are one and the same, that the human spirit which has not sinned knows no virtue, that the flower of the soul's hope strikes its root in the soil of the soul's despair"; which is certainly a good text, and not at all bad theology. Mr. Murray follows the career of Paul Armstrong from his first memories of childhood to the period of his great renouncement: it is the story of a life subject to the trifling accidents which make tragedy and the great emotions which so often end in nothing. The accidental meeting with Annette, Paul's foolish drifting, the gradual degradation of the woman, are done with a simple firmness and directness which leave no room for criticism. The whole book turns more or less upon the relations of the sexes; but there is neither prudery nor pruriency in it. It is strong, full-blooded, sincere. As for the minor characters, they are many and distinct. George Darco, the theatrical manager and playwright, rolls and thunders his way through these pages with good effect. We come to believe in the man as much as he believed in himself.

The Secret Orchard. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Macmillan. 6s.)

WE seem to have heard some rumour of a play entitled "The Secret Orchard," by Mr. and Mrs. Castle, and there are many things in this book to indicate that it was either founded on a play or written with the idea that a play might at some time be drawn from it. The theatrical scene comprised in Chapters XXXIV. and XXXV., with its sudden electric illumination in the middle, was almost certainly written originally for the stage. The authors have contrived, or got hold of, one of those powerful and terrible plots which no amount of usage can stale. Helen, Duchess of Cluny—a French title—was a beautiful and good American, given up to works of charity. On her beneficent excursions in the neighbourhood of Paris she had frequently met a fashionable wanton who had devoted the leisure left from vice also to good works. This woman died leaving a daughter called La Gioja, aged eighteen, and unspotted, as all thought, by the mud of her mother's reputation. The Duchess of Cluny adopted the girl. The Duchess adored, worshipped her husband, but she was blind to his defects, and this fragment of talk between the Duc de Cluny and a friend shows what one of those defects was:

> "And am I not a son of Adam?" said Cluny petulantly. "My God! and you too! Ah, come, don't tell me you have never slipped into the secret orchard and that you have never known the taste, sweet and acrid, of the forbidden fruit! Oh, you have not been immaculate yourself!"
>
> Favereau straightened himself and fixed a glance of the saddest severity upon Cluny: the ghosts of the errors of his youth rose up before him.
>
> "I have not," he said. But the next moment, under the pulse of a surging thought, his eye flashed, his face became suffused, the veins on his temples swelled. "I have not," he repeated, throwing the words at his companion like an overwhelming indictment; "but I have not been married to Helen!"

Now, of course, La Gioja herself, the unspotted, proved to

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be one of the light ones in whose company the Duke had visited the secret orchard. The tragedy to follow is instantly apparent, and the core of that tragedy is naturally the disillusion of the Duchess.

The thing is well worked out in a style at once theatrical, conventional, and charming. Though a story of to-day, it is done in the romantic vein, with no attempt after realism of any sort. Mr. and Mrs. Castle have accomplished a story by Balzac or Merimée in what we may call a Castilian manner—courtly, artificial, persuasive and effective by calculation.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

THE LAIRD'S LUCK. BY "Q."

"And other Fireside Tales." Nine go to the book, and the theme of most of them is the romance of war. "Q." can tell a tale, and his touch is as light and free as ever. "The Laird's Luck" carries us back to Quatre Bras; the titles of some of the other stories are "Three Men of Badajoz," "D'Arfet's Vengeance," and "Phœbus on Halzaphron," a Cornish fantasy. (Cassell. 6s.)

LIGHT FREIGHTS. BY W. W. JACOBS.

Sixteen short stories go to this cargo, making the author's fifth book. The mixture is the same as before—light, humorous, genial sketches of episodes in the day's work of river and seamen. "Speaking o' money," said the night-watchman thoughtfully, as he selected an empty soap-box on the wharf for a seat, "the whole world would be different if we 'ad more of it. It would be a brighter and a 'appier place for everybody." (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

THE BENEFACTRESS.

By the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. The lady is also described as the mother of the April, May, and June babies, which sounds extravagant. On page 2 we read: "At eighteen Anna was so pretty that the perfect husband seemed to be a mere question of days." The story tells of a young Englishwoman to whom a German relative leaves a fortune. She takes up her property in Germany and lives there. The novel is light-hearted and amusing. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE BLACK MASK. BY E. W. HORNUNG.

Sheer yarning of the most unmoral kind. Those who read *The Amateur Cracksman* will remember Raffles and Bunny, who became burglars from love of naughtiness and excitement. The amateurs have now become professionals, stealing, among other things, a costly treasure from the British Museum, "doing little in broad daylight, and nothing in our own names." Perhaps not a book for an unbalanced juvenile, but all right for a politician or a J.P. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THE ALIEN. BY F. F. MONTRÉSOR.

A story of middle age, by the author of *Into the Highways and Hedges*. "I call this a story of middle age because Esther Mordaunt was well into the thirties when she became involved in it; yet, in truth, every event has a long pedigree, and God alone knows when or where any story really began." True. (Methuen. 6s.)

CLEMENTINA. BY A. E. W. MASON.

"The landlord, the lady, and Mr. Charles Wogan were all three, it seemed, in luck's way on that September morning of the year 1719." A romance of the Jacobites, somewhat after the manner of *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*. The old Pretender is introduced as one of the chief characters. The book is illustrated by Mr. Bernard Partridge effectively. (Methuen. 6s.)

A GALLANT QUAKER. BY MARGARET H. ROBERTON.

Quakerism! "It seemed to me [the quaint old town of Driverton] to be the very setting required for an old-world tale, and I have therefore taken the liberty of placing my characters upon the stage of this ancient country town." The story tells of a young wool merchant of the seventeenth century, the friend of George Fox and William Penn, who rescues the heroine, a high-born Quaker damsel, from many perils, also of the spread of Quakerism and of early persecutions. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE COMING OF THE PREACHERS. BY J. ACKWORTH.

Methodism! "This story," says the prefatory note, "is written to illustrate the use of Methodism, by showing how that great movement came to a representative small borough, and how it affected the lives, characters, and interests of the inhabitants."

ANGEL. BY B. M. CROKER.

The sub-title is "a sketch in Indian ink," and the story, laid in the North-West Province of India, tells of "a great responsibility—a young man's burden—how he comes to accept and endure it." The motto of *Angel* is from Coventry Patmore—a stanza grateful and comforting to the Fair:

> A woman is a foreign land
> Of which, though there he settle young,
> A man will ne'er quite understand
> The customs, politics, and tongue.

(Methuen. 6s.)

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY. BY MAUD PETERSON.

The author, we are informed, is "only twenty-one," as if that were a recommendation in the business of book production. Why, Miss Braddon has written as many books as the years of her life (see announcement). This is Miss Peterson's first book. It deals with military life, and the various emotions that the words "love and honour" conventionally describe. (Hodder & Co. 6s.)

FAREWELL, NIKOLA. BY GUY BOOTHBY.

We wonder what the Buddhist priests (novelists are much in debt to Buddha) think of the sallow, hoarding Doctor. For, incredible as it may seem, a Buddhist priest Nikola is now. "When the wind howls around the house at night . . . I see a yellow-robed, mysterious figure, whose dark, searching eyes look into mine with a light that is no longer of this world. To him I cry—'Farewell, Nikola!'" Convincing, is it not? (Ward & Lock. 6s.)

DEBORA. BY J. M. LUDLOW.

A tale of the times of Judas Maccabæus. "King Antiochus, self-styled Epiphanes the Glorious, was in a humour that ill-suited that title." These are the words that rang out from the royal lips: "By all the gods! if Rome has the power, and Alexandria the commerce, Antioch shall be queen in splendour, though it takes all the gold of all the provinces to dress her." (Nisbet. 6s.)

THE SINNER AND THE PROBLEM. BY ERIC PARKER.

A misleading title! "The Sinner and the Problem" are merely schoolboys who fraternise with an artist staying as a guest at a private school in a country place. There is little plot in this bright, well-written volume, which presents the ways and works of two picturesque and rather pathetic boys, and an artist's enjoyment of nature as a background to his own idyll. (Macmillan. 6s.)

We have also received *Manasseh*, by Maurus Jókai (Macqueen, 6s.); *The Marriage of Mr. Molyneux*, by Cecil Headlam (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.); *A Fight to a Finish*, by Florence Warden (Chatto, 6s.); *Wheels of Iron*, by L. T. Mead (Nisbet, 6s.); *Ingram*, by Geraldine Kemp (Chapman & Hall 6s.).

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The Small Writer.

LAST week we helped to inaugurate the first great publishing season of the century, and now we are inclined to pause while the avalanche pauses. A week hence the air will be full of names, titles, ideas, novelties, reputations; we shall be gripped by the new, and well-nigh drowned in the actual. A moment's respite! A little folding of the hands, not to sleep but to meditation! There was, indeed, food for thought in the announcements of new books which distended the last ACADEMY. We think of the waves which have broken and melted before these rolled shoreward, and we are amazed and silenced by the energy of the Press. We recall the "seasons" we have personally known, and we imagine those which wearied our predecessors. We explore the past by some dim, convenient stairway, like the entire set of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and observe the ceaseless inflow of books, written, published, and reviewed with what now seems the regularity of a machine. The effort is its own opiate, and we enter into De Quincey's vision of innumerable faces, surging upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries. Moreover, we are brought to regard this remorseless increase of books with feelings of rebellion. Why add to the incomputable, immovable mass of the world's literature? Has not everything been said, and are not all the tales told? Would not fifty new books a year suffice? A hundred? A thousand?

The answer is that they would not. It is easy to say, with an air of wise fatigue, that of the making of many books there is no end. So also there is no end to the multiplication of readers and the awakening of small literary appetites which lead to greater. Moreover, each age requires new books like new coins. Quite apart from posterity, or the net sum of knowledge, it has its own immense business with the author. Its affairs, experiences, problems, whims, and laughter must be reduced to writing, circulated, and discussed. All journalism is not literature, but all new literature is journalism. It answers at first to some real or supposed need of its day. There is not a reprint of Shakespeare that is not addressed to a living public whose predilections have been studied, and the "Temple" Bible, now being organised, is not a casual multiplication of copies of the Bible, but a re-issue of the Bible in a desired form, with desired equipments, and under certain leading ideas of the day. As the water which has passed the mill has no power on the wheel, the literature of yesterday is powerless to keep the world happy and busy. The more wakeful the age the more will it insist on printing its own books, and on reprinting the books of yesterday to look like the books of to-day. As for the books which are really over-produced, they stay on their publishers' shelves, where they cannot grieve the philosopher. But our point is that nearly all new books sell a little, and very many which seem utterly insignificant sell largely. All these contribute to the current, and without their help the mill would move with a slow and creaking motion that we should soon condemn. In a word, the most obvious "book-making" has its defence, and we can carry our contempt for the small writer too far.

The small writer is our theme, and we will yearn on him. Not, indeed, on the small writer of to-day. Our benevolence is not so real as that. Even *his* wine gains by keeping. Generous and full-bodied it will never be; but in catalogues, and in the sleep of the British Museum's iron-paved galleries, it will acquire a flavour which will one day be found interesting. Little books seem to be justified as they grow musty. Merged in the hue of a past age, their contributory, as distinct from their individual, life can be appreciated. In the same way, small men of no account in their day, and of no intrinsic interest, become significant and endeared by mere lapse of time, as in Horace's seventh epistle to Maecenas, where a lawyer, bored with Rome and replete with fees, sees a well-groomed man in a barber's shop, and idly orders his slave, Demetrius, to run and inquire off-hand his name, friends, country, and estate. And so down the centuries comes Demetrius' report:

> Menas is his name;
> Of moderate fortune, but of honest fame;
> A public crier, who a thousand ways
> Bustles to get, and then enjoys his ease.
> A boon companion 'mongst his equals known,
> And the small house he lives in is his own.

That is all. These thoughts occur in handling a paper-covered instalment of a bibliography of *The Poets of Ireland*, by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue. Its pages are full of notes on utterly forgotten and, for most of us, unheard-of poets who yet served the age to which they belonged, writing with all solemnity and intention books which now exhale the faint aroma of dry and dusty herbs. Who now reads or remembers Henry Brooke, author of *Universal Beauty: a Poem*, published in Dublin in 1735; or Amyas Bushe, author of *Socrates: a Dramatic Poem* (1759); or the Rev. Robert Baker's *Contentment*, "a poem in fifteen parts" (1788); or who recalls a book with the rather interesting title, *The Poetry of Incident*, by W. B. Bayne, an assistant master fifty years ago in the Belfast Academical Institution?

These singers had listeners. Many of them produced book after book. They still have their bibliographer. They arrived as yon last wave arrives, and melted as it melts. For such writers we would set apart a day of remembrance. As there is an All Saints' Day, so there should be an All Writers' Day, on which all authors should be deemed equal, and comprehensively memorable. Some spark of the celestial fire they each had; and is not the existence of that fire a greater thing than its distribution? Hail to thee, CHARLOTTE SMITH, poetess of Sussex and "interesting novelist," whose triumphs, by a useful chance, we find set forth in that curious work (of Lamb approved), *The Lounger's Commonplace Book*, itself a sarcophagus of withered reputations.

> It is to be lamented that the fine vein of solemn sadness, with which the sonnets of this ingenious woman are so uniformly tinctured, should derive its origin from domestic inquietude; yet, I trust her private calamities have been alleviated or soothed by that public approbation, of which she has long and deservedly enjoyed so considerable a share. Were a work of this writer put into my hand, without her name prefixed, the composition, by internal evidence, would almost instantly point out the fair author. A glowing enthusiasm in the sacred cause of civil and religious liberty, a minute description of rustic scenery, with no ordinary share of knowledge in botany and natural philosophy; *winds rushing through dark passages, and interrupting the midnight silence, while the moon casts a solemn light through the Gothic window of an ancient chapel, or between the branches of a waving wood, and the melancholy murmurings of streams at a distance, and the* SWEET BIRD OF NIGHT, are objects she apparently dwells on with pleasure, and has introduced with the happiest effect in most of her productions.

But, indeed, every cranny in the history of our literature harbours a forgotten yet once respectable name. Who remembers Christopher Pitt? Dr. Johnson wrote his life, and compared his translation of the *Æneid* with Dryden's in such terms as these: "Pitt pleases the critics, Dryden

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the people; Pitt is quoted, Dryden read." Ought not some vague yet formal remembrance to go out to such men? To Thomas Yalden, for instance, whose "Hymn to Darkness" is thus disposed of by the Doctor: "The seven first stanzas are good; but the third, fourth, and seventh are the best; the eighth seems to involve a contradiction; the tenth is exquisitely beautiful; the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth are partly mythological and partly religious, and therefore not suitable to each other." On All Writers' Day we will recite thy tenth and "exquisitely beautiful" stanza, Thomas Yalden, and remember, if we cannot soften, the Doctor's judgment that thy faults were "rather the omissions of idleness than the negligences of enthusiasm." For the Dunciad we would, on a day, substitute a Justiciad. The world has known too long how Pope despised little talents.

> Some strain in rhyme: the Muses, on their racks,
> Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks;
> Some, free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
> Break Priscian's head or Pegasus's neck;
> Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
> The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll.

These battues are very fine, but the day of small things may not be wholly despised. The groundlings usually suffer neglect in very good company. "Valancourt! and who was he?" cried Thackeray's younger generation. "Valancourt, my dears he and his glory have passed away. Ah, woe is me, that the glory of novels should ever decay. Inquire at Mudie's or the London Library who asks for *The Mysteries of Udolpho* now?" Yet four hundred novels are announced for this autumn, and they will have their brief and cheerful day, or hour—those which do not, like Sir Richard Blackmore's epic *Eliza*, in ten books, drop "dead-born from the press." We can only see and acknowledge that the water turns the mill. If it then passes on to stagnation or to sink in the soil its minimum mission has been fulfilled. The odd thing is that you never know when an author's fame is extinguished. Even as we write, our eye falls on the following query in an American literary paper. Consider its significance:

> MISS CORNELIA C. WHITE, Cazenovia, Madison County, N.Y.: "I wish to inquire if anyone can tell me the author of a book published about seventy years ago. The title is *Avon Castle*, but I have never been able to find the book nor who was the author. I think it was an English novel."

But the quality by which little writers reach one's sympathies is their hopefulness. A man's book is his child. The whole tragedy of authorship is enclosed in Hazlitt's oft told story of the Mr. Fearn who was "buried in the woods of Indostan." Several notions about states of the mind and some obscure mental processes had taken possession of his brain. He bought the works of the metaphysicians, but found no mention of these things. He eagerly set to work to record them himself, and, when his task was done, "he put his metaphysics, his bamboo MS., into the boat with him, and, as he floated down the Ganges, said to himself: 'If I live, this will live; if I die, it will not be heard of.'" Hazlitt well exclaims: "What is fame to this feeling!" Mr. Fearn's book did not succeed. He was vexed to the core. He said there was a sensible writer in the *Monthly Review* who saw the thing in its proper light. Hazlitt himself found in the book ideas more subtle and curious than any that had been published since Hume. Mr. Fearn was buried in the woods of Indostan, but his name, by a kindly justice, lives in Hazlitt's essay. Alas! Mr. Fearn is always with us, and the woods of Indostan are very extensive.

Things Seen.

The Bloomsbury Potentate.

WHILE waiting on the doctor's steps for the bell to be answered, I heard the sound of brushing, and, looking down into the Bloomsbury area, I saw a small negro boy busily polishing a boot. He glanced up with a friendly smile, his eyes and teeth gleamed, and I noticed that on his right wrist was a broad ivory ring.

Jenny was rather deliberate that morning, and while I still waited two errand-boys thrust their faces between the area railings and stared down at the little alien.

"Hullo, Blacky!" one said. "Give us that ring."

"Wonder what it's for?" said the other.

Before I could hear the reply the door opened, and I was soon in the doctor's room.

"So you're no longer an Abolitionist!" I said pleasantly.

"No," he answered; "at least, my sister isn't. That's a boy my brother-in-law has just brought from West Africa. He didn't exactly want him, but the boy was wild to see England, and at the last minute jumped on board."

"And what does the ring on his arm mean?"

"O, he's a king's son out there. That's a symbol of authority: at home he has the power of life and death over fifty slaves."

When I came away the boy was still busily at work, but he had changed the boots for knife-cleaning. He cast another merry smile up to me as I descended the steps—the king's son with the power of life and death over fifty slaves.

The Philanthropist.

HE was a sandy, fresh-complexioned man, and he entered the railway-carriage with an air that said plainly—"I'm a talker, and when I want to talk, I talk."

I took cover behind my newspaper, but it was useless. "Beautiful morning, sir," he began. Weakly I dropped my paper, and his eye, having caught mine, held me. "Most extraordinary things happen to us when we least expect them," he began. "This morning, sir, I have been an actor in quite a little drama, and have done, I trust, a service to a deserving person. I was sitting on the sea-front soon after six enjoying the air, when a tramp seated himself at the other end of the bench. We began to talk, and—would you believe it, sir?—that scarecrow was one of the gallant lads who have been fighting their country's battles in South Africa—an Imperial Yeoman, starving, sir, because he could not get his pay. Oh, no! It's impossible to deceive me. I've had a long experience with Charity Organisation Committees. I believed the man's story. You cannot deceive me on those matters. What did I do? What would any man in the position do? I gave him a good breakfast, and then I took him to a tailor's shop, rigged him out, and he's in this train at this moment, sir, on his way to good employment. There will be no difficulty about that. I shall see to it myself. When the Government fails in its duty, the private citizen must step into the breach."

"Did you buy his ticket?" I asked. "No, sir. Begin by trusting a man, and he'll soon deserve your trust. I gave him the money for his fare and a good cigar, which he is now enjoying in a third-class compartment in the rear of the train. When we reach London Bridge I shall take him straight down to the War Office, and tell them the whole story, and if they won't give him his pay I'll find the money out of my own pocket. When I put my hand to the plough, sir, I go straight ahead."

We alighted at London Bridge. The platform emptied. But my friend's cheerful optimism did not desert him. "The poor fellow must have missed the train," he said. "I'll telegraph."

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Mrs. Browning as Prophetess.

THIS handy little reissue of one of Mrs. Browning's later poems, *Casa Guidi Windows* (John Lane), has a short preface by a fellow-poet, Mme. Duclaux, better known as Miss Mary Robinson. Mme. Duclaux briefly relates the circumstances under which the poem came to be written, and interprets its spirit with sympathetic enthusiasm. But neither here nor anywhere in the book do we find what is essentially needed in a good reissue of *Casa Guidi Windows*—explanation of its crowded references to the Italian and Florentine politics of the day; references intelligible enough at the time, but now grown dim as the political references of Dryden and Pope. An unannotated edition of *Absalom and Achitophel* were but a degree more unsatisfactory. A very little trouble would have removed this defect, and caused the book to supply a real want, which in its present form we can scarcely think it does. For the rest, it is well printed on good paper and satisfactory in all other respects.

Casa Guidi Windows shows the turn of the tide towards Mrs. Browning's final manner, fully developed in *Aurora Leigh*; which, with all respect to Mme. Duclaux's judgment, we cannot think an improvement on her previous manner. On the whole, it seems to us a decided change for the worse. In this poem it is still tentative, and even Mme. Duclaux frankly admits its deficieney. The poem is entirely political, and not unnaturally it is in Mrs. Browning's rhetorical rather than her poetical style. Few poets can treat a political theme without falling into this style, which it were perhaps more accurate to call oratorical than rhetorical. It takes the lyric power of Shelley to write a *Hellas*, and even Shelley fell from poetry in *The Masque of Anarchy*, while he did not uniformly maintain it in *The Revolt of Islam*. Still, this would be a mere question of species, were the eloquence good, as Mrs. Browning's sometimes is. But in this poem it is strained, tense, excited, often downright shrill. This defect of execution is not mended by the absence of construction. The poem is desultory, a string of reflections conditioned by passing events. It is a woman's meditations on the Italian politics of four years, taking for starting-point that Florentine portion of them which she witnessed from her windows. But her reflections are sufficiently divagatory to embrace the international exhibition at the Crystal Palace, which, as we know, was to inaugurate an era of peace and universal brotherhood. Of course, the poem is intentionally desultory. But to compensate the absence of definite scheme, the wilful invertebrateness of it, there needs a felicity of execution, an inspired caprice, an opulent luxuriance of impulse, which are unfortunately lacking. A voluntary must be very rich in detail to excuse the deliberate lack of unity.

Mme. Duclaux would palliate the shortcomings of style by having us admire Mrs. Browning in the part of prophetess. Now, it is true she prophecies the ultimate triumph of Italian unity, at a time when the cause had come to grief. But it needs no large power of prophecy to foresee that a great national movement, the chief barrier against which is a steadily decadent power like Austria, will ultimately win its way. Moreover, when one's whole hopes are bound up with the success of a cause, it is human nature, and woman's nature above all, to believe that the cause must ultimately triumph, no matter how dark its destinies may temporarily be. What forlorn hope but has had some woman to believe in it? When we come to things less vague and general than the triumph of *Italia Irredenta*, Mrs. Browning's fallacy as a prophetess seems blazoned large over *Casa Guidi Windows*. She believed that the day of universal brotherhood was nigh at hand, the era when wars should cease, and thinkers replace fighters as the peaceful warriors of the future. It is there in black and white. Are we any nearer it than when she shared these generous illusions with a crowd of others, who mistook the cravenness of the stay-at-home *bourgeois*, anxious to fill his money-bags in peace, for a change of heart in mankind?

> The poet shall look grander in the face
> Than ever he looked of old, when he began
> To sing that "Achillean wrath which slew
> So many heroes."

Yet the Poet Laureate is not noticeably a better model for a bust than Homer. Her Britannic prophecies are peculiarly belied by time:

> Send abroad thy high hopes, and thy higher
> Resolves, from that most virtuous altitude,
> Till nations shall unconsciously aspire
> By looking up to thee, and learn that good
> And glory are not different.

Is that precisely the way in which the admiring nations now look up to England?

> No war!
> Disband thy captains, change thy victories,
> Be henceforth prosperous as the angels are—
> Helping, not humbling!

Which would be excellent, were earth Heaven. But even the angels (if we are rightly informed) humble demons. In other words, Mrs. Browning's prophecies represent the current enthusiasms of her age, and are no more nor less right than those enthusiasms. Had she lived, she would seemingly have been a Little Englander—unless, being the child of the enthusiasms of her age, she had been an ardent Imperialist.

But, being withal Elizabeth Barrett Browning, she could not escape frequent lapses into lofty eloquence, or even rank poetry. Ever and again they blow on us with triumphant refreshment. So in the finely summarised description of the nations meeting at the Crystal Palace Exhibition, each with her characteristic product in her hand:

> Imperial England draws
> The flowing ends of the earth, from Fez, Canton,
> Delhi and Stockholm, Athens and Madrid,
> The Russias and the vast Americas,
> As a queen gathers in her robes amid
> Her golden cincture. . . .
> "I wove these stuffs so subtly, that the gold
> Swims to the surface of the silk, like cream,
> And curdles to fair patterns. Ye behold?"
>
> "These carpets—you walk slow on them like kings,
> Inaudible like spirits, while your foot
> Dips deep in velvet roses and such things."—
>
> "This model of a steamship moves your wonder?
> You should behold it crushing down the brine,
> Like a blind Jove who feels his way with thunder."—
>
> "Methinks you will not match this steel of ours."—
> "Nor you this porcelain! One might think the clay
> Retained in it the larvæ of the flowers,
> They bud so, round the cup, the old spring way."

That is Mrs. Browning at her best—the large, masculine way which no other woman has compassed, and which she, ever passionately and daringly trying, only seized aright by fits and starts.

> You should behold it crushing down the brine
> Like a blind Jove who feels his way with thunder.

Of what majestic grasp is that—insolently easy, not to be disdained of Shakespeare's self! No other woman has reached her hand to such things; and Elizabeth Browning could not keep her grasp on them, but clutched desperately for them, capturing them only at moments. She was best when she was content with a lesser scope. But that she could seize such images at times, all honour to her fervid, ultra-feminine soul in a frame too weak! In this poem one sees the influence of her husband beginning, not (on the

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whole) to her advantage; making her careless of form (of which she was never too careful), and self-indulgent in jerkinesses of style, wherein she tries to copy his native brusqueness and abruptness. The beginning of a decline (as we think) largely induced by her husband; but with splendid flakes of the old Elizabeth Barrett still clinging about her. As, indeed, even in *Aurora Leigh*, they did not abandon her.

An Index to London.*

Charles Lamb's catalogue of biblia a-biblia had in it enough of caprice (it included the works of Gibbon, and draught-boards bound and lettered on the back) to warrant a doubt whether he would have included a list of the streets of London in his Index. He who would have lived in London "shirtless, bookless," and who loved the "sweet security of streets," would not have despised this catalogue and republic of London's place names. We say republic, for in the great inventory just issued by the London County Council there is no distinction of places. Seven Step-alley makes as brave a show as the Strand. The locality, postal district, parish, Metropolitan Borough, and Parliamentary Division to which Seven Step-alley belongs are immediately discoverable. And so through all the hierarchy of London.

To allow the imagination to play over this prodigious list, or to indulge in any line of inquiry, is to begin without hope of ending. The immensity of the field from which the street names of London have been gathered is remarkable. The geographical world, the literary world, the worlds of history and biography, the green country which the streets have replaced, all countries and all centuries seem to have contributed labels to the streets of London. Yet the catholicity of the selections is not more striking than their eccentricity. Thus, the capitals of Europe are strangely distributed. Paris gives its name to three small streets in Lambeth, Poplar, and Horselydown. Berlin-road is obscurely found in Lewisham; St. Petersburgh-place is in Paddington; and Vienna-road in Bermondsey. There are three Roman-roads in London. Lambeth supplies a Madrid-place, and Bethnal-green a Lisbon-street. Stockholm, Christiana, Brussels, Copenhagen, and Jerusalem are all obscurely represented. But for an Amsterdam-street or a Constantinople-street even London has not found room.

Our land and sea battles are well advertised. Seventeen streets named after Waterloo and sixteen after Trafalgar are to be found in London. Others celebrate Quebec, Alma, Inkermann, Lucknow, Magdala, the Khyber Pass, Khartoum, the Congo, and Ladysmith. Even battles in which our arms were not engaged lend their names to quiet suburban streets, as Sedan and Plevna. But here, as everywhere, there is no zeal, no proportion or dignity. If ever an historic name deserved to be borne by a London street it was Lucknow. Yet the only Lucknow-street is found at Plumstead, and dates from last year.

It is the same in literature. Many great names have been casually or obscurely bestowed. Will it be believed that in all London the name of Shakespeare is borne by only two small streets, one in Lambeth and one in Stoke Newington? Milton, Defoe, Addison, and Macaulay are rightly honoured in districts with which they were connected. Dickens is wasted on a small street in Battersea, and the three Byron-streets together do little honour to Byron.

The best-named streets are those whose names were derived naturally from ancient rural names, rivers, monasteries, trade localities, historical houses, and great political personages. In his pleasant introduction Mr. G. L. Gomme quotes examples of these from the works of Dr. Isaac Taylor. Mr. Gomme is certainly right when he says that the most interesting body of street names is found in the City. Names like Poultry, Cloth Fair, Ludgate, Artillery-street, Barbican, Creed-lane, Old Jewry and many more are eloquent of London's past. Central and West London are also full of interesting names, acquired by local association. But attempts to bring in outside associations and thus do honour to personages and events of national importance have been few and rarely successful.

With all their faults the street-names of London form a priceless index to London's history, and the County Council's list makes the Londoner glad that the soulless American method of naming streets by numbers is not ours. It is a fact that Americans are beginning to repent of this method, and to demand something more human. Oddly enough, among the vagaries of our street-names is an attempt which was made on the outskirts of Paddington to name a number of streets on the American plan. First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Avenues may still be found there, but the County Council has wisely suppressed the names of the side streets, for which the ingenious builder went to the alphabet. Thus his A-street has become Alperton-street, B-street has been re-christened Barfett-street, C-street is now Caird-street, and so on up to P, where the chimera ended.

In some way or other nearly every London place name has a human interest. Take the innumerable names of "terraces," "cottages," "houses," and "villas," which a few years ago asserted their individuality along the sides of the great suburban highways. These names have been mercilessly suppressed, and the houses bearing them have been thrown into the general numbering of the road. Yet there is a pathos in these names. They were essentially the pet names of the first builders or owners when the great arteries were being formed piecemeal. Upsdell's Row, Emmett's Cottages, Caroline Place, Bess Place, Artichoke Place, Halcyone Terrace, Harmony Cottages, Pear Tree Terrace, Hobnob Place, and hundreds of such names, now abolished, but here carefully recorded, tell the tale of first ownership in the suburban highways.

The total number of names recorded is 23,000, and it is difficult to over-estimate the value of the list to the student of London. We have touched only the fringe of its interest and suggestiveness.

* *London County Council: List of the Streets and Places within the Administrative County of London.* Compiled by the Superintending Architect of the Council. (P. S. King & Son.)

Correspondence.

The Irish Brogue.

Sir,—I have read with much interest the clever article in your last week's issue on "The Irish Brogue," and ask space to express my opinions on the matter—opinions gathered mainly from personal experience.

1. It would scarcely appear that Cromwell's troopers to any great extent influenced the "English" spoken by their Celtic neighbours. It is probable that most of the Ironsides came from the heart of the East Midlands (my native district), and spoke much as common folk of that locality did within my own recollection. They would say "yow" for "you"; "gree-at" for "great"; "throm" for "from"; "davvel" for "devil." Tone of enunciation they certainly failed to convey. They would speak "low down" as the clowns of the East Midlands speak to this day. And the Irishman, as a rule, "twitters" his English. I think the peasant of the Pale would have so pious a dread, so holy a hatred of the stern settlers, that as far as possible he would shun contact with them.

2. I have never heard an Irishman say "complate." In certain districts of Ireland the broad "a" sound is given to "ea," but not to "ee" or "ie." The Kerry peasant may say "mate" for "meat," but not for "meet"; indeed, he will pronounce the "ee" or "ie" with beautiful distinctness.

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3. There has always been a deal of bad "brogue" written by Englishmen. Barham wrote: "Alderman Harmer, and that *swate* charmer."

G. W. Steevens wrote "praste," evidently assuming that as the Celt says "baste" for "beast," he will say "praste" for "priest," whereas he is more likely to say "priesht."

Thackeray, super-excellent at depicting Irish character, made his Irishmen speak impossible brogue. He blended the barbarisms of a dozen dialects in the mouth of Captain Costigan. Kipling did much the same with Mulvaney. English dabblers in brogue copied Thackeray for years; then they copied Kipling; and when the inimitable Dooley "came to the fore" they took a fresh turn, and made all their Irishmen speak the brogue of Mayo. The broganeer of the English stage is past praying for. I heard at a London theatre the other day Peggy O'Dowd, of Dublin or thereabouts, mouthing a mixture of Cork and Connaught.—I am, &c.,

GEORGE BARTRAM.

SIR,—In the very interesting paper on "The Irish Brogue" in your current number there is, I think, an inadequate reference to the Irish use of the word "sure." It has the sense, no doubt, of "sure" as used by Shakespeare ("Sure 'tis the echo of some yawning grave"), by Dryden ("Great wit to madness sure is near allied"), and Dr. Johnson in the lines quoted. But it has a very subtle meaning besides, somewhat like *mais* in French, but with more body in it. I may analyse it in this way: It is like "well" in English at times. For instance: "Sure I was going down and I saw the soldiers." Again, it is expostulatory, as in answer to a question: "Why did you not go?" "Sure I did go." Here it is a kind of shorthand symbol, meaning much more than "but" would mean. It suggests: "Why on earth do you say such a thing?" Then it has a gracious meaning, which has no equivalent: "Sure, I'll do myself, don't mind"; "Sure, I told you so." And, finally, it has an emphatic argumentative force: "Sure, that cannot be"—again quite untranslatable.

Your article steers so clear of rocks that I think all these meanings must be in the writer's mind; but no English student of Irish modes of speech seems capable of appreciating these delicate differences. I may add that every meaning has a tone and inflection peculiar to itself.—I am, &c.,

JOHN F. TAYLOR.

Devonshire Club, St. James's, S.W.

"Insanity in Literature."

SIR,—Will you allow me to answer a question put by Mr. E. A. Bennett in the ACADEMY of September 14: "Can anyone swear, hand on heart, that he has not found *Le Désastre* tedious"?

I can. I read it with breathless interest when it first appeared, and again last year. *Les Tronçons du Glaive*, the second of this series of P. and V. Margueritte, I find almost as enthralling, though it has not the same sustained interest of narrative. But some of the episodes are very fine. The death of the little Moblot, for example.

And surely it is too sweeping an assertion that there are, "with the possible exception of Zola," only two great writers of French fiction left—Bourget and Anatole France. And to call that exquisite study of a woman's mind and heart, *Le Jardin Secret*, a fairly good book!

I feel that it may be impertinent in an outsider to write to you; and yet you may care to have for once the views of a woman in the drawing-room, which I take to be the feminine equivalent of the man in the street.—I am, &c.,

PAULINE MELHUISH.

137, Avenue du Roule, Neuilly-sur-Seine, Paris.

The First American Edition of the "Rubaiyat."

SIR,—In the kindly notice of my little *Bibliography of Edward FitzGerald*, which appeared in your issue of September 28, you seemed to regret the omission of any of the American editions of FitzGerald's works. This omission I shall endeavour to repair in the unlikely event of another edition of the book being called for, and in the meantime I venture to ask for the hospitality of your columns for a description of the first American edition, for a sight of which I am indebted to the courtesy of a correspondent from the States. The title-page and collation are as follows:

"Rubáiyát | of | Omar Khayyám, | the Astronomer-Poet of Persia. | Rendered into English Verse. | Second Edition." | Title-page, p. [i.]; p. [ii. blank]; [Introduction], pp. [iii.]—xviii.; Text, pp. [1]—23; p. [24 blank]; Notes, pp. [25]—30. There is no date, or publisher's or printer's name, and the size is as near as possible that of the second English edition of 1868, which, in the arrangement of its contents, it will be observed it strictly follows. It is bound in very dark blue leather, with cut edges, but whether this is the original binding or not I am unable to say.

Inserted in the book is the printed copy of a letter, dated January 20, 1900, addressed by Mr. F. F. D. Albery to the Editor of the *State Journal*, Columbus, Ohio, which appeared in that journal on the following day. As it records an interesting chapter in the history of the "Omarian cult," you may perhaps be able to find room for it:

> A communication signed by De Witt Miller and published in the *State Journal* of the 13th inst., calls for information regarding an edition of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám, printed in Columbus about 1870. I am happy to give Mr. Miller and the readers of the *State Journal* the facts in regard to that publication, which is no doubt the first American edition or reprint of FitzGerald's version, or of any other for that matter.
>
> Some time in the latter part of 1869, or the early part of 1870, there were living at the house of Mrs. Dr. Little, in this city, Colonel James Watson, General W. A. Knapp, and Mr. E. L. De Witt. At about this time there was published in the *North American Review* an account of the FitzGerald version, published by Quaritch in London in 1868, and called the Second Edition, which fell under their eyes and was discussed in the way usual to literary folk. The exquisite beauty of the lines, as well as the depth of philosophy contained in the sentiments expressed, struck home, and the readers were captured at once. But the review was only a partial revelation, and did not contain the whole of the FitzGerald Quatrains, and the thirst for more became unappeasable until finally a bookseller in New York was commissioned to get copies of the Quaritch publication.
>
> In due time these came, and they were so fascinated with the whole collection that nothing would do but their friends must also know and love the clear-voiced Persian, who had struck so true a chord. Among their other friends, Dr. Loving, of this city, was soon converted, and as Quaritch had written that the copies he had sent were the last ones of this edition, it was decided to have some copies printed in as near an exact imitation of the original as possible. Colonel Watson took the lead, and the work was entrusted to Mr. Richard Nevins, who soon produced almost an exact copy—accented type and all—of Quaritch's Second Edition.
>
> In the meantime the gentlemen named had asked some of their friends to become partners in the literary piracy, and several others joined their company, among them Henry C. Taylor, W. P. Little, and myself. There were others, but this was thirty years ago (the book was published some time between 1870 and 1873), and memory halts at the door of identification.
>
> There were only 100 copies printed, and of these we each took as many as we cared to pay for, and in time they were distributed among our friends, with no idea that the little volumes would ever become important or valuable.
>
> When Friedrich von Bodenstedt, the German diplomat,

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poet, and translator of Omar, was in this country in 1881, I showed him my copy and told him something about it, and he was greatly pleased to know that in far-off America, and many years before he had published his translation of the *Rubáiyát*, there was forming the nucleus of an Omar Khayyám cult. In token of his appreciation he gave me an autograph copy of his most striking version of the *Rubáiyát*, which I cherish as one of my most valued possessions.

In connection with Mr. Miller's reference to the value of these early editions, it is interesting to note that Colonel Watson saved from the printer's waste-basket the original leaves of his Quaritch, from which the Columbus edition was printed, and which he had cleaned and rebound, and Mr. De Witt has also preserved his copy, and although Mr. Miller estimates the market value of the plain little pamphlet at $100, you may, if you know either of these gentlemen, prove my assertions of the fact, and at the same time see a homely little pamphlet of a few pages, which is worth a membership of the Columbus Club or the price of a good horse.

I am quite sure there must still be in existence in Columbus a number of copies of this pirated Columbus edition, and I shall be glad to have, for possible future use, information concerning these fugitive copies of what FitzGerald himself called an "Epicurean Eclogue in a Persian Garden."

I conclude with an echo of Mr. Álbery's aspiration, and shall be indebted to anyone who can give me information regarding other important American editions, critical comments, or reviews relating to the object I have in view, which perhaps it may be as well to state is the bibliography, not of Omar Khayyám, but of Edward FitzGerald—I am, &c,

W. F. Prideaux.

1, West Cliff Terrace, Ramsgate.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 107 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea in the following competition:

"We publish this week a special supplement, containing publishers' announcements for the autumn season. From the lists therein printed we ask our readers to pick out what, in their opinion, promise to be:

(*a*) The two most interesting biographies.
(*b*) The two most interesting works of history.
(*c*) The two most interesting works of travel.
(*d*) The two most interesting religious works.
(*e*) The two most interesting novels.
(*f*) The two most interesting books for children.

"To the competitor whose selection most nearly resembles that produced by a collation of all replies received a cheque for a guinea will be sent."

After an exhaustive examination of the ninety-eight lists sent in we find that the governing or plébiscite list comes out as follows:

Biography.	Votes.
Graham Balfour. "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson." (Methuen.)	60
S. Paget. "Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget" (Longmans.)	42
History.	
Andrew Lang. "The Mystery of Mary Stuart." (Longmans.)	62
W. H. Fitchett. "Tale of the Great Mutiny." (Smith, Elder.)	14
Travel.	
H. Rider Haggard. "A Winter Pilgrimage." (Longmans.)	42
E. S. Grogan and A. H. Sharp. "From the Cape to Cairo." (Hurst & Blackett.)	26
Religious.	
Rev. John Watson. "Life of the Master." (Hodder & Stoughton.)	41
Rev. Principal Fairbairn. "Philosophy of the Christian Religion." (Hodder & Stoughton.)	24
Novels.	
Rudyard Kipling. "Kim." (Macmillan.)	70
Lucas Malet. "History of Sir Richard Calmady." (Methuen.)	38
Children's Books.	
Andrew Lang. "Violet Fairy Book." (Longmans.)	49
Carmen Sylva. "A Real Queen's Fairy Book." (Newnes.)	20

The list which most nearly approximates to the above has been sent in by Mr. George Salmon, Lanherne, Chelston, Torquay. Mr. Salmon's list, containing nine out of the twelve books in the general selection, is as follows:

(*a*) "Life of R. L. Stevenson." (Graham Balfour)
"Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget."
(*b*) "The Mystery of Mary Stuart." (Lang.)
"The Tale of the Great Mutiny." (Fitchett.)
(*c*) "A Winter Pilgrimage." (Rider Haggard.)
"Armenia—Travels and Studies."
(*d*) "The Life of the Master." (John Watson, D.D.)
"Roads to Rome."
(*e*) "Kim."
"Sir Richard Calmady."
(*f*) "The Violet Fairy Book."
"The Woodpigeons and Mary." (Mrs. Molesworth.)

Continuing the plébiscite selections, we find that the next most popular books in each class are as follows:

Biography.	
R. Barry O'Brien	"Lord Russell of Killowen"
H. Furniss	"Confessions of a Caricaturist."
Hilaire Belloc	"Robespierre."
Leslie Stephen	"Life and Letters of John H. Green."
Herbert Paul	"Life of Gladstone."
Sidney Lee	"Dictionary of National Biography" Supplement.
History.	
Justin McCarthy	"The Reign of Queen Anne"
R. Garnett and V. E. Gosse	"Illustrated History of English Literature."
J. R. Green	"Oxford Studies."
H. Traill	"Social England."
Edwin Hodder	"Life of a Century."
J. M. Stone	"Mary I., Queen of England."
Travel.	
Ed. Vizetelly	"Cyprus to Zanzibar."
Douglas Sladen	"In Sicily."
Mrs. Alec Tweedie	"Mexico as I Saw It."
J. E. S. Moore	"To the Mountains of the Moon."
L. Bernacchi	"To the South Polar Regions."
Cuninnghame Graham	"A Vanished Arcadia."
Religious.	
Dr. Robertson Nicoll	"The Church's One Foundation."
H. Fielding	"Hearts of Men."
Olive and Herbert Vivian	"The Romance of Religion."
Dr. Parker	"The Pulpit Bible."
Author of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders."	"Roads to Rome."
Andrew Lang	"Magic and Religion."
Novels.	
Author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters"	"A Modern Antæus."
Hall Caine	"The Eternal City."
Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"	"The Benefactress."
Maurice Hewlett	"New Canterbury Tales."
D. Merejkowski	"The Death of the Gods."
S. J. Weyman	"Count Hannibal."
Children's Books.	
G. A. Henty	"With Roberts to Pretoria."
R. Kearton	"Strange Adventures in Dicky-Bird Land."
Mrs. Molesworth	"The Woodpigeons and Mary."
Florence and Bertha Upton	"The Golliwogg's Auto-go-Cart."
Walter Crane	"Goody Two Shoes Picture-book."
Author of "Story of Little Black Sambo"	"Story of Little Black Mingo."

Competition No. 108 (New Series).

Apropos of our article on another page, "The Small Writer," we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best "Ode to Forgotten Authors." The treatment of the subject is left entirely to competitors. Length, 32 lines or less.

Rules.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, The Academy, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, October 16. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the third page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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The Literary Week.

A PARAGRAPH about the serious condition of Ibsen's health has run round the Press lately. We were told, on the authority of a letter written by Dr. Georg Brandes, that he had but a few weeks to live, that he had written an *apologia*, and, in a fit of rage, had burnt it, with other details. We now learn, on the authority of Mr. Archer, who has been at some pains to get at the facts, that the letter from Dr. Brandes was a fabrication from beginning to end, and that Ibsen, so far from being *in extremis*, is "able to take daily drives, and is in very fair health for a man of his years."

MR. KIPLING was not very happy in his poem of eleven stanzas, called "The Reformers," which he published in the *Times* last Saturday. It was merely an amplification of this "extract from a private letter" which prefaced the poem:

> The men who have been through this South African mill will no longer accept the old outworn explanations. They know too much, and it is to them we must look, when they come back, for the real work of reform in every direction.

Here are the final stanzas:

> The yoke he bore shall press him still,
> And long ingrained effort goad
> To find, to fashion and fulfil
> The cleaner life, the sterner code.
>
> *Not in the camp his victory lies—*
> *The world (unheeding his return)*
> *Shall see it in his children's eyes*
> *And from his grandson's lips shall learn!*

Does Mr. Kipling really believe that fighting in South Africa is a spiritual purge for our soldiers?

WE rather like Dr. Duff, of Bradford. He complained to the Congregational Union on Thursday that there is not "a really good bookshop in the West Riding." By that the learned doctor proceeded to explain that he meant that "there was no shop into which you could walk and ask to see what they had on Plato." Dr. Duff may care to know that even in mighty London they will offer you *Letts's* as a substitute for *Pepys's Diary*, which "we don't stock, Sir."

IF British writers were in the habit of settling their differences with the duelling sword, we should, probably, be looking forward to a graceful encounter between Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Stephen Gwynn. *Apropos* of Mr. Lang's *Life of Tennyson*, Mr. Gwynn, in the *Daily News*, makes himself the mouthpiece of "the younger critics," about whose ways Mr. Lang seems to be in some distress. Certainly there would be an encounter between Mr. Lang and "W. R. N.," of the *British Weekly*, who remarks: "It is with a kind of despair that one reads and criticises this book. Below a certain depth Mr. Lang could not possibly sink. In his most jaded hour he would have something worth hearing to say on almost any subject. . . ." Both Mr. Lang and "W. R. N." have had many duelistic experiences—with the pen.

MR. QUILLER COUCH will write on George Eliot for Messrs. Blackwood's series of Modern English Writers, in the place of Mr. Sidney Lee, who has been obliged to relinquish the task owing to ill-health.

THE play which Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. George Moore have written in collaboration for the Irish Literary Theatre movement is being rehearsed by Mr. Benson's company, and will be produced in Dublin at an early date.

HERE is a novelty in autobiographies. Mr. W. M. Rossetti has prepared a blank verse translation of the autobiography that the father of Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote in "poetic Italian."

NOT the least interesting portions of Mr. Graham Balfour's *Life of R. L. Stevenson* (just published) are the references to the literary projects that were never carried out. After the production of *Deacon Brodie* Stevenson proposed to busy himself with the following plays:

> "Honour and Arms": Drama in Three Acts.
> "The King of Clubs": Drama in Four Acts.
> "Pepy's Diary": Comedy.
> "The Admirable Crichton": Romantic Comedy in Five Acts.
> "Ajax": Drama in Four Acts.
> "The Passing of Vanderdecken": (Legend!) in Four Acts.
> "Farmer George": Historical Play in Five Acts.
> "The Gunpowder Plot": Historical Play.
> "Marcus Aurelius": Historical Play.
> "The Atheists": Comedy.
> "The Mother-in-Law": Drama.
> "Madam Fate": Drama in a Prologue and Four Acts.
> "Madam Destiny."

"Farmer George" was to have covered the whole reign of George the Third, ending with a scene in which the mad king recovered for a while his reason.

IT is reported that a woman publisher has begun business, and has the satisfaction of seeing her name on title-pages. Not only is she her own publisher, but she is her own advertisement manager and "traveller." Why not?

A Real Queen's Fairy Book is certainly a good title for the volume of fairy tales which the Queen of Roumania is about to publish through Messrs. Newnes.

THE following will be the first three productions by the Stage Society this winter:

> "Mrs. Warner's Profession," by Bernard Shaw.
> "The Marrying of Ann Leete," by H. Granville Barker.
> "La Nouvelle Idole," by François de Curel.

WE take the following from the *Daily Mail*:

> At the annual meeting of the Christian Foreign Missionary Society at Minneapolis, yesterday, the treasurer's report showed that there was a decrease of over £20,000 compared with the report of a year ago.
>
> The chairman of the society said that Mr. Mark Twain was directly responsible for this falling-off, through his criticisms of missionary work.

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No writer of fiction who has anything to say is likely to escape notice in these days. Even comparatively obscure foreign novelists are watched from afar, and if their works can be sold they are immediately translated. Probably very few English people have heard of Peter Rosegger, the Austrian novelist. His tale called *The Foreign Schoolmaster* has just been issued by Messrs. Putnams with an autobiographical preface, from which we glean some quaint particulars of Rosegger's rise in the world. Born in Steinmark, Austria, he was apprenticed to a travelling tailor—no bad way, we should think, of preparing to write stories. But of story-writing as a profession young Rosegger had not even a glimmering idea. Yet he loved books, and seems instinctively to have acted on Buffon's maxim: "When I want a book, I write one." In his peasant hut, or in his workshop, amid the resinous odours of the forest, or wherever he might be, the boy communed with himself, pen in hand, and brought forth a whole library of books. There were twenty-four "magnificent volumes," all written with ink made from soot, and illustrated with pencil drawings, which he coloured with a brush made from his own hair. At last, when he was twenty-six years old, Rosegger awoke and remembered and understood; in short, he resolved to lead the literary life. As a first step, he married and produced children. His wife died, but his work was his salvation; he built himself a little house and married again. "More children came, and, as my hair whitened, I was surrounded by a lively circle of gay, young people." Incidentally, Rosegger wrote forty volumes, edited a monthly magazine for twenty-three years, and gave readings from his works. He says his books are not so impassioned as they were; but he hopes the critics will call them *Frisch Wasser*. Which seems very "good going."

THE Literary Agent is again being asked to show cause why he should not be abolished. Apropos of which, a writer in the *Weekly Sun* tells an amusing story. A certain well-known London editor does not like to do business with Literary Agents. He was starting a new periodical, and wrote to a well-known author for a short story. "Of course," said the well-known author, "you can have a short story. Go to my agent and arrange terms." The editor wrote back: "I never deal with agents. I consider it wrong in principle. An author ought to be able to do his own business without the intervention of an agent." The author was annoyed, and wrote that he understood the editor's new periodical was to appear next Monday. "That is so," returned the editor. "What of it?" "Oh, nothing," replied the author, "only, as I respect your scruples about dealing with agents, I shall decline to order your periodical from the newsagent, and will buy it from you direct if you will be waiting for me on my doorstep about ten o'clock next Monday." The rest was silence.

OUIDA'S dispute with Messrs. Chatto & Windus raises an interesting question to which there are two sides. As the owners of the copyright in Ouida's novel *Wanda*, Messrs. Chatto & Windus sold the dramatic rights in the story to Mr. Walter Reynolds, whose dramatic version of the story, called "The Sin of a Life," is being played at the Princess's Theatre. Ouida wrote indignantly to the *Morning Post* complaining of this use of her story, remarking: "I should have supposed that 'copyright' included solely the power to produce a work in book form, and reproduce it in similar form; it seems impossible to me that the word 'copyright' means the right of a publisher to license an adaptation of the work." Mr. Chatto has explained the position of his firm as follows to an interviewer: "Mr. Walter Reynolds told us that he wished to prepare a dramatic version of *Wanda*, and that he further desired to use certain portions of the dialogue of the book. In granting him the right to employ such dialogue we were acting perfectly and beyond all question within our powers as holders of the copyright. Whether Ouida must know that perfectly well or not I cannot say. Who can tell what she must or must not know? As far as we are concerned, the matter is at an end."

THE art of fitting a Bible text to a special occasion has been carried to considerable heights of ingenuity, but not often higher than by Dr. Reed Mackay when he preached to the crew of *Shamrock II.* on the Sunday before the races for the America Cup. The reverend gentleman took as his text Isaiah xxxiii. 23: "Their tacklings are loosed; they could not well strengthen their mast; they could not spread the sail; then is the prey of a great spoil divided; the lame take the prey." Dr. Mackay said this was a prophecy of victory for *Shamrock*, the last clause being applicable to Sir Thomas Lipton, who was lame from the effects of an accident.

A BEAUTY-PRIZE contest is one of the latest American devices for pushing a novel. It has been adopted by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. in their novel *Sylvia: The Story of an American Countess*. The story is a present-day one, and is laid in Venice, on the Rivera, and in Southern California. The heroine is described as "the most beautiful woman in Europe." As no artist is likely to realise that description in a manner to convince everybody, the publishers have asked twelve artists to make their own drawings of the heroine. These pictures are all reproduced as illustrations in the book. Each reader is invited to choose from among the pictures the one which, in his judgment, is the best conception of the heroine, and to indicate, on a slip furnished with the book, the order in which he thinks all the others should rank. The person whose list comes nearest to the choice of the majority will receive five hundred dollars.

GIVING away the plot of a novel is understood to be forbidden to the reviewer, but in America they are less scrupulous or more generous. "The Plots of the Latest Novels" is a heading in the *New York Journal's* Saturday literary supplement. Beneath it the plots of three novels are calmly described in detail down to the final solutions, death-beds, marriages, and the discovery of missing wills.

MRS. MEYNELL did not find beauty in the Atlantic cloudland while crossing the Atlantic. In a characteristic article on "Atlantic Skies" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, she reports of the clouds as follows:

> And the strangest thing is the lack of beauty. However shaped, however coloured—and the shape is wild, the colour is strong—the Atlantic skies evade the eyes that are lifted to see beauty as the oldest sight in heaven. Most familiar of all things, beauty is out of sight.
>
> From the "promenade deck," the fourth story of the great liner, you see some distance—much further, that is, than the little circle of the old seafarer. And all you see is grey or blue, after a pattern, you know. The ocean is not strange to the eye, except only in the haste to which he is compelled. Twenty-one miles an hour and more is the wave driven, and you see no space of all ocean as it lies, at peace. But, in spite of these thousands of miles of hail and farewell, the ocean is your old friend, even if you are at odds with the sky.

On the natural fears of the landsman who realises the vast depths of the sea, Mrs. Meynell says:

> To the unused it must needs be grave to wake at night and feel the deep; but the gravity is not awful if one should be accustomed, on dry land, to remember the heavens under the earth; the moon below, the stars below, flashing upon the Milky Way below. Beneath the deep, beneath the land, beneath the house and the secure bed, the sun!

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MRS. MEYNELL continues:

> Indeed, it is not on earth nor amid her waters, her mountains or her fires, that her children have their finest fears; but among the inaccessible and unknown heavens.
>
> No, the ocean is a manifest friend, buoying the racing ship with the power of his depth. You may find nothing wilder on the way than a single solitary storm; the ship charges it, carries it, and sweeps into the further calm. It is a sea of chances; with one thing only most strangely steadfast, albeit soft, sensitive, curving and waving like a sea-plant in the flood—water within water; wavering, swinging, dividing one age-long way, while the centuries alter mountains—the Gulf Stream rushing warmly to nourish England in the East.

OUR readers may amuse themselves by guessing what living writer is referred to in the following tirade:

> He can lisp the Accents though he cannot breathe the Spirit of the middle Ages: but he will not endure a close Inspection. Regard his Gauds a second Time, and they reflect no more than sullen Pebbles forsaken by the Tide; probe the Poppinjay and you restrict him to the Prattle of a Parrot afflicted with the Pip. Where Signs of the Times are mostly discouraging and the favourite *Baal* is Novelty, at whose Shrine the Vulgar delight to sacrifice all that is sacred or traditional, Hopes might be insinuated by this Fact, That a popular Author finds it profitable to ape venerable Classicks. We may not despair of a Public that yearns, however unconsciously, for the hallowed Tunes, even though, from long Disuse, the Ear remains unable to distinguish the false from the true Note. But we must reprobate the heretick Prophet, who, taking Advantage of that good Instinct, debauches it with horrid Discords, beside which *Wagner* were musical or Mr. *Kipling* poetical.

To go down, all flags flying, with Wagner and Mr. Kipling were to make a good end. However, 'tis but another storm in the *Rambler's* tea-pot.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL can be heartily congratulated on their new twenty-volume edition of the works of Samuel Richardson. There is not much to say (as there ought not to be) about the *format*. It is neat and satisfactory; a very pleasing shade of red has been chosen for the covers; and for the illustrations the publishers have wisely gone to those of an older day, reproducing them by photogravure. *Pamela* fills four volumes, *Clarissa Harlowe* nine volumes, and *Sir Charles Grandison* seven volumes. Seventy-eight illustrations are distributed through the set. To the first volume of *Pamela* Miss Ethel M. M. McKenna contributes an interesting biography. So great, she tells us, was the *furore* created by *Pamela* that "at Slough the village blacksmith undertook to read the story aloud for the benefit of his less-lettered neighbours, who every evening gathered round the forge for the purpose. So intense was the excitement manifested when Pamela was finally married to her pursuer that the general joy found expression in ringing the church bells as for a festival." Pamela cannot so move us to-day, but it is a matter for congratulation that the works of this master of fiction can now be had in a form so complete and attractive.

MR. R. B. MARSTON, of the firm of Messrs. Sampson Low, Fetter-lane, E.C., will be pleased to send to any applicant particulars of a scheme which is now on foot for placing a memorial of Mr. R. D. Blackwood in Exeter Cathedral. He suggests that the memorial should take the form of a marble tablet with a medallion portrait or bust and a suitable inscription, and that any balance after defraying its cost should be invested for the benefit of the Authors' Benevolent Fund, which has recently been established in connection with the Society of Authors.

MR. PUNCH has framed the chapter of a novel based on some remarks in our issue of September 24. We then wrote: "Probably one of the characteristic features of the new novel will be the relegation of the element of sex love to a subsidiary place. It may be that current fiction has rather exaggerated the importance of the love of a man for a maid. It is open to doubt if, in most lives, love is the be-all and end-all of existence." Mr. Punch introduces us to Mr. Pendleton Pigot, who, in the 39th chapter of a "probable" novel, has begun to give to love that place in his affairs which we described as "subsidiary":

> He stretched out his hand and pressed the electric bell for his secretary.
>
> "By the bye, Ogleton," he said, as the young man entered, "what was the name of that young lady I told you to remember?"
>
> The secretary turned hastily some leaves of his notebook.
>
> "Miss Sylvia Flindries, Sir."
>
> "Ah! I fancy I was rather struck by her general deportment." A pause.
>
> "It was at Monte Carlo, in '97, wasn't it?"
>
> "The memo is dated June in the following year, Sir, at Aix."
>
> "Oh," said Pendleton, calmly, "One meets so many people. I believe I jotted down a few particulars for future reference. Have you them handy?"

Ogleton has them handy, and they consist of a list of *pros* and *cons* on the matrimonial qualifications of Miss Sylvia Flindries. He reads them aloud, and the conversation continues:

> "Just type a note, Ogleton."
>
> "Are you thinking of marrying, Sir?" inquired he, with the privilege of an old employé.
>
> "I had some such idea," answered Pendleton, with a half smile of good nature. "If you remember, next Wednesday week is the one day set aside out of the year for such trivialities as infect our modern life. Matrimony is one of them, to which love-making was an insensate preliminary in my boyhood's days, and a great deal of the fiction concocted during that flimsy period of our history was devoted to it. I intend to get married. I have been meaning to do so for some years past, but being occupied by so many important affairs has put the idea out of my head. It's a thing I believe one ought to do, so I want to do it, and have done with such nonsense once and for all. Just drop a nice note to Miss Flindries, enclosing in tabulated form my conception of her advantages and disadvantages, and say I intend to get married on Wednesday week, and would be happy to give her the first refusal of myself. Ask her to enclose the last six photos she has had taken of herself, as I only vaguely remember what she is like. Say that I consider she could be adapted to my few domestic wants, and if she is desirous of seeing my houses and property I should be most happy to personally conduct her over them, and reply to the best of my ability to any questions she may think it necessary to ask."
>
> "Remind Miss Flindries of all the sources for acquainting herself of my character, and enclose extracts from red books, &c., with a stamped and addressed envelope in case of rejection. State that an early reply will oblige, as in the event of Miss Sylvia Flindries declining my offer, I have other ladies on my list (though I freely confess none with so few disadvantages) to whom a similar offer will be extended. That is all. I shall leave all the details of the ceremony in your hands Remind me that I have an appointment to be married on Wednesday week, and post me up in the bride's family history. And now we can return once more to the normal features of our modern civilised life."

THE second annual Huxley lecture of the Anthropological Institute will be delivered by Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., at the rooms of the Society of Arts, John-street, Adelphi, on October 29, at 8.30 p.m. The subject chosen by the lecturer is "The Possible Improvement of the Human Breed under the Existing Conditions of Law and Sentiment." Tickets may be obtained on application at the Institute, 3, Hanover-square. The chair will be taken by Lord Avebury.

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Mr. Rider Haggard's letters to the *Daily Express*, which appeared under the title *Back to the Land*, will not be re-issued in their present form. Mr. Haggard, however, hopes in the course of next year to publish, under the title of *Rural England*, a work dealing fully with the results of his investigations into the agricultural and social conditions of the majority of the English counties, and incorporating the substance of the letters. Messrs. Longmans will publish the volume.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, we learn from a telegram to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is likely to find himself involved in a duel, as the first-fruits of his new tragedy of "Francesca da Rimini." It appears that some of the papers have published details scarcely fair to the author. Not unnaturally the latter has spoken, and also written, with some freedom upon this breach of manners, and now it is the turn of the editors to be offended. With respect to one of them, the *Resto del Carlino*, of Bologna, Signor d'Annunzio has been exceptionally severe—so much so that the editor has sent a couple of friends to request explanations.

The *Queen Victoria Birthday Book* will contain an anthology of sentences spoken or written by her late Majesty.

Messrs. Virtue & Co. have entered the field of cheap decorative classics with a series, called "The Turner House Classics." The *format* adopted is strikingly original and attractive, being a bold, yet delicate, effect in black, white, and red. The covers will, however, vary in pattern with each book, while preserving the same general effect. The size is 6¾ in. by 4 in. The series will be edited by Mr. William Macdonald, and a critical monograph will be prefixed to each volume. The first volume (*Bret Harte's Choice Tales and Verse*) strikes us as excellent.

Bibliographical.

The next item in Messrs. H. Virtue & Co.'s "Turner House Classics" will be *An Anthology of Humorous Verse*. For this there ought to be a public, for I take for granted that the compiler intends to cover the whole field from Chaucer downwards. I don't know that he can be said to have any competitor. Presumably, Mr. W. M. Rossetti's anthology on the same subject (published by Moxon) is long out of print. In Mr. Alfred Miles's *omnium gatherum*, *The Poets and the Poetry of the Century*, there is a volume devoted to the humorists in verse from Crabbe to living people. The volume called *Comic Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, published by Routledge late in the seventies, included specimens by contemporary writers only. Another volume, entitled *The Witty and Humorous Side of the English Poets*, was mainly critical, though it included a good deal of illustrative quotation. Altogether, I do not envy the latest anthologist, Mr. T. A. Cook, his task. To give, in a single book, a worthy representation of English humorous verse in all its phases seems well-nigh beyond the powers of mortal man.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill's annotated edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* will, of course, be heartily welcome—the more especially to those who have not purchased any of the editions of the *Lives* issued during the last decade or so. These, one would think, cannot be a very numerous body, seeing that it is only five years since Messrs. Methuen and Messrs. Kegan Paul both sent out an edition of the *Lives*—the one in three volumes, and the other in six, the latter being edited by Mr. Arthur Waugh. In 1890 there had been a three-volume edition, brought out by Messrs. Bell. If Dr. Hill's edition is in one volume only, it will be all the more acceptable. Of course there have been, of late years, many reprints of separate *Lives of the Poets*. Mr. Matthew Arnold, it will be remembered, chose six of the *Lives* for special celebration. But that was fifteen years ago.

In the introduction to Mr. Brimley Johnson's re-issue of *Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, Mr. Walter Jerrold mentions that the lectures were made the basis of an "*apropos* bagatelle in one act," produced at the Lyceum Theatre in 1845. Mr. Spielmann, in his *History of "Punch,"* says that in this piece "Mrs. Keeley made a life-like Mrs. Caudle, only perhaps a little too fresh and charming." As a matter of fact, it was *Mr.* Keeley who undertook the *rôle* of Mrs. Caudle, a fact which Mr. Spielmann could have verified by a glance at the newspaper advertisements and notices of the time. The description of Mrs. Keeley as "only perhaps a little too fresh and charming" is a diverting exercise of the imagination.

With reference to a paragraph in this column last week, Messrs. Bell & Sons inform me that they have no intention of issuing a new edition of Mrs. Jameson's *Shakespeare's Heroines*. The fact is, the new edition in question is that which Messrs. Dent & Co. have published in the present week as the first item in "Miranda's Library." For my part, I prefer Messrs. Bell's edition of 1897.

Fancy a whole volume—albeit not a very big one—about the case of Bardell *v.* Pickwick! Surely this is an instance of Dickensolatry in the extreme. A member of the younger generation would hardly devote himself to such a task, but Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is one of "the old Guard," and, moreover, one of the Faithful—I will not say "faithful among the faithless only he," for there is Mr. F. G. Fitton. Bardell *v.* Pickwick was one of the most popular of the author's Readings, and it has naturally found its way on to the stage—usually for the sake of bringing together a "star" caste for a benefit performance. There was the version put together by Mr. John Hollingshead just thirty years ago, and since then there has been another compiled by Charles Dickens the second. The famous trial has also been made the basis of an operetta performed somewhere in the provinces.

The statement that Messrs. Dent's edition of Lane's *Arabian Nights* will comprise a volume of selections from Jonathan Scott's version, which included tales not given by Lane, is exercising the minds of those to whom Scott's version is unknown. It is, I think, nearly twenty years since Scott's work was last issued. A book of *Selections* from it appeared sixteen years ago. (Can this be what Messrs. Dent propose to give us as an appendix to Lane's?) The latest notable edition of Lane's work appeared, apparently, in 1896.

The "Windsor" Shakespeare is obviously American in origin, and, possibly, identical (of this I cannot be certain) with the edition which Mr. H. W. Hudson brought out at Boston, U.S.A., in 1852-7. Mr. Hudson is not, perhaps, in the memory of our present public; but, in "the early 'eighties," his book on the *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* had some circulation in this country, into which also his *Studies in Wordsworth* penetrated. I cannot find any trace of him in England since.

We are promised a volume of extracts from "old authors and essay-writers" (is an essay-writer, then, not an author?) on the subject of gardening. No doubt it will be very readable; but so was the book (called, I think) *In Praise of Gardens*, which should be difficult to beat. The literature of this subject grows, and let us hope that a real love of gardens grows along with it.

The Bookworm.

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Reviews.

Nerves.

Hypnotism and Suggestion in Therapeutics, Education, and Reform. By R. Osgood Mason. (Kegan Paul.)

The Criminal Mind. From the French of Dr. Maurice de Fleury. (Downey. 3s. 6d. net.)

DURING the last fifty years the medical profession have gradually become aware that a large class of the community are more or less unfitted for the struggle for life. Some of them show signs of that most terrible of all diseases—epilepsy; others of sleep-walking, absence of will, fixed idea or some other of the obscurer forms of hysteria; while others are merely considered by their friends a little eccentric until some accident reveals the fact that they are capable of committing universally reprobated acts without remorse. Yet such persons are by no means insane according to any of the tests that are applied by lawyers and doctors. So far from being deficient in intellect, some of the greatest geniuses may be found in their ranks; and, however irresistible they may think their impulse to evil, they are generally led to curb it by the same fear of the policeman that controls other members of the community. As they have all of them the greatest possible objection to steady work except under the influence of emotion, it seems probable that in old times they formed the recruiting ground for the religious orders. Nowadays they generally give trouble to the police if they are poor, to their friends if they are well-to-do, and are known as degenerates, neurotics, neurasthenics, or, in a word, sufferers from nervous disease.

Can persons of this temperament be so far cured that they will become like the rest of the world? To this question Dr. Mason unhesitatingly answers "Yes," and gives us many instances from his own practice where nervous patients have derived the greatest possible benefit from hypnotism. In one case, a girl of fifteen had such difficulty in concentrating her attention that she could not pass the smallest examination. She was six times hypnotised, with the result that she not only got through triumphantly, but obtained a "teacher's certificate," the suggestion being that she was really very clever all the time, but prevented from displaying her abilities by "her excessive self-consciousness and timidity." In another, a lady of sixty suffered from persecution mania, thought that her husband was trying to poison her by means of an imaginary powder that he scattered about, and made the life of herself and all about her a burden to them. After a long course of hypnotic treatment by Dr. Mason, she has discarded most of her absurd ideas, though she still feels "a certain fear" of her husband, admits that the powder theory was an hallucination, and "looks forward with great interest and hope to an entire cure." In another, all the symptoms of a well-marked paralysis affecting the right side of the face and the left arm and leg were removed after a month's treatment from an Irish school teacher of twenty-two; and in yet another, an actor of forty-two was weaned from drinking a bottle of whiskey and ten grains of morphia a day by the same process. With children, as might perhaps be expected, Dr. Mason was even more successful. A little girl was cured by hypnotism of nocturnal terrors, which caused her to wake up screaming that she saw a black man; another was rid of an apparently inveterate habit of blushing; the child of a criminal father and "an upright, mild, intelligent woman" was turned from a savage little beast into a decent member of society; and a schoolboy was made to drop at once cigarette smoking and what are euphemistically known as "early vicious habits." Is it to be wondered at that Dr. Mason, the worker of these marvels, thinks that he has in hypnotism a valuable instrument not only for the education of children, but also for the cure of nervous disease and the reform of criminals whose crime has been the result of bad heredity or imperfect responsibility?

This is very well, and there are many facts known to students of the subject that might predispose them to accept Dr. Mason's conclusion. Hypnotism, for a long time discredited, has lately been shown by the researches of Charcot and others to be a real force, and suggestion forms so large a part of it that the disciples of the Nancy school are convinced that this is by itself sufficient to account for all hypnotic phenomena. Moreover, it is generally accepted that neuropathic persons are all amenable to hypnotic suggestion, even if it be not the case, as some think, that it is they alone who are capable of being hypnotised at all. But from this to deciding that all abnormal children or criminals could profitably be made the subject of hypnotic treatment is a very long step, and we see little in Dr. Mason's book that will in any way shorten it. Dr. Mason is, we gather from his writings, a doctor in what is called "eclectic" practice in America, and although we have no doubt that the cases he quotes are reported by him in most perfect good faith, there are many things here which remind us of the hasty logic, the delight in the marvellous, and the reliance on the unproven which makes it so difficult for us slow Europeans to discriminate between the scientific American and the charlatan. Although he shows himself to be perfectly well acquainted with the Nancy theory, he prefers to consider that in hypnotism there is really some "effluence passing from the operator to the subject" which not only can take effect at a distance of twenty miles, but can be imprisoned in a glass of water. So, too, though he gives in the alternative a more rational hypothesis, he leans to the idea that hypnotism can be explained as the waking of "the subconscious mind," which may be viewed, he tells us, "as a higher development of the cosmic mind or soul so evident in nature." After this, it is a mere detail that he uses the analogy of the solar system to suggest that the human body, "like every particle of matter, organised or unorganised," has "its emanation, its atmosphere, its aura." If hypnotism ever comes to be generally used as a curative agent, its application must be founded on some more solid basis than wild guesses like those given forth by the first Lord Lytton in romantic fiction, or upon unanalogous comparisons.

It is like coming out of an overheated room into fresh air to turn from this to Dr. de Fleury's graceful monograph on the criminal mind. He begins by telling us, with the perfect lucidity that comes from mastery of his subject, how it comes about that the mind of the hereditary criminal, or, what is nearly the same thing, of the neurotic, comes to be different from that of the normal man. He explains to us how the sensations that we receive from the outer world are conveyed by our sensory nerves into some cerebral cell, where, in the ordinary way, the impulse would be transmitted from neuron to neuron, awakening old mental representations in its passage, which thereby revive and come into comparison. When this is done, deliberation is, as he says, established, and the thinker, before restoring the impulse to the outer world by means of the motor nerves, is enabled to decide whether the action resolved upon is for the good of the individual or the species. If it is, the action is allowed to proceed; if not, the nerve-wave excited expends itself in what Brown-Séquard described as inhibition of the motor nerves. Hence it is that, in the case of a sudden temptation to commit some crime, the best among us are able to combat and overthrow it with such incredible swiftness that they are not even conscious of deliberation. Mark, now, what happens in the other case:

> If a man with an exhausted brain, whose neurons have lost their suppleness of movement by habitual inertia, and whose vital activity is vitiated by a disease inherited or acquired, is in question, how is a comparison between the tempting image and the susceptible images to act as a check upon him? The paralysed collaterals cannot stretch

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> out their tentacles to make contact with neighbouring tentacles; the nerve wave is not diffused; between the salutary ideas deposited in the mind by education and impulse no contest will arise.

From this M. de Fleury is led to the conclusion that the most important service that civilisation can render to society is to take care that each brain is equipped with a sufficient number of mental representations of a good kind to give ground for deliberation and to prevent sensation being too quickly translated into action. All this he thinks can be brought about by wisely directed education. Even in the case of natural or instinctive criminals, he thinks, much may be done by book learning combined with proper physical treatment to restore the nutrition of their brains, thus giving them strength of mind and enabling them to lose bad habits and acquire good ones.

There will always, however, remain a residuum, as M. de Fleury confesses, of "those horribly cruel, manifestly incurable, mercilessly ferocious beings, who are murderers by temperament, so utterly pitiless that it is impossible to feel pity for their fate." With these he would deal in a very summary way. If they are once recognised as incurable, after medical examination, he would have no more "extenuating circumstances"—we must remember it is for France that he is writing—no more granting of respites by chiefs of the State anxious to secure popularity. All such criminals must be suppressed at once, not by the guillotine, which he considers barbarous, but by a prompt and easy death, such as medical science can procure. For those who may not have yet committed crime, but are "idle, thoughtless, those who reject education but love adventure and fighting, the quarrelsome whose delight it is to do harm with all their might," in which category he includes anarchists, he would enlist them in companies of discipline and send them to colonies like Madagascar and Tongking, there to fight against savages like themselves. All lesser forms of nerve disease, when likely to be dangerous to society, he would deal with in reformatories, whence the inmates should be discharged as they were cured, while he would deal with great leniency with all those who are merely criminals by accident, binding them over wherever possible to come up for judgment when called upon. It is upon these lines, he thinks, that the criminal legislation of the future will run.

There are many other things in M. de Fleury's book, particularly as to the large part played by tuberculosis, alcoholism, and other diseases as the cause of nerve-disease, not necessarily in the person attacked by them, but in his or her descendants. In all these cases he holds that the State has a duty to perform, and should not, he says, be content with repressing committed evil, but should cherish the more charitable and more Christian ambition of destroying it in the egg, and so preventing it from being hatched. Yet, when all is said, we are not sure that he really makes out a case for the treatment of nerve-sufferers by or at the expense of the State. He is no doubt right in saying that the cause of their sufferings is purely physical and material. But is this any reason why we should relieve their parents of the charge of them any more than we do of cripples and hunchbacks? And if it is their cure that is aimed at, it is perhaps rather more likely to occur if they are treated as normal people than if they were herded together in reformatories. However this may be, M. de Fleury's book deserves to be read for its own sake, and certainly throws a good deal of new light upon the matter.

Mr. Pater's First Impressions.

Essays from "The Guardian." By Walter Pater. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

We do not quite understand the fuss which has been made in some quarters about the publication of this interesting volume. It contains a little sheaf of reviews contributed to the columns of the *Guardian*, and it is said that Mr. Pater, who did things of this sort from time to time in several papers, would never have dreamed of reprinting them as they stand and giving them to the world as serious criticism. That is very likely. Mr. Pater, like many other writers, looked upon reviews as of the nature of preliminary studies for serious criticism. An account, for instance, which finds place among the fragments before us, of some recent Wordsworth literature, became material for the elaborate essay on Wordsworth in the "Appreciations" of 1889. And others of these reviews are but rough notes and first impressions of new books, made tentatively and subject to modification or confirmation upon maturer reflection. Nevertheless, where is the offence to the *manes* of a scrupulous writer in the matter? A review is a review and a finished essay is a finished essay. Only a very stupid person could fail to understand the difference between the two, and to have refrained from reprinting this volume on such an account would have been to attach to the literary judgments of stupid persons an importance which they do not actually possess. Because, taken for what they are, and not for what they are not, the *Guardian* essays are really of considerable value, even apart from the light which they throw upon the mental processes employed in Mr. Pater's critical workshop. The literary quality of modern reviewing is not so high that any of us can afford to disregard the admirable models of the craft here presented, or not to profit from the courtesy, the discrimination, the conscientiousness with which Mr. Pater discharged what one is often in danger of coming to regard as a somewhat humble scribal function. Of course, in reviewing, as in criticism, Mr. Pater's ideal was appreciation rather than judgment. He never thought it his business to condemn. Even Mr. Saintsbury's English is qualified, with a suavity which rather makes one open one's eyes, as "a document or standard in the matter of prose style." The nearest approach to unkindness is in the article on "Mr. Gosse's Poems," where the definition of Mr. Gosse as a "poetic scholar" rather than a poet, and the attribution to him of all the poetic qualities except the essential one, are managed with a gentle irony which cannot fail to yield discreet entertainment. Mr. Pater's temperament hardly fitted him to review his friends. But how admirable his approach to subjects where detachment is possible for him! What could be better than the opening review of "Four Books for Students of English Literature"? The books are just an ordinary batch, a week's crop, no doubt, of the *Guardian's* editorial table. But the deftness with which, while each gets its proper share of attention, the four are brought into the line of a common argument, with a unity and a wider outlook of its own, is surely nothing less than masterly. The review of Mrs. Humphry Ward's translation of Amiel's *Journal Intime*, again, gives Mr. Pater opportunity for a subtle analysis of the fine and fruitless nature, which we should have been very sorry to miss. Such a passage as this, for instance, was undoubtedly worth rescuing from the waste-paper basket of transitory journalism:

> Yet, in truth, there are but two men in Amiel—two sufficiently opposed personalities, which the attentive reader may define for himself; compare with and try by each other—as we think, correct also by each other. There is the man, in him and in these pages, who would be "the man of disillusion," only that he has never really been "the man of desires"; and who seems, therefore, to have a double weariness about him. He is akin, of course, to Obermann, to René, even to Werther, and on our first introduction to him, we might think that we had to do only with one more of the vague "renunciants," who in real life followed those creations of fiction, and who, however delicate, interesting as a study, and, as it were, picturesque on the stage of life, are themselves, after all, essentially passive, uncreative, and therefore necessarily not of first-rate importance in literature. Taken for what it is worth, the expression of this mood—the culture of

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ennui for its own sake—is certainly carried to its ideal of negation by Amiel. But the completer, the positive, soul, which will merely take that mood into its service (its proper service, as we hold, is in counteraction to the vulgarity of purely positive natures), is also certainly in evidence in Amiel's "Thoughts"—that other, and far stronger person, in the long dialogue; the man, in short, possessed of gifts, not for the renunciation, but for the reception and use, of all that is puissant, goodly, and effective in life, and for the varied and adequate literary reproduction of it; who, under favourable circumstances, or even without them, will become critic, or poet, and in either case a creative force; and if he be religious (as Amiel was deeply religious) will make the most of "evidence," and almost certainly find a Church.

As we have said, we do not think that these *Guardian* essays will injure Mr. Pater's reputation (how could they, containing such fine criticism as we have just quoted?) in the eyes of any sensible man. On the contrary, the comparative want of elaboration in their style may perhaps help to remove that extraordinary misapprehension of Mr. Pater, which looks upon him as essentially a stylist, and not, what he primarily was, a thinker, concerned more with life than with literature, or with literature as the fullest and sincerest expression of life itself. It has been noted before that Mr. Pater's own attitude towards life tended more and more in his later years to adapt itself to the positions of historic Christianity. It is not unnatural, considering the circumstances under which they were written, that this tendency should be a good deal in evidence in the essays under consideration. Take, for instance, the review of *Robert Elsmere*. It contains a very outspoken and very interesting statement of what appears to be Mr. Pater's own point of view, and certainly was not that which Elsmere came to hold.

> Robert Elsmere was a type of a large class of minds which cannot be sure that the sacred story is true. . . . But then there is also a large class of minds which cannot be sure that it is false—minds of very varied degrees of conscientiousness and intellectual power up to the highest. They will think those who are quite sure it is false unphilosophical through lack of doubt. For their part, they make allowance in their scheme of life for a great possibility, and with some of them that bare concession of possibility (the subject of it being what it is) becomes the most important fact in the world. The recognition of it straightway opens wide the door to hope and love; and such persons are, as we fancy they always will be, the nucleus of a Church. Their particular phase of doubt, of philosophic uncertainty, has been the secret of millions of good Christians, multitudes of worthy priests. They knit themselves to believers, in various degrees, of all ages.

Incidentally we have had occasion to refer to five of the nine papers which make up the *Guardian* volume. There are also reviews of Mr. Arthur Symons's *Introduction to the Study of Browning* and of a new edition of Dr. Doran's *Annals of the English Stage*, and two little studies of French fiction. One of these, which contains some charming bits of translation—Mr. Pater was a perfect translator—deals with the *Norine* of M. Ferdinand Fabre, the other with the *Contes du Centenaire* of M. Augustin Filon. Following out the trend of thought just referred to, Mr. Pater lays stress on M. Fabre's books, not merely as portraiture, sympathetic though not uncritical, of the priestly type, but also as studies of "the institutions of religion" in contact, "as its conscience, its better mind, its ideal," with human nature as represented in the peasants of the Cevennes.

> What constitutes his distinguishing note as a writer is the recognition of the religious, the Catholic ideal, intervening masterfully throughout the picture he presents of life, as the only mode of poetry realizable by the poor; and although, of course, it does a great deal more besides, certainly doing the high work of poetry effectively.

Faith and Folly.

The Romance of Religion. By Olive Vivian and Herbert Vivian. With 32 Illustrations. (Pearson.)

The Roman Catholic religion on the continent of Europe presents three faces to the observer. There is, first, the religion of the theologian and the scholastic. It is the religion of the Breviary and the Missal, of the Fathers as they are for ever interpreted by the Council of Trent and by the interrupted synod of Pius IX. This is Christianity syllogised, rationalised. This is the system upon which, in the seminaries, aspirants to the priesthood are trained. It subdues emotion by reason; that which it recognises as the highest human act, the act of loving God, is an act of the will guided by right reason; it involves of necessity nothing of the emotional thrill with which, in our human relations, we are wont to associate the idea of love. Away in the clouds, above the ordinary rational, habitual-grace-possessing practical Catholic Christian, floats the mystic; he is to be found sometimes in the houses of religion, more rarely in the world. The third type of Roman Catholic is one with which the authors of this book are principally concerned. To one of that communion it will probably seem strange that it is precisely in those local practices of scarcely veiled paganism of which he is least proud that these sympathetic Protestants discover the "romance" of religion. It is certainly not to an educated Roman Catholic that you must go for a patient account of the miraculous "little Doctor," the famous doll completed by—of course—St. Luke. Up till a recent date this ugly little monstrosity was actually the legal proprietor of a large establishment in Rome, and visited his patients in a carriage of his own. Now he has fallen upon evil days; but the more credulous of the Romans still send their own carriages when his presence is deemed desirable in cases of desperate sickness. The famous Madonna of Sant' Agostino, also in Rome, is at any rate beautiful; only it is not easy to see that because it is so overlaid with jewelry bestowed there by grateful clients. The patron of Salamanca since 1618 is the staring Virgin de la Vega, a specimen of early Byzantine art.

> Still more famous, and more extraordinary in appearance, is the great Black Virgin of the Atocho, in Madrid. Such is the splendour of her robes and the glitter of her golden, sun-like halo that the tiny face of the Virgin can scarcely be seen. The Virgin has her own court, chamberlains, and attendants. The Queen of Spain is first lady-in-waiting. The wardrobe is very extensive. Sometimes she dresses as a widow, but on days of great festivals her costumes are marvellously encrusted with gold and jewels. According to a custom since time immemorial, the Queens of Spain present their wedding-dresses to the Atocha. The ex-Queen Isabella offered the dress she wore in 1858, when she was stabbed. The Atocha is brought to royal bedsides as a last resource when all other aid is useless.

A far more estimable remnant of other days is the Passion Procession of Holy Week, which is to be seen in many places. One of the most elaborate is that which annually since 1603 has taken place in Murcia. A number of carved groups are borne upon the shoulders of representatives of the several guilds, the bearers wearing violet hoods that conceal the whole face except the eyes. The mystery plays, of which so many records remain in the churchwardens' chronicles of our own country, still survive in Spain, and Mr. Vivian gives an interesting account of the way in which at Elche the cathedral is turned, at the Feast of the Assumption, into an opera-house. The libretto was found in the chest labelled "I am for Elche," in which the image of the Virgin—carved, it is hardly necessary to mention, by St. Luke—sailed across the sea. The death of Mary is followed by a wake; the miraculous image lies all night in state and receives a stream of visitors till far into the day of the feast itself (August 15).

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The practical side of religion, with which most people will be ready to sympathise, is shown in the Misericordia societies of Tuscany, the members of which succour the sick and bury the dead gratuitously.

> Perhaps their most startling appearance is at night time, when they are engaged in conveying a corpse to their cemetery. You meet a number of masked figures, clad in black from head to foot, carrying a coffin through some secluded suburb, with torches and lanterns in their hands, and a large crucifix borne aloft before them. They proceed in silence, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left; and, if every one in Tuscany were not entirely familiar with their appearance, might be relied upon to send a nervous woman into a fit.

The character of the Trappist or Cistercian rule is rather well known; we may take the account of the monks as read. It is not so much matter of common knowledge that under the Pyrenees, on the Spanish side, is found a community of Bernardines, living under a very similar rule. A story with which, as visitors, the authors were regaled illustrates the conditions in which they live, and is probably founded on fact:

> Two Bernardines lived side by side for five years in two adjoining cells, and so thin a partition divided them that they could even hear the sound of each other's breathing. All this time they ate at the same table and prayed in the same chapel. At last one of them died, and, according to the rule of the order, the dead nun was laid in the chapel, her face uncovered, and the Bernardines filed past, throwing holy water upon the remains as they went. When it came to the turn of the next-door neighbour, no sooner did she catch a sight of the dead nun's face than she gave a piercing shriek, and fell back in a swoon. She had just recognised her dearest friend in the world, from whom she had parted with the deepest pain, many years before, to enter the convent. For five years the two friends had lived side by side without ever having seen each other's face or heard the sound of one another's voice.

A sufficiently striking contrast with this austere sisterhood is furnished by the béguinages of Belgium. At Ghent there are two of these little walled-in cities with gateways defended by turrets. The inhabitants live lives of free and easy innocence, busying themselves with simple industries.

> Members of the convents elect their own Superiors, who in their turn elect the Groot-Jufvrouw, or Lady Superior, of the whole béguinage or city of nunneries. The younger and poorer sisters all live in convents, some of which have as many as twenty or thirty inmates. But the majority of the houses are built to hold from four to six persons only. None are admitted to the béguinage unless they have means of their own to the extent of £12 a year.

The most primitive form of the ascetic life is observed by the hermits of Sierra Morena. These strange beings dwell in little huts, alone, and communicate with each other only by means of the bell with which every hut is furnished. Their time is divided between prayer and manual labour.

There is much else that Mr. and Mrs. Vivian saw; we have chosen rather the less known incidents and types than the more familiar, especially as these papers, collected from the pages of magazines, are quite slight and superficial. Such as they are, they are inspired by a kindly and intelligent spirit.

Dressed-up History.

King Monmouth: being a History of the Career of James Scott, "The Protestant Duke," 1649-1685. By Allan Fea. (Lane. 21s. net.)

Not long ago we reviewed in these columns Mr. Allan Fea's *Secret Chambers and Hiding-Places*, and of that book we had to say that it was ill-digested and ill-arranged. To the volume before us the same criticism must apply. We have every respect for Mr. Fea's industry; he appears to overlook no authorities of serious value, and he is indefatigable in his search for new matter; but, having accumulated his material, he seems to throw it together without any regard to proportion or form; he is lacking in the historical sense; he neither gives us the atmosphere of a period nor suggests its action and reaction upon the broader issues of national development. Charles II., Monmouth, James II., Lady Wentworth, the Prince of Orange, these figures in his pages are hardly more than the automatic centres of events. His history is dressed-up history; we see the forms, but not the spirit which inspired them. Take, for instance, the battle of Sedgemoor, an event upon which as much depended as, later, depended upon the Young Pretender's retreat from Derby. Mr. Fea suggests none of the vital issues involved. He hardly tells us more than that there was a battle. We may learn more from Paschall's plan of the fight, which is excellently reproduced, than from Mr. Fea's lean summary.

Yet the book has value and, by reason of its subject, interest. If there were more occasion than there appears to be to doubt the paternity of Monmouth we should say that he was the son of Charles, and not of Colonel Robert Sidney, because he was essentially a Stuart both in his virtues and vices. Nor can we suppose that Charles, even at nineteen years of age, was in the least likely to acknowledge a son whom he suspected not to be his own; for Lucy Walter was hardly the woman to be able to impose upon that most experienced of princes. Monmouth had all the charm of the Stuarts, all their weaknesses, all their vacillation, all their superstition, all their courage in the actual grip of peril. It is true that he made the most abject appeals to his uncle after his capture; but it is also true that he faced death unflinchingly, and with an expression of devotion to Lady Wentworth, which, though it involved a lie, showed at least a fine devotion. On the scaffold he said: "I have had a scandal raised upon me about a Woman, a Lady of Vertue and Honour. I will name her, the Lady Henrietta Wentworth. I déclare that she is a very Vertuous and Godly Woman. I have committed no Sin with her; and that which hath passed betwixt us was very Honest and Innocent in the sight of God." There, surely, is a characteristic Stuart utterance and a characteristic Stuart reservation.

Mr. Fea's narrative is finely illustrated by a series of portraits, thirteen of which are reproduced in photogravure. Of these many are of Monmouth himself, including the three beautiful portraits by Lely (one in the National Portrait Gallery), one of the Duchess and Monmouth, and two of Lady Wentworth. These portraits, together with many topographical illustrations and reproductions of MSS., constitute the chief charm of the book. Of some of the half-tone blocks we cannot speak so highly. That of the second Duke of Albemarle, for instance, is obviously from a canvas which no photographic method could adequately reproduce. For the rest, the book is worthily turned out and appropriately bound. We notice that the title-page is dated 1902.

Other New Books.

The World of the Great Forest. By Paul Du Chaillu.

"How animals, birds, reptiles, insects talk, think, work, and live," is the sub-title of this book; and the "Great Forest" to which the title refers is the vast and still half-mysterious forest of Central Africa, the denizens of which "range from the huge elephant to the smallest ant," says Mr. Du Chaillu. It is difficult to realise that Mr. Paul Du Chaillu is still working among us. His *Explorations in Equatorial Africa* and *Stories of the Gorilla Country* were books of our boyhood—famous good reading they were, too; and we can remember, as echoes from a half-forgotten past, the sensation created by this introduction to the European

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reader of the gorilla, previously almost a "mythological animal," as the Unicorn observed of Alice. People even hinted that Mr. Du Chaillu was anticipating De Rougemont, as they had hinted concerning that other African explorer, Bruce. But Mr. Du Chaillu was justified of his gorilla, which has settled into scientific commonplace. Now he (Mr. Du Chaillu, not the gorilla) comes before us with a book which seems to be suggested by the success of Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Book*. It is an attempt to describe the life of the Central African *fauna* by making them tell their own stories. There is nothing of Mr. Kipling's magic realism in assuming the personalities of animals, but Mr. Du Chaillu does not seek it. He is content with the simplest language, and, indeed, the simplest tales. The interest comes solely from the description of the strange ways of unfamiliar creatures. But it is interesting, in no small degree; though for ourselves we should have preferred Mr. Du Chaillu to have described these wild things straightforwardly in his own person. As it is, the form makes it rather a book for young people, who will find it delightful. So also, if they can overlook the form, will many adults. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE AMERICAN INVADERS. BY FRED A. MCKENZIE.

"To-day it is literally true that Americans are selling their cottons in Manchester, pig-iron in Lancashire, and steel in Sheffield. They send oatmeal to Scotland, potatoes to Ireland, and our national beef to England. It only remains for them to take coals to Newcastle." Such is one of the opening statements in this striking little book, in whose pages one would fain detect a tinge of that yellowness which is conspicuous in the cover. Yet accuracy of statement and moderation in inference are its notes. The selling of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on the instalment system is adduced as a specimen of the way in which Americans can see business where Englishmen cannot. The profits of the two Americans who engineered this, and other, literary enterprises which no English publisher would have attempted are placed at a quarter of a million sterling, earned in four years. Whether we shall smoke American tobacco remains to be seen, but it is already settled that we must light our cigarettes with American matches. The loss of several old trades would be serious enough, but in new trades we do not seem to be even "in the running" with the States. Telephones, typewriters, and electric traction are at their best in America, and we import them all heavily. The little kodak of Rochester, N.Y., has been as David before Goliath. American foods, pickles, and drugs, and American boots and blouses are being pushed with extraordinary success.

And the explanation of it all? In financial daring, business skill, and sheer energy of life, the American is apparently our superior. He drives his workmen; ours will not be driven. He revels in novelty and change; we dislike them. He makes smooth the path of the inventor; we leave him to prove his case as he can.

The book world has suffered little so far from American rivalry, but sundry thunderbolts are being forged, and the minds of publishers are disturbed. It is said that we are to buy books over the lace counter under hypnotic suggestion from advertisements. We refuse to believe it, but the statement completes our misery. One thing is certain: if we are about to wither as a race, the Yankees are determined to make the process pleasant for us. That, of course, is a prodigious comfort. But are we? (Harvard: Wilford Bell. 6d.)

WITH "BOBS" AND KRUGER. BY F. W. UNGER.

We have long ago felt "fed up" with war books, yet still they come, and still we find in each something that is new and interesting. Mr. Unger served the *Daily Express*, and he deserves to have his book noticed if only because his efforts to obtain a Press footing in South Africa were so long and untiring. He made a bee-line to South Africa from the Klondyke country merely to be in that quarter of the globe to which the eyes of humanity were most directed.

It was only after months of disappointment and lack of pence that he fulfilled the ambition he had caught from reading Mr. Kipling's *Light that Failed*: to be a young war correspondent "jerked into the business at the end of a telegraph wire to take the place of their betters killed or invalided." By a happy coincidence Mr. Unger met Mr. Kipling (that is to say, he called on him uninvited) in the course of his search for work; and we like the flavour of the conversation which took place between them in the Mount Nelson Hotel, at Cape Town. Here is some of it:

> Mr. Kipling appeared much interested, and said:
> "I like your nerve; but why don't you sink your nationality, and join one of our corps of rough riders or scouts? There you'll get the real thing."
> I replied that this would prevent my having the necessary freedom of movement, and then suggested that he take me with him as his secretary, servant, driver, or in any capacity he could use me. Mr. Kipling hesitated a moment, and then put me through the most exhaustive examination I have ever had. Could I cook, pack a horse, ride and drive, put up a tent, beg, borrow, or steal forage, tell the truth or lie if necessary, mind my own business and never see or hear things not to be seen or heard; was I "discreet," and was I sure I would not "poison him with my cooking"? And then, when I told him I was an old Klondyker, he chopped his questions abruptly off with:
> "Oh, I guess if you've been over the Chilcoot you have all the necessary qualifications."
> My hopes by this time had reached the boiling-point, and just as I expected him to say, "All right, I'll take you with me," he said the other thing.
> "You see," he added, by way of explanation, "I could never have a man in the same line as myself with me. You would be using my material, and if you wouldn't, you should—I would in your place; in fact, I'd do anything to secure a beat on anybody else."

That, at all events, is interesting. The book, we may add, contains some of the photographs of the British dead on the field of Spion Kop which escaped the order for their destruction said to have been issued by Lord Roberts. (Philadelphia: Coates & Co.)

THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK. BY ALFRED WHITMAN

Mr. Alfred Whitman's position in the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum has not only been an advantage in the preparation of this book, but vouches for his authority as an expert on the subject of prints. It is a most handsome volume, and invaluable to the amateur who is entering on the emprise perilous of print-collecting; while to the expert himself it will be a delight, and not without its instruction. So far as the limits of a single volume will suffer, Mr. Whitman has been thorough in his task. Etching, line-engraving, mezzotint, stipple, aquatint, woodcuts, lithographs, colour-prints, all have their due space and illustration. A special chapter is devoted to "Hints to Beginners," wherein the novice learns the mystery of "states," the condition of plates and impressions, and the chief snares which beset the young collector's "way of perfection." The processes we have noted are carefully and clearly explained, though not (of course) at length; and the principal masters of each are described in historical sequence. Eighty reproductions illustrate the text as perfectly as half-tone can, while an occasional example, selected for its typical importance, is reproduced in collotype, which thrusts between the master and the spectator no veil of mechanical lines or dots. The examples of etching include two plates after recent masters—Mr. Seymour Haden and Mr. Whistler—very fine examples, too; but as a rule living masters are excluded. Merely to turn over the illustrations is a delight to the lover of art, while the text is admirable. (Bell. 15s. net.)

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SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF JEAN INGELOW AND HER EARLY FRIENDS.

This is rather a distressing book. Jean Ingelow, though no great genius, was a gentle and honest, and to many an attractive, writer. She has fallen into the hands of a pietistic, and in every other respect incompetent, biographer, who has not even sufficient literary sense to avoid making both herself and—which matters more—her subject ridiculous. The pages are full of such futilities as this :

> With the Hon. Isabel Plunket the friendship lasted to the end of Jean's life. I have read a very pretty story of Miss Plunket's called "Hester's Fortune." On one of my last visits to Jean, before she was confined to her bed, I saw the photograph of Miss Plunket on her dressing-table.

Or, again :

> I think the first time Jean met Robert Browning was at a musical party at Virginia Gabriel's. The acquaintance thus begun never ripened into an intimacy, though Jean was a great admirer of his genius.

Through the folly of it, if you can read between the lines, you get an impression of a highly strung imaginative personality, out of which a wider outlook and a more bracing experience might have struck something finer in the way of letters than Jean Ingelow (although her actual achievement is not despicable) ever produced. From half-a-dozen of her letters we cull the observation : "Spotted egg-shells and orchard petals form the most beautiful litter in the world," and the criticism :

> Imagination is such a high faculty that it should repose on things most simple and universal; and, if it has been singing a little out of sight, should make haste to come down like a lark on the grass, and never concern itself with rank or riches or luxury.

(Wells Gardner.)

SYNESIUS THE HELLENE. BY W. S. CRAWFORD.

Mrs. Browning, writing to Mr. H. S. Boyd, and recalling joint studies in

> . . . your noble Christian bishops,
> Who mouthed grandly the last Greek,

bids him remember how

> . . . we both praised your Synesius,
> For the fire shot up the odes,
> Though the Church was scarce propitious,
> As he whistled dogs and gods.

And there, it must be admitted, our knowledge of Synesius ended, until Mr. Crawford's careful and interesting study came our way. After all, the fire in Synesius' odes is rather of the Crystal Palace pattern. His rhetorical compositions, especially the treatise "On Dreams" and the "Panegyric of Baldness," are better; but the really interesting thing in connexion with him is his personal history, with the curious light which it throws upon the religious and learned life of Alexandria at the beginning of the fifth century. Synesius was a Greek of Cyrene in Libya, and claimed descent from Herakles. He was educated at the university of Alexandria, professed the fashionable neo-Platonism of Plotinus, and became the disciple and friend of Charles Kingsley's heroine, Hypatia. He travelled as ambassador for Cyrene to Athens and Constantinople, and then lived nine years of erudite leisure in his native city and in a country house which he possessed in the Pentapolis. He married and had three children. All this time he was, formally at least, a pagan philosopher. In 409 he was chosen Bishop of Ptolemais, and the first indispensable preliminary to his consecration was his baptism. It seems a bizarre proceeding, although we do not know how far Synesius had already given an informal adherence to Christianity, and in any case, as Mr. Crawford points out, the intellectual gulf between neo-Platonism and the neo-Platonised Christianity of Alexandria was far from a vital one. However, the new convert and bishop ruled actively, and disliked his functions very much, for five or six years, dying probably before the murder of his old friend and teacher Hypatia.

Mr. Crawford has made a fruitful study of the remains of Synesius and of the history of his times, although he is a little hampered in dealing with the philosophical side of his subject by the lack of any first-hand acquaintance with the greater neo-Platonic writers. He has an enthusiasm for his hero, whom he thus describes :

> Eccentric, heterodox, dreamy, unpractical—let anyone call him what he pleases; he was still a man, and a fine one, hard-working, unselfish, large-hearted, courageous, a hater of tyranny, a champion of the oppressed.

(Rivingtons.)

FROM Mr. James Clegg, of Rochdale, comes a new and complete edition of *The Writings of Oliver Ormerod*. Ormerod was one of four Rochdale dialect writers whose fame is perpetuated by a column in Rochdale Park. A man of great probity, some travel, and a passion for his local speech, Ormerod lives in Rochdale's memory chiefly by his account of *Th' Greyt Eggshibishun* of 1851. He also wrote an account of the Exhibition of 1862. John Bright, who was a native of Rochdale, said : "Our dialect, now vanishing into the past, will be preserved to future times, partly in the works of Tim Bobbin, but in a very much better and more instructive form in the writings of Oliver Ormerod." It was to John Bright (when Member for Manchester) that Ormerod dedicated his first *Eggshibishun* book. We hesitate to quote from this or any other specimen of Ormerod's dialect; but here is the opening of his dedicatory letter to the great orator :

> Neaw, us aw'm beawn fur to print o rook moore o maw bukes, its just comn hinto me yed us aw shud loike fur to deddykate um (us they koen it) to yo, oppo keawnt, yo noane o yo bein bred un born ut Rachde. Aw'l warrunt yo us we're meterly preawd us Rachde con fit op o greyte teawn loike Manchesstur we o Parleyment mon; summut to be preawd on, isn't it? Chaps loike yo connut be pyk't eawt ov ony nook, con they?

The "Writings" are well produced, and the original illustrations are given, besides a portrait of the author.

Messrs. Bell have had to produce a second edition of Mr. Percy Bates's monograph on *The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters* in their "British Artists" series. Additional pictures by the Brethren and their associates are included, and some reproductions of works by Scottish painters which the author thinks "show in a very interesting way that without the personal contact or direct influence of the originators of the movement, there was, as a result of their propaganda, something 'in the air' at that date to which young and sensitive artists thrilled responsive."

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack, of Edinburgh, have issued an excellent new edition of *The Poetry of Robert Burns*, as edited by Mr. Henley and Mr. Henderson, in four volumes at 12s. 6d. the set. The battle raged hot round this work, and its rumble is still sometimes heard. So far as form goes this edition will make a suitable present for the season of peace and goodwill.

Studies in Music (Simpkin, Marshall; 7s. 6d. net) is a handsome reprint of articles which have appeared in the *Musician*. From the literary point of view, the most interesting paper is a highly wrought description of "Tristan and Isolde," by Gabriel d'Annunzio. Sentences like these abound : "Then, like ethereal threads, the slender notes wove round the living woman diaphanous veils of purity. Thus there began a species of joyous ascension of jewelled steps on the wings of a hymn. . . ." "It seemed as though everything was being decomposed, everything was giving out its secret essences, everything was being metamorphosed into immaterial symbols." There are essays on various

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aspects of Brahms, Bach, Schumann, and Wagner. "Walter Pater on Music" is considered by Mr. Ernest Newman. But Wagner subjects prevail, and among these we have a curious paper from the French of Hugues Imbert on "Rembrandt and Wagner." Comparing the Temple scene of Parsifal with Rembrandt's etching of the raising of Lazarus, the writer says: "Can we not liken the long tremolo of the basses to an effect of darkness, of shade, which throws out in bold relief the theme of Redemption?"

Fiction.

Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs. (Methuen.)

In a world given to mutability and disenchantment, it is joyous indeed to find that Mr. Jacobs does not lose in flavour or fun. His new book is as good as those that preceded it; indeed, we are half inclined to think it better. We cannot at the moment remember anything in *Many Cargoes* or *Sea Urchins* that was funnier than several of these "Light Freights"—"A Garden Plot," for example—and we are certain that the by-play grows more deft and engaging. For Mr. Jacobs, it should be remembered, differs from the ordinary narrator of funny stories in one very important respect: he is funny in the grain as well as in the mass. You have to watch him all the while, or you will perhaps miss the best adjective in the book or the slyest sally of sarcasm. For *Light Freights* is, like its predecessors (only perhaps more so), a very epic of sarcasm. Sarcasm, said Carlyle, is the language of the devil: but if the devil has any of the humorous aptitude of Mr. Jacobs's mates and sailors, skippers and longshoremen, he must be a very amusing fellow. We have a sad misgiving, however, that Mr. Jacobs idealises a thought too much for this to be the case. This world he has discovered—this world of mutually deceptive yet loyal forecastles, sulphurous cabins, and of resourceful maidens; where profanity is continuous yet inoffensive; where drink lays every man out yet excites no disgust in the reader; where eyes are blacked as part of the daily routine; where men are boys and boys are cynics—this world, we fear, exists only in the regions of Mr. Jacobs's freakish brain. But what a triumph for Mr. Jacobs's delicate art that his books describing it can go into every kind of English home and leave only laughter in their wake!

The Purple Cloud. By M. P. Shiel. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

One of the laudatory press-criticisms of a previous work by Mr. Shiel, printed at the beginning of the present volume, runs tersely thus: "Will he last?" It is a pretty question, which time will answer. But we may assert that nothing could be madder, giddily and gorgeously madder, than *The Purple Cloud*. And, at the same time, nothing so mad could well have more method in its madness. Mr. Shiel has apparently set out to be more sensational than anybody ever before was, and he is handsomely succeeding. *The Lord of the Sea* had its shocks, thrills, and mortal perturbations—it was a gentle sedative compared to *The Purple Cloud*. In *The Purple Cloud* he merely conceives the destruction of all human, and nearly all brute life on the globe, save one man and one girl—that is all. On the last page we leave these two to commence their divine mission of repopulating the planet. If Mr. Shiel had no talent, it would not occur to us to criticise such a fiction. But he has a remarkable literary gift, and a power of imagination capable of withstanding even the inexcusably severe strain which he puts upon it. The first half of the book held us, and the last half was not tedious. We are bound in honesty to make the admission, and having made it, we cannot of course launch that sweeping and utter condemnation which such madness, such exorbitancy, such screeching, when considered in the abstract, seem to merit. Mr. Shiel is diabolically clever in the contrivance of his machinery, and an example of his cleverness is the dodge by which he convinces us that we may actually read a full account by an eye-witness of something that is still in the womb of the future. Most novelists of the prophetic school shirk this difficulty; Mr. Shiel faces it with considerable skill. His explanation of the origin of the seismic-cosmic catastrophe is also highly ingenious. Another of his qualities is that, far from insisting on the sensational aspects of the invented events, he continually turns to the psychological aspects of them, in regard to the hero. His accounts of the gradual growth of the hero's love of solitude, of the hero's sudden discovery that he could only keep sane by devoting himself to some great work, and of the hero's murderous anger when he finds out that he is not, after all, alone on earth, disclose a very genuine and persuasive imagination. Nor does he fail when he attempts the gaudy. An instance of this is on pages 236-7, where the hero, in making electric power at a generating station, does more than he thinks for. You must imagine London at dusk, peopled by some millions of corpses, simultaneously stilled by death in the varied acts of life:

> I hurried out, the station still running, got into the car, and was off to look for a good electric one, of which there are hosts in the streets, in order at least to clean up and adjust the motor that night. I drove down three by-streets, till I turned into Euston-road, but I had no sooner reached it than I pulled up—with sudden jerk—with a shout of astonishment.
>
> That cursed street was all lighted up and gay! and three shimmering electric globes, not far apart, illuminated every feature of a ghastly battle-field of dead.
>
> And there was a thing there, the grinning impression of which I shall carry to my grave: a thing which spelled and spelled at me, and ceased, and began again, and ceased, and spelled at me. For, above a shop which faced me was a flag, a red flag with white letters, fluttering on the gale the words: "Metcalfe's Stores"; and beneath the flag stretched right across the house, was the thing which spelled, letter by letter, in letters of light: and it spelled two words, deliberately, coming to the end, and going back to recommence:
>
> DRINK
> ROBORAT.
>
> And that was the last word of civilised Man to me, Adam Jeffson—its final counsel—its ultimate gospel and message—to *me*, my God! *Drink Roborat!* . . . It was one of those electrical spelling-advertisements, worked by a small motor commutator driven by a works-motor, and I had now set it going.

In the literary way, the best thing in the book is a truly distinguished description of Constantinople. The worst feature is the naïve heroine, with her entirely unconvincing speculations upon the nature of the civilisation of which she saw only the ruins. Mr. Shiel, when he chooses, can write admirably; but he often chooses to write with senseless "finery." Lastly, the interest of the story, instead of waxing as the tale proceeds, wanes. These, together with the central crude intention to startle and appal, are the sins of the work—a work as to which the worst that can be said of it is that it is abundantly clever enough to be amusing.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

SOME WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN. BY MAARTEN MAARTENS.

They range from a Duchess to a Dutchwoman, and the volume contains twelve studies, analytical and descriptive. It is dedicated "to the women without a history these histories of women." Men are introduced, and M. Maartens does not spare them. Here is a duke. "He was a great,

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big, fair man, of sickly complexion, with a magnificent moustache and a constant tendency to boils." Mr. Maartens, on his own confession, is a cynic, "as all men know." (Heinemann. 6s.)

LOVE LIKE A GIPSY. BY BERNARD CAPES.

Historical. Mr. Capes's eighth novel opens thus: "In the early part of the year 1778, which was the fourth of the struggle between Great Britain and her rebellious colonies, there reached America that 'forlorn hope' of Parliamentary Commissioners that was deputed to secure (if it could), by some late measures of conciliation, the submission of a revolted continent." But the story does not all pass in America. In Chapter III. we are in England on an August afternoon of the year 1788. The title is taken from Herrick. (Constable. 6s.)

YORKE THE ADVENTURER. BY LOUIS BECKE.

Mr. Becke's province is the South Seas, and in these eleven stories he shows himself once again to be very much at home there. "Yorke the Adventurer" is the longest, and tells of wild happenings. Here is a taste: "Yorke, dashing the pouring perspiration from his brow with his hand, had just stood up to get a look at the brigantine and cutter, when he uttered an oath. 'By God, we're in for it now! Look, here's four canoes, filled with niggers, heading dead on for us. The beggars see us, too.'" (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

JOSEPH KHASSAN. BY A. J. DAWSON.

Dated from Tangier, about Tangier, and dedicated to "a land of undying satisfaction, the home of a dying people." Joseph Khassan was a half-breed, but on his wedding-day he had "put away Khassan the half-breed, the 'crank,' as he had been called, of Tangier's Bohemia, and had faced the world of civilisation as Mr. Joseph Khassan, the foreign-born husband of an English wife." (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS. BY GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Scotch. The house with the green shutters is situated in the small Scots country town where the story opens. "In every little Scotch community there is a distinct type known as 'the bodie.' 'What does he do, that man?' you may ask; and the answer will be: 'Really, I could hardly tell ye what he does—he's just a bodie!'" Mr. Douglas has a firm grasp of his material, and an easy, swinging style. (Macqueen. 6s.)

FLOWER AND THORN. BY BEATRICE WHITBY.

A quiet, domestic story, by the author of *The Awakening of Mary Fenwick*—the kind of story that is almost rare nowadays. It opens at a seaside resort, where Mrs. Guthrie is staying with her niece Jane and her son David, who carries a message to the lodgers upstairs, and thus makes the acquaintance of Valerie. The message was: "My mother is an invalid, and to-day she has a headache. I came up to ask if you would mind being quiet." (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

A GODDESS OF GRAY'S INN. BY G. B. BURGIN.

Mr. Burgin is always cheery and sentimental, and in this volume he is quite himself. "Do you take sugar?" asked the goddess of Gray's Inn, gliding to a little tea-table, a pair of silver sugar-tongs poised inquiringly above her dainty cups. He usually took absinthe at this hour of the afternoon, not because he really liked it, but because in one so young it was a daring and devilish thing to do." The end of the story is just what it should be in a novel by Mr. Burgin: "Then slowly, slowly she came to him, and kissed him on the lips." (Pearson. 6s.)

WHEN THE LAND WAS YOUNG. BY LAFAYETTE MCLAWS.

Adventure, with Indians in the text and in the spirited pictures. It closes on this note: "Within the week King Louis withdraws his indulgence to Protestants. The edict given at Nantes will be revoked." It begins: "We were stripped of our clothes and made to stand with our backs to the fire. The Indians, ranged in a semi-circle facing us, sat like bronze statues under the crimson and yellow glare of the leaping flames with the deepening shade of the moss-draped forest behind them." (Constable. 6s.)

THE DIARY OF A FRESHMAN. BY M. FLANDRAU.

American. The diarist is ingenuous; he has an eye for the lighter side of things, and he has certainly read Mr. Jerome. The diary begins: "Mamma left for home this afternoon." A little later we read: "We got some Turkish rugs at an auction in town The man said they would never wear out. When they arrived here and I saw them for the first time by daylight (they had gas at the sale), I knew what he meant. However, mamma darned them very nicely." (Heinemann. 4s.)

OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE. BY JOHN OXENHAM.

Adventure. The narrator is a fourth officer on a Cunard liner, who jumps overboard and saves a "quiet, unpretentious old soul" from drowning. He is E Sandbacker, of California, and, on his death, he bequeaths the fourth officer one million dollars. Then follow adventures, including the rescue of a girl and her brother from persecution. The story is dedicated to "Alfred Dreyfus, without his permission." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE PLACE OF DREAMS. BY WILLIAM BARRY.

Four stories by the author of *The Two Standards*. Three of them have been published before, the fourth, "St. Anthony's Flask," is new. In an Advertisement of five pages Dr. Barry refers to the Upanishads, has something to say about the soul under its Brahmic name of Purusha, and warns his readers "against meddling with the thing called 'Spiritualism.'" (Sands. 3s. 6d.)

THE FORTUNE OF CHRISTINA M'NAB. BY S. MACNAUGHTAN.

Christina was Scotch. "'Deed, Sandy,' she cried, 'does a lassie with eighteen thousand a year marry an electrical engineer?'" She had frizzy red hair, and before the windfall she had been dressing on twenty pounds a year. The story opens well. Christina's experiences are certainly readable, and novel readers who like the deserving to have their deserts will not be disappointed. (Methuen. 6s.)

A MAN OF MILLIONS. BY S. R. KEIGHTLEY.

A story of to-day, bright and readable, with love-making, intrigue, a mysterious murder, and a Chinaman who flits through the pages, and makes remarks like: "He dam liar," "he dam liar all litee," "me good Chlistian." Ah Sin's master, who had left home under a cloud and gone to South Africa, ran against, not the kind of mountain that General Buller bumped his head upon in Caron D'Ache's cartoon, but "a mountain of diamonds." The story deals with the attempt of less lucky men to relieve Percival of his fortune. (Cassell. 6s.)

We have also received *A Blind Marriage*, by George R. Sims (Chatto, 3s. 6d.); *The Baccy Queen*, by Theodore Wilson (Arnold, 6s.); *The Marriage of Laurentia*, by Marie Haultmont (Sands, 6s.); *Captain Ishmael*, by George Griffith (Hutchinson, 6s.); *Frédérique*, by Marcel Prévost, translated by Ellen Marriage (Duckworth, 6s.); *Mary Anne of Parchment Buildings*, by Lucas Cleeve (Digby, Long, 6s.); *The Awakening of Helena Thorpe*, by E. Rentoul Esler (Partridge, 3s. 6d.); *Halfway to Hades*, by Theo Irving (Milne, 3s. 6d.); *East of Suez*, by Alice Perrin (Treherne, 6s.); *Mad Lorrimer*, by Finch Mason (Treherne, 6s.); *The Tempting of Father Anthony*, by George Horton (Chicago: McClurg & Co.).

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THE ACADEMY.

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The Critic in the Market Place.

OF all who write, the makers of verses surely receive the least encouragement. Their booklets do not sell, and in the family circle poets follow the Muse in an environment of frowning disapproval. But they persevere, inspired to heroic efforts by the acclamation with which a true poet is received. They publish their little sheaves of verse, and for many the bill is the end of the experiment. Poetry is not popular. It is not a commodity with a sure, if variable, sale, like fiction. Of the few who are interested in modern verse, the majority are but tasters, taking what they like in homeopathic doses, mainly from reviews, and succumbing readily to the temptation to quote snatches. From Mr. William Watson's muse you may hear, not infrequently, this:

> Now while the vernal impulsion makes lyrical all that hath language,
> While, through the veins of the Earth, riots the ichor of spring. . . .

From Mrs. Meynell:

> I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
> I shun the thought that lurks in all delight. . . .

From Mr. Stephen Phillips:

> O thou art put to many uses, sweet!
> Thy blood will urge the rose, and surge in Spring;
> But yet! . . .

From Mr. Francis Thompson:

> When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy,
> And dawn's grey eyes were troubled grey;
> And souls went palely up the sky,
> And mine to Lucidé. . . .

From Mr. John Davidson:

> I care not for my broken vow;
> Though God should come in thunder soon,
> I am sister to the mountains now,
> And sister to the sun and moon. . . .

From Mr. William Yates:

> How many loved your moments of glad grace,
> And loved your beauty with love false or true;
> But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
> And loved the sorrows of your changing face. . . .

From Miss Louisa Shore:

> Forget not, Earth, thy disappointed dead!
> Forget not, Earth, thy disinherited!
> Forget not the forgotten! . . .

The extracts might be prolonged. They are not the best; they just happen to be snatches from the works of the dozen or so prominent younger poets of the day that have passed, more or less, into current use. For, although poetry is not popular nowadays, good poetry is quickly recognised. The tasters are many, if the students are few. The day is passed when it was "a mark of culture to confound George with Owen Meredith, or to prefer, on the whole, 'Lucille' to 'Love in a Valley.'"

Mr. William Archer is not a taster. Either he will pursue a meal right through to the cognac, or he will have none at all. He has the quality that enthusiastic civilians, six thousand miles away, once gave to General Buller. He is dogged. In his interest in the drama, in Ibsen, in Real Conversations, in Volunteering (we trust we are not betraying a secret) dogged is the epithet that describes Mr. Archer. Whatever subject he chooses, he foots it milestone after milestone, without haste, without languor, and when he can say "The men are splendid," he says it without rhetoric, but with a prodigal use of his own particular choice in words and phrases. His similes and allusions do not, like Mr. Lang's, jump to the nib-point. Shakespeare would never have called one of his figures "a good swift simile, but something currish." Rather they are architectonic. For example:

> Perhaps he himself may one day subject his high-piled granary to the winnowing process it so sadly needs, and scattering the chaff to the winds, give it the residual treasure-heap of pure poetic wheat.

Elsewhere we find: "His spirit is electrically fuliginous."

It is Mr. Archer's square-browed, dogged determination to be thorough that makes all he writes so well worth reading. Consider his volume on *Poets of the Younger Generation* (Lane). It is as huge, and as heavy to hold, as a volume of a popular encyclopædia. Why? Because Mr. Archer, having determined to write on modern poetry, must plough the whole field. Any other critic would have been content to keep to his own furrow. Not so Mr. Archer. Having decided to play the *rôle* of uncle to the younger poets of our time, he first makes this rule: "To include only poets born since 1850"; then he proceeds to read all that they have written, and after that to put on paper just what he thinks, without a mental reservation or a single glance over his shoulder at the frown or smile of any other critic, quick or dead. Consequently we have a volume that is quite unlike any other book. He who reads these pages with care should know as much about modern poetry as the man in the street knows about politics or sport. The book is a testimony to one man's industry, perseverance, intellectuality, and sane taste. A one-man view obviously, but the view of a man who belongs to no school, who has the courage of his opinions, and the strength to change his mind. Thus, at the end of the paper on Mr. A. E. Housman, Mr. Archer writes: "As I re-read Mr. Housman's poems after an interval of three years or so, I have a curious feeling of having quoted the wrong things." As to the courage of his convictions, he boldly proclaims that a little song by a Miss Alice Brown "ought to take its place in every 'Golden Treasury' of English lyrics." It is in three stanzas, of which this is the last:

> My birds, come back! the hollow sky
> Is weary for your note.
> (Sweet throat come back! O liquid mellow throat!)
> Ere May's soft minions hereward fly,
> Shame on ye, laggards, to deny
> The brooding breast, the sun-bright eye,
> The tawny shining coat.

Occasionally Mr. Archer belies his Scots restraint, as when he writes:

> All Paris went into ecstasies the other day over Jean Richepin's line—
>
> "*Et tous les forêts avec tous leur oiseaux.*"
>
> In England we take no notice of such trifles, and the North-country lad [Mr. Watson] who wrote
>
> "As some lone sea-bird over a lone sea"
>
> had to wait many a year before he met with any real encouragement.

The thirty-three poets included in these 565 pages are chosen, we gather, because their work, or some substantial portion of it, has given Mr. Archer genuine pleasure.

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Appreciation is the end and aim of the volume. The poets are not marshalled in any order of merit. Each one stands by himself or herself. Comparisons are never made; they stand in alphabetical order. We give the list with the number of pages devoted to each:

Mr. Stephen Phillips...	46	Miss E. Nesbit	12
Mr. John Davidson ...	43	Mrs. Marriott Watson	12
Mr. William Watson...	41	Mr. Madison Cawein	11
Mr. Kipling	31	Mr. Quiller Couch ...	11
Mr. Francis Thompson	29	Mr. Charles Roberts...	11
Mr. W. B. Yeats	29	Mr. D. C. Scott.....	11
Mr. Henry Newbolt...	25	Mr. John Tabb	10
Mr. Bliss Carman.....	17	Mr. A. C. Benson.....	10
Mr. Laurence Binyon	15	Mr. L Housman	10
Mr. F. B. Money Coutts	14	Mr. F. H. Trench.....	9
Mrs. Hinkson	14	Mrs. Woods	9
Mr. Richard Hovey...	14	Mrs. Meynell.....	8
Mr. Le Gallienne.....	13	Mr. H. C. Beeching...	7
Mrs. Shorter	13	Miss Nora Hopper ...	7
Mr. A. E. Housman...	13	Mrs. Radford.....	7
Mr. George Santayana	12	Miss Alice Brown.....	6
Mr. Arthur Symons...	12		

Such is the list. Obviously the number of pages each poet receives is regulated by the extent of his production. A voluminous poet like Mr. Davidson cannot be appreciated in the space that suffices for Mrs. Meynell's shy muse.

We have said that Mr. Archer is thorough and dogged. Indeed, he carries those characteristics to a point where few critics will care to follow. In plain words, he stands in the market-place and shows his credentials to the thirty-three poets whom he has criticised and interpreted, prefacing his confession by quoting Mr. John M. Robertson's plea for scientific criticism, advanced in his *New Essays Towards a Critical Method*, which amounts to this: "that the critic should give the reader and the person criticised an opportunity of checking his individual judgments, and estimating their value, by a reference to his general culture and habit of mind." In twenty and odd pages Mr. Archer discourses of his preferences in poetry during boyhood, youth, and adolescence, gravely, but with an undercurrent of humorous detachment that wins the sympathy of the reader as it should mollify the criticised. This standing in the market-place is not new. Others have done it before, more or less candidly, but we doubt if any critic of our time has done it so thoroughly.

Of those who have stood in the market-place, one lonely, lofty spirit, now dead—a critic of philosophy, not of poetry—comes to mind. We mean the great soul who wrote the passage we print below. Many have been thrilled by that enkindling passage, so unexpected, at the end of the difficult first volume of *Types of Ethical Theory*:

> With a noble inconsistency, all the great writers whose doctrines we have studied betray the tenacious vitality of the intuitive consciousness of duty, throughout the very process of cutting away its philosophic roots; and Plato, in his "divine wrath" at the tyrant flung into Tartarus; Malebranche, self-extinguished in the Absolute Holiness; Spinoza, lifted from the thraldom of passion into the freedom of Infinite Love; Comte, on his knees before the image of a Perfect Humanity, are touching witnesses to the undying fires of moral faith and aspiration.

In the preface to that work Dr. Martineau stands in the market-place, and recalls, in his grave, vivid manner, the intellectual wanderings that led quietly to the light:

> It is no wonder then, that, in skimming over my notes of work in those distant years, I seem to be communing with some tight-swathed logical prig, in whose jerky confidence and angular mimicry of life I am humbled to recognise the image of myself . . .
>
> It was the irresistible pleading of the moral consciousness which first drove me to rebel against the limits of the merely scientific conception. . . .
>
> I gave myself chiefly to Greek studies, and only read more largely authors of whom I had supposed myself to know something before. The effect I cannot describe but as a new intellectual birth: after a temporary struggle out of the English into the Greek moulds of conception, I seemed to pierce, through what had been words before, into contact with living thought, and the black, grammatical text was aglow with luminous philosophy.

Mr. Archer, in his way, is equally strenuous. We have strung together a few extracts from his confession:

> The first composition of mine that ever found its way into print was some sort of rhapsody (in prose) on Byron at Missolonghi. The attack passed off in six months or so, and I am not aware that it left behind any permanent ill effects. About the same time I read the greater part of *The Faery Queen*, with a certain pleasure, but without any real appreciation. It was from Wordsworth, whom I read for a college essay, that I learned the true meaning of the word poetry.
>
> Coleridge, of course, came to me in the train of Wordsworth, and *The Ancient Mariner* seemed to me at seventeen, what it seems to me now, the most magical of poems, an inspiration and a miracle.
>
> But the test of a mature sense of poetical values is, to my thinking, a genuine appreciation of Milton. With me it came late. I spent my twentieth year idling in Australia, and being somewhat hard up for literature, I set myself to read *Paradise Lost* from beginning to end, at the rate of a book a day. I accomplished the task, but it bored me unspeakably, and I used to take an unholy revenge in chuckling between-whiles over Taine's analysis of the poem. I did not return to it for seven or eight years, until one day I found myself starting on a railway journey with nothing to read, and paid a shilling at the station bookstall for a pocket *Paradise Lost*. That was to me an ever memorable journey; the poem became my bedside book for months; and ever since, when I have ten minutes to spare for pure pleasure, I open *Paradise Lost* almost at random.
>
> To my unmusical soul, a classical concert is delightful for ten minutes; after that my attention begins to wander, and presently I find myself suffering the inverse tantalisation of one who is seated at a gorgeous banquet for which he has no appetite. In precisely the same way does the greater part of Shelley's poetry affect me. *Prometheus Unbound*, for instance, I regard as probably the greatest symphony in literature; but, alas! I have no soul for symphonies.
>
> Dante I read and re-read, but otherwise know scarcely anything of Italian poetry.

The confession, of which the above are but a few sentences taken here and there, is not very compromising, but considerable fortitude is required to say as much as Mr. Archer has said.

An anthology is a confession of preferences, and it is as futile to complain of omissions or inclusions in an anthology as it is to criticise a confession of wrong-doing. The critic should, as far as he can, interpret the mind of the anthologist, and rest content without agreeing or differing. We may, or we may not, think that Tennyson's "Frater Ave Atque Vale" deserves the high praise that Mr. Archer gives to it, but we are certainly glad of a critic who is not too cultured to be enthusiastic. Also for a critic who can write straightforwardly as this. It is in the paper on Mr. Francis Thompson. After quoting the poem "To a Snow-Flake," Mr. Archer continues:

> How can one harden one's heart to remonstrate with a poet who can write like this? One's impulse is rather to say, "Go on and prosper—play what pranks you please with the English language; Latinise, neologise, solecise as you will; make past-participles from nouns and verbs transitive from adjectives; devise gins and springes for the tongue out of cunningly-knotted sibilants and dental consonants; pause not to distinguish between grotesque conceits and noble images; only continue to write such lines as these:
>
> "Even the kisses of the just,
> Go down not unresurgent to the dust.
> Yea, not a kiss which I have given,
> But shall triumph upon my lips in heaven,
> Or cling a shameful fungus there in hell—"
>
> and everything, everything shall be forgiven you!

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Things Seen.

The Diners.

PEOPLE did not go to this restaurant to stare, or to be stared at, or to hear music. They went to eat. For that purpose the restaurant, with its simple decorations and solid furniture, was designed. And, although there were half a hundred dishes on the *menu*, not one of them appeared under the vulgar heading, "Plats du jour." It was impossible for this proprietor to insult his customers by supposing that they would order a dish that was "always ready," and that half-a-dozen other individuals might be eating at the same moment. No! each diner selected his dishes after a concentrated study of the *menu*, and the choice was noted by the head-waiter, ever ready with deferential advice when needed. Twenty minutes—half an hour—they would willingly wait. Of course, the majority of the diners were foreigners. Englishmen, as a class, do not dine: they eat, dividing their attention between their plates and a newspaper. Here you never see a paper.

Curiosity led me one night into this restaurant, and, after ordering a steak, fried potatoes, and an apple tart, I confess to have found the period of waiting, without a newspaper, a little tedious, till my eye fell upon two elderly men, who were seated at the table adjoining mine. Plainly they were graduates in the art of living. Like as two peas (probably brothers), touched with distinction, they had grown grey without losing their figures, or forgetting that it is the duty of man, as of woman, to cultivate as prepossessing an exterior as nature permits. Their hair was trim; their small, pointed beards were newly cut; their small moustaches were just sufficiently waxed; their clothes were quiet; their linen shone, and they were dining with the easy movements of a Government official writing a letter. Being wise, they had arranged an occupation that, while not interfering with the subtleties of dining, would afford them just enough intellectual excitement to keep the mind engaged. By the side of each reposed a gold pencil, and from one to the other was passed, at leisurely intervals, a sheet of cream-laid notepaper, upon which, in turn, each wrote something in small, neat caligraphy. They never made an entry without first studying the *menu*, and, when one had written, he passed the *menu* and the sheet of cream-laid paper, with a courteous inclination of the head, to his companion. This continued through the evening, and, when I learnt the meaning of their occupation, I realised how far I was from the artistic realisation of the art of dining.

When they dined together, they spent the intervals between the courses in selecting, turn by turn, the dishes for their next meeting.

The Column of Smoke.

AN hour ago the steamship *Una* had landed me on the quay; and now, having handed in my passport, duly *visé* and countersigned, to the Czar's vicar in the hotel bureau, I stood upon the Newski Prospect trying to identify the peculiar odour of St. Petersburg, for every city has its peculiar and distinctive smell. At the end of the Prospect was the tower, whence the watchman watches day and night for fire. As I edged through the afternoon crowd, and dodged the headlong drivers of droschkies, I noticed certain black balls run up the signal tower. In a moment there came the tootle of a trumpet, and the blower, mounted, came galloping round a corner. Then the jangle of a bell, the clatter of hoofs, and a fire-engine—or at least part of a fire-engine. For the man who sat by the driver and waved the bell over his head heralded other vehicles; one carried a hose pipe, another a barrel which might have contained healing water or refreshing vodka. There were six in all, and upon each were big men in bright brass helmets. They galloped up the Newski Prospect towards a huge column of smoke. Suddenly, amid the trumpeting and the ringing and the clatter every helmet was lowered, and as the horses dashed along every man reverently crossed himself. Even the bell-ringer, with bell still aloft in his left hand, did homage with his right hand to the eikon at the street corner.

The column of smoke grew thicker, blacker, higher.

Paris Letter.

(*From our French Correspondent.*)

NOBODY could more heartily rejoice than I in the fact that at last a French knight has come forward to avenge the honour of the grievously besmirched Young Girl of France. M. Olivier de Tréville offers to M. Marcel Prévost a documented reply to his savage and too famous *Demi-Vierges*, a book which may well be described as a blighting scandal in modern French literature. Until then the pornographers had passed the young girl by with a respectful, if indifferent, salutation. They tacitly agreed to leave her her evanescent hour of obscurity. M. Prévost leaped over this convention, broke outrageously with this honourable tradition, and dragged her into the light—a limelight, to be sure, purposely toned to suggest all stains, obliterate all traces of virtue; to reveal to our astounded view a vulgar, corrupt, rapacious, deflowered "maid of the world"; a cynical little monkey parodying the vices of her elders. That sin of his youth M. Prévost probably now regrets—is not his recent conversion to a healthier feminism than the vicious and morbid feminism of *Lettres de Femmes* a kind of public abjurement of an ancient heresy?—but a great writer reminds us that "the evil that men do lives after them"; and while M. Prévost is laboriously writing *Lui* or *Frédérique*, "Demi-Vierges" is being played—and very well played too—at the Athénée. He may argue, perhaps, that the way in this scandal was shown him by M. Feuillet, of perfumed and heraldic renown in sentimental fiction. In all gravity, and apparently without the ghost of a notion that his hero was playing the part of a lackey and a cad, M. Feuillet depicts a flower of French nobility—a privileged disputed one—in the noble Faubourg, listening unsuspected, and with the connivance of his titled hostess, to the private conversation of young ladies among whom he designed to choose a wife. He wished to discover if any of them were worthy of bearing his name. He was scandalised by their talk, which his sympathising creator found "fit to make monkeys blush." And so M. Prévost conceived the original project of making humanity blush instead.

Now comes forward the quixotic M. de Tréville with more gracious purport. The calumniated maids of France sorely need a knight with so many pornographers abroad seeking whom they may devour, and beginning to tire of mere adultery as an over-exhausted source of excitement. Wearied of betraying each other, the husbands and wives of French fiction for a change are dreaming of fidelity, and in a recent novel, *Un Ménage Moderne*, by M. Emile Pierret, they have gone back delightedly to simple love and work and restricted means with the most admirable results. But with M. de Tréville's arduous testimony the maidens are henceforth unassailable. *Les Jeunes Filles Peintes par Elles-mêmes* is a volume of six hundred closely-printed pages, and the dedicatory letter to M. Prévost assures us that several thousands of provincial and Parisian young girls have contributed to it. Some have been deliberately interviewed, others have been solicited to express themselves by letter on such burning subjects as the ideal type of the young girl, instruction, education of the young girl, the ball, northern literature, feminism, theatre-going and novel-reading, decentralisation, keeping of a diary, old maids, art, flowers, bull-fights, the spinning-wheel, women-strikers, scepticism and disenchantment, happiness, marriage, death, cremation.

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The book is far too long, and, in spite of the babbling of thousands of young girls, monotonous and often intolerably dull. But there can be no doubt of the general soul disengaged from all this diverse chatter. It does extreme honour to France and to her maids. Nothing here in common with the infamous *demi-vierge*, nothing in common with the American and Anglo-Saxon flirt: honest, admirably behaved, slightly sentimental, often witty creatures, all looking forward to marriage with a very honourable and exalted idea of its responsibilities and duties. Each one is sincerely convinced that the *rôle* of wife and mother is the most beautiful on earth. The alarming thing is that among so many there should not be a suggestion of wildness, a breath of animal spirits, a dream of *elsewhere*, *beyond*, the kingdom of vague ambition and unattainable hope, a murmur of hoydenism, a whisper of worldliness, of loudness, fastness, or vulgarity: that is the depressing lack, original characterisation. For there is nothing fresh, or breezy, or barbarous, or candid about all these charming young persons. Their sweet reasonableness disconcerts and dismays. They nearly all think so admirably and write so sensibly. Of course now and then they talk nonsense, but it is the nonsense of correct and well-ordered minds, who walk much too carefully along the well-swept alleys of maidenhood prepared for their unfaltering steps by judicious elders, with never as much as a desire to cast a glance over the forbidden hedges, and who judge too austerely and intolerantly those who deviate from this measured march. Sometimes these maids are aggressive, pert and priggish, and they are all tinctured with the vice of cant. Their patriotism is unequivocally Nationalist. They abhor everything English, German, and Scandinavian. They are devout, virtuous, and reactionary, having been brought up in convents; they abhor *progr-r-r-ès* (as one of them satirically writes it), which they qualify as snobbism, and despise the unspeakable Saxon, whom they invariably describe as *mufle*. Their general admiration of Bossuet (is it sincere?) would delight M. Brunetière, and their favourite authors are Corneille and Lacordaire. Their virtue is desperately Cornelian. One and all desire to exhibit noble sons instead of jewels. But one frightfully satirical maid thinks ruefully, the thing is to have the noble sons, and she has, alas! small faith in the modern males of her great race. She mentions the Bazar de Charité, where all the women were burnt, and only the men were saved. Another attributes the decay of French chivalry to the base habit of imitating English fashions prevalent among the sons of Gaul. How can men be noble who send their linen to be washed in London, who are habited by British tailors, who indulge in British sports, and who talk like this after greeting with the barbarous British shake-hands? "Ai fait atteler au *cab* mon pur-sang et avec le *groom* suis allé jusqu'à. Enragé *horseman*! Charmant, ce *garden-party*. Ai pris part à deux *games* de *lawn-tennis* et *football*. Entre *clubman* avons causé jusqu'à *five-o'-clock* de *sport*, de *yachting*. Très smart cette réunion." Decidedly those are not girls to throw themselves at the heads of men. They are charmingly dignified, intelligent, and well-bred.

The *Propos de Félix Faure* is instructive reading, if not from the point of view of history, certainly for the characteristic revelation it affords us of the fatuous individual the Déroulédists nonsensically apostrophised in death "as the last President of the French Republic." Poor M. Loubet is, of course, the President of the Jews, and, according to the latest clerical and Nationalist scare, M. Waldeck Rousseau is about to accomplish what Napoleon only dreamed of and become Pope. Not of Rome, however. The Temple of Jerusalem is to be reconstructed, but in Paris, not in Palestine. He is to be its pope or patriarch, in conspiracy with the Gallican bishops. These are the recent ravings of a Chartreusan monk. Verily, St. Bruno was wise to preach eternal silence. Had this monk not broken the law, we would never have known the mediæval ambition and wickedness of the Prime Minister, and so we are the more struck by the amiable candour and vanity of that most simple and self-inflated burgess, Félix Faure. How delightfully he explains the failure to seize that elusive wand popularity, which was his to grasp and hold, of poor Carnot, pre-occupied with a liver disease, of M. Casimir-Perier, spoiled, petulant child of fortune; and how naïvely he delights in his good looks, his elegant figure and faultless tailoring, and, above all, in the friendship of Nicholas. One would think Nicholas and he were of the same age, that they had supped together in wild youth, and frequently smoked together the pipe of memory in middle age. Félix Faure, too, might have maintained St. Bruno's golden law with advantage. H. L.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 108 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best "Ode to Forgotten Authors." We award the prize to Mr. F. B. Doveton, Karsfield, Torquay, for the following:

What though your humble names are never heard
In these ungracious days,
Yet by your words were many bosoms stirred
What time you piped your lays!
Then, your quaint prose or long-forgotten verse
Some student, it might be,
Would to his comrades lovingly rehearse,
So long ago, ah, me!

Among you may be some who in their time
Swayed many a heart, I trow;
Not to have read you almost seemed a crime
To those who prized you so!
Your names were once upon the lips of men.
Your volumes by their side,
They praised those prosings of your fluent pen
We "moderns" should deride!

And others of you who in numbers chose
To ease their teeming brain,
For *some* had all the sweetness of the rose,
The music of the rain.
Your books were read by many a crystal rill,
In sweet Julys long dead,
Or gladly conned when winter nights were chill,
And cheery fires burnt red.

And now your works are overlaid with dust,
They share oblivion's night;
Till in the box some hand by chance is thrust,
And drags one to the light!
The page for centuries closed we turn once more,
Then, smiling, go our way,
Harder to please than in the days of yore—
Well, well, you had your day.

Other odes received are as follows:

Sweet bards forgotten, bards of long ago,
Writers of prose majestic, epics keen,
Who slumber deep in duodecimo
With faded rose-leaves in your leaves atween!
Captors of passing thought, and passing scene,
Who dream for ever in a dusty row,
Oh, rest in peace! In sooth, 'twere better so,
Far from the noisy world, the critic's spleen!

For some day when the sunlight casts a glow
Through oriel windows—peaceful, golden sheen!—
Kissing your russet duodecimo,
Then, then, perchance, upon the cloister green
Shall tapered fingers press you! And, unseen,
Shall votive tears their silent praise bestow
For long-passed thought, and sweet, forgotten scene
Oh, bards forgotten, is't not better so—
The scholar's tear, the peaceful cloister green?

[H. G. T., London.]

When dust has dimmed the window-pane
And firelight flickers in the room,
Glancing along the friendly shelves
Brightening the sober folio's gloom.

From where your ghosts by day lie hid
You steal within the welcoming blaze:
Pale shadows from the bookman's land
You pass before my dreamy gaze.

With doubtful looks, you tender me
The works you wrought for love or lucre
But Fame—Ah, sirs! a fickle jade!
I, too, alas, would fain rebuke her.

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You dreamed they held the fire divine,
The true, the right Promethean spark.
She smiled on them—a year, perhaps,
Then fled and left them cold and dark.

Yet though your names be strange to us
We hail you brothers of the craft;
And you, who've known our hopes and fears,
Will pledge us in a shadowy draught.

Fate spared you somewhat; what you wrote
Is yours; your souls can ne'er be vex'd
With echoes from the upper world
Of tortured and corrupted text.

In the dim land where now you dwell
You boast a fortune o'er your betters;
Biographies affright you not
With hates and loves a-dance in fetters;
No critics e'er appraise the style
Of *your* love-letters.

[J. A. P., Arbroath, N.B.]

We pity from our own superior state,
Your unremembered, long-neglected fate,
Smiling to think, in passing, of the pains,
You must have taken, and your lack of—brains!

Poor, foolish folk! dreaming that you'd be read
By twentieth century people, who instead
Have just as much as they can do to scan
Our red-hot fiction on the modern plan.
We use sensation.....thin-hid fact, that all
Upon the prototype may instant fall.
(You little guessed the secret of success,
Meant letting readers find *their* cleverness,
Not yours—oh, no—that's quite another tale,
Never resulting in phenomenal sale!)
We let the public prick our tiny bubble,
Without the slightest intellectual trouble!

You really must have been a prosy lot,
Writing what we'd decidedly call "rot,"
Most careful of your English—how precise!
If you had not been so exceeding nice,
Perhaps a thought or two we yet might spare,
To hunt your dusty volumes from their lair;
But nowadays to make a dull book sell—
It must, at least, be indecorous as well!

Vanished old writers! Do you in the shades,
Gossip about your late respective trades—
Comparing methods? Ah, well—I daresay,
You owned a circulation in your day—
And yet, perchance, may feel a Hadean thrill,
At thought of some belated vogue here still!

[E. C. M. D., Crediton.]

Thirty-three other replies received.

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By H. S. MERRIMAN.

THE Velvet Glove.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, Author of "The Sowers," "In Kedar's Tents," "The Isle of Unrest," &c. [*December 3.*

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The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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[*Registered as a Newspaper.*]

The Literary Week.

Mr. John Morley's noble and eloquent address at Manchester was a foretaste of the quality of his *Life of Gladstone*, to write which he has practically renounced all other interests. No date has yet been fixed for the publication of the *Life*. The task was colossal, including the sifting of thousands of letters, all carefully arranged in despatch boxes. In his speech at Manchester, which was spoken extempore from skeleton notes, Mr. Morley showed not only that he has given searching and severe study to his subject, but that he has kept his enthusiasm, and that he is able to communicate it. Who would have prophesied that one morning this week everybody would be talking again of Gladstone, or that a speech on Gladstone by anybody should have the power once more to set men's minds wondering at that amazing personality?

Last week we gave a list of the plays that Stevenson planned to write. He also wished—indeed, longed—to undertake three biographies—a Life of John Knox, a Life of William Hazlitt, and a Life of the Duke of Wellington.

Mr. Kipling has been re-elected president of the Rottingdean Rifle Club. The Club owes its inception to Mr. Kipling, and has not yet been defeated. It has beaten some powerful opponents, both Volunteers and civilians, notably the London Fusiliers and the Lewes Rifle Club.

Another volume of essays by Max Müller is in preparation. It includes papers on Buddhism; the alleged sojourn of Christ in India; religions in China, and on many cognate subjects. In one essay Max Müller writes on "Why I am not an Agnostic," and in another he asks, "Is Man Immortal?"

The *English Illustrated Magazine* for November contains a humorous article by Mr. H. G. Wells on "The Literary Regimen." We use the word "humorous" intentionally, as a warning to literary beginners who may be tempted to follow Mr. Wells's instructions in order that they may learn to write "like he does." In this paper, which also contains a picture of Mr. Wells drinking a cup of tea, he announces that he has discovered the "fundamental secret of literary art."

> It is imperative, if you wish to write with any power and freshness at all, that you should utterly ruin your digestion. Any literary person will confirm this statement. At any cost the thing must be done, even if you have to live on German sausage, onions, and cheese to do it. So long as you turn all your dietary to flesh and blood you will get no literature out of it. "We learn in suffering what we teach in song." This is why men who live at home with their mothers, or have their elder sisters to see after them, never, by any chance, however great their literary ambition may be, write anything but minor poetry. They get their meals at regular hours, and done to a turn, and that plays the very devil—if you will pardon the phrase—with one's imagination.

There are always grains of truth in Mr. Wells's inventions. In this, his newest, there is, we fear, something like a quarter of a pound. But most writers do not take pains "to get rid of their digestion." It goes of its own accord, silently, like the Arabs in the poem.

Following M. Maartens' *Women I Have Known*, to which we referred last week, a book is announced by Mr. W. D. Howells, called *Heroines of Fiction*. Mr. Howells, we hear, has decided not to write any more novels.

"Dear old Browning!" is not the usual way of referring to the author of *The Ring and the Book*. It is Mr. Frederic Harrison's way, and it occurs in an article called "Personal Reminiscences," included in his new book, *George Washington, and other American Addresses*. The passage reads thus:

> Dear old Browning! how we all loved him; how we listened to his anecdotes; how we enjoyed his improvised "epitaphs in country churchyards," till we broke into shouts of laughter as we detected the amusing forgery. At home in the smoking-room of a club, in a lady's literary tea-party, in a drawing-room concert, or in a river picnic, he might have passed for a retired diplomat, but for his buoyancy of mind and brilliancy of talk. His heart was as warm, his moral judgment as sound as his genius was original.

Mr. Grant Richards is preparing a Revised Edition of the Works of Tolstoy, to be edited by Aylmer Maude. Scrupulous care has been taken to present accurate versions, and the volumes will be provided with prefaces and footnotes to enable the reader to understand the relation between what he is reading and the conclusions Tolstoy ultimately reached, as well as to minimise such difficulties as are unavoidably met with when the literature of one people is passed on to another.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's successful novel, *Aylwin*, has just made a re-appearance. In this new impression, which is called "The Snowdon Edition," Mr. Watts-Dunton contributes an introductory chapter. After recalling the reasons that induced him to delay the publication of *Aylwin* for so many years, he proceeds to consider an objection made by some critics that he had imported into a story written for popular acceptance too many speculations and broodings upon "the gravest of all subjects—the subject of love at struggle with death":

> My answer to this is that although it did win a great popular acceptance I never expected it to do so. I knew the book to be an expression of idiosyncrasy, and no man knows how much or how little his idiosyncrasy is in harmony with the temper of his time, until his book has been given to the world. It was the story of *Aylwin* that was born of the speculations upon Love and Death; it was not the speculations that were pressed into the story; without these speculations there could have been no story to tell. Indeed, the chief fault which *I* myself should find with *Aylwin*, if my business were to criticise it, would be that it gives not too little but too much prominence to the strong incidents of the story—a story written as a comment on love's warfare with death—written to show that confronted as man is every moment by signs of the fragility and the brevity of human life, the great marvel

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connected with him is not that his thoughts dwell frequently upon the unknown country beyond Orion where the beloved dead are loving us still, but that he can find time and patience to think upon anything else—a story written further to show how terribly despair becomes intensified when a man has lost—or thinks he has lost—a woman whose love was the only light of his world—when his soul is torn from his body, as it were, and whisked off on the wings of the "viewless winds" right away beyond the furthest star, till the universe hangs beneath his feet a trembling point of twinkling light, and at last even this dies away, and his soul crys out for help in that utter darkness and loneliness.

Mr. Hardy's new volume will be called *Poems of the Past and Present*. It will be published next month.

Last January we printed a list of "Questions in Shakespeare," which aroused some interest. We observe that the Shakespeare Society of New York prints a similar set in the first number of its *New Shakespeareana* just issued. Its questions, strange to say, are clearly, to some extent, copied or adapted from ours. Thus we asked: In which play is "young Dizzy" mentioned? and the Shakespeare Society asks: "Which one of Queen Victoria's Prime Ministers is mentioned by his popular name in the plays?" We asked: Who was Falstaff's tailor? and the S.S. asks: "What was the name of Falstaff's tailor?" and so on. We notice that the S.S. is still in a state of puerile indignation against Mr. Sidney Lee for having presumed to undertake a census and description of Shakespeare first folios. Why this should arride the S.S. of N.Y. we cannot discover. For one thing the type in which *New Shakespeareana* is printed would try our eyes even if the proportion of misprints were a reasonable one. But it is not, and we can only applaud the sentiments and deplore the English of the following statement:

> The editors and publishers of *New Shakespeareana* exceedingly regret to send out this number. It is not in the least what they intended and intend in the future. But it has been thought best in the face of many vexatious delays to make an initiative at once. Succeeding issues, it is expected and confidently believed, will entitle *New Shakespeareana* to a place editorially and typographically among the noble achievements of the New York Shakespeare Society.

Mr. Henry Willett, of Arnold House, Brighton, has made a strikingly interesting gift to the Ashmolean Natural History Society of Oxfordshire, in memory of Mr. John Ruskin. It consists of a piece of ground about five acres in extent, comprising woodland, marsh, bog, and water. Mr. Willett's wish is that the land shall be known as "The Ruskin Plot," and that it shall be kept for all time in its present natural condition. A trust is being prepared which will vest the plot in the following trustees:—The Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire, the Mayor of Oxford, the Vice-Chancellor, the Radcliffe Librarian, the Hope Professor of Zoology, the Sherardian Professor of Botany, and the donor. Mr. Willett's ground is situated at Cothill, near Abingdon, Berks, and is not meant so much for collecting purposes as for observation. It is proposed that a systematic record year by year of this piece of ground shall be kept by competent naturalists.

It is not, perhaps, Mr. Bernard Shaw's fault that he is a man of many explanations. Whatever be the reason, it is certain that he compels us to study his career. When his present or future do not demand urgent consideration, he calls us to the contemplation of his past. Take his early novel, *Cashel Byron's Profession*. Both he and we thought it was reserved for brief obituary mention. But, bless you, no. Here it is, looking quite respectable in red cloth covers, with an added dramatised portion, two long prefaces, and a sixteen-page "note." To "cool the fervour of idolatry with a dash of cold fact" is Mr. Shaw's aim in this story—to paint pugilism as it really is, denying it no good it possesses, but carefully localising and apportioning its evil. In his new preface he says:

> The unintelligent prizefighter is often the helpless tool of a gang of gamblers, backers, and showmen, who set him on to fight as they might set on a dog. And the spectacle of a poor human animal fighting faithfully for his backers, like a terrier killing rats, or a racehorse doing its best to win a race for its owner, is one which ought to persuade any sensible person of the folly of treating the actual combatants as "the principals" in a prizefight. Cockfighting was not suppressed by imprisoning the cocks; and prizefighting will not be suppressed by imprisoning the pugilists. But, intelligent or unintelligent, first-rate like Cashel Byron, second-rate like Skene, or third-rate like William Paradise in this story, the prizefighter is no more what the spectators imagine him to be than the lady with the wand and star in the pantomime is really a fairy queen. And since Cashel Byron's Profession, on its prizefighting side, is an attempt to take the reader behind the scenes without unfairly confusing professional pugilism with the blackguardly environment which is no more essential to it than to professional cricket, and which is now losing its hold on the pugilist through the substitution of gate-money at boxing exhibitions for stakes at prizefights as his means of living, I think I may let it go its way with a reasonable prospect of seeing it do more good than harm.

And again:

> All pugilism lies between these two extremes—between Cashel Byron and William Paradise; and it is because the Paradises are as likely to win as the Byrons, and are by no means so scarce, that the case for fist fighting, with gloves or without, as a discipline in the higher athletic qualities, moral and physical, imposes only on people who have no practical knowledge of the subject.

Mr. Shaw also wishes to expose "the abominable vein of retaliatory violence" which, he says, runs through the literature of the nineteenth century.

An interesting item in Mr. Shaw's preface is a portion of Robert Louis Stevenson's remarks on *Cashel Byron's Profession* communicated to Mr. William Archer. In the Letters Mr. Colvin politely suppressed the less favourable part of his judgment. This Mr. Shaw has now the joy of printing himself. It is in the form of an analysis of the book's composition:

Charles Reade	1 part
Henry James or some kindred author, badly assimilated ...	1 part
Disraeli (perhaps unconscious) ...	½ part
Struggling, overlaid original talent	1½ part
Blooming gaseous folly	1 part

That is the equation as it stands. What it may become, I don't know, nor any other man. *Vixere fortes*—O, let him remember that—let him beware of his damned century: his gifts of insane chivalry and animated narration are just those that might be slain and thrown out like an untimely birth by the Daemon of the Epoch.

And if he only knew how I had enjoyed the chivalry! Bashville—O Bashville! *j'en chortle*! (which is finely polyglot).

The list of novels on which an Edinburgh Reviewer builds an article called "Rome and the Novelists" (*Edinburgh Review*, October) includes neither Miss Corelli's nor Mr. Hall Caine's story. It may interest some to know what novels have been selected by the writer. They are:

Rome. By Emile Zola.
Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
One Poor Scruple. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward.
The Undoing of John Brewster. By Lady Mabel Howard.
The Casting of Nets. By Richard Bagot.
En Route. By J. K. Huysmans.
The Vicar of St. Luke's. By Sibyl Creed.

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In an interesting article on "Book-Hunting as a Business," in the November *Pall Mall Magazine*, Mr. Frank Rinder leads off with the example of profitable book collecting indulged by the late Earl of Ashburnham. He reminds us that in the middle of the nineteenth century the Earl bought the Stowe collection of MSS. for £8,000, in 1883 it was sold to the British Museum for £45,000; a portion of the Barrois MSS. recently fetched £33,000 at auction, against £6,000 paid for the whole assemblage about fifty years ago; in fine, for the magnificent library of printed books and MSS., acquired for something like £60,000, no less than about £220,000 has been realised. But then, adds Mr. Rinder, careful of the effect of such a statement, "the late Earl was a most astute buyer, ever placing in the scales a given volume or collection against the amount of gold demanded for it." We commend Mr. Rinder's article, alike for its cautions and encouragements, to the would-be collector. There are still possibilities in this least "tradey" of trades. "Even to-day a person of taste and judgment can pick up bargains innumerable. If his purse be long enough, if he have a *flair* for the excellent, he may still acquire with profit examples of fifteenth or sixteenth-century craftsmanship. As to works by modern authors, the verdict of the future has to be reckoned with. Mr. Meredith's earliest book, the *Poems* of 1851, has made as much as £25; and if we could discern a writer of equal worth, and buy up copies of his initial effort, that would certainly 'pay.'"

In the same magazine, which is being most admirably edited, Mr. William Archer continues his "Real Conversations." This month it is Professor Masson, and Mr. Archer departs from his usual method of making dialogue do all his work, by prefixing to the talk a short sketch of Professor Masson's career. No more than Mr. Archer need we dwell on Professor Masson's literary labours, of which his *Life of Milton* is alone worthy to have been the work of a lifetime. Speaking of the Professor's well-known likeness to Carlyle, Mr. Archer says: "Though there is something of the same ruggedness, the same underlying melancholy in the two faces, Professor Masson's is lighted up by a kindliness, a spontaneous humanity, which must often have been lacking in Carlyle's physiognomy. 'Dourness' is the one national characteristic in which Professor Masson is lacking." In quoting from these Conversations, which we hope to see in volume form, we always feel that we have mangled a living thing. But the following exchanges of opinion are interesting:

W. A.: But you, who have rubbed shoulders with the giants of the past half-century—can you look around now and point to any considerable number of men who have either reached, or given definite promise of reaching, an intellectual or artistic stature at all comparable with that of Carlyle, Ruskin, Darwin, Mill, Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot? Of course, I "bar" Meredith, Herbert Spencer, and Swinburne, the great bulk, at any rate, of whose life-work lies in the bygone period. Or, to look at it from another point of view: in all the huge output of books of to-day, how many are there for which you could at all confidently predict even the lease of life which the works of those writers, and of lesser writers than they, have already enjoyed, to say nothing of the future that may yet be in store for them?

Prof. Masson: It is true, I think, that the conditions of modern life are apt to be unfavourable to the abstraction and concentration necessary for the greatest kind of work. There was more leisure in my young days—the railway and the electric telegraph had not yet taken such tyrannous hold of us. As I see the young men of to-day going on their way through life, it seems to me that few of them pause to look up at the stars; more of them are intent on looking horizontally before them—or downwards. The average of accomplishment, I should say, has improved; but men go about their work now in a different spirit. Among the best of the young men of my time the actual *nous* was as good as in the best of the young men of to-day, and they were able to give it a better chance. They had far more of solitude, far less of compulsory or prescribed occupation, far more of passive contemplation, letting their spirits lie open to all the winds that blew. And so pretty well on into manhood. Think of Tennyson, and all the years that he went mooning things over in his own mind, and humming them to his own ear, between the publication of his early, unripe work and that of the work that took the world by storm! In those days, when a subject struck a man, he did not dash at his desk at once—he rolled the thing over and over in his mind first, and got into complete affinity with it——

W. A. (*interrupting*): Whereas, now, the moment an idea strikes him, he (or his agent) sends a paragraph to the literary papers to announce the momentous fact. And then he proceeds to dictate the great work to a typewriter at the rate of so many thousand words a day.

Prof. Masson: Formerly, too, when a man had written his book, he put the manuscript under his arm and went off with it to a publisher, to take his chance. Nowadays it is, as often as not, the publisher that has originated the idea and commissioned the book. Look at the innumerable "series," for example—many of them capitally conceived, most useful, excellent, but necessarily involving some restriction upon the individuality of each contributor. He has to fall into line—to write to a pattern—at the very least to confine himself within a fixed limit of space.

W. A.: One can scarcely imagine Carlyle contributing to a series.

The award in the recent George Alexander Competition for a four-act play to be enacted at the St. James's reminds us of a somewhat similar competition held at the beginning of the last decade. In this case, M. Grein, of the Independent Theatre, then editor with a *confrère* of a journal called the *Weekly Comedy*, announced in that paper that he would award a medal to the sender of the best one-act play, and would also arrange for such opuscule to be produced once at a West End theatre. A "reading fee" of five shillings per play was demanded, and about 150 comediettas were received. The winning piece was announced to be a play entitled "Humble Pie," but we never heard of its being staged.

In a series of articles published by Prof. Dr. P. Kehr, of the University of Göttingen, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, there is an interesting description of the Vatican as a literary storehouse. The writer says that it is to the honour of the present pontiff and a demonstration of his zeal for learning that he has opened wide the Vatican collections to the scholars of the world with a liberality that cannot be equalled elsewhere. A visit to the working-rooms of the Vatican archives assumes an international aspect. By the side of the German professor is found a French savant and representatives from every other Christian country of Europe and America. Since access has been given so freely, various institutes for research have sprung up in great rapidity in Rome for the special purpose of utilising these treasures. So great is the international zeal to investigate these archives, which contain the greatest collection extant of unpublished documents on the history of the mediæval ages, that it is with difficulty room can be found for all who ask to be accommodated. The Vatican authorities have made the best of arrangements to supply the demand, and the librarians meet the wants of Protestants as quickly and as politely as those of Catholic savants. Men and women alike are accommodated. The red tape of former times has disappeared entirely, and the management is thoroughly modern. Only a beginning has been made with the publication of the immense literary treasures here deposited, but the international scholarship of the world is at work on it now.

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In an American paper, under the title of "The Literary Shop," we glean some inspiring items concerning American books "scheduled for presentment this Fall." Perhaps the most hustling announcement is that of a New York publisher who has matured a complete history of the entire western hemisphere by the world's best-known writers, a 10-cent magazine that will cover ground not yet covered by any magazine, and a biographical encyclopædia, giving biographical sketches of every great man in every department of human activity, and from the earliest times.

Bibliographical.

For a little while to come we are sure to hear a good deal about "the gorgeous Lady Blessington," simply because she is the most prominent female figure in the new entertainment at Her Majesty's Theatre. Well-thumbed, I suspect, is many a copy of that volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* in which her ladyship is discoursed of. Some, greatly daring, have no doubt consulted Madden's *Life* of the Countess—the standard authority; while others, perhaps, have gone so far as to dip into such gossiping volumes as Haydon's *Diary*, Willis's *Pencillings by the Way*, Jerdan's *Autobiography*, Grantley Berkeley's *Recollections*, Chorley's *Life*, the biography of C. J. Mathews, Mr. J. F. Molloy's memoir of the lady, and so forth. The literary interest attaching to the Countess is but small. I believe I am correct in saying that during the past twenty years nothing of hers has been reprinted save her *Conversations with Lord Byron*, which (first published in 1834) appeared in a new edition in 1893. This, no doubt, will live; but what has become of her ladyship's novels, or even of her books of travel, which once had a certain measure of vogue? One hears no longer of *The Idler in Italy* (1839-40) or *The Idler in France* (1841).

D'Orsay, the leading male figure in "The Last of the Dandies," is embalmed, as Count Mirabel, in the pages of *Henrietta Temple*, and also in Byron's "Correspondence" and the dedication of Bulwer Lytton's *Godolphin*. There are, of course, numerous references to him, all admiring, in the memoirs and reminiscences of his time. On the whole, D'Orsay, and the lady who had "been a mother" to him, promise to exist in literature, just as the lady for a time existed *by* literature—such as it was. The fullest and best analysis of the Countess's work as a writer of fiction may be found in the book by the late Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson called *Novels and Novelists*.

Three new editions of the Lambs' *Tales from Shakespeare*—one very beautiful in "get-up" and scholarly in treatment—have been put before our reading public during the last few days. Are there any more on the way? I do not think there were any last year, but in 1899 there were three editions, of varying interest and value—one introduced by Mr. Andrew Lang and illustrated by Mr. Anning Bell; another (illustrated) in the "Temple Classics for Young People," and another prefaced by the Rev. H. R. Haweis. In the previous year there had been two "selections" from the *Tales*, edited respectively by Mr. David Frew and Mr. F. H. Flather. There were two reprints in 1895, two in 1894, two in 1893, one in 1892, and one in 1890. One of these was edited by Canon Ainger, and another was illustrated by drawings by Sir John Gilbert (taken, no doubt, from his illustrated edition of the plays).

It will be seen that Dr. Furnivall, who edits Messrs. Tuck's new edition of the *Tales*, contributes prose summaries of plays not dealt with by the Lambs. In so doing, he was preceded in 1894 by Mr. Harrison S. Morris, whose edition was published by Messrs. Dent.

There should be room for the promised illustrated edition of Mr. W. D. Howells's *Italian Journeys*, of which, I believe, there has been no reprint in England since that of 1883, which was in two vols., 32 mo, and called "the author's edition." Mr. Howells's *Venetian Life* and his *Tuscan Cities* appear to have been more popular, for they were reproduced so recently as 1891 and 1894 respectively.

Miss Netta Syrett, whose play, "A Modern Love Story," has been chosen by the Playgoer's Club Committee for production, by and by, by Mr. George Alexander, is not altogether unknown in the literary field. Mr. John Lane published in his "Keynote" series her tale called *Nobody's Fault*, and in the following year (1897) her story, *The Tree of Life*. This was quickly followed by a book of fairy tales entitled *The Garden of Delight* (1897), for which her sister Nellie drew the illustrations, both the text and the drawings being above the average of such things.

In Mr. Frederic Harrison's new volume (printed, I observe, at the Norwood Press, U.S.A.) there are two addresses about Alfred the Great—one on his Millenary in general, the other on his Writings. The latter was published over here, separately, in May last, and one wonders why that on the Millenary was not published with it. The two together would have made a very *apropos* little book. The discourse on "Personal Reminiscences" is a little thin, perhaps, but it has some interest for lovers and students of literary work and people.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw writes an interesting preface to Mr. Grant Richards's reproduction of his *Cashel Byron's Profession*; but though he supplies a good many details about the history of that work, he does not condescend to exact dates. *Cashel Byron* was first published in 1886, by the "Modern Press," at the price of one shilling. A revised edition of it, at the same price, was issued by Mr. Walter Scott in 1889. The present reprint is also described as revised—"newly revised." One would like to have definite details of the career of the book in America, and of the play (or plays) founded on it and performed in the States.

The Bookworm.

Stanza.

(*Translated from Rückert's "Weisheit des Brahmanen."*)

In one still moment, when the soul sinks deep
In thoughts of Life and God, not dazed with wine nor sleep,
Not wandering, but clear, not slumb'ring, but awake,
Like the reflected sun in a wide, waveless lake;
When Far and Near, and Then and Now, and Time and Space
Have passed away like foam upon the water's face;
When thou canst feel the earliest, purest flowers of Life
Bound closely to thy breast, with fragrant promise rife;
When Earth and Heaven close around thee as a mist;
Thou think'st the flower a star, the star a flower sun-kiss'd;
In such a moment, when, with holy, rushing sound,
Creation's stream sweeps through thy very being's ground;
When thou thyself art not, and nothing *is*, but thou
And God, in whom thou art, not knowing why nor how;
In such a moment, swift as glance from frighten'd eyes
Comes the Love-longing, and all recollection dies;
He, who a moment such as this but once has known,
Knoweth Eternity, e'en before Life is flown;
And as the diamond gleams of radiant light enfolds,
So he Eternity now and for ever holds.

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Reviews.

"Why Should Such Persons Ever Die?"

Conversations of James Northcote, R.A., with James Ward. Edited by Ernest Fletcher. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

It cannot be said that the name of James Northcote resounds in the corridors of literature. Many readers would say that they look upon him as a limb of Hazlitt, whose *Conversations* they have always meant to read but have neglected. They remember him in Sir Walter Scott's journal, where his appearance is brief and interesting. Scott sat to "the old Wizard Northcote" for his portrait in 1828. Northcote was then in his eighty-third year. Whenever Northcote turns up in such outlying quarters it is usually in his character of an octogenarian debauchee in the matter of hard work. Scott calls him an animated mummy. For years and years, beyond all reason, Northcote not only refused to die, but refused to lay aside his brush or hold his tongue. His little painting room at 39, Argyll-street, was approached through two much larger rooms upon which Northcote's rather portentous historical pictures, his rather flaming portraits, and his sentimental dramatisations of life hung in the gloomy London atmosphere. Beyond, in the little studio, a shabby cosiness and brightness reigned. Northcote painted, talked, and took snuff all day with such an easy mingling of the processes that to look at him, to be conscious of him, was a treat and a marvel. Constable used to say that he was as untouched by London as if he lived on the summit of Mont Blanc. Here for thirty years he painted and talked while Oxford-street was still young and Regent-street a-planning. He said, if he might select his own heaven, he would ask God to allow him to occupy his painting room "even for ever."

A pleasant companion, familiar with recollections of Sir Joshua, Samuel Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, &c., was Scott's description of Northcote, whose range of lifetime was astonishing. He had been Reynolds's pupil when these eighteenth century pundits were diners in Leicester-square, and he lived to paint the portrait of John Ruskin as a child. It is impossible to sum in any brief way the procession of men, women and topics in Northcote's studio. There was rare talk and much, and if Northcote's painting was mediocre, the enchantments of art, the inward joy and outward glory of it, shone round the little, bald-headed, bright-eyed man like an immovable halo. There is a passage of Hazlitt's in which he describes a visit of Nollekens, then old and blind, to Argyll-street. The time-worn sculptor sat bolt upright, as though he had wrought himself to stone.

> Northcote stood by his side—all air and spirit, stooping down to speak to him. The painter was in a loose morning gown, with his back to the light; his face was like a pale fine piece of colouring; and his eye came out and glanced through the twilight of the past like an old eagle looking from its eyrie in the clouds. In a moment they had lighted from the top of Mount Cenis on the Vatican—
>
> "As when a vulture on Imaus bred
> Flies tow'rds the springs
> Of Ganges and Hydaspes, Indian streams"
>
> these two fine old men lighted with winged thoughts on the banks of the Tiber, and there bathed and drank of the spirit of their youth. They talked of Titian and Bernini; and Northcote mentioned that when Roubillac came back from Rome after seeing the works of the latter, and went down to look at his own in Westminster Abbey, he said—"By G—d, they looked like tobacco-pipes!"

To this man, to this atmosphere, to these sallies of memory and wit, Mr. Ernest Fletcher introduces us in these new conversations of Northcote with James Ward, R.A., which have been lying in faded MS. since Ward's death in 1850. They synchronise to some extent with the conversations recorded by Hazlitt. With these, however, they have a yet closer relationship. It is not too much to say that Northcote assumes a new importance as a talker from this day onward. Hazlitt's record was always a little suspect. He said that Northcote was only answerable for the wit, sense, and spirit of the talk, and that he took the dulness, impertinence, and malice on himself. The critics held that it was the other way, as, indeed, to some extent, it was. Hazlitt is never dull, but it is now proved that Northcote was never dull. Ward's comparatively unskilled report shows clearly that Hazlitt's was faithful. The hand is Hazlitt's, or it is Ward's, but the voice is always the voice of Northcote. The talk is more natural in Ward, more complex and polished in Hazlitt, but it is the same talk. One sees, too, how easy it was for Hazlitt to set down Northcote's speech. The painter talked very much as the essayist wrote. Hazlitt infested Northcote's studio, and out of it he talked Northcote everywhere. We believe his style owed as much to Northcote's extempore babble as to any writer under the sun. In these new conversations Northcote talks Hazlitt, in the old Hazlitt writes Northcote. The two men have the same blend of ease and incisiveness; the same masterly control of anecdote; the same alertness for modern instances and aid from any horizon. They both offer a feast of reason rather than a flow of soul.

Come we now to Ward's talks. These, says Mr. Fletcher on his title-page, are of art and artists. So they are. "They talked of Titian and Bernini," of Raphael, of Rubens, of Kneller; above all, of Northcote's master, Sir Joshua, and of his rival, Opie. But the talk spreads continually into the personalities and policy of art, and in a way that makes it a treasury of worldly wisdom. With personalities and private policy we are all concerned, and the rules of the game take colour only, not change, from the sphere in which they are studied. Here, just because art is the sphere, the rules seem doubly cogent. Not even in art, not even amid talk of Titian and Bernini, or in the secret joys of the studio, or amid the sunny honours of court and salon, do the plain rules of life lose their identity or their force. Success in paint is as much a matter of prudence and calculation as success in tea. And so in these pages winged thoughts alternate with shrewd judgments. The daily bread is not forgotten, neither is it assumed that men live by bread alone. But, "to be successful in England," says Northcote to the eager and worshipping Ward, "a painter must be a man-of-all-work; he must not stand out upon punctilios; he must be industrious in no ordinary degree, and be able to gratify that self-love which induces people to sit for their portraits." Again and again he detects the common causes of success and failure under the glamour of talent and even genius. "Merit in art," he says, "is not the only ground of success; much is done by management," and of management there are many kinds:

> "Kneller's was bravado; take, for instance, his little speech to Queen Anne, 'Many painters have given your Majesty the crown and cushion, but it remained for me to make you a Queen!' Romney's was the opposite to Kneller's plan; he was all humility and subserviency to a few men, such as Hayley, Cumberland, and a few others; he threw himself, as it were, upon them, and they procured him sitters. Then Sir Joshua, though deeply politic, wished to appear with an innocent, childlike simplicity, and was even thought by many to be hardly fit to take care of himself, but they little knew him! And Jackson's gentle, passive manner will help him much, and bring him many friends; indeed, to succeed in art a man must avoid all appearance of keenness, and especially of wit. It is very necessary for every painter to get connections by every possible means, as no one, not even the finest painter in the world, can ever succeed without them. Sir Joshua Reynolds was well aware of this fact, and acted accordingly, though with great discretion, as he did with everything else. During the London season he rarely dined at home. There were only Miss Reynolds,

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> Miss Palmer, and myself at dinner day after day, and though the frequent dining-out probably shortened his life, it was of great advantage to him in his profession. Why, Titian—even Titian!—was helped by connection, and Rubens, too, in a great degree."

Of such sound, uncompromising talk this book is full. Nor is Northcote's advice merely conventional; it is personal and original to the last. He applauds Haydon for fitting up his costly studio on borrowed money. He stoutly denies an artist's right to marry, since if he is devoted to his art he is already wedded. He said he would have as soon given his daughter, if he had one, to an American savage as to Opie, whose first wife ran away from him. On the day of her flight Northcote was to take a walk with Opie. When Opie came down stairs he wore a long face and said: "'By God! a sad misfortune has happened to me.' 'A misfortune,' said I; 'I am sorry for it. What is it?' 'Why, my wife has run off!' he said. 'Oh,' said I, 'that is nothing more than what I have long expected!' And then we took our stroll." After young John Foster's suicide, Northcote said: "Ah! . . . to dissipate the energies of the human mind in wit and fun is like a man's throwing away his property among the mob in halfpence. Sir Joshua used to say that when a painter felt himself inclined to be a talker he should sew up his mouth, or he would unquestionably go to nothing." Northcote did not sew up his mouth, and the result is that of his seven or eight hundred pictures (a legend makes them two thousand) not one is hung in the National Gallery. His mission was to talk of life, not to paint it. He painted the oldest-fashioned kind of historical and sentimental pictures, like his "Visit to the Grandmother." He laboured the Princes in the Tower, the Death of Mortimer, and ransacked the Wars of the Roses. He gloated over "the tragic events of those sad times," and revelled in "the gloomy dungeons, and the armour, and the caparisoned horses," and said he had got half his livelihood by the reign of Edward IV. Once he essayed to paint a modern sequence in the manner of Hogarth. There were ten pictures in all, and their titles are a *locus classicus* of wish-wash. Here they are, as Cunningham gives them:

> 1. The Modest Girl and the Wanton, fellow-servants in a gentleman's house.
> 2. The Wanton Revelling with her Companions.
> 3. Good advice given to both by an old Servant.
> 4. The Wanton in her bed-chamber.
> 5. The Modest Girl in her bed-chamber.
> 6. The Wanton turned out of doors for misconduct.
> 7. The Modest Girl rejects the illicit addresses of her Master.
> 8. The Wanton, dying in poverty and disease, visited by the Modest Girl.
> 9. The Modest Girl receives the honourable addresses of her Master.
> 10. The Modest Girl, married to her Master, is led to her coach; while the Wanton, dead in misery, is laid in her grave.

Much has been said about Northcote's malice. It was the malice of vigorous talk, and the records of it were not of his own inspiring. Hazlitt began to print his *Conversations* in the *Monthly Magazine* without the painter's knowledge, and it is not easy to say how far their progress was, or could have been, controlled by Northcote, whose well-known letters to Ruskin's father reads like a frank expression of indignation that Hazlitt had exaggerated what he had said to him in confidence. Northcote knew his tongue was sharp, and confessed this frequently. He called Turner a mixture of genius and idiot, and Lawrence a man-milliner. But then he also called Jupiter an abominable blackguard. We who are entertained by his thrusts have little right to complain. He said many generous and beautiful things. Admiring Thomas Jackson's amiability and cleanness of mind, he said: "He could not do this unless it sprung from his natural disposition; it would be in vain to counterfeit it. I like constitutional virtues." His recollections of Sir Joshua are touched with genuine feeling:

> When the children of the nobility were brought to him he was able to paint them quite rapidly. Oh! what grand rackets there used to be at Sir Joshua's when these children were with him! He used to romp and play with them and talk to them in their own way; and, whilst all this was going on, he actually snatched those exquisite touches of expression which make his portraits of children so captivating.

He said:

> No man is perfect. There isn't a saint in Heaven who has not had the Devil's thumb-mark on him; and there was not a man who suffered at Tyburn but had some good qualities about him.

Of Fuseli he said that he had the manner of a Swiss valet, and proceeded:

> A real gentleman has a stillness in his manner, and it cannot be imitated, it must come from within. Now the word *serene* seems to me to describe what I mean exactly, and I wonder the title of *Serene Highness* is not made more use of than it is, for it appears to me to be the grandest of all titles. A lion, reposing in the dignity of his strength, has more of grandeur than any man, he is indeed a serene highness.

As Hazlitt says, "Why should such persons ever die?" They should potter along for ever, and their talk should be an accompaniment to life. We have a mind to see if it is not so, if Northcote's frail, shadowy figure is not busy to-day in Argyll-street, if he is not still held at an absurd height on his step-ladder by an argument below, if his snuff-box is not his endless search, and the world the perennial playground of his thoughts and sarcasms.

We have left ourselves little space in which to speak of the editorial work in this delightful volume. It is modest and adequate, and there is nothing to add, save only this, that we hope that Messrs. Methuen will see the desirability of giving us, at some convenient season, both sets of Conversations in one volume. Then, and then only, will our debt to Northcote be paid.

The Rounding Off of R. L. S.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. By Graham Balfour. 2 vols. (Methuen & Co. 25s.)

It is not Mr. Graham Balfour's fault that the contents of these two handsome volumes should seem so familiar. Except, perhaps, in the early chapters, which treat of Stevenson's ancestry and youth, we were seldom free from the impression that we were re-reading a life narrative that had already been fully told. No account of a man's life, however conscientious, however intimate with his subject the biographer may have been, can approach in interest the man's own letters. Of Stevenson's letters there are three volumes. Few men had such a faculty for self-revelation as he, few could catch the flying mood and fix it on paper so vividly, so daintily, so tenderly, so humorously. Moreover, Mr. Colvin's admirable biographical interludes in the *Letters to His Family and Friends* gave a running account of the major portion of Stevenson's life. Mr. Balfour is careful and conscientious, but he is not a stirring biographer. He walks too contentedly where others have trodden. To a reader who is not familiar with Stevenson's books and letters, and who does not possess the Memorial Edition, this Life will be welcome; but the Stevensonian, we fear, will feel that it is all rather an old story. There is, of course, much that is new and interesting, but it has to be sought.

Mr. Balfour prints an interesting account of the inception of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and also of the method of collaboration that produced *The Ebb Tide* and *The Wrecker*. *Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, the story which first brought

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Stevenson into general notice was, in main, the result of a dream. The subject of the duality of man's nature and the alternation of good and evil had been much in his thoughts; and he had been for a long time casting about for a story to embody this central idea. But

> The true story still delayed, till suddenly one night he had a dream. He awoke, and found himself in possession of two, or rather three, of the scenes in the *Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Its waking existence, however, was by no means without incident. He dreamed these scenes in considerable detail, including the circumstance of the transforming powders, and so vivid was the impression that he wrote the story off at a red heat, just as it had presented itself to him in his sleep. "In the small hours of one morning," says Mrs. Stevenson, "I was awakened by cries of horror from Louis. Thinking he had a nightmare, I awakened him. He said angrily: 'Why did you wake me? I was dreaming a fine bogey tale.' I had awakened him at the first transformation scene." . . . Mr. Osbourne writes: "I don't believe that there was ever such a literary feat before as the writing of *Dr. Jekyll*. I remember the first reading as though it were yesterday. Louis came downstairs in a fever; read nearly half the book aloud; and then, while we were still gasping, he was away again, and busy writing. I doubt if the first draft took so long as three days."

On reflection Stevenson condemned the powder incident as too material, but he could not disregard it, as in the dream it had made so strong an impression upon him. He worked upon the draft for a month or six weeks before bringing it into its present form.

It is curious that in a conversation with Mr. Balfour at Vailima on the different ways of writing a story, Stevenson should not have mentioned the help that dreams may give. "There are three ways, and three ways only. You may take a plot and fit characters to it, or you may take a character and choose incidents and situations to develop it, or, lastly, you may take a certain atmosphere and get action and persons to express and realise it." Neither did he mention the inspiration and help that apparently comes from collaboration—a system that one is always surprised should be used by writers of such individuality as Stevenson, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Kipling. Of the method of collaboration between Stevenson and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, Mr. Osbourne gives an interesting account. Who would have thought that the San Francisco picnics in *The Wrecker* were the work, not of R. L. S., but of his collaborator?

> When an idea for a book was started, we used to talk it over together, and generally carried the tale on from one invention to another, until, in accordance with Louis' own practice, we had drawn out a complete list of the chapters. In all our collaborations I always wrote the first draft, to break the ground, and it is a pleasure to me to recall how pleased Louis was, for instance, with the first three chapters of *The Ebb Tide*. As a rule, he was a man chary of praise, but he fairly overflowed towards those early chapters, and I shall never forget the elation his praise gave me. The first draft was then written again and rewritten by Louis and myself in turn. The Paris parts of *The Wrecker* and the end of *The Ebb Tide* (as it stands) I never even touched (*Letters*, ii. 356). The collaboration was a mistake, for me, nearly as much as for him; but I don't believe Louis ever enjoyed any work more. He liked the comradeship—my work coming in just as his energy flagged, or *vice versâ*; and he liked my applause when he—as he always did—pulled us magnificently out of sloughs. In a way, I was well fitted to help him. I had a knack for dialogue—I mean, of the note-taking kind. I was a kodaker: he an artist and a man of genius. I managed the petty makeshifts and inventions which were constantly necessary; I was the practical man, so to speak, the one who paced the distances, and used the weights and measures; in *The Wrecker*, the storm was mine; so were the fight and the murders on the *Currency Lass*; the picnics in San Francisco, and the commercial details of Loudon's partnership. Nares was mine and Pinkerton to a great degree, and Captain Brown was mine throughout.

With these volumes, Stevenson's life as man and writer is rounded off and complete. There can be little more to add. Probably of no other author has the world so finished a picture. Few writers live so vividly in the printed page as he; few fought so consistently brave a fight against ill-health; few have won so intimate a place in the affections of their readers; to few has the end come while they were still eager with the book that towers above its companions. He was a wanderer always. A mere list of the roofs that sheltered him might fill a column of this journal. Wherever fate led him he had but one desire—to write. Mr. Balfour, who during the last two years of his cousin's life, lived at Vailima, gives this little picture of Stevenson's industry:

> He would get up at six, or perhaps earlier, and begin work. From my bed in the cottage I commanded a view of his verandah, and often and often I have waked in the chill early dawn to see through the window the house with the mass of Vaea towering behind it: in the midst there would be the one spot of bright light where Tusitala, the only other person awake of all the household, was already at his labours.

He was always interested. He could lie in a sick-room for weeks without speaking, and yet declare truly, "I never was bored in my life." When unable to work he would play the flute, or build card-houses, or model small figures of wax or clay. He spent one whole winter writing verses "just for amusement." The day was not long enough for him to express the versatility of his mind, and in youth, at any rate, he was a master in constructing those elaborate jokes that last for days and afford the inventors so keen a joy. The colossal "Mr. Libbel" joke of his student days might well have formed a diverting chapter in a story. That joy in fun for its own sake passed with his youth, but what never left Stevenson was the parson part of him. As boy, as youth, as man, the desire to preach—and how well he did it!—was as much himself as the passion to express his thoughts and inventions in the fittest and the most alluring way. At the age of three his mother wrote of him thus in her diary: "Smout's favourite occupation is making a church; he makes a pulpit with a chair and a stool, reads sitting, and then stands up and sings by turns." And at the end of this Life Mr. Balfour prints no fewer than five pages of prayers which he composed for family use at Vailima. He died, as all know, at the age of forty-four, unhappily falsifying the prophecy made by his doctor ten years before: "Keep him alive till he is forty, and then, although a winged bird, he may live to ninety." He died "in mid-career, laying out vast projects, planning monstrous foundations, and flushed with hope." It was the enviable death that he had imagined years before. "The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual world."

Above Average.

The Mother's Tragedy. By Aleister Crowley. (Privately Printed.)

Weeds by the Wall. By Madison Cawein. (Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.)

One Day and Another. By Madison Cawein. (Boston: Richard G. Badger & Co.)

Sony-Surf. By Cale Young Rice. (Boston: Richard G. Badger & Co.)

A Book of Verses. By Mrs. James Glenny Wilson. (Elliot Stock.)

A SURVEY of the above convoy of poetry which has reached the editorial harbour convinces one that half the

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novices in song sin by vaulting ambition. The most difficult of all poetry is philosophical poetry; yet few of these abstain from essaying it.

A man or woman (perhaps women are the most frequent offenders) has read a poem in which a master endeavours to set forth his theory of life through lyric medium; has admired and must incontinently do likewise. She (let us suppose it "she") by some perversity usually selects racing dactylic hexameters, or some other long and difficult metre demanding mastery in itself. Perhaps this is because Tennyson had a fancy for long and rolling metres in his reflective verse. Having thus handicapped herself at the outset, from the executive standpoint, she proceeds to set forth the average sentimental feminine view of life, interlarded with orts and remainders of philosophy, gleaned from the droppings of fashionable poets in passing through a not over-apprehensive mind. These philosophic fragments are mostly pantheisms or naturalisms —though she would indignantly deny herself pantheist or naturalist — which she works in with the rest, nowise grasping their logical drift. The whole is tricked out in large and vague phrases caught from Tennyson, Swinburne, and the like fountains of accredited poetic diction.

The result is a weariness of the flesh to a perspicuous mind; but it looks so like the real thing, and is so easy to do, that no one of imitative faculty can renounce the doing of it. Nor is it only women. Shallow thought and large ambitions are not confined to either sex. So the semi-philosophic or pseudo-philosophic poem spreads like duckweed on a standing pond.

Happily, along with a good proportion of such futilities, the present batch of verse has a more than usual leavening of quite other work, really meritorious in a minor degree.

It is not long since we reviewed a book by Mr. Aleister Crowley, and mingled blame with praise, like "Crusty Christopher." So we must still do; for *The Mother's Tragedy* treads too hard on the heels of his previous volume for any modification of the qualities we then noted. There is the old vigour and boldness, the sinewy phrase that takes you by the throat (as it were) and throttles the praise out of you; but also is it incompt, wild, shattering of form, unskilful in coherent expression, profuse in awkward and misleading constructions as of old. For many of these poems there is no word but powerful; yet it is (we might almost say) the power of insanity, so little is it under the author's own control, so contorted and spasmodic is it, proceeding by vehement leaps and rushes of speech, abruptly checked by thick and struggling utterance. Often admirable in forceful felicity, it is equally often exasperating by its choked and imperfect expression. Withal there is thought; it is turbid with meaning, only too turbid at many times. Yet this is a fault on the right side. We would rather wrestle with Mr. Crowley's obscurity (and he is often densely, faultily obscure, through trying to say more in a line than he has the gift to say) than wade through the tepid vacuity of most minor verse. The worst of all obscurity is the obscurity of utter nothingness and voluble, brainless platitude. All Mr. Crowley's qualities, for good and evil, are quintessentialised in the opening ode, called "Sin." It deals with the spirit of the heathen and mythologic hell—the place of intense cold and negation of life, the source of lust and death. The poem only too manifestly reveals its own effort; it is often turgid with effort, clumsy with unshapely compression; it is obscure in substance, and frequently still more obscure from broken and disconnected utterance, want of logical grammar—all the faults of those who seek pregnancy without adequate artistic gift. Yet its sheer power contstantly makes way through the dead weight of its defects; while it is throughout grave and dignified. The poet always knows what he is saying, though the reader may often desperately wish that *he* did. It is too long to quote entire; but, at the risk of utter unintelligibility, we venture to cite some stanzas from it:

Ye rivers, and ye elemental caves,
 Above the fountains of the broken ice,
Know ye what dragon lurks within your waves?
 Know ye the secret of the cockatrice?
 The basilisk whose shapeless brood
 Take blood and muck for food?
 The sexless passion, the foul scorpion spawn?
 The witches and the evil-chanting ones
 Who strangle stars and suns,
 Eclipse the moon, and curse against the dawn?
 Know ye the haunts of death?
 The hole that harboureth
 The sickening breath,
 Whence all disease is bred and all corruption drawn?

.

Central, supreme, most formidable Night,
 Gathered its garments, drew itself apart,
Gaunt limbs appear against the coprolite
 Veil of deep agony, display the heart;
 Even as a gloomy sea
 Wherein dead fishes be,
 Poisonous things, nameless; the eightfold Fear,
 Misshapen crab and worm,
 The intolerable sperm,
 Lewd dragons slime-built, stagnant; the foul mere
 Crawled, moved, gave tongue,
 The essential soul of dung
 That lived and stung,
 That spoke—no word that living head may hear.

.

Yet, in the terror of that Breast, abides
 So sweet and deadly a device, a lure
Deep in the blood and poison of her sides,
 Swart, lean, and leprous, that her stings endure.
 Even the soul of grace
 Abideth not her face
 Without vague longing, infinite desire,
 Stronger because suppressed,
 Unto the wide black breast,
 The lips incarnate of blood, flesh, and fire

Mr. Crowley, we may add, frequently expresses things with all his uncompromising completeness, which poetry (to our mind) had better leave unexpressed.

After Mr. Crowley we have a very different class, of which Mr. Madison Cawein is a type, and it is worth noting that they are all American or Colonial. Mr. Cawein dwells altogether on the surface of things, and his strength lies in luxuriant descriptive power. In *Weeds by the Wall* his chief defect is a too dense massing of short, pictorial words, which makes some obstruction in the current of the verse. But his pictorial power is excellent, his scenery is distinctively American, and his descriptions are freshly phrased. Take a stanza or so from "Drouth":

The hot sunflowers by the glaring pike
 Lift shields of sultry brass; the teasel tops,
Pink-thorned, advance with bristling spike on spike
 Against the furious sunlight. Field and copse
 Are sick with summer: now, with breathless stops,
The locusts cymbal; now grasshoppers beat
 Their castanets: and rolled in dust, a team—
 Like some mean life wrapped in its sorry dream—
An empty wagon rattles through the heat.

Where now the blue, blue flags? the flow'rs whose mouths
 Are moist and musty? Where the sweet-breathed mint,
That made the brook-bank herby? Where the South's
 Wild morning glories, rich in hues, that hint
 At coming showers that the rainbows tint?
Where all the blossoms that the wildwood knows?—
 The frail oxalis hidden in its leaves;
 The Indian pipe, pale as a soul that grieves;
The freckled touch-me-not and forest-rose.

.

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No bird is heard; no throat to whistle awake
The sleepy hush; to let its music leak
Fresh, bubble-like, through bloom-roofs of the brake:
Only the green-blue heron, famine-weak,—
Searching the stale pools of the minnowless creek,—
Utters its call; and then the rain-crow, too,
False prophet now, croaks to the stagnant air;
While overhead,—still as if painted there,—
A buzzard hangs, black on the burning blue.

No less admirably painted is "The Tree Toad," and no less American: with many another poem throughout this attractive volume. In *One Day and Another*, however, Mr. Cawein attempts fancy pure and simple, commingled with a light strain of sentiment, in the form of a "lyrical eclogue." But it is in reality only a chain of pretty lyrics: and the author is most successful when he falls back upon the descriptive gift which serves him so well in his other volume. It has not here the advantage of being drawn straight from nature; nevertheless, as an exercise in voluptuous fancy, such stanzas as these have a certain richness, if they lack freshness and originality:

Ten slave-girls—like unto blooms—
Stand, holding tamarisk torches,
Silk-clad from the Trak looms;
Ten handmaidens serve the feast,
Each girl like a star in the East;
Ten lutanists, lutes a-tune,
Wait, each like the Ramadan moon.

For you in a stuff of Merv
Blue-clad, unveiled and jewelled,
No metaphor known may serve:
Scarved deep with your raven hair,
The jewels like fire-flies there,
Blossom and moon and star,
The Lady Shamsennehar.

.

You stand like the letter I;
Dawn-faced, with eyes that sparkle
Black stars in a rosy sky;
Mouth like a cloven peach,
Sweet with your smiling speech;
Cheeks that the blood presumes
To make pomegranate blooms.

And so on, through stanza after stanza of glittering description. Assuredly, in this single gift, Mr. Cawein shows very great promise and no small accomplishment. Of anything more or deeper he, as yet, shows not even the ambition. But one may safely take it that he is young.

Mr. Young Rice's gift is also descriptive, but of a weaker kind. "To the Nightingale" yields fair examples of his quality:

Tho' thou hast never unpent thy pain's delight
Upon these airs, bird of the poet's love,
Yet must I sing of thy singing, for the night
Has poured her jewels into the lap of heaven,
As they who've heard thee say thou pour'st above
The wood such ecstacies as were not given
By Venus' nestling breasts unto the dove.

Often I've watched the moon orb her fair gold
Still clung to by the tattered mists of day,
And look for thee.

Mr. Rice also is American, and these last three volumes make most dainty holiday-poetry, precisely fit to be read in the idle mood when deeper verse would be too strenuous to harmonise with one's lazy luxury. The last two, which belong to the "Lyric Library," have likewise a very dainty *format*, just fitting them for the pocket.

Mrs. Glenny Wilson belongs to our other kindred, the Australians; and hers, too, is the descriptive gift, marked by much eloquence, and a true measure of fancy. Her best poem is, perhaps, "A Dialogue"; but we quote from "A Winter Daybreak," which is of more convenient length.:

The cock crows in the windy winter-morn,
Then must I rise and fling the curtain by,
All dark! but for a strip of fiery sky
Behind the ragged mountains, peaked and torn.
One planet glitters in the icy cold,
Poised like a hawk above the frozen peaks;
And now again the wild nor'-wester speaks,
And bends the cypress, shuddering, to his fold,
While every timber, every casement creaks,
But still the skylarks sing aloud and bold;
The wooded hills arise: the white cascade
Shakes with wild laughter all the silent shadowy glade.

Altogether, this is a batch of minor verse of unusual excellence; and that four of the volumes we have singled for praise should come across the seas is exceedingly creditable to our kinsmen in other lands.

The Mary Mystery.

The Mystery of Mary Stuart. By Andrew Lang. (Longmans. 18s. net.)

A few weeks ago Mr. Samuel Cowan produced two fresh volumes upon the dilemma of Mary and the Casket Letters, and following close upon it Mr. Lang publishes a new and suggestive examination of that very mystery. In the earlier work the fascination of Mary Stuart is never absent from the writer's mind. Mr. Cowan is a fresh and somewhat impulsive champion on the side of the Queen. In the latter we have a careful and, to use Mr. Lang's own descriptive expression, "detective" study of the Darnley murder and the Casket Letters. There is no predominating bias towards the woman. The bias, if any, lies in the engrossing desire at last to get at the truth, and to prove definitely the degree of guilt or innocence. Of the two Mr. Lang's is the more valuable contribution to the subject. The analysis is closer and more shrewd, the manner of statement more weighty. Throughout Mr. Lang quotes the contradictory and confusing reports of both sides, with the result that the average reader is in the end at least clearly conscious of the position in which the case stands. The great difficulty of Mary's life has never been so plainly demonstrated—the fact that in their entirety the reports of neither side are to be credited, her partisans as well as her enemies lying unhesitatingly whenever it suited them. Mr. Lang's volume, of course, does not in any way clear the Mary mystery. In fact, though, on the whole, he is inclined to think the queen guilty of the greater part of the Casket Letters, and of a knowledge, at least, of the plan to do away with Darnley, one of the most valuable things done by his examination is the distinctness with which it demonstrates that the evidence is so far entirely insufficient to justify any definite and impartial verdict. In this new volume the writer is practically like a judge summing up a difficult case for the jury, and refusing to make a guiding emphasis or suggestion. If his leanings are a little towards the prisoner, a strict absorption with justice is stronger still, while stronger than both is the consciousness of presenting evidence rendered practically valueless not only by its interminable contradictions, but by consideration of the extraordinary want of integrity among the witnesses. Mr. Lang's book puts the reader accustomed to dissertations, always with a violent leaning towards one side or the other, in a position of cool and unharassed observance. And the fact that the writer himself, upon a careful consideration of circumstantial evidence, is inclined to consider the chances against Mary's complete innocence is never allowed to become a controlling and vehement persuasion. As regards the letters, from internal evidence he suggests the likelihood of her having written originals used and tampered with by her enemies. But Mr. Lang allows considerable weight at the same time to the circumstance that not only was her writing easy to imitate, but that Lethington, one of those concerned in the production of the letters, had boasted of being able to do so.

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What Mr. Lang has also done in this volume that is valuable and universal is to make careful studies of the principal characters of this sinister and pathetic drama, and to allow for the probable behaviour of temperament. We wish he had carried his investigations as to Mary even further. For, after all, the answer to the dilemma lies secreted in Mary's personality. Moreover, how much or how little Mary wrote of the Casket Letters is of no real historical importance. The sources of the multitudinous volumes on the subject are the incurable attraction of curiosity and the fascination of the woman herself. This is so great that we are surprised how few of her later victims are content to allow her a little wickedness. This is a lack of intuition. For half the influence that holds them engrossed over old MSS. comes from the fact that Mary was deepened by a little human sinfulness; because, above all—and she was a good deal besides—she was a supremely passionate woman, with the gust-like recklessness of all excessively passionate dispositions. Few of her historians, moreover, have allowed for the impossibility of her education and heredity to produce the spiritually *naïve* person Mary must necessarily have been to pass through the Darnley episode alone, knowing nothing of what was to come. She had not been brought up in a spiritual atmosphere—religious is a very different matter. She had not, in fact, breathed a breath of spirituality in her life. From the court of Catherine de Medicis—an influence hardly likely to be small—she passed to an environment cruel and callous to an almost incomparable degree. Also, she fought incessantly, and by no means inadequately, with an enemy cunning as a serpent—her cousin Elizabeth. The woman who could write the letters of Mary to the latter was not a simple woman. She was an intelligence of an inexhaustible subtlety. A study of Mary's correspondence reveals more than appears on the surface. Her letters exhibit a curious mixture of caution, tact, diplomacy, and an occasional impulsive transparency. Like everything about her, they are tantalising and inconclusive.

As regards the question of the Bothwell marriage, we are inclined to think that still more is necessary to render comprehensible the extraordinary folly of it. Remorse only does not account for Mary's demeanour upon her wedding-day, and remorse does not in any way account for her instant quarrels with Bothwell. Mr. Lang's suggestion that the passion was largely upon her side does plausibly explain a good deal; but when every hypothesis has been weighed, the Bothwell marriage still remains the most inscrutable of Mary's actions. We are inclined to fancy that she had not reckoned, when she connived at the removal (if she did do so) of the wearying Darnley, what a tool in the hands of the others in the business it would make of her. But from the day of Darnley's murder she was a creature pressed on every side by various dangers. What refuge she thought she saw in a union with this one strong and "masterful" man, or what safeguard from her supreme dread—a trial for murder—we are not prepared to say; but there is a probability, at any rate, that something besides passion helped to bring about the fatal error of their marriage.

In an estimation of Mary also the lasting devotion of her servants is frequently given an inadequate significance. A woman thoroughly corrupt behind a surface fascination could never have retained such permanent loyalty among those intimately surrounding her. Once again, therefore, we are driven to the same conclusion, that she was a personality of many enchantments, and that practically that is nearly all we know about her character.

One minor point dwelt upon by Mr. Lang, and that is not usually realised, is the fact that the Scotch punishment of husband murder was at that time burning at the stake, and that Mary was, and knew herself to be so, in actual danger of the "fiery death." Her dreams at Loch Leven were full of this flaming torture. No degree of courage can lessen the agony of such a terror.

A Conceited Clerk.

Selections from the Works of Fourier. Translated by Julia Franklin. (Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.)

FOURIER? Yes, of course. So vaguely will the name of this curious little Frenchman be accepted. For everyone who writes of communism alludes to Fourier, and not one student of social science in a hundred knows anything but the name of the ordinary man who wrote such extraordinary things. For in outward aspect Fourier seems to have been ordinary enough. A clerk in the cloth houses of Lyons and Paris, with no chance for study but in snatched visits to reading-rooms, he lived and died poor, and made no profit on the volumes he published and the piles of manuscript he left behind him. But this little French clerk, caught up in the intellectual swirl of the Revolution, this conceited little crank who set out to reform the world during his leisure moments in his bachelor apartment, has had a wonderful influence on every generation which in the last century has tried to combat the horrors of civilisation. For there was method in the Fourier madness, though it was no surface method, and his published works, in which he scatters his ideas without order or cohesion, are impossible for the ordinary reader. All the more welcome is this selection from Fourier's works, prefaced by Mr. Charles Gide's concise and lucid introduction. There is plenty of material for laughter in these selections, and plenty for reflection.

It was an apple which first showed Fourier the great law of attraction in the spiritual world, as it was an apple which woke Newton to a recognition of a similar law in the physical world. Fourier himself points to the coincidence. The apple ("which is worthy of fame," he says) cost fourteen sous at Février's restaurant in Paris, whereas Fourier had just come from a district where a hundred better apples could be bought for the same price. He suspected something wrong in the social organism, and looked for it. On reflection he remembered that the apple had played leading parts in other famous dramas—the Fall and the Trojan War, to wit, and this insistence on the four famous apples is very characteristic of Fourier's conception of himself. What then was wrong with the social organism? Well, it was wrong from beginning to end. It rested on a basis of force—soldiers, policemen, judges and gaolers—or of useless fraud—middlemen, financiers and the rest. God has given us passions. (Fourier was a most godly man.) Passion lies at the root of human nature. So Fourier tried to build up society on a basis of passion, which, in its wider meaning, is merely the principle of attraction. Lest this basis should be misunderstood it is as well to remind you that Fourier, in his "table of non-productives in civilisation" classes women under the heading of "domestic parasites." Like Schopenhauer, he was a bachelor, and his state is evident in his system. Here is an illuminating passage:

> The learned world is wholly imbued with a doctrine termed morality, which is a mortal enemy of passional attraction. Morality teaches man to be at war with himself, to resist his passions, to repress them, to believe that God was incapable of organising our souls, our passions, wisely; that He needed the teachings of Plato and Seneca in order to know how to distribute characteristics and instincts. . . . It is true that these impulses entice us only to evil, if we yield to them individually; but we must calculate their effect upon a body of about two thousand persons socially combined.

And Fourier's world would consist of groups of people whose social bond, so far as one can gather from his scattered maxims and elaborate details, would be that of attraction. No strikes, no cracking of skulls, no revolution, even, to bring about the new order. Only the gradual admission of the human race that each is quite willing to do as he likes.

But, then, who will do the dirty work? Who will be attracted—for attraction is the thing—to the sweeping of crossings and the scouring of plates? Surely it is only

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necessity that drives to such offices. Here Fourier is at his maddest, and almost completes the circle to sanity. No one shall scour plates all day. There shall be no scullery-maid in the basement of the Carlton Hotel who does not know the joys of the restaurant table (for we all live in phalansteries under the Fourier management). There are unpleasant jobs, but there are plenty of people who like unpleasant jobs as a change—and Fourier sees that it is monotony that kills. Do not many men scorn delights and live a few laborious days in exploring unknown countries? Do not many women forsake the comforts of home to face the weather on the golf links or the yacht! Unpleasant jobs are a joy as a change, and are hated only when they must be continued hour after hour and month after month with no prospect of change. Even golf would pall if one had to play it for ten hours a day year in and year out. And there might come a time when dukes, weary of ducal amusements, would gladly take a turn in the stoke-hole of a P. & O. boat in the Red Sea; and when a duchess, instead of dining at Prince's, would run downstairs and wash up the dishes for fun. But, the worst of it, one could never be sure that a duchess, on any given evening, would be in the humour for such fun. A captain of a P. & O., at a pinch, could order a duke into the stoke-hole, and clap him in irons if he objected. But the manager of Prince's has no such authority to send a duchess to the scullery. And that is where Fourier's scheme breaks down in practice, as has been proved once and again. For it has been tried here and there—the small community, the phalanstery, the do-as-you-please system. All the world should remember Brook Farm, which gathered in Hawthorn and inspired him. But six years is the limit of the lasting of these experiments. Nevertheless, Fourier, the crank, is not done with yet. His doctrine of doing as you please is nothing new—the life according to nature, it was called centuries ago. And we have always those among us who look back to the simpler life. But who is to stop the clock and turn the hands back to the early reckoning? Who is to persuade the whole world that work is fun? Fourier has had the best part of a century, and we have got no further than some co-operative societies and a few big hotels—which do not call themselves phalansteries.

Other New Books.

LE MOUVEMENT LITTÉRAIRE CONTEMPORAIN. PAR GEORGES PELLISSIER.

Those who wish to know what to read, and how to "place" what they read in contemporary French literature, will find a safe guide in M. Pellissier. He is not exactly a critic of the first brilliance—not a Sainte-Beuve or an Anatole France; but he is a student and a thinker, his literary taste is good, and he has succeeded in giving a philosophic unity to his treatment of a subject which might very easily have been handled scrappily.

The book deals almost wholly with what may be called post-naturalistic literature — the literature of the reaction from naturalism, intending by that term, as M. Pellissier is careful to insist, only "doctrinaire and scholastic naturalism," and by no means the "sane, honest, courageous art which endeavours to render nature as truthfully as possible." Beyond this negative unity, the formula of the age appears to M. Pellissier to be individualism. There are no schools of any significance. Each of the writers who really count is endeavouring to see for himself and to find expression for what he sees in independence of a tradition. And, after all, the revolters against naturalism are only carrying a stage further the better part of the doctrines of naturalism itself by applying to the study of the inner life that sincerity of observation which their predecessors directed predominantly to the study of external circumstance. M. Pellissier develops his theme through five chapters, dealing respectively with the novel, the stage, poetry, criticism, and history. Except in history, which lags behind the general course of literary evolution, he finds the triumph of individualism everywhere. Some further conception of his scope may be gathered from a list of the writers discussed in two of the chapters. The novelists are, besides MM. Zola, Flaubert, Maupassant, and Fabre, who stand for the realism of yesterday, MM. Huysmans, Rod, Rosny, Margueritte, France, Loti, Bourget, Hervieu, Adam, Prévost, Barrès, Capus, Estaunié, Pouvillon, Theuriet, and Bazin. In poetry, M. Pellissier finds in "Les Trophées" of M. de Heredia the culminating point of Parnassianism, which, in the hard brilliancy of its outlook upon the superficial aspect of things, is the poetic counterpart of prose naturalism. And, as types of the reaction, he studies MM. Mallarmé, Verlaine, Henri de Regnier, Albert Samain, André Rivoire, Fernand Gregh, Jean Moréas, Vielé-Griffin, Rodenbach, Verhaeren, Maurice Bouchor—impressionists and individualists to a man. (Hachette.)

THE LAST OF THE MASAI. BY MR. AND MRS. HINDE.

Since the publication of Joseph Thomson's *Through Masailand*, in 1884, hardly any information has been forthcoming concerning the great East African warrior tribe, the Masai. Mr. Hinde, who is H.M. Collector, British East Africa Protectorate, has, of course, unusual opportunities of studying this fine race, which until quite lately lived apart from even the neighbouring African tribes, and had a reputation for fighting equalled only by the Zulus. The Masai seldom came into contact with the Imperial British East Africa Company, as they are not a trading race; and in the early 'nineties, after the death of their great Sultan Batian, they became greatly weakened, owing to a severe small-pox epidemic, inter-tribal conflicts between the two sons of Batian, and the rinderpest, which carried off most of their cattle. In 1893, after a battle of several days' duration between two divisions of the Masai, headed by Lenana and Sendeyo, the sons of Batian, the losing party, that of Sendeyo, appealed to the Company's agent at Fort Smith for protection. It was first with, and eventually through, this faction, which was composed of sections of various clans, that the white man's influence was brought to bear upon the whole Masai people. Mr. Hinde was greatly impressed with the fine physique, manly bearing, and response to discipline of the Masai, and lost no opportunity of studying the people. The power of the nation is now broken; but by the title, *The Last of the Masai*, Mr. Hinde does not mean the last individuals of the race, but rather the last of the rapidly decreasing band of pure blood, whose tendencies, traditions, customs, and beliefs, remain uncontaminated by admixture with Bantu elements and contact with civilisation. Mr. Hinde, with the help of his wife, deals with the Masai royal house, the women, industries, villages, customs, and other characteristics of the Masai, and in the second part of his book gives some field notes on the game of East Africa, which will be of the greatest value to sportsmen. The work is a most admirable contribution to African ethnology, and is well illustrated with excellent photographs of the people; but a good map is a great desideratum. The photographs of game are also first-rate, and the book appeals to the sportsman no less than to the student of African races and customs. (Heinemann. 15s. net.)

THE CRIMINAL. BY HAVELOCK ELLIS.

The study of criminology, founded by Lambroso, is advancing so rapidly that Mr. Havelock Ellis's third edition of *The Criminal* differs from its predecessors by important additions and subtraction of matter.

Mr. Ellis admits that while in his first edition he was able to give a fairly complete summary of the subject

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as it then stood, that is now impossible. He mentions, however, some of the more prominent recent contributions to the science. Italy still produces remarkable work in this field, as witness the books of Profs. Ferri and Maro. In France, Germany, and the United States remarkable work is also being done. Here, as in too many fields, we find ourselves outdistanced. Mr. Ellis thinks we are far behind these countries in the study of criminal anthropology, and points out that Great Britain is the only European country of standing which possesses no journal mainly devoted to the subject. It may be well to state the questions to which Mr. Havelock Ellis, in common with all earnest followers of criminological inquiry, is trying to obtain sound answers. They are these: "What is a criminal? Is he—according to the old legal assumption on which our criminal law is still mainly built up—a normal person who has wilfully committed an abnormal act? Is he victim of acquired disease, such as some form of epilepsy? Is he an atavistic reappearance of the savage in modern society? Is he a 'degenerate'? What is the 'criminal type'?" Mr. Ellis's own answers to these extremely difficult questions are searching, but cautious. The phrase "moral hospital" crystallises his matured judgment, as far as it is formed, on the proper treatment of the criminal. To that goal we seem to be surely moving, and the present activity in backward England in the moral-hospital treatment of habitual drunkards, is sure ere long to be matched, under legal authority, in some criminal directions—as already at Bedford, where we have a prison for boy felons worked on enlightened principles. At present, the high-tide mark of reform is found in the State Reformatory of New York at Elmira, where the indefinite sentence, with its possibilities of justice and encouragement to the prisoner, is in force. The prisoners are all felons who have not committed felony before, though they may have been in prison for misdemeanour. Under this conception of the indeterminate sentence, the whole treatment of the prisoner undergoes a natural change and alleviation. The "moral-hospital" idea is involved in this one feature, and the corollaries and results are, in the case of young criminals, those we should expect.

By the way, some book-collector may be able to help Mr. Ellis in a little matter. He greatly wishes to obtain Parts II. and III of Bragg's *Confessions of a Thief*, published, we believe, in Sydney, New South Wales. "A document of great psychological interest," says Mr. Ellis, whose appetite has been whetted by a perusal of the first part. (Walter Scott. 6s.)

BRITISH GOTHENBURG EXPERIMENTS.
BY ROWNTREE AND SHERWELL.

It is now little more than two years ago that Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell published their book on *The Temperance Problem and Social Reform*. The reception of that exhaustive analysis has led to the recognition of its authors as the first authorities on the subject; and there can be no doubt that the formation of Public House Trust Companies, under the leadership of Earl Grey, and the rapid extension of the People's Refreshment-House Association, may be, in no small degree, attributed to the influence of Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's book. Their new volume, therefore, derives particular interest from the fact that the writers are now able to criticise the recent experiments in temperance reform, and to tell us how far, in their opinion, these experiments have been carried out on the principles laid down in their larger work.

While welcoming the recent attempts to deal with the drink problem by voluntary effort, the writers reaffirm their conviction that no complete solution is possible without a State-conferred monopoly upon companies having no interest in the profits. They maintain, moreover, that "the chief test of any scheme of temperance reform is its ability to bring about a substantial reduction in the national consumption of alcohol," and that the policy of the public-house trusts, while tending to more efficient management, and to a less degrading environment, does not satisfy them on this point. The controversial part of the book will probably be found in their continued emphasis on the necessity of separating the public-house, as a place where intoxicants are sold, from the people's club. They will admit of no "adventitious attraction"—however harmless, or, indeed, useful in itself—in connection with a public-house, and insist throughout on the dual Scandinavian system. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.)

WE have made no calculations, but we should not be surprised to learn that the poet of the "greatest number of lines" in the nineteenth century was Mr. Robert Buchanan. This idea is suggested by the two-volume edition of his "Complete Poetical Works," just issued in admirable style by Messrs. Chatto & Windus at twelve shillings. To each volume a portrait is prefixed. There is no introduction. The poems are arranged in chronological order, and in appropriate sets as they were originally issued in smaller volumes. One cannot but feel sorry that this presentment of the entire poetical work of a poet so vexed, vigilant, and industrious is posthumous. Peace be to the ashes in which this "Last Cry" seems still to live:

> Forget me not, but come, O King,
> And find me softly slumbering
> In dark and troubled dreams of Thee,
> Then, with one waft of Thy bright wing
> Awaken me!

Messrs. Cassell's new serial enterprise, *Living London*, promises well. It will consist of expert sketches of all phases of London life, and the whole is under the editorship of Mr. George R. Sims. The first sixpenny monthly part contains his general introduction, and among other interesting matter a chapter by Mr. W. Pett Ridge, called "London Awakes": a sketch of London barrack life, by Major Arthur Griffiths; "Marrying London," by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes; and "At the Front Door," by Mr. Sims. The illustrations, whether photographic or manual, are excellent.

"The revival of Church Needlework, and its consequent use in most of the churches of our land—a revival largely brought about by the effect of the Oxford Movement, and one which has grown with our Church growth—has brought strongly to the fore, in this our twentieth century, the need of a plain, practical handbook." In *English Church Needlework* Mrs. Maud R. Hall has endeavoured to supply the need she describes. Mr. Grant Richards has given her a broad page, excellent type, and a great many delicate illustrations. There is little doubt that the book will be useful, "in this our twentieth century." We hope that our proprietorship in the twentieth century may now be considered as a fact which does not call for further statement.

The Heart of Midlothian, in two volumes, can now be ranged with the other Waverley novels issued in their "Edinburgh" edition by Messrs. Jack. The frontispiece portraits are those of John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, and Queen Caroline.

To Messrs. Horace Marshall's series of "Present Day Preachers" are added *The Soul's Ascent*, by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, and *The Trinity*, by the Rev. R. F. Horton. These volumes are handsomely produced, and should please at least two congregations.

The Religious Tract Society has issued "in permanent library form," without illustrations, the late Dr. Creighton's well-known work, *The Story of Some English Shires*. The *édition de luxe* and the illustrated quarto in which the book first appeared were sold out immediately after publication.

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Fiction.

"My First Book."

The Potter and the Clay. By Maud Howard Peterson. (Hodder. 6s.)

The Work of His Hands. By Chris Healy. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

In pursuance of our custom of dealing specially, from time to time, with the work of quite new novelists, we now venture to examine the achievement and the promise of Miss Peterson and Mr. Healy. The lady's book has been put forward by its sponsors as a novel likely to create an impression—in other words, likely to sell. We think the prophecy will be justified. *The Potter and the Clay* shows but little sign of the beginner's hand. It is the production of a craftswoman who has not practised on a long-suffering public, but who has learned or divined the secrets of her trade before sending anything to market. In merely technical respects, *The Potter and the Clay* is good. Miss Peterson has set out to be a popular writer, and, unless something abnormal happens, a popular writer she will be. She is destined for success. But her book cannot be praised for its artistic excellence. She calls it "a romance of to-day." It is a romance of the "Never-was-and-never-will-be"—a narrative of those wonderful and pleasing events that occur in the wonderful and pleasing universe of fiction—and there only. It begins with two small boys and a smaller girl, who steal a boat and go out to sea. It was inevitable that the oars should be lost; the oars are lost. It was inevitable that a storm should arise; a storm does arise. It was inevitable that that one or both of the boys by some heroic action should save the girl. By an ingenious arrangement, Miss Peterson makes A save the girl from a watery grave, and B save her from the effects of a pneumonia which has baffled a skilled doctor. It was inevitable that both boys should fall violently in love with that particular girl; this also happens. Adolescent, both boys find themselves on the same station in India. A is appointed to a dangerous enterprise; lest he may die and lose his beloved, he shoots himself in the hand so that he cannot go. B has to go in his stead; B is wounded but recovers, and the girl returns B's passion. A in self-disgust leaves the army. Morally, he is ruined. It is inevitable that he should die; in real life he would take to drink, and live to advanced middle age; but in fiction he must die young, for, after all, he is a sympathetic character. When cholera breaks out in India, he flies thither to fight the plague. This is his way of suicide, and it is effective.

The Potter and the Clay is a novel wherein ladies remark: "We are all alike—we women, be we American or English"; wherein boys of fourteen plead thus to be let into the house where a sick girl lies—"You couldn't slip me in, somehow? I'd stay downstairs, and I'd be awfully quiet, and I wouldn't trouble a soul. There might be errands, I'd like to be near her"; wherein the heroine, not pretty, is possessed of that well-tried attribute, "an indefinable magnetism"; wherein the lover says to his lass: "Do you know what it is to hold a man's soul in your hands?" and writes to her: "I love you more than an English officer should"; and, lastly, wherein the lover and his lass "felt the tide creeping around their feet, and it came up almost to the woman's knees"—we know the rest.

There is no trace of originality, either of imagination or of observation, in the entire book. But it is a very neat concoction; homogeneous throughout, and true to the immutable laws of the fiction universe, except at the critical "situation" where A, torn betwixt love and duty, shoots his hand. A would never have done that. We congratulate Miss Peterson on her immediate and certain prospect of popularity.

Mr. Healy's book is inferior. Mr. Healy makes the mistake of inveighing against the flagrant injustice of the real universe, while reciting events of the fiction universe. His hero is one of our very oldest friends—the "tall, well-built fellow, with raven black hair and dark, dreamy eyes, which were changeful in expression as an April sky, one moment gleaming with sunshine and laughter, the next clouded with shadowy melancholy." Alas! the "humorous mouth had a cynical curve." Alas! "the strong, stubborn jaw betrayed a fierce obstinacy, which brooked no obstacle to even a passing whim." Our old friend invariably plays the fiddle. For Mr. Healy he kindly "*dashed* into the wild, pathetic Funeral March of Chopin"—an extraordinary feat: and even more extraordinary that his instrument, the violin, "rang *like a trumpet*. . . . As the last echo died away, a yell of applause followed." Certainly it did. Our old friend invariably gets into trouble with a woman—often with several. Here, the first of them "was dressed in a soft, white, clinging gown, not unlike the Greek drapery which . . . Phidian Pallas." Just so, and always so! Mr. Healy's account of the costume is exact. The tale is really concerned with the dreamy-eyed fiddler's relations with his women (one of whom he regrettably seduced); but Mr. Healy seems to have tried to give it a socialistic significance. In this attempt he stultifies himself, and injures the chance of popularity. But he has a fluent pen, a rare grasp of the fiction universe, and there is no apparent reason why, if he avoids "views" of a Hyde Park tinge, and sticks to sentimentality, he should not soon "arrive" somewhat in the brilliant manner of Miss Peterson.

The Triumph of Hilary Blachland. By Bertram Mitford. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

Mr. Mitford takes us to South Africa again, and introduces us to English settlers and that remarkable monarch Lo Bengula. The book is distinctly above the average of its kind, for, although it is full of apparent improbabilities, they are such as not infrequently occur in such communities; also, the people are alive, particularly the worthless woman who drifts from protector to protector. One episode—Blachland's visit to the grave of Umzilikazi, which is protected by the king's snake—is rather dragged in by the heels, for nothing comes of it, not even much of a thrill to the reader. There is another incident, the threadbare one of the rescue of a man by a friend whom he has wronged, which, although deftly enough managed, is too commonplace for fiction of this kind. Otherwise we like the book; it has a frank, natural air about it which is distinctly pleasing; we do not even find ourselves annoyed by the queer English which Mr. Mitford sometimes writes. Perhaps if it were more perfect in manner, the matter would strike us as less convincing.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

Tales of Dunstable Weir. By "Zack."

Seven dialect stories by the author of *Life is Life*. They are written in the first person by a native, and are concerned with the homely, shrewd men and women of the soil with whom Miss Keats is in strong sympathy. The dialect runs through all the stories. "'Why don't 'ee pake droo, Noll Oliver,' her asked, 'the zame as you've been wont to these five years and more.'" (Methuen. 6s.)

The Embarrassing Orphan. By W. E. Norris.

Another of Mr. Norris's leisurely upper-class domestic stories. The scene is laid in London, at Windsor, at Dartmouth, and on an island in the Mediterranean. The story is told by an elderly gentleman, who finds himself, somewhat against his will, in the position of guardian to an orphan.

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"What strikes me most forcibly," says the elderly narrator, "is the very scanty recognition which has been accorded to my part in the little domestic drama of which I am about to treat." (Methuen. 6s.)

THE CAVALIER. BY G. W. CABLE.

Mr. Cable fought in the American Civil War, and in this novel he goes back to those stirring days. "Our camp was in the heart of the Copiah country, Mississippi. . . . Austin's brigade we were, a detached body of mixed Louisiana and Mississippi cavalry, getting our breath again after two weeks' hard fighting of Grant. . . . We had paused to recuperate our animals, and there was a rumour that we were to get new clothing." (Murray. 6s.)

D'RI AND I. BY IRVING BACHELOR.

By the author of *Eben Holden*. The sub-title is "A Tale of Daring Deeds in the Second War with the British," and the purpose of the tale "is to extend acquaintance with the plain people who sweat and bled and limped and died for this Republic of ours. Darius, or 'D'ri,' as the woods folk called him, was a pure-bred Yankee, quaint, rugged, wise, truthful; Ramon had the hardy traits of a Puritan father, softened by the more romantic temperament of a French mother. They had no more love of fighting than they had need of it." (Richards. 6s.)

GILLETTE'S MARRIAGE. BY MAMIE BOWLES.

The history of an unsuccessful marriage. The man was poor, something of an invalid, and without any trace of nobility of character. He loved one woman; but, as she possessed but few of the world's goods, he married Gillette. The result is misery. The method of escape from the misery is original. The unhappy wife is excellently drawn; indeed, the characterisation is good throughout, which was to be expected from the author of *Charlotte Leyland*. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE OLD KNOWLEDGE. BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

Mr. Gwynn's second novel. The "old knowledge" may be described as the folk-beliefs of the peasants of Donegal, where the scene is laid. Thither goes an English girl to live alone in a cottage. Two men fall in love with her, one being "a peasant, but a man of rare gifts, a visionary, who paints his own visions." "Is it so hard to be alone?" she said. "Before I knew you—were you unhappy?" "I was happy," he answered, "like the cattle in the fields." (Macmillan. 6s.)

A FOOL'S YEAR. BY E. H. COOPER.

The sporting author of *Mr. Blake of Newmarket* once more takes us to the turf. We open the book at random, and such phrases as "The Duke of Dorset's colt," the "Two Thousand Guineas," "beating the favourite by two lengths," catch the eye. The chief characters are an American owner of racehorses in England, who cannot understand that he may not bribe English jockeys, and a penniless young Englishman, who first accepts a large bribe to be silent about one of these transactions, and then repents and confesses. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE GLOWWORM. BY MAY BATEMAN.

. . . "Whose glowworm light, which points the way, suffices." A study of the development of a woman's character from childhood till she meets death (it was necessary) at the hands of an old lover. The incidents of Asenath's life are her career as a successful novelist, and her unsuccessful marriage. The military element is strong. Her husband, her old lover, her father, were soldiers. "The incident of the march to Myitu," we are told in a note, "is drawn from life, merely because real acts of valour invariably surpass those of imagination." (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE WEALTH OF MALLERSTANG. BY ALGERNON GISSING.

"An Upland Tale" of north-country people. It opens well with the ride of Mr. Thorpe from York to Carlisle. He "always rode on horseback by the dales instead of taking the coach." As Mr. Thorpe was preparing to start a parcel was placed in his hands. "The string was cut, and a quarto volume unfolded, bound in grey cardboard, with rough untrimmed edges to the pages and a snow-white label on the back. The title was *Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field*, in six cantos, by Walter Scott." (Chatto. 6s.)

IN SPITE OF ALL. BY EDNA LYALL.

Historical. "It was in the spring of 1640, just when King Charles had dissolved the Short Parliament, after its three weeks' existence, that Hilary made a discovery." At the end of this long and conscientious novel Miss Lyall gives a list of the books to which she is indebted. For example: "For the sketch of Lord Falkland's character the books were Gardiner's *History of the Great Civil War*, Tulloch's *Rational Theology in the Seventeenth Century*, *History of the Falklands*, Falkland's *Discourse on Infallibility*," &c., &c. (Hurst & Blacket. 6s.)

THE LOVER'S PROGRESS.

Told by himself, and dedicated to "all who love." We extract a few sentences from the "Proem": "I had never sought for money, unless it were to dower the loved one." . . . "For years my life had been romance—real romance, in the midst of the work-a-day nineteenth century. . ." "If after reflection I have penned my narrative in the form of a novel, it is because at the present time a novel has at least a chance of being read. . . ." On the cover struts a young woman in a picture hat and a zebra-striped dress. (Chatto. 6s.)

A MAN OF DEVON. BY JOHN SINJOHN.

It might have been as well to state that this volume contains four stories. "A Man from Devon" fills 108 pages. The other stories are called "The Salvation of Swithin Forsyte," "The Silence," and "A Knight," which opens at Monte Carlo. (Blackwood. 6s.)

MR. ELLIOTT. BY J. O. FORD.

The cover shows three factory chimneys emitting clouds of dense smoke, and the story tells of life in and around a manufacturing town. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott had risen in the world, but they still "belonged to that section of society which never lights the drawing-room fire in the morning, not from intelligible reasons of economy, but because the possession of a best parlour is indispensable to happiness." A strike forms a central incident of the story. (Arnold. 6s.)

THE AMBASSADOR'S ADVENTURE. BY ALLEN UPWARD.

Here, as in *Secrets of the Courts of Europe*, Mr. Upward is the intimate of ambassadors and such people. The present sensational but not overwritten work, which may be popular with the younger generation, tells of "an underground struggle, in which a romantic part was played by some personages of European importance." (Cassell. 6s.)

We have also received: *Antonia*, by Jessie Van Zile Belden (Murray); *The Greatest of These*, by Helen Wallace (Hodder, 6s.); *Reversed on Appeal*, by John Ross (Kegan Paul, 6s.); *The Bettaley Jewels*, by E. M. C. Balfour-Browne (Arnold, 6s.); *The Comedy of a Suburban Chapel*, by J. F. Causton (Hutchinson, 6s.); *Willowdene Will*, by Halliwell Sutcliffe (Pearson, 6s.); *Dross*, by Harold Tremayne (Treharne, 6s.); *Anne Scarlet*, by W. Imlay Taylor (McClurg & Co.); *Maggie McLanehan*, by Gulielma Zollinger (McClurg & Co.); *The Lovely Mrs. Pemberton*, by Florence Warden (John Long, 6s.); *The Real Christian*, by Lucas Cleeve (Long, 6s.); *In the Blood*, by W. S. Walker (Long, 6s.).

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Words: Some True and False Uses.

THESE are days in which words are being put to an infinite number of small and momentary uses, but are being poured into few great literary moulds. The wear and tear of the language is serious, and it behoves us to repair all ravages and errors with the diligence of spiders. Fortunately, there are willing minds for such work. Books having for their aim the rectification of speech have been common of late years, and have rarely escaped attention. One such is before us. In *Word and Phrase: True and False Use in English* (McClurg, Chicago), Mr. Joseph Fitzgerald essays, not without ability, to set the scribbler right. Mr. Fitzgerald's formal qualifications are less important than those which declare themselves in his well-wrought pages, but he tells us that the words and misuses of words with which he deals suggested themselves to him "during the years that he was assistant editor of the *North American Review* and *Forum*." Oddly enough, in stating this qualification, Mr. Fitzgerald himself falls—as we think—into verbal error, such error as any practised writer may not hope to avoid entirely. "The years that he was assistant editor." What of the "that" in this phrase? We do not think that it can be made to do duty for "when," "in which," or "during which." It is a small matter, and we only mention it to show that in this department of sin, as in others more serious, the serpent is more subtil than any beast of the field. The best of us may fall, and we do.

For this very reason, and because our space suggests it, we shall confine ourselves to Mr. Fitzgerald's chapter on "Ignorantisms in Words and Phrases." By ignorantisms Mr. Fitzgerald means the solecisms of persons who are presumed to be educated, and not the vulgarisms of the uneducated. Surely the two designations might be interchanged with a gain rather than a loss of appropriateness. The mistakes which Mr. Fitzgerald proceeds to point out are of the nature of lapses, and seem more allied to vulgarisms than to ignorance. But there, Mr. Fitzgerald does excellent service, and we shall run through his more interesting criticisms with a light pen.

We are glad that he condemns the quite incorrect word caption, used, as it frequently is in American papers, in the sense of heading or title. A New York paper was good enough to congratulate us recently on an article in which it said the writer had maintained the promise held out in his ingenious "caption." The word caption has nothing to do with *caput* or *capitulum*, but is a derivation of *captio*, meaning to seize. It carries a secondary meaning of seizure by fraud or deceit, as when Lord Bacon wrote in the *Advancement of Learning*: "It is manifest that the use of this doctrine is for caption and contradiction." Yet in America they talk of the caption of Genesis I., or of an article under the caption of "A New Force in Politics." And dictionaries calmly record this meaning without protest. It cannot, however, be too clearly understood that a dictionary is no infallible court of appeal in such matters. Most dictionaries record all meanings as they find them, good and bad. Nor is a standard author the umpire in a question of the use or misuse of a word. The public mind is quite at sea in its methods of solving such doubts. A man has written a word or phrase of which the correctness is disputed. To defend himself he flies to the dictionary, and shows you with triumph the definition he has adopted. You refuse the appeal, and he rushes to Shakespeare or Addison, and again returns in a triumphant, not to say scornful, mood. But his defence is not necessarily good, even now. The appeal to logic is higher, and even then there is the appeal to taste—the taste not of past ages, but of the age we live in. We are no more to take a bad phrase from Shakespeare than we are to eat our food with our fingers, as probably Shakespeare did. His sanction for the misuse of a decent word is no more valid than his sanction for the correct use of an obscene word.

Taking Mr. Fitzgerald's little homilies as they come, we approve his remarks on the word tantalize, which does not mean, as many seem to think, to tease or worry in any and every way, but only by presenting something that is desired and then frustrating the attempt to possess it. The word is a crystallisation of the story of Tantalus, who perished of hunger, with fruit hung just above him, and of thirst, with water round his neck. The word is correctly used by Dryden in

> Thy vain desires, at strife
> Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy life.

And by Thackeray in *Vanity Fair*:

> The major was going on in his tantalizing way, not proposing, and declining to fall in love.

The distinction between trivial and trifling is often lost. Trivial is an abstract quality. A book may be trivial, its sales trifling. The word fruition has for a long time been losing its special and delicate meaning by being employed to denote fruit, fruitage, or the process of bearing fruit. "When the scheme comes to fruition" is a common phrase which ought not to pass. Mr. Plowden used the word rightly the other day when a man pleaded that he had got drunk because he had just obtained work which he was anxious to take up immediately. He had laid bricks, he said, since he was a child, and wished to go to work. Mr. Plowden humorously told him to go and lay bricks as fast as he could; he would not stand between him and the fruition of his dearest hopes. Here fruition means the enjoyment of fruit. In like manner Sir Thomas Browne wrote: "Let the fruition of things bless the possession of them." It is perhaps unnecessary to gird again at the use of the word phenomenon in the meaning of something remarkable. A phenomenon is simply an appearance, or a condition realised by the senses. Mr. Fitzgerald suggests the following explanation of the original perversion of this word:

> One can hardly be in error in tracing the vulgar meaning of the word to the lecture hall in which the man of science, or the populariser of scientific knowledge, would announce beforehand one of his experiments by saying: "The phenomenon you are now to see," &c.; and as the ignorant audience would the next moment see some striking effects of mixture of chemicals, or some strange electrical action, they would naturally suppose that "phenomenon" meant "scientific miracle." Some good writers have employed the word in this vulgar sense; but that, fortunately, has not availed to consecrate the vulgar usage.

The word refer is being overworked, and in many cases should be relieved by words like mention, recite, tell, or recount. Moreover, both refer and allude are frequently employed when the conditions under which they are admissible have been altogether overshot. Thus, if in a business letter or agreement a house or horse is fully described, and is the very subject of the agreement, it becomes wrong to speak of it in a final clause as the house or horse "here referred to," since this word is properly appli-

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cable only to something which has received no more than a passing or incidental mention.

Extra is an abused word. People say extra good or extra cheap in order to intensify good and cheap. But extra has no such force. So far from intensifying a given condition, it denies it by indicating that the thing so described lies outside the sphere or quality named. Thus extra-judicial does not mean more than ordinarily judicial, as though a judge had dredged his conscience in giving an opinion, but outside of judicial, and therefore incapable of being judged at all in the prescribed way.

A grievous fault is the use of identify in a phrase like this: "He is identified with the anti-vaccination movement." A man can only identify himself with another man or set of men. He can identify himself with the opponents of vaccination, and even here the word carries a shade of meaning of its own, distinguishing the phrase from such a one as "he joined the opponents of vaccination."

One should not speak of high or low calibre, but, remembering the meaning of calibre, one should apply to it only such adjectives as great or small.

It is wrong to speak of a consensus of opinion. The word consensus itself means an agreement of thought, and should stand alone.

Misconceived uses of the verb "to place" are many. It should usually be reserved for cases in which an actual enclosing and conditioning place is contemplated. You may place a bust in a niche, or your son in a school. But you should not "place" your hand on your heart, or even bait in a trap. The words put and set seem to be shunned as vulgar, but, as Mr. Fitzgerald says, this notion is held only by people who suspect the respectability of little and big, for which they must always use small and large.

To foreshadow is not the same as to predict. One event may foreshadow another, or one condition another, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot foreshadow a surplus. The word exhaustive is certainly the "wild exaggeration" which Mr. Fitzgerald calls it. Journalists will even write that So-and-so has an exhaustive knowledge of China—a country of which no thorough knowledge exists in a Western mind. On the hysterical use of the word tremendous Mr. Fitzgerald is interesting. He traces it to the frequent chanting in old funeral services of the "Dies Iræ," with its *Rex tremendæ majestatis*. Consternation is often misapplied. When Queen Victoria died it was reported that consternation reigned in Vienna. There was no consternation even at Osborne.

We think that Mr. Fitzgerald goes too far when he objects to the word co-respondent on the ground that inasmuch as the paramour of a wife charged with adultery is not legally a party to the case therefore there can be only one respondent, the wife. But the moral and actual position is such that the word is highly convenient if not inevitable. Mr. Fitzgerald suggests no substitute.

Did space permit we would consider a few words not dealt with by Mr. Fitzgerald—words which have been fashionable of late and therefore abused. For some reason the word insistent has been in great favour of recent years, but in nine cases out of ten it is used where recurrent or repeated would be the fit word. Strenuous is a late favourite, and is constantly doing unfair duty for diligent or energetic. Resurge is another pet word spoiled. All kinds of things "resurge" when they might just as well recur, or come back, or repeat themselves. The word should be used in connection with death, where death is distinctly indicated. It is too much forgotten that some words require other words as their companions. "Hark at the dead jokes resurging!" wrote Thackeray in the *Roundabout Papers*, but had he written "Hark at the old jokes resurging!" he would have been open to censure. The straining for effect is the underlying mischief in much English of the day which calls for rectification. It seems finer to write "adventure" than "venture" or "try," and so of a trivial matter you read: "I felt almost inclined to adventure the experiment," where the "ad," by the way, is not more redundant than the "almost." So, also, "perdurable," a word of which Stevenson was fond, is dragged in on inadequate occasions. This noble word should be kept for great things. Shakespeare, it is true, wrote "cables of perdurable toughness," but we should question this to-day. The better use is seen in Lowell's essay on Wordsworth: "Two things, perhaps, retain their freshness more perdurably than the rest—the return of Spring, and the more poignant utterances of the poets."

Things Seen.

Two Speakers.

It was a gathering of mild rebels. By rebels I do not mean those who would use fire and sword, rifle and bullet, to gain an end. Far from it. Indeed, these worn, dome-browed men, and women with bright, eager eyes and pale faces, were anti-violence, as they were anti-everything else. They were against the rough-trampling world and all its ways. Everything should be done differently, and they were constantly indicating the way. They did not spare themselves. Meetings, discussions, and manifestoes punctuated their strenuous lives. Before all else they were serious. You will find them throughout the country. They belong to no particular locality. They are the malcontents, derided by the contents, but going quietly on, sighing, protesting, theorising, and perhaps slowly drawing towards a goal.

At any rate, happiness is theirs, for they are constantly at work, and they have always more to do than they can accomplish. "You are happy; you are eager; you are interested." Such was my mental comment as I entered the small room where they were holding one of their periodical meetings of protest. The system of education in vogue at the present day was the subject, and as earnest speaker followed earnest speaker I learned that they were against examinations, against prizes, against punishment, and against home work.

Two of the speakers said things that stayed with me: memorabilia that came from the heart, that had been checked by the brain, and by the salutary experience of life. One was a man, the other was a woman. He said teaching was valueless unless the teacher believed in and loved what he taught. It was useless to try to slur doubts, to pretend admiration for what he found tedious. If the teacher finds pages of Shakespeare dull, and many pages are dull (he said), then the pupil must be told that they are dull, and his enthusiasm preserved for what is fine and great. The woman stood forth as the champion of Milton. Just think of it! A champion for Milton in a schoolroom in the twentieth century! She pleaded for him: it was touching. He had been the stand-by of her youth, as of her middle-age: the house built upon a rock, where so much else was shifting and tumbling. "His golden words, his golden words," she repeated. "They have such shades of meaning, and the subtlety of meaning always falls on the ear with a new surprise. I cannot say how much I owe to him. But now ——"

She paused. I felt the contagion of a real grief. But I was not prepared for her last sentence. "I asked a schoolfellow of my daughter's if she knew Milton. 'Oh, yes,' she answered; 'we have him for imposition.'"

The Shipwreck.

We rested on our oars and listened. There was no doubt about it. Somewhere there were children raising their voices in lamentation. "Somebody is being drowned," he said,

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and we put our backs into it, and the boat sped through the narrow dyke into the broad. There, on the right hand, just where the water-lilies fringe the rushes, lay a large family-boat immovable. Round it were scattered fragments of broken oars, and a quant-pole stood rigidly upright beside it. In the stern sat a mother pale with terror, who clasped as many of her offspring as she could gather into her arms, they howling dismally the while. But the strangest sight of all was the father leaping nimbly from thwart to thwart in his stockinged feet until the large boat rocked beneath his weight. "Here is a madman," whispered my companion; "he has broken those oars on the heads of his family, and now he is trying to drown those that remain." The man paused in his dancing, looked round, and saw us. Then he tied a handkerchief round a fragment of oar, and waved it wildly to attract our attention.

We rowed up to within speaking distance. "What is the matter?" I asked. "We were trying to get some water-lilies," he replied, "when we ran on to this mudbank, and we can't get off. I was trying to shake her off by jumping. I've broken both the sculls, and the quant-pole is stuck fast, as you see. I was just going to get out and push when I saw you." "Lucky you did not," said my companion; "the mud is ten feet deep, and you would have gone right down to the bottom. You had better all get into our boat, and we'll tow yours off." So the seven children and the mother were handed over into our boat, the man got in with his boots in his hand, and we towed his boat off the mud and into the channel. Then we put them all back, lent them a pair of sculls, and watched them splash away for home.

But in the place where they had been a quant-pole, rigidly upright, kept watch over some fragments of broken oars.

Does Rhyme Connect Ideas?

Few languages are so poor in rhyme as the English language: the consequence is that certain rhymes and sets of rhymes recur continually in literature. At first sight it would appear as if such connections were governed wholly by chance, and as if it would require the greatest ingenuity to establish links between the alien ideas embodied in rhyming words. But, as a matter of fact, the most commonplace rhymes seem joined with a peculiar fitness—they are often the one the complement of the other—the abstract thought, perhaps, and its concrete symbol; and the question arises as to whether the ideas represented by these rhymes have coalesced simply by mutual contact, or whether some remote intellectual affinity in the beginning of things has brought them together.

Take a few examples. The number Seven governs the whole of the Revelation of St John. "The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches: and the seven candlesticks which thou sawest are the seven churches." The book has seven seals, and the Lamb seven horns and seven eyes. Now "seven" is almost the only perfect rhyme for "heaven": and it is the mystical connection between seven and heaven that gives a spiritual beauty to the lines which tell of the Blessed Damosel "how the stars in her hair were seven," and of the holy St. Bride, how she was "sweet voiced amid the starry seven." Then, as an imperfect rhyme to "heaven" the appropriateness of "forgiven" is obvious at once.

The rhymes with which the word "God" is generally linked—"clod," "sod," and "rod"—give scope for many interesting speculations. Clod, the clay or mortality, and sod, the grave or death, find their connection in verse with "God," so that by their very earthiness they may point the more extreme contrast with the divine eternity and glory. Again, it is possible that the constant juxtaposition of "rod" and "God" in rhyme has helped to lay stress upon the sterner qualities of the Deity; and we do not hesitate to suggest that Puritanism—one of the most important and characteristic of our national traits—owes something of its strength to what in this case seems an accidental coincidence in sound. The constant occurrence of these rhymes, "God" and "rod," in hymns establishes a connection from which the mind can only with difficulty free itself.

The most curious example of unity in thought between rhymes occurs with reference to the words "love" and "dove." The dove is a symbol of both spiritual and sexual love: the Holy Spirit takes shape as a Dove; and Venus and her doves come down to us out of classical times. "Love" and "dove" are not therefore wedded by material bonds alone—they have concluded a true marriage of souls; and we can only suppose that the genius of the English language presided over the ceremony in a moment of unusual inspiration. For love, secular and divine, is the main theme of the poets; and the changes that can be rung upon its sounds are few.

To rhyme "love" with other than "dove" has the appearance of almost freakish ingenuity. Browning, that delighter in difficult ways, rhymes "love" with "clove":

> Flower o' the Clove
> All the Latin I construe is Amo, I love.

In our most ambitious attempt at an epic on domestic love we find "glove" very fittingly insisted on in connection with emotions that are circumscribed by upper middle-class surroundings. The Lady who is to become the Angel in the House wears a little lilac glove going to church; the Lover kisses the Lady's glove; and we hear of the Lover paying worship to a stolen glove. At the same time Coventry Patmore, in other of his works, has suggested a mystical bond of union between heavenly and earthly love; and no doubt he would be the first to acknowledge significance in the fact that the symbol for both is the same. "Move," "prove," and "grove" are brought with more or less success by various writers into touch with "love." Recently, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Swinburne have used "thereof," and phrases ending with "of," in happiest conjunction with "love." It is noticeable that many of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's lines gain an haunting originality by his employment of very simple words at the close, not perfect rhymes, and, therefore, holding the music of a new combination.

But, if ingenuity is demanded in seeking rhymes for "love" outside "dove," it requires at least an equal ingenuity to find fresh points of contact between "love" and "dove." This novelty is not so much sought after by the writers of sacred poems, who are willing to trust to the original force of the symbol for their effect. Thus Christina Rossetti writes in her poems addressed to heavenly love: "Brood over me with yearnings of a dove"—and, again, very finely: "Make me a nest for dwelling of thy Dove." It is unnecessary to point out how aptly the word "above" matches with divine love.

When we come to the poems of secular love, we see that the poets have used all manner of invention within the limits of their rhyme. Doves are, of course, introduced in connection with most of the allusions to Venus. Thus William Morris:

> For o'er the daïs Venus fair
> Fluttered about by many a dove
> Make hopeless men for hopeless love
> Both sick and sorry.

Swinburne tells us that Queen Venus' raiment was painted with "Red mouths of maidens, and red feet of doves." No doubt the classical conception animates Coventry Patmore's tortuous quatrain:

> Love kiss'd by Wisdom wakes twice Love,
> And Wisdom is, through loving, wise.
> Let Dove and Snake, and Snake and Dove
> This Wisdom's be, that Love's Device.

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But the Dove is not only used to personify Love or her attendants; it stands constantly in poetry as a symbol of the one loved. And at this point we seem to reach a juxtaposition originally of convenience, which has, however, made good its association of ideas. We read in the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*:

> Alas, I have grieved, so I am hard to love.
> Yet love me—wilt thou? open thy heart wide
> And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

Endymion says to Peona:

> Thou art as a dove
> Trembling its closed eyes and sleeked wings
> About me.

Then there is the poor child in "In Memoriam" waiting for her love:

> Oh somewhere, meek, unconscious dove
> That sittest ranging golden hair . . .

Nor must we forget Mr. Francis Thompson's description of a lady:

> whose form is a grove
> Hush'd with the cooing of an unseen dove.

It is impossible even briefly to indicate all the allusions there are, in connection with human love, to the purity of the dove, to the mildness of the dove, to the "livelier iris" that "changes on the burnish'd dove." So universal had this association of ideas become that Shakespeare satirises the excessive use of this "sweet folly of the dove" in these lines of Thisbe's:

> Asleep, my love?—
> What dead, my dove?

and their influence has not been strong enough to prevent Mr. William Watson from writing:

> Hand within hand, my love,
> Heart within heart, my dove . . .

In conclusion, it will be seen that rhyme has far too long been regarded as a mere musical device. It is in point of fact one of the most potent instruments of language in establishing and rivetting association of ideas. Sometimes rhymes fall together with such exquisite appropriateness that we feel some great universal law must have governed their pairing: such unity of sound and idea are to be found in the perfect matching of "love" and "dove," in the admirable antithesis of "God" and "clod," and in the mystic connection of "seven" and "heaven." At other times alien conceptions are brought by rhyme into forcible juxtaposition, and an accidental association of ideas may be established, occasionally adventitious, as in the recently exploited rhymes of "mist" and "amethyst"; occasionally dangerous, as in the constant rhyming of "God" and "rod."

Of course, rhymes have to occur with a certain frequency before they are able to bend national thought to their sway: we have therefore only given our consideration to a few of the commonest rhymes. Most individuals will, however, acknowledge the potency of subtler rhyme-influences on their association of ideas. And when we realise that every nation has a set of rhyme-combinations absolutely peculiar to its own genius, it seems as if the differences in temperament between the nations may largely be due to the different thought-connections established by rhyme.

Correspondence.

Walter Pater.

SIR,—In your review of Pater's *Essays from the Guardian* in the ACADEMY of October 19 there is a remark with which admirers of this writer's books will cordially agree. I refer to your words which lay stress on the fact that Pater was much more than a stylist—that he was "primarily a thinker, concerned more with life than with literature, or with literature as the fullest and sincerest expression of life itself." It is allowable, I think, to go a step further than this, and say that Pater would confess that literature at its highest and its best has an inspiring influence; that it tends to make us live nobler lives than we could without its aid. One of his most successful books is the volume of Oxford lectures entitled *Plato and Platonism*. In one of these lectures he tells us that the study of the Platonic doctrine of ideas may promote in us ideals. To the careful, thoughtful reader Pater's own writings will not be found wanting in this respect. The spirit of the master rests upon the disciple.—I am, &c., H. P. WRIGHT.

Byrness, Otterburn, Northumberland.

"Joseph Khassan."

SIR,—Apropos the "Notes on Novels" in your last issue, in the course of which you quote the brief dedication of my new book, *Joseph Khassan*, may I be permitted to point out that the lines, as I wrote them, run as follows: "To a land of undying fascination, the home of a dying people, the author, who loves both, dedicates this book"? "Satisfaction" in place of "facination" makes nonsense of my dedication, to readers who know anything of Morocco (I wish with all my heart one might truthfully say that either word would serve), and so I venture to draw your attention to the misquotation.—I am, &c., A. J. DAWSON.

Croft, Crondall, Hants.

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"Barbara West."

SIR,—I am sure your courtesy will permit me to correct a slip which, occurring in "Notes on Novels," not only makes nonsense of a quoted phrase, but, as chance would have it, misrepresents the point of view of my story, *Barbara West*. A printed note on the moral aim of the book, sent out, it seems, by the publisher, is made to speak of "Nature's just and kindly purpose" in the law of sex. It speaks of Nature's purpose as "great and kindly," not "just," which word is in this connection, unfortunately, a little ludicrous.
—I am, &c., KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.
Leeds.

The Irish Brogue.

SIR,—Mr. Bartram's letter on the Irish brogue is so good—indeed, so admirable—that I hesitate to say one word that may seem in disagreement with his experience. But I think he will be interested to know that I *did* hear "completely" sounded "complately" in one of the first street ballads I ever heard (in Connaught). There was an ironic verse, which ran thus:

Ah, then Misther Whately,
Who came here lately,
He has complately
My heart trepanned;
Sure Julius Cæsar,
Or a Galway Blazer,
Or Naybuccodnaysur
Was not half as grand.

That, surely, is enough.—I am, &c.,
JOHN F. TAYLOR.
Devonshire Club, St. James's, S.W.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 109 (New Series).

LAST week our Competition was as follows:

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best critical plea for a poet, born since 1850, who is not dealt with by Mr. William Archer in his book, *Poets of the Younger Generation*.

In response we have received interesting "pleas" for the following poets:

Ada Smith,	Lewis Morrison Grant,
Norman Gale,	George Russell,
Constance Naden (2),	Olive Custance,
G. K. Chesterton (2),	Alfred Hayes,
Oscar Wilde,	Robert Bain,
Archibald Lampman,	Lord Alfred Douglas.

We award the prize to Mr. U. Sargent, Cattell-road, Small Heath, Birmingham, for the following:

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The stars are fresh and gay;
The world is a daring fancy,
And finished yesterday.

"Fresh" is old Chaucer's favourite and characteristic adjective, and I know no other poet since Chaucer (except Stevenson) who has so unreservedly declared that it is good to be alive. But his is not merely the exuberant optimism of the vigorous youth of a race, rather a self-conscious optimism, based on knowledge. He looks upon life up to date, sees it clearly and whole, and pronounces it emphatically good. The latest invention of yesterday has, for him, a share in the world's romance and poetry. In "King's Cross Station" and "The Lamp-Post" he celebrates the eternal romance and idealism that are in things regarded by most people as ridiculously commonplace.

Other replies are as follows:

ADA SMITH. B. 1875, D. 1898.

I would have this to be more of an appreciation than a plea. Ada Smith's death three years ago, together with the brief account of her career and the publication of some of her verses in the newspapers, affected me as none but that of a genuine poet could have done. In her poems I found an articulation of passion such as evoked in me a renewed impulsion of life. And so in the lyric mornings of early spring, when the frost-pearled grass sparkles in the brilliant sunshine, and the air is joyous with the song of birds, I think of the death-song of the Earth Lover:

Constrain me close, O Earth, in your dim house,
Draw bolts on sight and sound, make strong all bars,
For, O, when April days with the world carouse,
Drunk with sunlight or dumb with stars,
Should once the south-west wind blow past Death's door,
My sapless heart would leap and live once more.

And often in the autumn nights, out on the lone fell, in the strange silence, under the wide sky, my heart echoes her subdued questioning

If I might but understand
What the hueless twilight means,
And why, where the low sky leans
To the lonely-lying land,
Should be no comforting gleams,
But only the ancient woe
Of the strange, wild thing that screams
Above where the rushes grow.

.

And I on the vague moorland
Where the sky earthward leans,—
If I might but understand
What the hueless twilight means!

[H. R. S., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS.

To write of "poets of the younger generation" and to omit the name of the gifted author of the ballad of "Perkin Warbeck" from the list is to have missed one of the sweetest voices in the throng. Lord Alfred Douglas has not published very much, but the small volume entitled "The City of the Soul" is a valued possession to those who care for real poetry—the poetry of life expressed in language that makes its own music. The mantle of Keats seems to have fallen on these young shoulders; the faults of Keats are the faults of this modern singer—a sweetness of utterance that almost cloys.

Almost—but not quite. It would be impossible for either poet to write an unmusical phrase, and there is always the thought behind, vigorous and clear, to temper the sensuousness of the melody. Of ballads, "The Ballad of Saint Vitus," "Perkin Warbeck," "Jonquil and Fleur-de-Lys" show what Lord Alfred Douglas can do with a stirring motive. Of his sonnets, the one written in memory of his brother's death in 1894, his sonnet "On the Sunset," and the one "To Sleep," are haunting in their beauty. Lyrics and songs seem to fall of themselves from his pen.

To quote much is impossible, but a stanza from the "City of the Soul"—that poem that stung all critics into admiration of its incomparable lines—may find room. The singer is questioning how his soul can "please the King," and the poem closes with the passionate cry:

Only to build one crystal barrier
Against this sea which beats upon our days;
To ransome one lost moment with a rhyme!
Or if fate cries and grudging gods demur,
To clutch Life's hair, and thrust one naked phrase,
Like a lean knife, between the ribs of Time.

[A. E., Oxford.]

Competition No. 110 (New Series).

IN view of the fact that we shall add a special Fiction Supplement to our issue of November 9, we ask our readers to send in the titles of the twelve novels published up to October 26th which they consider the best novels of the present year. To the sender of the list which most nearly answers to the general opinion, as determined by a plébiscite, we shall give a prize of One Guinea. All replies must reach us by next Wednesday.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, October 30. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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The Literary Week.

THE issue of new novels has reached such proportions that it is impossible to deal even with the best of them in the space we are able to devote to fiction. Next week we shall publish a Fiction Supplement, which will contain reviews of a large number of new novels, and articles on the fiction of the year.

PRAYER as preface. Dr. Van Dyke, the well-known American minister, has written a unique preface to his latest story, *The Ruling Passion*. It runs as follows :

> Lord, let me never tag a moral to a story nor tell a story without a meaning. Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work. Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people, because they are both alive. Show me that as in a river, so in writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed. Teach me to see the local colour without being blind to the inner light. Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real. Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life. Steady me to do my full stint of work as well as I can, and, when that is done, stop me, pay what wages Thou wilt, and help me to say from a quiet heart a grateful Amen.

An admirable petition. But why print it?

WE remark in our review of two books on Fénelon on the duplications of literary work which are so curiously common. This applies to series even more than to individual works. Thus Mr. Heinemann is about to publish a series of classical French romances under the editorship of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and under the title "A Century of French Romance." Excellent. And now Mr. Grant Richards a similar series under the general title of "French Fiction of the Nineteenth Century." We understand that the aim of this series will be to introduce writers who are less well known than the great masters, but whose works are yet necessary to a proper understanding of the literary art and the life and thought of France. Mr. A. R. Waller will be general editor of the series, and Mr. Arthur Symons will furnish a critical preface to each volume. A start will be made immediately with *Salammbô*, by Gustave Flaubert, translated by Mr. J. W. Matthews; and the second volume, also to appear in November, will be *The Latin Quarter*, by Henry Murger, translated by Miss Ellen Marriage. Both translators are thoroughly competent.

IN his remarkable address on "Possible Improvement of the Human Breed under the Existing Conditions of Law and Sentiment," delivered on Tuesday night to the Anthropological Institute, Mr. Francis Galton told a story that served his purpose very well. Speaking of the unwillingness of girls of culture to marry, he related that the president of a women's college was recently asked by a visitor about the after-life of the students. She replied that one-third profited by the education, another third gained little by it, and one-third were failures. "And what becomes of the failures?" "Oh, they marry."

A GOOD deal of enthusiasm is being shown in the formation of the Victor Hugo Museum, which, as we have already stated, will be opened in the poet's house in the Place des Vosges in January. The collection will be disposed on four floors. On the first there will be paintings and engravings inspired by Hugo's works, on the second, drawings and even furniture executed by this marvellously handy genius; on the third, Victor Hugo's death-chamber will be reconstituted; and, higher still, documents of interest will be stored. Many gifts are being offered, and one, which comes all the way from Tokio, is a set of translations into Japanese of three of Hugo's novels.

MR. HENRY JAMES, like most of us, is greatly puzzled by the relation between the literary popularities and the literary achievements of the day. He toils interestingly to discover this relation in an article on Rostand with which the November *Cornhill* opens :

> The novel, and even the poem, that sells, sells half a million of copies; the play that draws, draws vast populations, and for months together; and this, accordingly, is the puzzle, the worry—though we hope, as we try to deal with it, but the temporary one—that, do what we will, we are unable altogether to dissociate the idea of acclamation from the idea of distinction. We are in the presence of huge demonstrations, and we ask ourselves if there be really afloat in the world anything like a proportionate amount of art and inspiration. The demonstrations are insistent, the reverberation such as victory or peace, announced to distracted nations, would alone seem to justify, and we are consequently somewhat oppressed—which is the form taken by our embarrassment.

Applying his bewilderment to Rostand's works Mr. James says :

> "Cyrano" has been enjoyed, if I am not mistaken, through the length and breadth of the United States, and yet the glamour of "Cyrano" is intensely, exquisitely, in passionate, almost invidious national reference. The particular beauty of the play—and the remark is practically as true of "L'Aiglon"—is in the fantastic, romantic, brilliantly whimsical expression of an ardent French consciousness. The problem before the author was to weave into a dense and glittering tissue every illustration, every reminder that the poetry, history, legend of a particular period would yield; and the measure of his "success," exactly, is in the vividness of this tapestry. The tapestry is marvellously figured, but it is scarcely too much to say that the light of the consciousness aforesaid is required for following the design with intelligence. How much of that intelligence do M. Rostand's spectators and readers about the globe, those of his Anglo-Saxon public in especial, bring to the task? To ask the question is to move again in the world of wonder; for would not the upshot of pushing an inquiry into the relation between the glamour, as I have called it, of "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon," and the state of mind of the alien populations that have absorbed them—would not this consequence be to make us ask ourselves what such exhibitions, in such conditions, have been taken *for*?

Precisely. What have "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon" been taken *for*?

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In the new *Fortnightly* M. Maeterlinck discourses in a highly Maeterlinckian strain on The Mystery of Justice:

> When we deceive or overcome our neighbour, have we deceived or overcome all the forces of Justice? Are all things definitely settled then, and may we go boldly on; or is there a graver, deeper Justice, one less visible, perhaps, but less subject to error: one that is more universal, and mightier? . . . The nature of Justice, and all our morality, depend on the answer; and it cannot be fruitless, therefore, to inquire how that great idea of mystic and sovereign Justice, which has undergone more than one transformation since history began, is being received to-day in the heart and mind of man. And is this mystery not the loftiest, the most passionately interesting, of all that remain to us: does it not intertwine with most of the others? Do its vacillations not stir us to the very depths of our soul?

The essay is one of four which will be published in book form.

From the contents list of the November *Monthly Review*:

Maksim Gorky R. Nisbet Bain.
Makar Chudra.....Maksim Gorky.

As a variant on "Peter Piper picked . . ." this might do for an exercise of the tongue on winter evenings.

Mr. Dent's "Temple Bible," of which the first two volumes, Genesis and Exodus, are published this week, resembles the "Temple Shakespeare" in appearance. It is issued in cloth at 1s. a volume, and in leather at 1s. 6d. Each volume has a frontispiece reproduced from a work of sacred art. To Genesis is prefixed a part of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's picture, "The Days of Creation"; to Exodus, Sir John Millais's picture, "Victory, O Lord," representing the holding up of the hands of Moses. Both pictures are very delicately reproduced in photogravure. The Authorised Version is used, and it is printed as continuous prose, with passages of poetry where the metre permits. But this is not all. The "Temple Bible" is provided with a critical accompaniment at once scholarly and modern. Dr. Sayce edits Genesis, and Dr. A. R. S. Kennedy Exodus. In each case the history of the book is given and its literary problems are discussed. At the end are notes, a map, and a table of "Biblical References in English Literature." No such Bible has yet been issued, and it is probable that this edition will have enormous influence on intelligent, if unlearned, readers. It presents the Bible as literature, with simple yet illuminating commentaries. Each book is light and small, and it is not too much to say that thousands of readers will find in them not only a newly-edited Bible, but new ways and opportunities of reading the Bible.

Does rhyme connect ideas? *Apropos* of our article on this subject, a correspondent informs us that he wrote some illustrative lines two years ago. Whether rhymes be scarce or plentiful (and they are both), there is no doubt that they do connect ideas under both circumstances. Our correspondent elects to consider them scarce, and bewails the fact as follows:

If you're in love you have to lug in "dove,"
"Her glove," or else appeal to "heaven above";
There's no alternative, alas! but "shove,"
For "move" and "prove" are makeshifts at the best,
Though you must oft with them contented rest.
Suppose you write of something that doth gladden,
To find your choice is limited to "sadden"
Or "madden" makes you mad as any hatter,
And fit your head against the wall to batter:
Then, too, when you have said your love's a pattern,
It's hard to find that you must drag in "slattern";
'Tis Hobson's choice; as also 'tis with amorous,
To which the only rhyme, alas! is "clamorous."
When you are praising Amaryllis' beauty
What can you do with "sooty," or with "duty"?
Or when you've said your love is quite obdurate,
How in the world are you to bring in "curate"?
Sometimes a lovely line that ends in silver
I've written, but to find no word like "dilver"
Or "quilver" doth exist—so must forego it,
A sacrifice to vex the mildest poet!
Suppose you write about your mistress's window,
The only rhyme that you will find is "Lindo,"
And though an actor of some little fame
Owns that cognomen—Frank is his front name—
To bring him in it would the cleverest tease,
Except in rhymes like Ingoldsby's—or these.
As hard the case is when you talk of chimney,
For what's the use of such a rhyme as "Rhymney"?
Or such a makeshift as a "slim-or-trim-knee"?

Oddly enough, Mr. Andrew Lang has just been demonstrating how rhymes connect ideas. He and some friends saw an eagle hovering over the scene of the massacre of Glencoe. Mr. Lang spoke darkly of writing a sonnet, and his friends hastened to encourage him, only insisting that he should say nothing about Liberty. "Rhymes were kindly suggested, such as eagle, beagle, regal, inveigle, illegal, and the town of Meigle; the last does not seem very useful, and I have not employed it." The sonnet, which appears in the "Sign of the Ship" in the November *Longman's*, is this:

GLENCOE.

(A sonnet, suggested by seeing an eagle hovering over the scene of the massacre perpetrated by the minions of a Dutch usurper.)

Far over hills no Saxon tongue can name,
Above the shadowy strath behold the Eagle!
He sees the glen where many a Campbell beagle
Did deeds of blood, and lust and wrath and shame,
The splendid spirits of the clans to tame.
To such an end did wily Stair inveigle
The loyal Celt, an action all illegal,
Which even Lord Macaulay notes with blame!

Spirit of Royal James in form of bird!
Thou dust behold the scene of gore and fire
Where vain was great MacIan's martial pith;
And hast thou heard the melancholy word
That no MacIan lords it now? The Squire
Comes of the Sassenach lineage of Smith!

Mr. Clement K. Shorter had an interesting note in last week's *Tatler* on Byron's valet, the dog-like William Fletcher, whom he thinks ought to have been included, along with many other worthies similarly neglected, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. We cannot agree that the editors of the D.N.B. have been remiss in omitting Fletcher and the other people named by Mr. Shorter, having regard to the scale on which the Dictionary was planned. That scale was big enough in all conscience, but under whatever scale you could adopt there must be exclusions. However, Mr. Shorter's point is that writers like Shakespeare and Scott have been unduly favoured as to space. He might have pleaded Sterne, who occupies a disproportionate number of pages. Personally we look on the D.N.B. as a work of such enterprise and excellence that we are not careful to defend it. It has the flaws of every successful human undertaking. But Mr. Shorter's note on Fletcher is interesting in a small way. Readers of Byron's life do not need to be reminded of Fletcher's twenty years' devotion to his master, ended only when he had brought that master's body to England, and seen it reverently laid to rest. Mr. Shorter points out that no Byron enthusiast seems to have cared to trace Fletcher's after career. The following extract from a newspaper of 1833 is quoted by him:

> William Fletcher, the faithful valet of Lord Byron for twenty years, who received the pilgrim's last words at Missolonghi, and did not quit his remains until he had seen them deposited in the family vault at Hucknell, now keeps an Italian warehouse in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, and is there celebrated among the nobility for the fine quality of his macaroni.

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THE November *Macmillan* is a very bright number. Young-literary-ladyism and fiction-as-she-is-wrotery are the ingredients of a clever sketch called "The Mystery of Collaboration," wherein the writing of a novel by seven young women, constituting the Minerva Literary Society, is described. The society's idea of collaboration was to fix upon a plot and then divide the story into seven parts, one for each member. These were written separately, and with an heroic disregard of length. However, the novel was finished in MS., and the Minerva Literary Society contemplated it with awe, as they well might do, for one member alone had written 140,000 words. The six others averaged about 70,000 words each. There were ructions and votes of censure, and, in short, the Minerva Society ceased to be. But shortly afterwards a firm of publishers announced a batch of seven new novels as follows:

AIGLE, *a Tale of England*; by Paolo Trevorski.
CYRIL AUGUSTUS'S SWEETHEART; by D. L. Burton.
THE GRANGE WEIRD; by Horace Palast.
AGLIONE, *a Tale of Horror*; by Evan Evans.
DEADLY MOAT; by Herman Bagster.
THE UNCLE, OR TRUE LOVE; by Francis Cartaret.
THE AUNT'S CURSE; by Lambert Grayling.

In another part of the magazine Mr. William G. Hutchinson has a readable article on Tom D'Urfey; and "Dickens and Modern Humour" is considered by a third writer. But the most mentionable item is an unpublished poem by Burns, which was found recently among papers belonging to the late Mrs. Barrington, of Monmouthshire. The lines were addressed by Burns to her friend and neighbour, Mrs. Curre, from whom she doubtless obtained them. Mrs. Curre, who died in 1823, was a Dumfriesshire lady. Of Burns's six stanzas we quote the first three:

Oh look na, young Lassie, sae softly and sweetly!
Oh smile na, young Lassie, sae sweetly on me!
Ther's nought waur to bear than the mild glance of pity
When grief swells the heart and the tear blins the e'e.

Just such was the glance of my bonnie lost Nancy,
Just such was the glance that once brightened her e'e;
But lost is the smile sae impressed on my fancy,
And cauld is the heart that sae dear was to me.

Ilka wee flow'ret we grieve to see blighted,
Cow'ring and with'ring in frost nippet plain;
The naist turn of Spring shall awauken their beauty,
But ne'er can Spring wauken my Nancy again.

IN the November *Century Magazine* Prof. W. P. Trent, of Columbia University, has a paper on "American Humour," of which he gives a retrospect. Much of the space, however, is occupied with portraits of the humorists, and these we do not find entertaining. Many of these men of fun and whimsicality look like representative anti-vaccinators, or what you please; their whiskers are out of fashion, and their clothes ill-fitting. We concur with Prof. Trent's selection of Artemus Ward's most typical jest, his message to *Punch*: "I've been lingerin' by the Tomb of the lamentid Shakspere. It is a success."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us further particulars of the play competition arranged by Mr. Grein eleven years ago in the columns of the *Weekly Comedy*. It seems that only forty-seven authors, and not, as we thought, "about 150," competed. "The winning play was announced in the *Daily News* of the 15th March, 1890, and Mr. Grein at once negotiated with a West-end management of standing for its production in their evening bill. The management, however, did not concur in the judge's choice—though that judge was no other than Mr. Pinero—and the author received from Mr. Grein a compensation for the non-production of his piece."

IN the November *Chambers's Journal* there are some interesting extracts from Robert Chambers's Commonplace Book. One item is a very unflattering portrait of "the first gentleman in Europe," which Chambers received from Rogers at the banker's breakfast-table in 1844:

> . . . Amongst other things which enabled George IV. to make a good impression at first were a couple of Latin quotations, which he was sure to bring forward, one from Horace and the other from Virgil. In reality he had no more, and when this was found out the credit he obtained from them was gone.

Chambers mentions that in 1850 Dickens was making three or four thousand a year, Thackeray was spending £1,400 per annum, and Mark Lemon was taking a house at £115 a year. The *Punch* staff dined Mr. Evans, their publisher, at £2 11s. a head, and at their ordinary dinners the port cost 9s. 6d. the bottle.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. announce that they have arranged with the Trustees of the late William Morris for the publication of a limited edition of the following eight volumes in the Golden Type of the Kelmscott Press:

A Tale of the House of the Wolfings.
The Roots of the Mountains.
Grettir the Strong.
The Volsunga Saga and Three Northern Love Stories.
The Odyssey of Homer.
The Aeneids of Virgil.
Hopes and Fears for Art, and other Lectures.
Signs of Change, and other Lectures.

It was Mr. Morris's intention to print the full series of his works at the Kelmscott Press; but his death on October 3rd, 1896, led to the closing of the Press in March, 1898, before the project was completed. The wood-blocks for the initials and other ornaments designed by Mr. Morris were presented at this time to the British Museum, the type alone being reserved for future use by the trustees. The success of the five small volumes of Mr. Morris's lectures, hitherto the only books printed with it since the closing of the Kelmscott Press, has prompted the publishers to carry out this larger scheme. The new volumes will be uniform in size with *Love is Enough*, *The Well at the World's End*, and the other large quarto issues of the Kelmscott Press. They are being printed at the Chiswick Press in double columns with the Golden Type, under the immediate direction of the trustees, no pains being spared to make them worthy of a place beside the Kelmscott Press volumes, which are now so widely sought after. The edition will be limited to 315 copies, of which 300 only will be for sale. The eight volumes will be sold in sets only, at the net price of sixteen guineas per set. As each volume is printed the type will be distributed. The first volume, *The House of the Wolfings*, will be published on November 15, 1901, and the remainder at intervals of about a month, beginning in January, 1902.

THREE weeks ago we said we rather liked Dr. Duff, of Bradford. He complained to the Congregational Union recently that there is not "a really good bookshop in the West Riding." By that the learned doctor proceeded to explain that he meant that "there was no shop into which you could walk and ask to see what they had on Plato." And we don't doubt he is right. But much has happened in the interval. The doctor's remark has given pain in Leeds. Briggate is aghast, Boar-lane is stirred to its depths. There has been a correspondence, which we are asked to print. The protest of Leeds and the suave defence of Dr. Duff are as follows:

37, Briggate, Leeds, October 18, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to draw your attention to the enclosed newspaper cutting, and to ask if you are reported correctly therein. It seems so very unlikely if you are at all aware of the contents of several shops in this city alone, that you would make such erroneous statements.—Yours truly, H. WALKER.

Rev. Dr. Duff, Bradford.

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9, Selborne-terrace, Bradford,
Oct. 21st, 1901.

DEAR FRIEND,—For such is anyone who does work like yours in this West Riding that I love. The writer of enclosed paragraph has managed to say just about the sheer opposite to what I tried to say. I was beseeching our Churches not to think of lessening the food for spiritual life of the people about us, who are so earnestly busy with material occupations, and whose souls have a deep, albeit unconscious hunger for such service as you do by your business and our Theological Colleges do by devoting themselves to study of the unseen.—Faithfully yours,

Mr. Henry Walker. ARCHD. DUFF.

The Editor of the *Yorkshire Post* adds:

> We cannot reconcile Dr. Duff's version of his speech with the testimony of the reporters who took a note of what he said. The passage which has interested the booksellers is a verbatim extract from his observations, embodying a specific statement. The paragraph published in the *Evening Post* was extracted from the fuller report in this journal, and that in turn is confirmed by the independent report in the *Manchester Courier*, which is as follows:
>
> The Rev. Dr. Duff (Bradford) said the value of ministerial colleges would not be appreciated until there was a more general love of the highest class of literature on the part of the people. There was not a good bookseller's shop in the whole of the West Riding, simply because among people who were all eagerly running after wealth there was no demand for the books which were precious to the true scholar.

For ourselves we hope to make a surprise Platonic visit to Leeds some day.

Bibliographical.

I HAVE been looking through the third volume of the Supplement of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, with an eye, in the first place, to the condensed bibliographies with which the memoirs conclude. These, obviously, cannot be exhausted; but I am surprised to find the author of the article on Mrs. Keeley ignoring altogether the book on *The Keeleys on the Stage and at Home*, written by Mr. Walter Goodman, and published in 1895. I think, too, that the writer of the notes of Frederick Locker might have made some reference to the bibliography of Locker which appeared a few years since in the pages of the *Bookman*—a bibliography whose compiler had had the assistance of Locker's daughter, Mrs. Birrell, and of his nephew, Mr. W. A. Locker. It will be news, by the way, to most people that the Rowfant Club, of Cleveland, Ohio, brought out in 1895 a little volume of Locker's verse, put together by himself, and entitled *Rowfant Rhymes*; also that *Patchwork* was printed privately for the Philobiblon Society before it was given to the general public in 1879. Everybody, again, does not know—what Mr. Secombe here tells us—that, "while in prison," Oscar Wilde "wrote a kind of apology for his life, a MS. amounting to about forty-five thousand words, now in the hands of his literary executor."

In the *Dictionary*'s notice of Sims Reeves, the singer, Mr. F. G. Edwards states that "the professional name 'Sims' was adopted at the suggestion of Mme. Puzzi, a vocalist, as a euphonious prefix to Reeves." The great tenor's baptismal appellation was "John Reeves" simply. The "Sims" seems to have been used for the first time in 1847. One is reminded of a passage in the *Recollections of J. C. Jeaffreson* (1894), in which that writer tells us that "Walter Thornbury" was only the pen-name of George Henry Thornbury, who did not think that "George Henry" was sufficiently "euphonious" as the name of a producer of popular ballads. Jeaffreson goes on to say: "William Hepworth Dixon, my ever dear friend, did not receive the name of Hepworth from his god-parents, but assumed it at his own discretion. Charles Shirley Brooks, whilom editor of *Punch*, called himself Shirley, not because it was his name by baptismal rite, but because he wished to hear himself called Shirley." And if an actor or a vocalist or an instrumentalist may christen himself to his own liking, why should not a man of letters be permitted the same privilege?

I notice that "C. K. S." has drawn attention to the lack of proportion in the *Dictionary*. To take the biographies of men and women of letters: we find only half a page bestowed upon Jean Ingelow, while Miss Anne Manning has a page and a half, Miss Mary Kingsley two pages and a half, and Mrs. Oliphant three pages. To Frederick Locker is assigned a page and three-quarters, while John Nichol has two, F. W. Newman two and a half, F. W. H. Myers two and three-quarters, R. W. Hutton nearly three, and Tom Hughes a little over three. W. J. Linton is dealt with at rather greater length than his wife, Mrs. Lynn Linton. There will always be a difference of opinion as to the relative importance of notable people in the various arts and sciences, but Mr. Stephen and Mr. Lee might have got a little nearer to the general consensus than they have. A great deal of the space in the *Dictionary* has been absolutely wasted.

It would seem as if we were going to have a cult of cats. It was only the other day that Miss Benson gave us her pleasant and suggestive book, *The Soul of a Cat*, and now, I see, we are to have a book about cats called *The Fireside Sphinx*, from the pen of Miss Repplier. Six or seven years ago we had a goodly tome containing pictures of cats and kittens drawn by Mme. Ronner, with letterpress translated from the French. Prior to that, again, was that dainty little anthology, *Concerning Cats*, so well compiled by Mrs. Arthur Tomson, and so attractively illustrated by her husband. This last is one of the most enjoyable collections of its kind. Much the same thing was done, within the last few years, for dogs, but not quite so prettily and gracefully.

The *Geste of Kyng Horn* is to have, it seems, a new editor in the person of Mr. Joseph Hall. It has already been edited for the Roxburgh and Early English Text Societies, and is included, further, in Ritson's *Ancient English Metrical Romances*. Perhaps Mr. Hall may have something to say about the authorship of the *Geste*, which is generally attributed to one Kendale, who figured in the reign of Edward I. Chaucer describes the work as a "romance of price." An analysis of it, with quotations, is given by Warton. The ballad abridgment of the tale, called "Hynd Horn," is in most of the collections.

The volume on Thomas Wolsey, Legate and Reformer, promised by Mr. E. L. Taunton, is said to be based mainly on State papers, and may, therefore, have a special value of its own. The most recent account of the Cardinal in book form is that which the late Bishop of London wrote in 1888 for the series of "Twelve English Statesmen." That was a masterly little monograph, quite sufficient for all ordinary purposes. It is curious, by the way, to note the vitality of the old *Life of Wolsey* by Cavendish. There have been at least two reprints of that within the last sixteen years or so—one in 1885, and another in 1894.

It is a little singular that it should have been left to a publisher in the year of grace 1901 to bring out the first translation into English of Chateaubriand's *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*. Very little, however, has ever been done for Chateaubriand in this country. I am not aware of the existence of any handy English memoir of him, though, of course, he figures in the cyclopædias.

Mr. Mackenzie Bell's new volume of *Collected Poems* will comprise the contents, rearranged and classified, of his *Spring's Immortality* and *Pictures of Travel*, with the addition of fugitive verses published by him since the appearance of the latter book. No volume of his earlier than *Spring's Immortality* will be drawn upon.

THE BOOKWORM.

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Reviews.

A Pastor of Courtly Sheep.

François de Fénelon. By Viscount St. Cyres, late Student and Lecturer of Christ Church. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

Fénelon, his Friends and Enemies. By E. K. Saunders. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

THERE is a theory, held by modern transcendentalists, which Mr. Clifford Harrison has recommended with some happy and persuasive rhetoric, that there are mental no less than electric currents, so that minds can act on minds from a distance, and ideas, without any figure of speech, may be "in the air."

If those who hold it wished for plausible confirmatory instances, they might well point to the recent course of the publishing world. The "trade" shows a marked tendency to give birth to twins, or even triplets; and this in cases where the lust of gain (one should think) would hardly tempt a publisher to "blanket" his rival. (We thank thee, Lipton, for the word! So much more handy than "take the wind out of his sails.") That might explain the flight of books on Cromwell, when everyone was talking Cromwell. But it seems the rule now that biographies, however unforeseen their heroes, come out in pairs, crossing the line together in a most level start. (Again, our acknowledgments to Sir Thomas.) It is not very long since we had to judge two books entered, so to speak, for the Danton Cup; and now two are launched simultaneously bearing the name of Fénelon. Yet Fénelon is not precisely a burning subject.

Once in the clutches of this seductively popular metaphor, it seems irresistibly convenient to call them Fénelon I. and Fénelon II.—carrying respectively the flags of Viscount St. Cyres and Mr. E. K. Saunders. Of the two, Fénelon I. seems to us the better—it certainly is the cleverer—book. Their construction is remarkably similar in their outward lines: they often follow each other chapter-heading for chapter-heading. But Fénelon II. is the usual panegyrical biography, and Mr. Saunders the usual biographer, with a firm faith in his hero's all-righteousness. From this standpoint he tells the story of Fénelon's life clearly and straightforwardly, though with no special graces of style. In point of substance there is not much to choose between them: neither has any advantage of information. But Fénelon I. is not merely a biography, it is a study—a clever study; and Viscount St. Cyres has a cultivated style, which keeps his book at a constant level of attractiveness. It has the disadvantage, perhaps, of seeming a little "down" on his hero: not because he has any real lack of admiration for him, but because he is continually holding level the scales between the violent partisans and violent assailants of Fénelon. For any faulting impression which this may cause, Mr. Saunders will be found an efficient corrective, never failing to put Fénelon's case as strongly as he can. Between them the reader can hardly fail to receive a full impression of the great Archbishop of Cambrai.

Viscount St. Cyres is of mind that Fénelon has suffered in his own land from the flux and reflux of extreme biography; and it was his aim to produce a judicial biography, clean alike of malice or extenuation. To our thought he has succeeded excellently well. Few English biographers could have kept such steady way among the quicksands of the controversy with Bossuet. The whole Quietist business turns on matters which John Bull has gruffly made up his mind that no fellow can understand, and, therefore, they cannot be worth any fellow's understanding. The beef and pudding of spirituality are good enough for him, and should be good enough for everybody else. That on the Fénelon and Bossuet matter Viscount St. Cyres largely countersigns John Bull's view does not betray him into obtuse contempt and slovenly misunderstanding. It is treated with singular grasp and judiciality, so that we doubt if an account as steadily impartial has appeared. Mr. Saunders on these affairs is given to cutting the Gordian knot with an amusingly Britannic lordliness of mishandling. Yet Viscount St. Cyres is human; he has "a bee in his bonnet" on the subject of the Jesuits, who never fail to irritate him from his calm, apparently because he has a special cult of the Jansenists.

It was time that Fénelon should find such a biographer, for he was exactly the character to arouse warring judgments. Born of an impoverished aristocratic family in Perigord, he was eminently a Southerner—quick, mobile, intelligent, various, of sympathetic adaptability, a man of many characters, yet far from a man of no character, as is too often the result of such combinations. Bossuet saw and said that he had no simplicity. This heterogeneity always fares ill at the hands of an impatient world, which loves to clap a hasty label on its great men, and know that they are ready docketed for future use. Therefore it has seized now one, now another prominent aspect of him, transferring him from this little drawer to that, and unwilling to confess that he belongs outright to neither. He has descended to us as a writer, but, like Johnson, it was the tongue which gave him greatest influence in his lifetime. Not all at once did he realise his true power. He aspired to Bossuet's eloquent reputation, and his first public employment was as a missionary to the Huguenots, then in process of state-aided conversion. Here idealisation begins at once, representing him as an enlightened apostle of toleration. But Viscount St. Cyres has little trouble in showing that his toleration was of a modified kind. He acquiesced in the general methods of his employers, softening them only in detail. For mild and humane he always was: so much of the legendary Fénelon is undeniable. His true powers developed when his friends, the Duc de Beauvilliers and the Duc de Chevreuse, introduced him to Mme. de Maintenon, and Mme. de Maintenon to the King and to Court.

He seemed born for a pastor of courtly sheep. Sincerely religious he was even then, sincerely ambitious he perhaps scarce ceased to be even in later days. The Duchess of Orléans draws him: a man "with deep-set eyes and ugly face all skin and bone, who talked and laughed quite unaffectedly and easily." And St. Simon, at the time of his appointment to Cambrai: tall, thin, well-built, pale with the exceeding pallor that has been called *pulchrum virorum illustrium colorem* by a Father of the Church, with a great nose, eyes from which fire and genius poured in torrents, a face curious and unlike any other, yet so striking and attractive that, once seen, it could never again be forgotten. His manners were exactly calculated to fascinate these high-bred men and women, among whom Madame de Maintenon had brought religion into fashion. He knew how to address them with a dexterous air of light and flattering raillery, and no man could better carry out St. Paul's counsel to be all things to all men in the service of religion. There was a woman in Fénelon. His ascendancy was of the feminine order, and he instinctively preferred the woman's road to rule—by subtle accommodation, persuasion, and adroit management; his love of power was almost a woman's love of power in its all-absorbingness, its lack of the magnanimity which can acknowledge an equal or a superior; his curious capacity for uniting the most inconsistent qualities in one undeniable personality, for surprising alternately by his greatness and his pettiness; his moods and subtleties—all these things were feminine, and so was his unaccountability to himself. "When I examine into my mind," he said, "I seem to dream; I am to my own conscience like a vision of the night." Woman-like, no less, was his instinctive resort in difficulty to indirect and evasive ways, of which doubtless he was but half-conscious.

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Such a man was almost maternally in his place as educator of the Dauphin's son, the young Duke of Burgundy, to which position the De Maintenon influence procured his appointment. He had a difficult pupil—arrogant, passionate, with a keen, sarcastic tongue, quick of intellect, ready to argue with his master, curiously inaccessible to anything but reason, and not even to that in his rages. Yet withal the lad was affectionate. Fénelon has drawn him in his rebellions:

> Nothing without, everything within There was a wrinkle in his stocking this morning, and we shall all have to suffer for it. He cries, he roars, he alarms, he moves pity. Don't speak to him of what he likes best, for that very reason he won't hear a word in its favour. He contradicts others and tries to annoy them; he is furious that they will not be angry. Or else he turns on himself, is wretched, and will not be consoled. He wishes for solitude, but cannot bear to be alone; he comes back to us, and at once quarrels with us all. We must not be silent, we must not talk, we must not laugh, we must not be sad. There is nothing to do but wait until he recovers.

When he recovered, he was ready to jest at his own unreason—presently to give way to it again. This boy Fénelon treated with endless patience and tact, making his lessons a pleasure to him by skilfully humouring his intellectual propensities, and passing with an agreeable desultoriness from subject to subject. A child, he said, could not long fix his mind on a single theme. He appealed carefully to his dominant faculty of reason, attached the boy to him by his affections, and was ever at watch to preach the total regulation of life by principles of religion and humanity. Yet when banishment from Court interrupted the preceptorship, he left behind a one-sided pupil. He had trained him in religion and conduct; but he had deferred the training for royal duties as an after-matter. And there remained a painfully conscientious devotee, full of the most excellent maxims and ideas, but shy, morose, awkward, without decision or character. He had been broken to absolute obedience, but had never learned self-reliance, and the staff withdrawn, Burgundy had no power to walk alone. It was fatally proved when, in later years, he was sent, with Vendôme, to command against Marlborough and Eugene. Anxious and cautious, he originated nothing, opposed everything, would not fight unless sure to win, and prayed in his tent instead of mixing with his captains and soldiers. His return in disgrace cast obloquy on his old teacher:

> Acknowledge your pupil, my lord of Cambrai,
> When Lille is blockaded, he's far from the fray,
> In action takes never a part.
> His face is so doleful, his mien is so sad,
> That—answer me—is not the sanctified lad
> A Quietest after your heart?

Such was the contemporary epigram. Could Fénelon, indeed, have given his pupil those qualities of swift, masculine decision which, so far as we can see, he had not himself? At any rate, he never tried.

The Quietist controversy, to which this epigram alludes, was the turning-point of Fénelon's life. Coming just after his appointment to the Archbishopric of Cambrai, it banished him from Court, and showed his weakest side. It arose out of his acquaintance with that much-debated "mystic," Mme. Guyon. Viscount St. Cyres has the courage to question the praises which it is the fashion to heap upon her. Left a widow, she formed a peculiar "spiritual friendship" with a Barnabite priest, one Lacombe. Thereafter, her mysticism took strange forms. She virtually could not sin, for she was united with God: He gave her power to preach, and guided her pen from error:

> She could perform miracles, knew what was passing in the minds of others, had absolute power over their minds and bodies. And at her first meeting with Lacombe she developed a new mastery over Graces physically bestowed—the Plenitudes and Spiritual Maternity and Fecundity that an indignant Bossuet was one day to declare unexampled in the Church—and later defined as an influence so pure that there was nothing of human sentiment in it, a mere flux and reflux, that went from her to Lacombe, and back again, to lose itself in the Divine and Invisible Unity. And in her later career these Graces came upon her in such numbers that she must take to her bed till she could discharge them on someone; it was only after long practice that she learned how to bestow them in silence and from a distance.

She became acquainted with Fénelon through Mme. de Maintenon, and he fell under her religious spell. He was never very intimate with her, but, unhappily, he recommended and partly made himself responsible for her, while through her his own doctrine was called in question. Attacked by the Bishop of Chartres, she (by Fénelon's advice) appealed to the great Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux; and, after many troubles, a commission, headed by Bossuet, assembled at Issy, and condemned her writings in very guarded terms. Fénelon signed the articles reluctantly. But Bossuet proceeded to prepare a pamphlet, laying down the doctrine of the Church on the whole subject of mysticism, and the Quietist errors of which De Guyon was accused. Fénelon at first promised approval, but then withdrew his promise, and prepared a counter-statement of his own teachings on the matter, *The Maxims of the Saints*. He promised not to print it till Bossuet's pamphlet had appeared. But by giving it to his impetuous friend De Chevreuse for publication, without telling him that he had explicitly promised to delay it, he secured that De Chevreuse should issue it in his own absence, *before* Bossuet's pamphlet. Then, of course, he disavowed responsibility for the act. Bossuet was furious. He accused the *Maxims* of heresy; and a fierce conflict of pamphlet and tongue resulted in Fénelon's appeal to Rome. There the extravagances of Fénelon's system were formally condemned, together with the book; but his doctrine on the main issue was left cautiously alone, nor was he accounted heretical. He accepted the condemnation, and retired to his diocese, whither he was banished by the king.

It was a blessing in disguise, rebuking his ambition, deepening his religion, and educing his finest qualities. Thenceforward we see nothing but the great and wise Archbishop, energetically governing his diocese, winning all hearts by his sympathy, his adaptability, his humanity, his sagacious moderation, his charity; the great Director, guiding a flock of souls drawn from the *élite* of France, and to this day edifying men by the gentle wisdom of his letters to these many spiritual clients. The horrors of the war on the Flemish frontier filled Cambrai with sick and wounded soldiers, for whom his benevolence was untiring, lodging them in his palace, aiding them with food, medicines, clothes, money, and personal attendance. If with all his wisdom he still accustomed his clients to an over-reliance in himself, a too blind obedience; if he still had glancings towards the Court whence he was banished, these are human weaknesses. Of that *Télemaque*, which brought on him at first fresh obloquy, and finally lasting fame, as of his other writings, we cannot here speak in detail. The political and humanitarian wisdom of *Télemaque*, with its political and humanitarian extravagances; its beautiful, musical, and evenly-flowing prose; its anticipations of the eighteenth century and Rousseau—on all these things Viscount St. Cyres writes with admirable insight and judgment. But his chief praise is to have given a thinkable picture of a brilliant and bafflingly varied personality, and to have shown its greatness and wisdom, not excluding, but reconcilable with, its liability to error, tortuousness, and self-centredness. For there Fénelon recognised his own peril. Friendly and charitable to all, he took none to his inmost heart; and all his plans for the good of others he was under the necessity of centring round himself. "L'église, c'est moi," he might have said.

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The Possible First Author of "Hamlet."

The Works of Thomas Kyd. Edited from the Original Texts, with Introduction, Notes, and Facsimiles, by Frederick S. Boas, M.A., Professor of History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 15s. net.)

ALL students of the Elizabethan drama owe a debt of gratitude to Prof. Boas for this volume, which is not only the first separate edition of Kyd in modern times, but the first reprint of the plays which has been collated with all the extant quartos, and retains the original spelling. It includes, moreover, all of Kyd that we possess, even to his two prose works (the *Householder's Philosophie*, translated from Tasso, and the pamphlet, *Murder of John Brewen*), and the fragments of verse from Allott's *England's Parnassus*. Besides these are documents concerning the charge of atheism for which Kyd was arrested and Marlowe brought in danger. Prof. Boas re-discovered the originals among the Harleian MSS., and is thus enabled to throw fuller light on the matter, even more important to the biographer of Marlowe than to the biographer of Kyd. His notes are models for their judicious proportion of brevity and fulness; while his introduction is a valuable essay on the numerous obscure and controverted points connected with Kyd's writings and life, no less than an able contribution towards the understanding of Kyd's true place in Elizabethan drama. In regard to the study of Kyd, indeed, it would be hardly an exaggeration to call this an epoch-making edition.

The most of us, if we know Kyd at all, know him chiefly by flouts and gibes. It was the custom of later dramatists to poke fun at his chief play, "The Spanish Tragedy." It is a butt for all manner of sixteenth and seventeenth century playwrights and poets, while Nash (who deserved the epithet of "asp," which Macaulay flung at George Steevens), of course, sneered at him. Hard is it for a dramatist to survive the allied laughter of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. It may be doubtful whether Sly's burlesqued quotation came from Shakespeare; but the great poet has jested at Kyd elsewhere, while Jonson was never tired of it. Yet this innumerable laughter of later playwrights is in itself a testimony to the popular vitality of Kyd's chief play; while, when Jonson himself came to write seriously, he did not disdain to measure Shakespeare's greatness by his supremacy—among other supremacies—over "Sporting Kyd." Great men (except, perhaps, the femininely resentful Pope) do not trouble themselves to give more than a passing laugh to that which has no reputation. And Prof. Boas brings out most strikingly the fact that Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" was overwhelmingly the popular play of its age. Its favourite "bits" passed into catch-words, like the sayings of "Pinafore" and other Gilbertian librettos in their day. "Go by, Hieronymo," became a form of slighting setting-by. "It is 'Go by, Jeronimo,'" meant "It is 'all up'" with a man or thing. And so forth with other stock-phrases from the play. After an interval, in which it seemed to have exhausted itself, it was furnished with additions (perhaps by the mocker Ben Jonson himself), and started on a fresh career of triumph, which lasted till the Puritans put drama to the axe with Charles I. Nor was this solely or chiefly through the crudity of public taste. It was one of the many instances in which, not for the last time, construction has borne out purely literary defects. "Hieronymo," as it was familiarly called, was a good acting-play. Kyd was, before all things, an expert playwright, a carpenter of plots, and his plots, withal, were imaginative plots. There was the stuff of great effects in them, such as the loftiest dramatist might not disdain.

If Prof. Boas and others be right, the loftiest of dramatists did not disdain it. He zealously upholds the view, which has been put forward before, that from Kyd Shakespeare took the plot of "Hamlet." To our mind, on the whole, he makes out a strongly plausible case. We know from contemporary reference that there was an early "Hamlet"; and a passage in Nash identifies it with a dramatist who, from very convincing circumstantial evidence, is almost certainly Kyd. Now the First Quarto "Hamlet" reveals an imperfect and transitional state of the play, in which many critics believe that we have remains of the early play. Prof. Dowden, indeed, thinks the whole of this First Quarto to show Shakespeare's hand. Prof. Boas, on the contrary, takes the view that the last three acts are quite unlike Shakespeare, while they contain distinct resemblances to Kyd. The plot itself of "Hamlet (he urges), where it departs from the original story drawn from Saxo Grammaticus, shows certain distinct affinities with the plot of "The Spanish Tragedy." We have not space to follow his argument on this point; but he seems to us mainly right, though he sometimes pushes things too far. When he comes to resemblances in the text of the last three acts, we may, however, quote his strongest instances. When Hamlet (in the First Quarto) asks his mother to help him in his revenge, she replies:

> I will conceal, consent, and do my best,
> What stratagem soe'er thou shalt devise.

Prof. Boas cites the dialogue between Belimperia and Hieronymo in Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy":

> BEL. Hieronymo, I will consent, conceal,
> And ought that may effect for thine avail,
> Join with thee to revenge Horatio's death.
> HIER. On then; whatsoever I devise,
> Let me entreat you, grace my practices.

On the news of Ophelia's death, Laertes cries:

> Revenge it is must yield this heart relief,
> For woe begets woe, and grief hangs on grief.

Hieronymo, in Kyd's play, cries over his murdered son:

> To know the author were some ease of grief,
> For in revenge my heart would find relief.

Moreover, he desires "to drown" him "with an ocean of his tears"; which parallels the preceding lines of Laertes:

> Too much of water hast thou, Ophelia,
> Therefore I will not drown thee in my tears.

The King in "Hamlet" says to Gertrude:

> We'll have Laertes and our son
> Made friends and lovers, as befits them both.

Kyd's Castille exclaims to his son and Hieronymo:

> But here, before Prince Balthazar and me,
> Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Finally, we may cite Laertes' words to the King:

> You have prevailed, my Lord: a while I'll strive
> To bury grief within a tomb of wrath.

With this compare another passage from Kyd:

> Thou hast prevailed; I'll conquer my misdoubt,
> And in thy love and counsel drown my fear.

Other parallels which Prof. Boas quotes seems to us weaker; one altogether weak, the original in both cases being a well-known passage in Genesis. Besides the parallelisms in the passages we have quoted from the first quarto, the un-Shakespearean movement of the blank verse is very strongly marked. In none of the plays which are certainly the entire work of Shakespeare is there verse so wooden and devoid of vital pulse. At the same time Prof. Boas admits that in the last three acts of the First Quarto "Hamlet" certain characteristics of Kyd are absent. He is driven upon the theory that the early, or Kyd, "Hamlet" had suffered alteration by other hands before Shakespeare finally took it up. Be this as it may (and it obviously weakens his case), we do yet think it strongly probable that Kyd was the author, or first author, of the play from which Shakespeare constructed "Hamlet." We go further, and think it likely that the *scenario* of "Hamlet"

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is essentially (though not, it is probable, integrally) that which Kyd constructed.

Of the plays assigned to Kyd in the present volume, "The Spanish Tragedy" is alone worth consideration in much detail, as it is alone indisputably Kyd's. "Cornelia" is a translation from the French poet Robert Garnier; while "Soliman and Perseda" is anonymous; nor does the internal evidence point to Kyd so conclusively as one could wish, though it may probably be his. "The Spanish Tragedy," to our mind, depends almost entirely upon a fine sense of stage-effect, and a cunning, though far from faultless plot. The text, as a rule, is best when it is simplest—a direct expression of the striking situations conceived by Kyd's imagination. No doubt there is a certain sententiousness, imitated from Seneca: but we cannot say that to our mind it ever becomes very striking. When Kyd most aims at being striking in his speeches, he either works himself into rant, or knots together a series of the most unutterable euphuisms. Upon these Ben Jonson's satire fastened: "O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!" "O life, no life, but lively form of death!" "O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!" and so forth. Of the other kind, a favourable specimen is the passage which Prof. Boas admires, wherein the mad Hieronymo describes the imagined infernal dwelling of the man who has murdered his son:

> There is a path upon your left-hand side
> That leadeth from a guilty Conscience
> Unto a forest of distrust and fear,
> A darksome place and dangerous to pass:
> There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,
> Whose baleful humours if you but uphold,
> It will conduct you to despair and death:
> Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld,
> Within a hugy dale of lasting night
> That, kindled with the world's iniquities,
> Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes:
> Not far from thence, where murderers have built
> A habitation for their cursed souls,
> There, in a brazen cauldron fixed by Jove,
> In his fell wrath, upon a sulphur flame,
> Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him
> In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

Prof. Boas, by the way, in the eleventh line of this quotation, misprints "dost" for "doth"—the only error we have noticed. There is undoubtedly a certain imaginative power in the passage, though it never rises very high, and has always a certain perilous verging upon the confines of mere rhetorical effectiveness. But in the close it falls sheer into rant and "blugginess." The madness of Hieronymo, as a whole, placed beside the madness of Lear, is an instructive lesson in "how not to do it": a series of turgid ravings, which aim to represent madness by their inflated departure from nature and sense, instead of being, like the speeches of Shakespeare's maniacs, sense and nature "jangled out of tune." It is a supreme revelation of Shakespeare's innovating power.

The gift of characterisation which Prof. Boas claims for Kyd we totally fail to see. Except, to a certain rough extent, in the Machiavellian villain Lorenzo, and in the very subordinate comic characters, all the personages seem to us lifeless and colourless. Hieronymo himself is a quite generic, crazed, and revengeful old man, individualised in no one trait. But the imaginative contrivance of situation and plot is undeniable, and herein lies the strength of the play. The murder scene must have been thrilling to an audience which as yet knew not Macbeth. It leans towards horror, the killing and hanging being done on the stage; but it is imaginative, and points the way towards the supreme tragedy of Shakespearean murder, where horror becomes merged in terror. As to the finely ironic effect of the final tragedy, where the murder is done in sight of the murdered man's relations, who suppose themselves to be witnessing a play where the actors do but "kill in jest," there can be no question. Here, as elsewhere, when Kyd is most successful, the power lies in the stage-situation, and the dialogue which emphasises the tragic irony of the situation is studiously simple, even prosaic. In spite of the inartificiality with which the "hanging fire" of Hieronymo's revenge is accounted for, the too evident dragging-in of scenes for the mere purpose of getting effects to fill up the pause of waiting, the structure of the play is, on the whole, an admirable and powerful conception. The climax is, as we have said, that the assassins of Hieronymo's son are led to take part in a play which requires that they shall be stabbed on the stage. Their father and uncle look on, and applaud the realism of the performance, to learn at the close, from the triumphant lips of Hieronymo, that it has been realistic unto death. It is a splendid stage idea, marred, unluckily, by an orgie of needless horrors and murders at the finish.

As regards the dialogue alone, Charles Lamb's dictum remains true that "the salt of the old play" is certain interpolated scenes and passages. It is known that Henslowe paid Ben Jonson for additions to the drama; but against this must be set the fact that they are totally unlike Jonson's work and alien to all we know of his genius. Who wrote them we shall never certainly know. Coleridge showed less than his usual insight in thinking it might be Shakespeare; the verse has nothing of Shakespeare's movement, nor is the imaginative quality or diction quite in his style. Excrescences on the action of the play, they are of very high poetic merit; sometimes poignantly ironic, sometimes deeply imaginative. We quote Hieronymo's directions to the painter for depicting the murder of his son:

> "Well, sir, paint me a youth run through and through with villains' swords, hanging upon this tree. . . . Then, sir, after some violent noise, bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under mine arm, with my torch in my hand, and my sword reared up thus: and with these words: 'What noise is this? Who calls Hieronymo?' . . . Bring me through alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and let my hair heave up my night-cap. Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve. And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tottering, and tottering, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down. And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio. There you may show a passion, there you may show a passion!"

It is a wonderful miniature. "As you know the wind will wave a man": could anything be more grimly sinister? Then there is Hieronymo's description of the tree on which his son was hung: how he had sown, nursed, and watered it:

> At last it grew, and grew, and bore, and bore,
> Till at the length
> It grew a gallows, and did bear our son,
> It bore thy fruit and mine: O wicked, wicked plant!

That has the most intimate imagination. It is worth note that one of these interpolations anticipates (though roughly) the metre of "Samson Agonistes." Undoubtedly Prof. Boas's edition of Kyd is a gain to our knowledge of the influences which made the Elizabethan stage.

A Steward and Student of Books.

Essays of an Ex-Librarian. By Richard Garnett. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

THESE essays, most—though not all—reprinted from various periodicals, or from the introductions to various books, deserve their collective title. For they bear, as they should do, the imprint of the writer's personality as a steward and student of books, interested in those nice minor questions which arise among professed bookmen, and of which the larger world of literature takes small count. They are the work of one curious in the odd corners and quiet by-ways of

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literature. Not that—with one exception—they are exactly recondite or out of the way. But they linger peeringly on what most would think trifles. Exceptions there are, where the author has followed the trodden ways of bookland. And all have the clear, unsuperfluous, sifted style of the scholarly *littérateur*.

One of the exceptions is the essay on Coleridge. Not much which is new can nowadays be said about Coleridge, and Dr. Garnett does not on the whole say anything new. But he traces, with more clearness than we have seen it traced before, the influence of Wordsworth on his friend's poetry. This portion of the essay is very interesting and discriminating. Dr. Garnett remarks that Coleridge's poems exemplify in themselves the transition from the convention left by Pope to the new style; and that for this reason his early poems have a value which does not belong to the inferior work of his contemporaries. The early poems are truly conventional in style, despite their underlying promise of originality. It was the influence of Wordsworth's talk, rather than of his writings, which revolutionised Coleridge's style; it was the opening to him of a new way, which he had not himself found. In all this Dr. Garnett is right. That was Wordsworth's gift to Coleridge; as *his* gift to Wordsworth was the exalting breath of a philosophic gospel which profoundly interfused and elevated all Wordsworth's subsequent work. A more far-reaching commerce does not exist in poetic history. Dr. Garnett selects, as showing the deep change worked upon Coleridge, that most Wordsworth-tinged poem, "Frost at Midnight." One sees Wordsworth in its subtle natural imagination, no less than in the "general panorama in miniature of the whole year, produced by a dexterous selection of striking picturesque circumstances," which concludes it:

> Whether the summer clothe the general earth
> With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
> Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
> Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
> Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
> Heard only in the trances of the blast,
> Or if the secret ministry of frost
> Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
> Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

The last four lines might well pass for Wordsworth's; and like his, too, is that touch of the "nigh thatch" which "Smokes in the sun thaw."

As Dr. Garnett says:

> Previously the poet has excelled in those departments which would have equally befitted a good writer of prose; his present performances have so little in common with prose that, were they even despoiled of their metrical form, they would still be poetry. They are better adapted than anything else in our language to exhibit the fundamental distinction between poetry in its purest form and the thought or narrative whose claims to the title of poetry are metrical expression and artificial diction. They have thus the merit of bringing to the plainest issue the question between the poetry of the intellect and the poetry of the imagination.

To the same class as Coleridge belong the essays on Moore, Emerson, Peacock, &c. Indeed, we have underrated the bulk and importance of the papers which deal with literary celebrities. Yet it remains true that the essays which strike one as distinctive deal with those obscure or disputed points which appeal to the bookman *par excellence*, and their merit is that they all leave clear some matter not previously unravelled, demonstrate, or seek to demonstrate, some new idea. They are not simply otiose. Of such is the essay on the "Date of 'The Tempest,'" which upholds the unpopular view that Shakespeare's play was composed to celebrate the wedding of the Elector Palatine and Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., in 1613. Dr. Garnett in this follows Tieck, Meissner, and Prof. Goldwin Smith, against the unanimous ascription of an earlier date by other commentators. That "The Tempest" was performed on this occasion we know; and Dr. Garnett's arguments include the seemingly purposeless introduction of the two elaborate masques, which would be explained did Shakespeare write for a Court entertainment, the curiously slight shifting of scene (as if to suit the limited "properties" of a private performance), together with allusions in the play having some affinity with James's situation, and the atmosphere of adventurous discovery, fitting a time when the Virginia plantation was afoot. This theory makes Ferdinand and Miranda to be the royal couple, and Prospero (superficially, at least) James himself. The popular contempt for James has, Dr. Garnett thinks, been of weight in preventing the English acceptance of his view, which, however, has found favour on the Continent, notably with Dr. Brandes. To us it seems by no means unplausible. The essay on "Vathek" revolutionises the traditional idea as to Beckford's rapid composition of that story; "Shelley and Beaconsfield" reveals some unsuspected affinities between those unlike men; "Gycia" essays to correct a wholesale anachronism in Constantine Porphyrogenitus; and "Translating Homer" introduces some Homeric versions by the author himself. Nowhere can you open without being interested by these cultivated manifestations of a studious life; and the reason is that they have, in Dr. Garnett's own words, "preluded their appeal to public interest by interesting the author himself."

A Malayan Jungle Book.

Fables and Folk-Tales from an Eastern Forest. Collected and Translated by Walter Skeat. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. (Cambridge: University Press. 7s. 6d.)

THESE stories, fruit of "the Cambridge expedition of 1899 through the remoter States of the Malay Peninsula," are full of talking animals, and reveal nothing of the subtlety of Malay superstition. They have been rendered in a style appropriate to their simplicity, though once the translator makes the mouse-deer say in modern metaphor: "All right. I'm 'on the spot.'" And they have been illustrated with a care worthy of a text-book on Natural History.

The mouse-deer just mentioned strikes with his very much cloven hoof the keynote of the collection, which is the glorification of chicane. The mouse-deer is described as "a most beautiful little animal, with big dark pleading eyes and all the grace and elegance of a gazelle." His official position seems to have been Chief Dancer of the War-dance in the Kingdom of Solomon, but he appears most characteristically as the deceiver of tigers, who, as long as he is about, discover that they live in a land where it is always the First of April. He is more cunning even than the ape, against whom he is incidentally pitted in a case where Mouse-deer tries to save Friend Elephant from the penalty of losing a foolish wager with a tiger. Mounted on the elephant's back, he has already frightened the tiger away once by crying out, as if he were a dreadful beast of prey, "A single elephant is very short commons," the while the tiger mistakes a stream of molasses running down the elephant's legs for that gambler's life-blood. But the ape meets the retreating tiger and suggests that Mouse-deer was acting the part of the bogey, with the result that the tiger determines to face once more the sticky elephant and his rider.

> But Friend Mouse-deer, sitting on Friend Elephant's back, saw them coming and shouted: "Hullo, Father Ape, this is a dog's trick indeed; you promise to bring me two tigers and you only bring me one. I refuse to accept it, Father Ape."
>
> Now when Friend Tiger heard this he ran off as fast as he could . . . and to this day the Tiger is very wroth with the Ape for trying to cheat him.

Their glorification of chicane does not prevent the stories from exhibiting an exalted ideal of honour. Two tigers,

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intent on man-eating, agree thus outside the proposed victim's hut: "Whatever you seize shall be your portion, but Whatever plunges down the steps (to escape) shall be mine." But the tiger who was to enter the hut heard "the tune that makes the tiger drowsy," and so fell from his post on the hut-ladder to the ground,

> where he was seized by his companion. And when he objected, his companion exclaimed: "Did we not agree that whatever plunged down the steps was to be my portion?" and proceeded to devour him at his leisure.

Equally scrupulous is the winning crocodile in a similar bargain.

Tigers figure in these folk-tales as uniformly stupid, yet there is a Malay legend of tigers who could turn themselves into men, and one even hears of their dwelling under civic government in houses thatched with women's hair. But Mouse-deer has no difficulty in making his striped friend do such domestic work as a charwoman would declaim against; and as regards nerves, the tiger of Malay legend is a true decadent.

Before we leave the animals of this book, we may remark that they have obvious affinity with others that never entered the Ark. They are less didactic than those who figure in the apologues which constitute the oldest matter of the *Arabian Nights*. They are not always the work of skilled fancies, or we should never read of their doing things which the mind's eye cannot see such animals do. There is a good long stride from Hoffmann's Educated Cat to a conception such as Mouse-deer of Malay legend. Both are scientifically incredible, but the Cat persuades us of its felinity even when learning to read, whereas Mouse-deer might be any number of animals without losing or gaining as an illusion.

Mention of a cat reminds us that the, or perhaps more strictly *a*, Malayan Deluge was preceded by fights between "all manner of beasts." When the dogs and cats fought, "a great Flood came down from the mountains and overwhelmed the people that dwelt in the plains."

Human beings do not figure to advantage in these tales. We have a Tusky Prince who "commanded to slay a boy daily in order that he might eat the heart thereof, wherefore his tusks grew like those of a cannibal, two at top and two at bottom." That is a touch of the penny didactic dreadful. For the rest there is much eloquence in the calm casualness of the dreadful as herein displayed—*e.g.*, the gobbling of living flesh. But one remembers that in *The Travels and Surprising Adventures of Baron Munchausen* we are supposed to laugh when the Baron fairly flogs a fox "out of his fine skin" to avoid tearing it. The Baron diverted the late eighteenth century of England. The Malay story-tellers need no better excuse for trifling with our sensibilities.

First-Hand.

Andrea Mantegna. By Paul Kristeller. English Edition by S. Arthur Strong. (Longmans. £3 10s. net.)

"In Padua," wrote Mr. Berenson some years ago, "masters such as Jacopo Bellini, Donatello, and Fra Filippo were all at work, and the younger men certainly studied their productions, and, it may be, enjoyed their actual teaching. It still remains for some investigator to reconstruct this art movement . . . and I venture to prophesy that the result of such researches will be to prove that, deducting the Florentine elements, the so-called school of Squarcione was nothing but an embryonic phase of the Venetian school." Well, Mr. Berenson has found his "investigator," and, better still, his prediction has come true. These are the main and most revolutionary results of Herr Kristeller's labours. The Paduan group, the brief movement that gave birth to the Eremitani frescoes, the statue of Gattamelata, and the high altar of Il Santo, are vividly and searchingly reconstituted; and poor old Squarcione is clearly proved to be what he undoubtedly was, a clever tradesman, employing and profiting by the work of well-chosen collaborators. He ran a large business, and, possessing commercial qualities of the highest order, secured numerous important commissions easily recognisable for the output of a distinguished and reliable firm.

Mantegna was adopted by this master, but he was also the son-in-law of Jacopo Bellini, the brother-in-law of Gian and Gentile. Squarcione's true relationship becomes evident when the younger man "brings his master before the courts of justice and demands the annulling of a contract which the latter had concluded with him in the year 1448, presumably for the common execution of works. The contract is, in fact, declared null and void on the ground that Mantegna was at the time of contracting still a minor and under the power of his father, and, as one of the judges rules, was deceived by Squarcione."

Squarcione, in short, recognising the lad's ability, gets him to sign certain papers at the age of seventeen, has the use of him for eight years, and evidently wants another eight. Mantegna, at the time foremost among Paduan-born painters, married to Jacopo's daughter, looking to Donatello, Antonio Vivarini, and old Bellini for guidance rather than to his alleged "master," has had enough of a relationship forced on him by the necessities of his penniless youth. The position is no uncommon one even at this day.

So much for the Squarcione myth—indeed, for Squarcione in general; and we now await the results of this most effective demolition of a gentleman who hitherto has been the most useful stop-gap in the history of painting, a fact which, no doubt, accounts for his extreme popularity. He was a saviour of time, labour, and research to all the cheap historians. They will miss him. One views his relegation with the more delight in that it is a further vindication of first-hand and first-class research. Herr Kristeller belongs to that devoted band similar even at this day to the clusters of scholars who exchanged correspondence and black-letter volumes in the times he writes about—the few but fit who have made no concessions to the popular demand for showy writing. Admirably equipped, a linguist, a critic of insight, courage, and sympathy, well versed in the history and personalities of his period, sober in argument and untiring in his search for evidence, he brings his whole experience to bear on this slow and difficult task. We follow Mantegna to the court of the Gonzagas, are made to understand his proud relationship to the family he served, the freedom and expansion of his genius. There is a certain Bohemianism in this story of princely expenditure followed by extreme fits of hard-uppishness. Mantegna suffered or profited by these fluctuations in the fortunes of his protectors, and finally died after passing forty-seven years in one service. We are told all that can be told about his paintings; he is considered as an engraver, and in an appendix is printed such correspondence bearing on the master as has come down to us. In brief, Herr Kristeller's book takes immediate rank as the standard work on Mantegna, a fact that is the more evident when we find so distinguished a scholar as Dr. Strong honouring himself and honouring his university by taking over the sponsorship of the English edition. And we may add that so well is the translation made that it might easily pass for an original.

Tit Thoughts.

The Vicar and his Friends. By Cunningham Geikie. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

Did not Dante once "propose to paint an angel," and did not "Rafael make a century of sonnets"? So likewise did Cardinal Wiseman write a novel, and Cardinal Newman two (to name great men), and Dean Farrar some, and Dr. Mivart

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one ; and, last, Dr. Geikie, whose works occupy a couple of pages of the British Museum Catalogue, comes along with a book shaped and named, at any rate, to simulate one.

Dr. Geikie has been at some pains to make his Vicar live ; he devotes his first chapter to that laudable purpose. Unfortunately he never succeeds in imparting any touch of individuality to the man ; he remains a mere universal—a type of the old-fashioned country parson, illuminated with a modern liberalism that is wholly unaware of the obligations of orthodoxy. Above all, it is his function to serve as a safety valve for Dr. Geikie's bursting reservoirs of general information. Not that he stands alone ; his friends are just like him. "The Doctor," for instance, not waiting even for an introduction, bursts out with : "Did you notice the sunset, gentlemen, and the broken clouds and films of vapour lit up to the zenith with embroidery of flame?" And on the next page he is reeling off figures :

> What would Socrates have said had he thought of the power required to raise these floods to the heavens and to hold their waters overhead till the time came to return them to earth? An inch of rainfall, gentlemen, means a hundred tons' weight on an acre ; but the average depth of rain in a year over England at large is thirty-one inches, so that every acre in it receives, say, 3,100 tons of downpour each year. Now, there are thirty-one millions and a quarter acres in England. . . .

—and so forth. And this gentleman serves equally well to discuss the origin of gunpowder, to calculate the quantity of fuel consumed periodically by the sun, or to crack you a wheeze about the cat that with the aid of a meat tin apparatus succeeded in passing herself off as a ghost. Any of them, again, could give you at a moment's notice a neat table of the reasons in support of the luminous principle : "Let each sex keep to the sphere assigned to it by nature." This encyclopædic book of general information and sound principles of moral conduct is even furnished with an index : Aborigines, Abyssinia, Accadians, Achilles, Acute senses—it begins. But let us try our luck. Here, at p. 218, under "Marriage," we have (the Vicar speaks) :

> "'My husband,' said a dear lady to me once, 'told me he wrote down the names of three young ladies when he thought of marriage, and laid them before the Lord, and I was the favoured one.' 'I don't think,' said her daughter, 'it was very complimentary to you that you were one of three!' Honest and simple man, yet shrewd enough, for his prayers directed him to the lady with plenty of money!"

Shrewd and simple Vicar! Well, at any rate, the point was not easy to miss! In fact, this is no more a book than would be a volume of *Tit Bits* or *Great Thoughts* ; but you might do worse with a few odd half-hours than expend them in browsing upon it.

A Long Memory.

Links with the Past. By Mrs. Charles Bagot. (Edward Arnold. 16s.)

This book calls for no criticism. It is a pleasant record by a lady of high social position and many memories, and its quiet pretensions are fulfilled. Mrs. Bagot saw the first train start from Watford, on the London and Birmingham (now the London and North-Western) Railway. As a girl, and an aristocrat, she was immensely pleased when it was rumoured that Lord Grey and Lord Brougham were to be taken to the Tower, where she devoutly hoped they would be beheaded for their naughty Reform Bill of 1831. She and her brothers and sisters flattened their noses against a window at Moor Park in order to stare at William IV. and Queen Adelaide, who were breakfasting there as the guests of Lord Westminster in 1831. She danced with her *fiancé* at one of Lady Jersey's great balls at Almack's. By her marriage she became great-niece to the Duke of Wellington, to whom she was then introduced in Lady Westmorland's box at the opera. "He took my hand and kept it throughout the act. My husband said to me afterwards, 'Why did you not speak to the Duke?' I had been brought up with such intense admiration of him by my father and uncles that I was struck dumb. I simply felt that I was sitting hand in hand with the saviour of England and Europe."

Mrs. Bagot thinks that before bicycling young women were much more beautiful. "They had no hard lines about the mouth, and their beautiful skins were preserved by the cottage straw bonnets of the early Victorian period."

Her life in Staffordshire leads her to recall the Rugeley murder. After Palmer's execution a deputation from the town waited on Lord Palmerston to urge him to change its name. "You may call it after *me* if you like," was his witty reply.

Mrs. Bagot brings her notes up to 1900, and appropriately ends with the mention of her last sight of Queen Victoria, when she drove round London to identify herself with her people in the present war. "On that day she looked so well and happy." It is, of course, a matter of personal impression, but others, we believe, will tell their children that on that day they observed, as never before, the signs of age and weariness.

Some Essays and an Epigram.

Essays in Paradox. By the Author of *Exploded Ideas* and *Times and Days.* (Longmans. 5s.)

This is a modest book of light, workmanly, and straightforward essays. Of the average tone, a good specimen is the essay on "Ornament." It enforces the view that ornament is based on use, and is intolerable where it defeats or has no relation to the purpose of a book or other work of art. This is no new doctrine. Ruskin long since set it forth, as regards the domain of painting and sculpture, with insurpassable grace and eloquence. But the present author puts it well in a clear, level-headed way. For instance :

> As dirt is matter out of place, so ugliness is ornament out of place. You may have all sorts of dirt in literature ; by which I mean that you may have poor similes where they are not wanted, or you may have excellent tropes where they are quite out of place. A church window when I want to see a fine view through clear glass is an impertinent obstruction. There are poems so encrusted with figures of speech, that you cannot, so to speak, see the trees for the leaves. Then you pray for more reticence in your author.

That shows the author's style. It is the fit clothing for a mind of which the prominent character is great good sense and level-headedness, rather than any specially brilliant gifts. The same qualities appear in another passage from the same essay :

> After all, a book is a man. It is not merely an enemy of *ennui*, and those who read them to fill empty hours have not learnt the first lesson in reading, and that is, that "books are for betterment." All books are school books. You cannot be quite the same after reading a book as you were before. You must either be better or worse. If the book is a good book you are better ; if a bad book you are the worse for it.

This, again, is not new ; but we can afford to have it repeated so directly. "All books are school books" is a quite memorable epigram. Of the other essays, some are sketchy and amusing, such as the concluding paper on "Possession," which shows that the owner is apt to be owned by his belongings. Here and there among these are trifles which are rather too "small beer" for inclusion in a volume ; nor do we much care for the author's deliberate sentiment. Baby-love may be "quite beautiful" (as the author says), but his recollections of it fatally recall the young loves of Master Copperfield.

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If You are Building a House.

The Art of Building a House. By Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

MESSRS. PARKER AND UNWIN are architects in the Midlands, who, having united their intellects in business, have now united them in literature. The result is a pleasant and stimulating book. What the advice of the sapient Mr. *Punch* would be to those about to erect a house we know not: but our own is—first consult the suggestive pages of Messrs. Parker and Unwin, for they certainly know what they are talking about. Personally we like their counsels better than their drawings. To many persons these counsels will often be trite enough, for at this late day there is little that is new to be said about domiciliation; but in such matters as architecture sane triteness is no vice. Only by hammering away can any good be produced. Other persons, who have never thought seriously on the subject at all, will find much that is fresh to dwell upon. For example, this statement: "A kitchen is best north-east or east, for the first coming down into the fireless house may well have its cheerlessness reduced for the servants by what sunshine is to be had at an early hour; later in the day, when the kitchen is hot with cooking, the heat of the sun should not be added." That is sound and kindly. Architects are not always on the side of the servants. Again: "We do not enough consider when we introduce for the first time into a valley a bright red roof how it will haunt the eye from every point of view, and may go far towards marring the beauty of the whole scene by destroying its restfulness." This again is sound and thoughtful. Architects are not always on the side of restfulness in nature. Altogether, we think Messrs. Parker and Unwin very good guides, and not least so when they are commenting upon cottages for the poor on the estates of the rich.

Between the Deep Sea and ——.

Deep Sea Plunderings. By F. T. Bullen. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

WHILE Mr. Bullen is writing descriptive sketches of whaling, of forecastle life, of "running down the Easting," of "hovelling," or even of the struggle of a pious mind among godless seamen, we know his value. But when he essays to tell stories we are puzzled, we cannot exactly place him. He does not seem to fill any niche. There are Mr. Conrad and Mr. Kipling on the far side, and Mr. Jacobs on the near, to do everything that Mr. Bullen does as a novelist, and do it in a vastly more entertaining way.

The good descriptive writer (and Mr. Bullen is a very good descriptive writer) usually fails as a narrator of human passions: the two gifts are so different. Think, for example, of those awful productions which the late George Augustus Sala labelled novels. Mr. Bullen does not wholly fail—we would not suggest that—but his stories, with one exception, can be left unread as easily as any that we have picked up these many months.

The exception is the tale of Elisha Cushing, the sphinx-like captain of the *Beluga*, sperm-whaler. This is a good yarn, well conceived and well told, with a spice of the supernatural in it. Moreover, it offers no room to Mr. Bullen's rather terrible form of humour, which, as is too often the case with people who are not humorists, turns chiefly upon the unreproducible badness of bad language—a tiresome topic. Mr. Bullen's dialect, which is also terrible, the story does not escape: but it survives it in a way that some of the others do not.

The book has pictures suitable to it.

Other New Books.

MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE is the clever lady who goes to places on things. She went through Iceland on ponies, through Finland on a cart, through Norway on snow-shoes, and now she has wandered over Mexico on a horse, astride. Why Mexico? She probably thought that good "copy" was to be found there. So she wound up her sitting-room clock to run for 400 days, and left. Mrs. Tweedie must have a way with her, for she could always motion the right people to her side when sight-seeing. Governors gave her their arms, and caused bands to play while she dined. She went impartially to cock-fights and cathedrals, and never saw such fighting or such devotion. She wept to receive flowers from descendants of the Aztecs, and was easily entertained in a typical Mexican restaurant. President Diaz asked her the age of Lord Roberts, and someone gave her a box of chocolates at Cuernavaca. When she arrived home her clock had still about five months to run, and, before winding it again, she prepared this live, confused, entirely agreeable and well-illustrated book, called *Mexico as I Saw It* (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE note of Mr. Cosmo Rose-Innes's little book, *With Paget's Horse to the Front* (Macqueen), is its breeziness and a certain frank acceptance of the animalism of soldiering. At Chelsea Paget's men were licked into shape by a Colonial lieutenant, of whom we read: "We knew, because we witnessed the fact, that night after night he racketed round town, a votary always of Venus and the god of wine; but we knew, too, because we witnessed the fact, that every morning, with a bright eye and clear head, he was punctually on parade as fresh as paint, and no tangled formation which our inexperience could effect caused him a moment's hesitation or embarrassment. . . . I suppose it was right that his services were dispensed with, but we had to run the risk of much stupid respectability in exchange for much dissolute ability." The 180 pages of this little record can be read in a short railway journey.

AN appeal to the "courteous reader" in the preface to a Dictionary is a gallant survival. The Rev. Thomas Davidson employs it in introducing *Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary*, of which he is the editor. The volume contains over 1,200 pages. A fair number of illustrations are let into the columns. Obsolete words found in Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and the Authorised Version of the Bible are included.

AN interesting and valuable compilation is brought to a close in the fourth volume of Mr. Bushnell Hart's *American History told by Contemporaries* (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net). The ground here covered includes the Mexican war of 1835 and the events of last year. It is singular to find in the early part of the volume a description of a slave auction, taken from the *New York Tribune*, and in the last few pages an address on the future of the negro, full of moderation and enlightenment, by Booker Talinferro Washington, the negro poet and writer, who recently breakfasted with President Roosevelt at the White House.

WHO reads Harrison Ainsworth's novels now? Messrs. Gibbings answer this question by issuing them in a neat "Windsor" edition, and appropriately begin with *Windsor Castle* (2 vols., 5s. net). He is very satisfying in his conventional, full-blooded way.

> "Vain woman, your pride will be abased," rejoined Wolsey bitterly.
>
> "Vain man, you are already abased," replied Anne [Boleyn]. "A few weeks ago I would have made terms with you. Now I am your mortal enemy, and I will never rest till I have procured your downfall."

The scene might have been painted by Northcote.

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Fiction.

Some Women I Have Known. By Maarten Maartens. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE *ingenue* invented by Scribe is dead for ever—or at least she has passed simperingly out of respectable literary circles. But the famous *femme incomprise*, invented once for all by Richardson, and re-invented by Balzac, Turgenev, Paul Bourget, Marcel Prévost, and many others, still lives and cuts a figure in the smart world, her age a changeless thirty or thereabouts. Of the dozen women whom Mr. Maartens has known, the majority were decidedly *incomprises*. They have the correct nomenclature—The Duchess Eleanor, Madame de Liancourt, Diane de Bragade: their very names define them. We must not be suspected of a desire to launch a mild sneer at Mr. Maarten's book. We have enjoyed it, and we think it contains much excellent work. It has quite all the wit, the discretion, the utter worldliness of Mr. Anthony Hope's social studies; it possesses the air of having been written by the sort of man whom Mr. Charles Wyndham delights to portray on the stage. And it has, in addition, a genuine cosmopolitanism rare enough in English fiction. Reading it, one feels that to Mr. Maartens England, instead of being the centre of the greatest empire, &c., &c., is merely one country in Europe, and that Mr. Maartens knows exactly as much about several other countries as about the country of Charles Spurgeon. The faults of a volume of which the chief interest is feminine and psychological are shortly these. First, the author seems scarcely to have decided whether he was writing short stories or mere studies of character. And the result is an impression on the reader's mind that there should have been either no incident at all, or a little more than there is. Most of the tales, if they are tales, leave one in a condition of surmise. Second, the dialogue is apt to degenerate into an exchange of those vaguely suggestive similes which (it is a matter of common knowledge) real people never by any chance employ:

> "Shall we go to bed, mon Prince?" she said. "It is one o'clock. Cinderella . . . kept earlier hours than that."
>
> "You are always sleepy before anyone else is. It is a relic of Faussinières, where everybody sleeps all day in the eternal dulness of the woods."
>
> "Like the sleeping beauty," she answered. . . . "Mind lest the wrong Prince wakes me!"

Third, Mr. Maartens is too often content with a coarse and unoriginal characterisation—a rather annoying fault in a man who has shown himself capable of extreme subtlety in this respect. Here is an instance: "He is every man's envy! And every woman's ambition! The men bribe his tailor—the women?—for a woman it is the *baton de Maréchal* to have made the conquest of Guy de Belvalette." Fourth, and last, we must return to our starting-point, and take exception to the monotonous preponderance of the *femme incomprise*, that excellent dame who has now "lived in three centuries."

Circumstances. By S. Weir Mitchell. (Macmillan. 6s.)

IN a preliminary note the author says: "On a hilltop of an island endeared to me by many memories the ocean wind has permanently bent pine, fir, and spruce. Here and there a single tree remains upright—staunchly refusing to record the effect of circumstance on character." Hence, we suppose, the title. But the book is not such as the note would lead us to anticipate. We are not impressed by the warring of circumstance and character. We are not, indeed, impressed at all. The story is of the sort that might well be written by a doctor of wide experience in mankind and practised in the craft of English composition. That the book fails is merely a proof that something besides knowledge of men and the ability to write decent English is necessary to the outfit of a novelist. This something is creative power, imaginative force, denied to Dr. Weir Mitchell from the beginning. The fault is not his. In this complex narrative of American social and business life in the nineteenth century he has obviously made a serious and successful effort to put away the saccharine sentimentalism of his historical novels. He has tried to be realistic, and he is realistic. He has tried to see his characters with stern impartiality; his impartiality is occasionally so marked as to be painful. He is probably never wrong in his facts; there is nothing of the genial optimist about him here. In a word, the tale would be true—if it truly existed at all, if it made any genuine and convincing impression on the reader. As a projection of life it simply does not exist. It lacks, entirely lacks, the incommunicable breath of vitality. By virtue of that breath Blake could make even a

> Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
> In the forests of the night,

seem as real as a cat on a doorstep. A couple of lines and you see the enormous beast blazing at you through the impassable jungle of the front garden. How did he breathe life into ten ordinary words? Merely by seeing the tiger for himself first, by being himself fascinated by that savage glare, by himself trembling before that "fearful symmetry." Dr. Mitchell has not done likewise. He has ingeniously pieced a narrative together, but as for seeing, as for feeling—No!

Joseph Khassan, Half-Caste. By A. J. Dawson (Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS is a further addition to the already fairly long list of Mr. Dawson's Moorish studies. Apparently its moral is the old moral that you cannot expect anything from a half-caste except feminine charm and an absolute unreliability. Joseph Khassan, the offspring of a Christianised Turk and a Spanish woman, began his career in Morocco ("Morocco, basking like a tiger-cat beside the Mediterranean"), and, having married a pious Englishwoman, set up in London as a religious enthusiast. He had a kind heart, his brotherliness embraced the whole of mankind; and for a certain period he succeeded. Then he was found out—in licentiousness, in dishonesty, and in other smaller sins. He made a sham suicide, and returned to Morocco to adopt the profession of hermit. Mr. Dawson's portrait of Khassan is very clever, the one very clever thing in the volume. It is a rather convincing picture of a half-caste. The rest, we fear, is mainly agreeable sentences. The secondary hero, Dick Dunn, is just one of those good-natured Bohemian journalists whom Mr. Dawson seems quite unable to keep out of his romances. Khassan's wife is not satisfactory; nor are any of the London scenes realised as Mr. Dawson can realise a scene in, say, Tangier. The author's mannerisms show no tendency to disappear. We still have "anent," "from out," and other similar locutions. We also have clumsy English: for example, "the church hung fire," and "function" used in its wrong journalistic sense. We mention such trifles because Mr. Dawson has before now effectively classed himself with the few novelists who meticulously care for their language. *Joseph Khassan* is by no means a first-rate specimen of what Mr. Dawson can do. It suffers from its facility, from its occasional trivial smartness, from the very obvious influence of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and from a central lack of imaginative power. It cannot compare, for instance, with *Daniel Whyte*, or with the best things in *African Night's Entertainment*. We esteem Mr. Dawson's talent, and we think the moment has arrived for him, of set high purpose to attempt and achieve a truly large work.

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God's Rebel. By Hulbert Fuller. (Jarrold. 6s.)

For no apparent reason, except that a gambling scene has a sort of fascination for the third-rate novelist, this American novel begins in Monaco. Mr. Fuller twice makes his croupier utter a very curious phrase, *Rein ne va plus.* The iteration of this cryptic remark in the first chapter prejudiced us against the whole book. It is a tedious and confusing story, very much inferior to some American novels which we have been lately receiving. The interest is constantly shifted from person to person; the incidents are never illustrative, and the reader gradually loses all sense of direction. The style is an irritating admixture of trite figures and turns of speech.

> On the contrary, aside from a certain pugnacity of disposition which was oddly at variance with his dreamy nature, the lad grew up wedded to books and music.

Yet the author has had the ambition to write a novel which should embrace a wider field than the ordinary triangular love-story. He has tried to make a tale out of certain social and economic phenomena in America to-day. He has failed, partly because he does not know his craft, and partly because he lacks imaginative power. His manipulation of industrial enterprises, and the devious tricks of capital against labour, is marked by a painful clumsiness. Nor do his footnotes tend to smooth the reader's path:

> The facts confirmatory of this chapter may be read in the *Congressional Report on Trusts*, 1888, or in Mr. Henry D. Lloyd's *Wealth against Commonwealth*.

"May they!" the reader is likely to exclaim.

> The author trusts he need scarcely remind the reader that the above story is no fabrication. Time, scene, and facts may readily be verified.

It is possible.

In short, *God's Rebel* is an error of discretion.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

The Prophet of Berkeley Square. By Robert Hichens.

A tragic extravaganza. The prophet is a youth who comes under the influence of a charlatan—the astronomer, Sir Tiglath Butt—and suffers. The Prophet was "a man of thirty-eight, of excellent fortune, of fine connections and of admirable disposition." The Prophet was introduced to Sir Tiglath at the Colley Cibber Club. The astronomer had an "enormous brick-red face, round body, turned legs, eyes like marbles and a capacity for drinking port wine." The story is modern, amusing, and impossible, which is to hint that it is by Mr. Hichens. (Methuen. 6s)

Count Hannibal. By Stanley J. Weyman.

A French historical romance, in Mr. Weyman's well-known manner—hairbreadth escapes, moving accidents, &c. The story, which moves briskly, is laid in France in 1572, and before long we are in the horrors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. "Suddenly a rush of feet, a roar of voices surged past the window; for a moment the glare of the torches, which danced ruddily on the walls of the room, showed a severed head borne above the multitude on a pike." (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

Marietta. By Francis Marion Crawford.

Mr. Crawford explains in a note that he has adapted an old Venetian story. The hero, Zorzi, a Dalmatian waif, is taken into the service of old Angelo the glass-blower, who feared that a man of his own caste would fall in love with his daughter Marietta. In the fifteenth century it was unlawful to teach a foreigner the art of glass-blowing, and old Antonio, intent on art, hardly realised that both Zorzi and Marietta were learning much. The course of the story is easily foreseen and pleasantly realised. (Macmillan. 6s.)

Irish Pastorals. By Shan F. Bullock.

Nine pastorals which should interest those correspondents who have written to us on the Irish brogue. "'Arrah, whisht wi' yours,' retorted Mike. 'D'ye think ye can tell me about meself? A lot o' good the sun or the spring does any man when the blood's cowld in him.'" The pastorals have such titles as "The Planters," "The Turf-Cutters," "The Mowers," "The Haymakers," "The Reapers," "The Diggers." (Richards. 6s.)

The Road to Frontenac. By S. Merwin.

A good, swinging historical novel, opening what time new France had acquired nearly all the fur trade of the Great Lakes. The English Governor, Dongan, of New York, dared not fight openly for it, but he armed the Iroquois and set them against the French. So in the spring of 1687 preparations were being made for a great campaign against the Iroquois. (Murray. 6s.)

A Soldier of Virginia. By B. E. Stevenson.

A tale of Colonel Washington and Braddock's defeat. "It was not until he had sneered at me openly across the boards that I felt my self-control slipping from me. 'Lieutenant Allen seems to have a poor opinion of the Virginia troops,' I said, as calmly as I could. 'Egad, you are right,' he retorted, his eyes full on mine.'" (Duckworth. 6s.)

The Story of Sarah. By M. Louise Forsslund.

A little Dutch seaside community in America supplies the author with her local colour and some of her characters. The story is not easily described, as its effect depends entirely on its faithful and humorous detail. As in so many American stories of the quieter types, the love-making gains much by its rough setting. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

Kitty Fairhall. By John Halsham.

Village life and character, and a story quiet as an old lady's yarn. A novel in which the lovers marry on eighteen shillings a week cannot be called sensational. She was to have married the gamekeeper fellow at Binestead, but preferred Harry Marchant, and the bells rang, and the procession walked, and the rector and the vicar moralised and quoted Latin to each other. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

Love's Cross Ways. By A. M. Diehl.

"I am Roland Karl Heinrich Adolph of Hohenschlangenberg." We can understand Marie's agitation. For a woman to be told that by her dancing-master, with whom she has fallen in love at college, that he is all this is too sumptuously agitating; but then this is a sumptuously agitating story. A clasping, kissing story, in which someone is always yearning, or daring, to touch someone else's hand. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

We have also received *The World and Winslow*, by Edith Henrietta Fowler (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.); *Three Men of Mark*, by Sarah Tytler (Chatto, 6s.); *A Flower of Asia*, by Cyril (Burns & Oates, 6s.); *A Late Repentance*, by T. W. Speight (Digby, Long, 6s.); *The Case and the Cure*, by Gertrude Gordon (Sands, 3s. 6d.); *A Social Pretender*, by Winifred Graham (Long, 6s.); *Cynthia's Damages*, by Reginald Turner (Greening, 6s.).

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Where is the World?

'Where is the world," cries Young, "at eighty? Where
The world in which a man was born?" Alas!
Where is the world of *eight* years past? 'Twas there—
I look for it—'tis gone, a globe of glass!
Cracked, shivered, vanished, scarcely gazed on ere
A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.
Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, kings,
And dandies, all are gone on the wind's wings.

.

Ye annals
So brilliant, where the lists of routs and dances is,—
Thou *Morning Post*, sole record of the panels
Broken in carriages, and all the phantasies
Of fashion,—say what streams now fill those channels?
Some die, some fly, some languish on the Continent,
Because the times have hardly left them *one tenant.*

THUS Byron in 1823, and for some such exclamation the time is always ripe. Byron's recurred to us in watching the elegances and vagaries of Count D'Orsay and Lady Blessington at Her Majesty's Theatre. Such a play as "The Last of the Dandies" must needs be interesting. It recalls the most brilliant part of life in a period which the old can remember. Perhaps it would not be easy to find in London a man who has seen Count D'Orsay, but it would be easy to find men who might have seen him. Sir Algernon West, we know, remembers him, and Gore House, at Kensington, the scene of the play. Crockford's, of course, he must have known well. He can recall the young Disraeli, that wondrous creature, who at Her Majesty's walks into Lady Blessington's reception room, in a black coat and knee-breeches, to tell the company, with his face to the footlights, that one day the House *shall* hear him. Oddly enough, Sir Algernon never heard at the time of the shouts of ridicule which that maiden speech called forth, or of Disraeli's historic back answer.

In some respects this impersonation of the young Disraeli is the most interesting thing in the play, though its appeal is almost entirely to the eye and to association. You thrill—you cannot help it—when the footman bawls his name. At this time, 1849, he had written all his novels save, of course, *Lothair* and *Endymion*. And an odd source of pleasure is the fact that the scenes which you are watching are more or less contained in *Henrietta Temple*, and are savoured in *Tancred*, *Coningsby*, and *Venetia*. The impersonation may be a disturbing element in the play and the interest it excites may be adventitious; but the truth is that "The Last of the Dandies" is important, not as a play, but as a series of tableaux. To enjoy it one should lean back in a cushioned seat and give oneself to 1849, to the London, the dress, the manners, the ideas, and the follies of the mid-century. There is a shallow yet very pardonable enjoyment to be had from this surrender. Thus people spake and looked! For our part we are not so sophisticated as to be unable to gaze with keen delight through such a loophole into "the world in which a man was born." We own that we can accept such personations with a certain child-like indifference to anything beyond—as, for instance, to the dramatic art which they are intended to serve. This, then, is the Countess Guiccioli! Not at all like her, to be sure, if portraiture has spoken truth; but you don't think of that while you look at yon black-haired beauty in a red robe sprinkled with lace. This is the bride who sprang from the husband who had bought her in Ravenna to the poet who loved her in Venice. This was she with whom Byron stood at Dante's tomb, and roamed the Ravennese pine-woods, and to whom he wrote in her copy of "Corinne": "You will recognise the handwriting of him who passionately loved you, and you will divine that, over a book which was yours, he could only think of love. In that word, beautiful in all languages, but more so in yours—*Amor mio*—is comprised my existence here and hereafter. . . . My destiny rests with you, and you are a woman, seventeen years of age, and two out of a convent." It was all mad, bad, and sad, of course; and the man of the world can join his sneer to the moralist's wrath; but Byron is before them both with his Ravenna diary:

Through life's road, so dim and dirty,
I have dragged to three-and-thirty.
What have these years left to me?
Nothing—except thirty-three.

They left something to the world which it will not willingly let die, and a desire in many minds to think the best of him who thus—and often thus—abased himself.

So the Guiccioli of "Her Majesty's" does not cross the stage unwatched. Her Byron, however, has been dead twenty-three years, and now Mr. Benjamin Disraeli is dancing with her. And some of us, who are yet young, have seen the traffic parted at Piccadilly Circus while Lord Beaconsfield, a grave and waxen figure, with every secret of Downing Street in his breast, walked slowly across on a policeman's arm! Perhaps no life of our age has presented a range so vast and striking as that of the Disraeli who lounged at Gore House, or at Crockford's tables, in embroidered waistcoats, his fingers covered with jewellery, in his hand a tasselled cane, and the Disraeli who annexed Cyprus and made Queen Victoria an Empress.

We cannot here pretend to recall the dazzling and prodigious gaities in which the author of *Vivian Grey* bore his part. The annals of those days are a library. At Gore House, on the rural Kensington Road, Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay—living in relations which have never been defined though often denounced—received princes, statesmen, soldiers, poets, exiles. The overflowing hospitality, the splendour of the rooms, the pictures, the bric-a-brac, the beauty of the great garden where laburnum gilded the air and the nightingales sang in the thickets, the wit and beauty of the Countess and the polish and versatile perfections of D'Orsay carried all before them. Hither the most instant news was brought. Here State secrets were common talk. The Duke of Wellington, Lord Chesterfield, Brougham, and Landseer strolled on to the lawn. Lord Lytton, Thackeray, and Dickens were visitors in the zenith of their fame. Landor, who had spent the happiest days of his life with the Blessingtons in their villa on the Arno, found in Gore House the quintessence of London. In the great drawing-room Moore held these men spellbound with his songs. Nathaniel Willis relates that one evening he sang "When First I Met Thee" with a pathos that beggared description. "When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good-night, and was gone before a word was uttered."

As for the Count, the diaries written by his friends reveal him, with all his private faults, as a man of incomparable charm, *savoire faire*, and generosity. He was above six feet in height, and in form a statue. He had a leg; his hip swelled like a summer wave; his coat collars rolled sublime, and tailors and valets served him with piety. Captain Gronow says: "When I used to see him driving in his tilbury, some thirty years ago, I fancied that he looked like some gorgeous dragon-fly skimming through

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the air: and, though all was dazzling and showy, yet there was a kind of harmony which precluded any idea or accusation of bad taste." Of such the world hath need. But the Count shone also as a painter, a horseman, a fencer, a wit, and a friend in adversity. As Count Mirabel in *Henrietta Temple* he radiates happiness, and his rescue of Ferdinand Armine from the sponging house is only like a transcript of one of his good deeds.

> The day wore away, the twilight shades were descending; Ferdinand became every moment more melancholy, when suddenly his constant ally, the waiter, rushed into the room. "My eye, sir, here is a regular nob enquiring for you. I told you it would be all right."
>
> "Who is it?"
>
> "Here he is coming up."
>
> Ferdinand caught the triumphant tones of Mirabel on the staircase.
>
> "Which is the room? Show me directly. Ah! Armine, *mon ami! mon cher!* Is this your friendship? To be in this cursed hole, and not send for me! *C'est une mauvaise plaisanterie* to pretend we are friends! How are you, good fellow, fine fellow, excellent Armine? If you were not here I would quarrel with you. There, go away, man." The waiter disappeared, and Count Mirabel seated himself on the hard sofa.
>
> "My dear fellow," continued the Count, twirling the prettiest cane in the world, "this is a *bêtise* of you to be here and not send for me. Who has put you here?"
>
> "My dear Mirabel, it is all up."
>
> "Pah! How much is it?"
>
> "I tell you I am done up. It has got about that the marriage is off, and Morris and Levison have nabbed me for all the arrears of my cursed annuities."
>
> "But how much?"
>
> "Between two and three thousand."
>
> The Count Mirabel gave a whistle.
>
> "I brought five hundred, which I have. We must get he rest somehow or other." . . .
>
> "By Jove, Mirabel, I never was so glad to see anybody in my life. Now you are a friend; I feel quite in spirits."
>
> "To be sure! always be in spirits. *C'est une bêtise* not to be in spirits. Everything is sure to go well. You will see how I will manage these fellows, and I will come and dine with you every day until you are out: you shall not be here eight-and-forty hours. As I go home I will stop at Mitchell's and get you a novel by Paul de Kock. Have you ever read Paul de Kock's books?"
>
> "Never," said Ferdinand.
>
> "What a fortunate man to be arrested! Now you can read Paul de Kock! By Jove! you are the most lucky fellow I know. You see, you thought yourself very miserable in being arrested. 'Tis the finest thing in the world, for now you will read *Mon Voisin Raymond*. There are always two sides to a case."

This scene from Disraeli's novel seems to have furnished Mr. Fitch with several good hints; indeed, in both versions of his career, D'Orsay appears as the mender of a broken love affair. Nor does Disraeli forget the dandy in the good fellow. "The best-dressed man in London, fresh and gay as a bird," he canters through Hyde Park. "He reins in his steed beneath a tree, under whose shade are assembled a knot of listless cavaliers. The Count receives their congratulations, for this morning he has won his pigeon match."

Even for Crockford, whose heavenly "hell" in St. James's-street is staged at Her Majesty's with interesting effect, Disraeli has a good word; but then he is writing of an age in which great excellences and great errors were often blended. We have always liked the passage in which Mr. Bond Sharpe surveys his gaming tables and opens his heart to Ferdinand:

> "I have risen by pursuits which the world does not consider reputable, yet, if I had not had recourse to them, I should be less than nothing. My mind, I think, is equal to my fortune; I am still young, and I would now avail myself of my power and establish myself in the land, a recognised member of society. But this cannot be. Society shrinks from an obscure foundling, a prize-fighter, a leg, a hell-keeper, and an usurer. Debarred therefore from a fair theatre for my energy and capital, I am forced to occupy, perhaps exhaust, myself in multiplied speculations. Hitherto they have flourished, and, perhaps, my theatre, or my newspaper, may be as profitable as my stud. But I would gladly emancipate myself. These efforts seem to me, as it were, unnecessary and unnatural. The great object has been gained. It is a tempting of fate. I have sometimes thought myself the Napoleon of the sporting world; I may yet find my St. Helena."
>
> "Forewarned, forearmed, Mr. Sharpe."
>
> "I move in a magic circle: it is difficult to extricate myself from it. Now, for instance, there is not a man in the room who is not my slave. You see how they treat me. They place me upon an equality with them. They know my weakness; they fool me to the top of my bent. And yet there is not a man in that room who, if I were to break to-morrow, would walk down St. James's-street to serve me. Yes! there is one; there is the Count. He has a great and generous soul. I believe Count Mirabel sympathises with my situation."

Of this London of fifty years ago, its daylight and its night fumes, Disraeli's novels are full. On a day we drive to Richmond in "the most perfect cabriolet in London," and come back by water. "It was a delicious summer evening. The setting sun bathed the bowers of Fulham with refulgent light, just as they were off delicate Rosebank." D'Orsay sang a Spanish serenade, thrumming on his sleeve. Westminster Bridge was reached, and in britscha and chariot the party dispersed. Ah, these golden evenings that have been—these unite the generations of Londoners. The salons may empty, the gaming-tables be broken, the gilt fade from wall and pillar, the sounds of the street may keep their endless gamut of change, but still on Lambeth Palace the sunset throws a quiet glory, still in Kensington Gardens the sheep wander and bleat, and the great trees grow greater in the squares, and the night wind blows freshly from the west in Oxford-street, while the lights shake for miles, and two friends, young, poetic, and amazed by life, elbow and chant their way through the crowd of the day and year. This was and is and shall be. Londoners go, and their graves are paved over, but London awakes every morning. To Youth, as to Mr. Yerkes, it is still "virgin ground."

Things Seen.

An Old Lady.

I OPENED a new volume of essays, and in one of them, under the title "On the Art of Taking Things Coolly," my eye fell upon this passage: "How much of the quiet happiness of the world depends on the careful thrift of self-denying men and women who have passed to their rest."

And I saw a little old lady who had passed her uneventful life from youth to age in an unimportant seaport town. Shy, sensitive, prim, she asked nothing but to be allowed to live out her days in her own way, pursuing her orderly ideal. She was of those to whom the practice of self-denial is a daily habit. With her the question always was: "What can I do without?" Clothes, food, pleasures, friends, were all reduced to a minimum. One unobtrusive servant she kept, and she always made her own bed. Her recreation was the collection of seaweed, which she dried and fixed neatly in monstrous albums. She never had but two dresses in wear. They were black, and one was worn only on Sundays. She was accused of meanness by the neighbours; she never resented the imputation. The conduct of her life had been carefully thought out and was ordered on a principle that gave her a gentle satisfaction. Why should she explain it to the world? When she died, at the age of seventy, besides her furniture and personal effects, the executors had to dispose of nine large volumes of dried seaweed. She also left sixteen thousand pounds—

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"To be divided among my fourteen dear nephews and nieces."

So it happened that fourteen men and women scattered over the country each came into possession of a sum that made a permanent difference in their lives. It was not much, you may say, but it was enough to give them confidence in the day, to make them feel that they had a protection against the assaults of illness and bad luck. Most of them had never seen that little old lady, their shy relation, and none of them knew of the economies she was practising during her lifetime, of the comforts she denied herself in order to carry out the rule of life she had set herself. I thought of her when I read that passage—"How much of the quiet happiness of the world depends on the careful thrift of self-denying men and women who have passed to their rest."

The Circus Passes.

WHETHER I was awakened by the dog, or the din that awakened him, or both combined, I cannot tell. But I know I found myself out of bed, and craning out of the window, in time to see a procession much more effective than any I have seen under circus canvas. It was just gray day, no more, and through the mist there passed great vans, cars, horses, shouting men, elephants, and camels. The ground shook with their going; whips cracked; all the dogs of the village barked in chorus. The great gilded car which, later, would bear a circus-queen in triumph through a sleepy Surrey town was swathed in canvas. The horses which drew it were led by an Ethiopian, "black as the constant sun could make him." It was as though I had chanced upon a rehearsal for a Roman triumph.

The elephants interested me most. There was about them a majestic and patient innocence which seemed to be inspired by the memory of many generations. I wondered how they lived and how they endured such trivial bondage. One question was partly answered in an unexpected manner. The leader of the five paused at the garden fence which adjoins mine, and proceeded to appropriate cabbage after cabbage.

To him they were like cherries to a boy—no more.

The New Irish Movement.

A Conversation.

As he climbed into the railway carriage I instinctively recognised the enthusiast. A badge of the Gaelic League dangled at his button-hole, in one hand he carried a copy of *An Claidheamh Solvis*, and the green cover of O'Growney's Irish Grammar peeped from his pocket.

In a few minutes we drifted into conversation, and he told me he was going to spend his holidays at an Irish-speaking village in Donegal.

"Though I must confess," he added modestly, "that my knowledge of Irish is rather limited. I began it only last winter and I'm in the fourth part of O'Growney now—still it will be a splendid experience."

"But look here," I asked, "what's behind it all? Do you mean to do away with English altogether?"

He shook his head. "That is to look too far in front; at present our ambition is not so great. In the first place, we want our people to know something of their own land."

He pointed out of the window to the country steeped in the autumn sunshine, to the yellow corn-fields, the scattered white cottages, and the mountains covered with heather.

"As far as you can see," he said, "there's not a hill nor a stream that has not a legend or a tale connected with it; and without a knowledge of Gaelic the country is a closed book to you. This is one side of the movement that makes for success. We have opened people's eyes to the history of Ireland; a history nine out of ten of us know nothing about."

"I beg your pardon," I interrupted, "but that's surely wrong! Why, ever since I can remember, the Irish have deafened the world by appeals to history—what about Limerick, the Union, '98, the Penal Laws?"

"I daresay it sounds incomprehensible to English ears—but it's true nevertheless. We learned something of English Ireland but of Irish Ireland we know less than nothing. In our schools, for instance, Irish history is under a strict taboo. Of course, I know there were political reasons; but looking at it even from a purely English point of view it was a great mistake. The remedy was worse than the disease. You banished Irish history from the schools, and it found its home at the fire-side and the street corner. The natural result followed: one side are always angels and the other always devils. Sometimes an historian tries to hold the balance even; but there are few to listen to him—we have soaked ourselves so long with strong waters, that anything milder seems tasteless.

"With the language itself things were worse. In the forties it was still flourishing. Emigration and the Famine struck it a hard blow, but it lived. Then came the National Schools. They were well meant—I don't dispute that. What was their effect, though? It sounds like comic opera, but it's true, unfortunately. The children, to whom English was as intelligible as Arabic, were forced to learn everything through that medium, and schoolmasters took a pride in flogging the Irish out of them—you can imagine the result!"

"But," I interrupted, "if the people had really been in earnest they might have made a much better fight. They gave it up very easily."

He nodded. "I am coming to that, and it is the blackest thing against us. Even to-day the bitterest opposition we meet is from our own people. 'What's the good of it?' they say. 'It'll fail as everything else failed—look at O'Connell, Butt, Parnell.' The Gaelic-speaking population themselves have to a certain extent lost heart. It has been preached to them so often that Irish was barbarous, clumsy, and, greatest crime of all, 'not respectable,' that many of them disclaim all knowledge of it, and stultify their intelligence by adopting a jargon of 'pidgin English.'

"Still this state of affairs arose from a very natural mistake. For a long time even the best Irishmen fancied that to be equal with England all they had to do was to imitate England. That was the cardinal error of the Young Irelanders—the most unselfish Irish movement of the century. They thought a great part of the salvation of Ireland lay in reading Carlyle and stringing heroic ballads. If we had taken to Carlyle it would have done us a lot of good, but we never advanced that far. Look at the bookstall in the next station and you will see precisely where we stopped.

"I know nothing more depressing than to see the thousands of penny weeklies that are mailed off every Saturday to the smallest towns all over Ireland, where it is ten chances to one you would not find a copy of George Eliot or Sir Walter Scott if you searched the whole place."

"I have often heard these papers objected to on literary grounds, but I never knew they were considered harmful."

"Ah! you don't take my point. In England these papers are a nuisance, but I should scarcely call them actively injurious. In Ireland they are wholly artificial, as artificial as one of Kipling's cockney ballads would be to a Hindu. Indeed, in many ways the position of the lower classes in Ireland is very like that of those Hindus who have forgotten their own language for a smattering of English, picked up from cram books in missionary schools."

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"And the object of the Gaelic League, I presume, is to remedy this?"

"As far as possible. We want to make an Irish Ireland—not necessarily an Ireland isolated from the rest of the world, but an Ireland capable of originating thought for itself, instead of borrowing wholesale from the thought of other nations.

"It has been a hard fight, but on the whole we are advancing, slowly, very slowly, but still advancing. Nearly every Irish paper to-day publishes a column of Gaelic, and that in itself means much. Then the different *Feisanna* all over the country have helped. Prizes are offered for unpublished Irish airs and original compositions in Irish prose and verse, with the result that instead of music-hall ditties and questionable stories, the people are beginning to sing the old songs and tell the old tales again.

"No doubt that does not seem a great achievement, but a little leaven leavens the whole lump. And when unbelievers sneer at us they should remember that up to the present we have been only clearing the road. The constructive work is still to come. We must give Irishmen something in place of the foreign importations they have left aside. We must teach them to stand on their own feet, to be self-sufficing, to mould what is good in other nations to their own necessities, not to be moulded by it. Nationality, that is what we want."

The train whistled suddenly, and he popped his head out of the window.

We were crawling along the bare flank of a mountain, in front was a huddle of weather-beaten houses, set in a stony, treeless valley, and beyond that the Atlantic stretched green and blue to the horizon. Everywhere a great stillness brooded, and the air was full of the scents of heather and peat smoke.

He waved a hand comprehensively. "Here it is at last—Irish Ireland. This is the bed-rock on which we are going to build."

The train drew up at the tiny station with a prodigious clatter, and I helped him out with his luggage. "If you come back in five years," he said, holding out his hand, "please God you'll find a different country."

As we steamed out I saw him in the midst of a knot of sunburnt peasants, chattering noisy welcomes: and on the fringe of the crowd I caught a glimpse of fluttering magenta shawls, and below the shawls a vision of flashing black eyes and smiling lips, from which I am sure the liquid Gaelic sounded like a caress. Someday I think I shall go there to study Irish myself. J. W.

Correspondence.

"Rather."

SIR,—Your article on "Words: Some True and False Uses," was most interesting, but I venture to call to your notice a most ill-used adverb whose case ought to be taken up. I mean the word "rather," which seems to be assuming the meaning assigned to it by the schoolboy who, when you ask him if he has enjoyed his holidays, will probably reply, "Rather," and we know what that means. But why in serious writing should "rather" be twisted from its real meaning and made to do the duty of "very"? But so it is, and in Lucas Malet's last book it comes in frequently: "A rather delightful house," "A rather tremendous" something or other.

Can anything be "rather tremendous"? This is an English error, and quite as offensive to me as the Americanism "right" delightful or "right" tremendous would be, though I am not an American.—I am, &c.,

ELIZABETH SEYMOUR.

[The use of "rather," objected to by our correspondent, is, of course, indefensible. It belongs, however, to Society slang rather than to any lasting bad habit of speech; and probably in Lucas Malet's novel it is put into the mouths of her characters.]

The Irish Brogue.

SIR,—I have been much interested in the correspondence which recently appeared in the ACADEMY on the subject of the Irish brogue, as represented by English writers.

May I observe that not only the brogue, but also the expressions common to Irish people, are often most ludicrously misrepresented?

In a serial story which went through the *Sunday Strand* about a year ago an Irish curate is represented as saying: "You'll be after wanting me to get so-and-so." Now such an expression is totally at variance with the Irish idiom, which solely refers to the past, and is, indeed, a literal translation from the original Celtic. "I'm after looking, after buying," &c., means that the speaker has just finished doing certain things, and is closely akin to the French idiom, "Je viens de chercher, viens d'acheter," &c., literally, I come from doing so-and-so. To garble the past with the future is an offence that no Irish person ever committed. "I'm after doing so-and-so" may be considered vulgar, but it is certainly not ungrammatical.

An expression which English writers frequently put into the mouths of their Irish peasants is "By jabers." I have lived the greater part of my life in Ireland, both in the north and south, but I have never heard it. "Bedad!" and "Begor!" are quite common, but not "By jabers!" It would be advisable for English writers to leave the Irish dialect severely alone, for they are sure to come to grief when they try to represent it. They generally produce an impossible jargon, built after the conventional stage pattern.

Not long ago, an English novel-writer, describing an arrival at a railway station in Ireland, mentioned that a "jaunting-car, drawn by a *pair of spirited grey horses*, was waiting to convey the travellers to their destination!"—I am, &c., C. J. HAMILTON.

The Plague of Women.

SIR,—Referring to the article in a recent issue, wherein you very justly satirise the "art" of such writers as "Rita," I venture to enter a protest against the tendency exhibited by women writers to monopolise the field of fictional work. Were the majority of these writers earning their daily bread by their toil, I would not for one moment make this protest, but it is a notorious fact that at least 75 per cent. of female novelists enjoy independent incomes (*a*) from property of their own, (*b*) from their positions as wives of wealthy men; and, in view of this fact, it seems scandalous that male writers, who have to rely for their existence upon the profits of their work, should find themselves excluded from well-nigh every journal which publishes serial fiction, simply because women will accept lower rates,

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The Literary Week.

THIS week, in a Fiction Supplement, we attempt to keep pace with the extraordinary issue (from a numerical point of view) of new novels this autumn. It remains but an attempt. In the last four days we have received thirty-one additional volumes of new fiction, besides several dozen bulky tales for boys and girls.

MR. W. E. HENLEY has written for the December number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* a sketch of R. L. Stevenson, which gives, we understand, a new and unconventional view of Stevenson.

"GEORGE DOUGLAS," the name which appears on the title-page of *The House with the Green Shutters*, a new Scottish novel of considerable power, is the pseudonym of Mr. G. B. Brown, late of Balliol College, Oxford.

MR. CHARLES MARRIOTT, author of *The Column*, has almost finished a new novel. Mr. Marriott, who, as we have before stated, was formerly a dispenser, has now adopted writing as a profession, and lives in Cornwall, near, if not at, the locality where the scene of *The Column* was laid.

"LUCAS MALET'S" *History of Sir Richard Calmady* has had a very successful sale. In the new edition of this novel it will be found that the author has omitted a certain scene.

THE November number of *Current Literature*, an American publication, has an article on Mrs. Meynell, in which appear nine of her poems, well enough known. Set in the midst of these, as if also copied from her volume, are two verses, entitled "On What Sea?" which will be quite new to Mrs. Meynell's readers in both England and America, and of which it is certain that she never wrote a line. A quotation would justify the disclaimer, but space forbids. What might be a little entertaining would be to know how this curious fly got into the amber. There have been several instances of the same sort of spurious attribution of late in Transatlantic magazines. It is bad enough when a poet has his early work revived against his will; but the case is worse when he is discredited by work which at no crudest stage of his career could he have produced.

IT is not often that the publisher of a book also writes the dedication. The new edition of Mr. Lane's beautiful issue of Gilbert White's *Selborne* contains this: "To A. E. L. in commemoration of August 13, 1898, this edition is dedicated by the Publisher."

To a *Daily Chronicle* interviewer Mr. Harry Quilter "chatted" about *What's What*, the new annual. Said Mr. Quilter, among other things:

> The main idea was to construct a volume which should exclude the need of others—that is, combine in itself the advantages of a book of reference—of all such books—of a novel, and of a review. You cannot easily master, still less carry about with you, guide-books to every country, educational handbooks, medical dictionaries, scientific encyclopædias, guides to art, business, amusement, health, literature, and theatrical matters. Was it possible, within a single volume, to take in the most useful characteristics of all these, to construct such a guide to life? The notion had been suggested to me by a remark of my wife's, made when we were discussing the question of the value and amusing quality of *Who's Who*, the well-known book of reference to contemporary biography. "Why not *What's What?*" said Mrs. Quilter, and I turned over in my mind what such a title would imply.

THE two lectures by Dr. Adolf Harnack, Professor of Church History in the University, Berlin, entitled "Monasticism: Its Ideals and History" and "The Confessions of St. Augustine" will shortly be published together in one volume. The translation has been made by Messrs. E. E. Kellett and F. H. Marseille.

DR. CHRISTOPHER NYROP, "a Romance philologist of high European reputation," some time ago brought his learning to bear on *The Kiss and Its History*. The treatise has gone through two editions in Denmark, and has been translated into German, Swedish, and Russian. It is now to appear in English.

IF Tolstoy is not widely known in this country, it is not the fault of the publishers. A few weeks ago we commented on the issue of the first two volumes of Tolstoy's collected works, translated by Mrs. Garnett, and published by Mr. Heinemann. This week we have received the first volume, *Sevastopol and other Military Tales*, of another complete edition, translated by Mr. and Mrs. Maude, and published by Mr. Grant Richards. Mr. Maude, in a preface of several pages, gives incidentally an account of the way a German translator handled the inscription to *Anna Karénina* —"Vengeance is mine: I will repay." That inscription was written by Tolstoy in the eccle-iastical Slavonic used by the Russian Church. Having an inkling of the first word, and misled by the sound of the Slavonic *Az* (which means *I*), the translator produced this rendering—"Revenge is sweet; I play the ace."

WHEN Green's *Short History of the English People* was published there was a general feeling among reviewers that he had not carried out his plan after 1660. In the volume of his *Letters*, reviewed on another page, Green gives this explanation:

> The truth was that when I reached 1660 I had to face the fact that the book must have an end, and that I *must* end it in about 800 pp. Something had to be thrown overboard, and I deliberately chose "Literature," not because Dryden or Pope or Addison or Wordsworth were strange to me, for I knew them better than the earlier men, and have much that I *want* to say about them, but because it seemed to me that after 1660 literature ceased to stand in the forefront of national characteristics, and that Science, Industry, &c., played a much greater part.

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VOL. I., NO. 1. *Samhain* is the organ of the Irish Literary Theatre. Its first issue (Unwin, 6d.) contains editorial paragraphs by W. B. Yeats headed "Windlestraws," an account of the Literary Theatre by Mr. George Moore, and other matter. The bulk of the number is occupied by a play, printed in Irish, by Dr. Douglas Hyde, and an English translation of it by Lady Gregory. The play is called "The Twisting of the Rope," and it takes us back to a small merrymaking in the farmhouse of a woman named Maurya a hundred years ago. The rivalry between Hanrahan, an indigent bard, and Sheamus O'Hearan for the hand of Oona, Maurya's daughter, is the motive of the piece. Maurya is afraid for her daughter, who is showing signs of succumbing to the fascinations of the wastrel poet in another part of the room. Maurya discusses him with a neighbour:

> MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between myself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people; nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.
>
> SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?
>
> MAURYA.—He was travelling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.
>
> SHEELA.—And couldn't you put him out?
>
> MAURYA.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

VOL. I., NO. 1. This time it is the *Commentator*. Inasmuch as it is published in 32nd-street, New York, at 10 cents, the editor is, perhaps, well advised in remarking that "We do not expect to set the Thames afire." The *Commentator* is small and modern, and has been "planned to circulate mainly among the literary and art lovers." The editor continues:

> The *Commentator* will be open to the author-thinker who has something worth saying, and to the man whose MSS. no editor has dared to publish.
>
> It is better to make comedy out of tragedy than a farce from a comedy.
>
> Life is a comedy.
>
> We love life, and believe the *Commentator* will live long enough to learn the art of making good use of its voice.
>
> No, we do not expect to set the Thames afire.
>
> We are not reformers.

In a word, the *Commentator* is the organ of nonconformity in Emerson's sense. Already it is parting its sheep from its goats, for we read: "The correspondent who doubted our correctness in saying 'Life is a comedy' and the man who asked 'What does non-conformity mean?' had better not subscribe—because they wouldn't understand 'big words' and might want their money back. P.S. We have respectfully referred them to the *New York Journal*."

MR. HARRY FURNISS, whose reminiscences will shortly be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, thinks the world may be indebted to him for *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby*. Writing in *Harper's Magazine* under the title "Confessions of a Caricaturist," he thus refers to his acquaintance with Du Maurier:

> It is a curious fact that I really never had a seat allotted to me at the *Punch* table—I always sat in Du Maurier's, except on the rare occasions when he came to the dinner, when I moved up one. It was always a treat to have Du Maurier at "the table." He was by far and away the cleverest conversationalist of his time I ever met—his delightful repartees were so neat and effective, and his daring chaff and his criticisms so bright and refreshing. . . .
>
> Du Maurier's extremely clever conversation struck me the moment I joined the staff of *Punch*. As I went part of his way to Hampstead, we sometimes shared our cab, and in one of these journeys I mentioned my conviction that he, in my mind, was a great deal more than a humorous artist, and if he would only take up the pen seriously the world would be all the more indebted to him. He told me that Mr. James had for some time said nice things of a similar character.
>
> About ten days afterwards I received a letter saying that my conversation had had an effect upon him, and that he was starting his first novel. So perhaps the world is really indebted to me, indirectly, for the pleasure of reading *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby*. The fact is, that he had, with Burnand and myself, just visited Paris—the first time he had set foot in the gay city since his youth. Many things he saw had impressed him, and *Peter Ibbetson* was the result.

During the Paris visit (how were Mr. Burnand, Du Maurier, and Mr. Furniss spared from Fleet-street together?) Du Maurier amused his companions by excitedly pointing out no fewer than three houses in which he declared he was born.

MR. HEINEMANN'S promised series of French romances is begun this week with the issue of De Stendhal's *La Chartreuse de Parme*. The volume is in large octavo, and is most delicately produced in a blue and gold cover. Of Stendhal Mr. Maurice Hewlett writes:

> He was of your rare, slow-digesting order of genius, a writer who thought to excess, whose invention was pent up, whose power of production was conditioned by that, whose fastidiousness was extreme. It was but seldom that his conception found him high-spirited enough to combat all this; but when it did, as once it did, his audacity catches the breath. Put another way, it was but seldom that his critical faculty was drugged by a great theme; but when it was, the immortal part of him, unlimed and unhooded, towered high. You may take it that two ideas moved him profoundly—Italy and Napoleon. In *L'Abbesse de Castro* he had the first, in *Le Rouge et Noir* the second; but in *La Chartreuse de Parme* he had both, and produced what I soberly believe to be the greatest novel of France.

A portrait of Stendhal forms the frontispiece to this translation by Lady Mary Loyd, and the four illustrations in colour are charming in their delicacy. This series is under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Gosse.

WHAT is the "unit system" of publishing? It is explained, and it will shortly be put into practice on a large scale, by Mr. Howard Wilford Bell, one of the youngest of our publishers. The unit system was adopted thirty-four years ago by a Leipzig publisher, and it consists in fixing the price of a book by the number of pages it contains. It is therefore particularly applicable to series of books in which the volumes vary in size. Mr. Bell proposes to issue

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a great number of standard books on the unit system. The unit is twenty-five pages, and the price per unit ½d. or 2d. per 100 pages. The paper cover will cost 1d. in addition to the cost of the total number of units, the cloth binding will be 5d. additional, the leather binding 10d. additional. The price of the single volume, therefore, will be regulated by the number of units it contains. The series proposed by Mr. Bell will be called the Unit Library, and it will embrace good books of all kinds. It will aim to meet a want which Mr. W. Laird Clowes thus stated in the July number of the *Fortnightly Review*: "What I desire to see in every bookshop in the English-speaking world is a series of shelves from which, no matter what his tastes may be, the prowling reader or student may carry away the best books of the universe—not 'the hundred best books,' but all the best books save a few of the more recent—at a cost per volume not much more than is ordinarily paid for a cigar or a glass of sherry." A good format will, of course, be vital to the success of such a series, and the specimen page we have received encourages the hope that this important condition will be fulfilled. In size the books will be 4½ by 6⅝ inches. The prices will vary according to the volume, but taking 250 pages as the equipment of an average volume, it will sell at 6d. net (inclusive of a strong paper cover), at 10d. net in cloth, and 1s. 3d. net in leather. The same design upon all classes of books and upon the three bindings will make the series recognisable. A cheerful crimson is to be the uniform colour of the three bindings. We shall await the result of this experiment with interest. The preliminary list of a hundred books which are to be included in the series lacks nothing of variety. We clip a section of it at random:

Benvenuto Cellini's Autobiography.
Herman Melville's Typee.
Familiar Letters of James Howell.
White's Natural History of Selborne.
Strutt's Sports and Pastimes.
Dumas' Three Musketeers.
Washington Irving's Alhambra.
Wesley's Journal.
Chronicles of Froissart (Berners' translation).
Sterne's Sentimental Journey.
Le Sage's Gil Blas.
Evelyn's Diary.
The Poems of Burns.
Cuthbert Bede's Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green.
Observations of Sir Richard Hawkins.
Miss Mitford's Our Village.
Parkman's Conspiracy of Pontiac.
Poe's Tales of Mystery and Imagination.
Dickens's Pickwick Papers.
De Quincey's Essays.
Arthur Young's Travels in France.
Sir Thomas Browne's Vulgar Errors.
Wilson's Noctes Ambrosianæ.

The series will be jointly edited by Mr. W. L. Clowes and Mr. A. R. Waller. The books will be unabridged, and will contain of editorial matter only bibliographical, biographical, and encyclopædic notes.

MR. H. MILBERN writes to us asking whether any of our readers, by any chance, can provide him with the author's name and the context of the following lines? He found them in an old notebook, and had an idea they were Verlaine's, but is unable to discover them in any published edition of his works:

Sous un ciel ténébreux
Claquant, les arbres sont nus: et par l'eparses arées
Ils volent, fantômes, les feuilles mortes, fuyant la chasse
D'une brise glaciale, sans jour et sans odeur, qui passe
Questeur funest, questant toujours de larmes et d'orage
Une fosse des délices où restent fleurs désodorées.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us what we cannot but think s a particularly large and fine mare's nest in the way of plagiarism; and it may perhaps serve a useful purpose if we print his charge. Referring to our remark a few weeks ago that perhaps Robert Buchanan was "the poet of the greatest number of lines in the nineteenth century" our correspondent suggests that Buchanan was indebted to his poetical contemporaries and predecessors for his exceptionally copious outflow of language and ideas. He has been struck with the close similarity of many of his passages to those of other poets on the same subjects, and adduces two examples taken from his "Justinian":

To those fair elements whence first I came—
Water and earth and air—I shall return.
Buchanan.

To the elements it came from
Everything will return—
Our bodies to earth,
Our blood to water,
Heat to fire,
Breath to air.
Matthew Arnold, "Empedocles on Etna."

Buchanan's appeared first in the *Contemporary Review* during 1830; Matthew Arnold's in 1849, in his earliest volume.

Again:

By dint of such sweet scholarship,
A pedant in the lore of love.
"The Lover's Devotion," by V., "Monthly Review," 1829.

Since never teacher could be tenderer,
He did not miss the lore of love itself.
Buchanan.

Of course the idea of things returning to the four elements is common property, and the "lore of love" likewise.

"C. K. S.," of the *Sphere*, has intelligence of a monument erected to a wife in the little village of Crondall, near Farnham, bearing the inscription:

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

STUDENTS of Mr. Meredith's novels will do well to file Mr. R. Maynard Leonard's article in the November *New Liberal Review* on "Politics in George Meredith's Novels," though it cannot be said that the political allusions are many or important. *Beauchamp's Career* is Mr. Meredith's only real political novel, and it is taken up with electioneering rather than legislation. In the same number Mr. Stephen Gwynn writes on *Sir Richard Calmady*. He points out that the book is eloquent of its Kingsley origin, and is thoroughly English in its setting. Mr. Gwynn quotes admirably from Lucas Malet's descriptive passages. On the sinister aspects of the book he takes this line:

> It just comes to this: Are all things to be written on the assumption that girls will read them? If so, there is an end at once of the stories which will most powerfully exercise the adult intelligence. For, let it be observed, the humiliation which overtakes Richard Calmady is one that few men would have felt. I do not mean the public humiliation of insult, but the lasting sense that he had desecrated his own ideal. There is an implied austerity in the moral standard by which he judges himself—an unwillingness to excuse any lapse from his self-appointed code. Practically, as I have said before, the philosophy of the book is Charles Kingsley's philosophy, but applied by a woman from a woman's standpoint, and carrying with it a reference to the ideal figure not of a man but of a woman, disciplined by suffering, acquiescent, but not broken, a true pattern of human nobleness.

Adding: "Even when it is morbid and most horrible, the book never fails to exhilarate, and that is perhaps the touchstone of what is permissible in art." Exhilarate? Is that is the best word?

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Mr. Hughes-Hallett, the dramatic critic of the *Pilot*, makes an amusing suggestion concerning "The Last of the Dandies," which as a play is sadly defective, though interesting as a panorama. He says: "While enjoying thoroughly this picture of life and manners, and lamenting the absence of human interest, an idea occurred to me. What if Mr. Beerbohm Tree were to change the play, recast the company, and produce 'Money' with this scenery and these dresses. Very little alteration would be necessary. What a treat it would be! Then at last would be silenced the voices that are so often raised against Lord Lytton's fine comedy, because it would be clear to everyone that the reason why Sir John Vesey seems an exaggeration nowadays, and Evelyn is found to bore, and Blount is too slow and Stout too fast, and Clara strikes an artificial note, lies in the fact that the play deals with a certain period, and that when modernised the characters become absurd."

To the current number of the *Cornhill* Sir Rowland Blennerhassett contributes some interesting recollections of Cardinal Newman. Certain books Newman always kept upon his study table. They were the edition of Gibbon with the notes of Guizot and Milman, Döllinger's *Heidenthum und Judenthum*, almost always the copy of *Athanasius* which had belonged to Bossuet, and which contained in the margin notes in the handwriting of the great bishop, the "last of the Fathers," as Newman delighted to call him.

Bibliographical.

One would like to see that selection from Mr. Swinburne's poems which, according to the *Daily News*, Mr. William Sharp has made specially for the Tauchnitz series. It must needs be more acceptable than the *Selections from the Poetical Works* published in this country fourteen years ago. I have always understood that that anthology was compiled by the poet himself, and we know that poets are not always good judges of their own performances. Moreover, in preparing such a volume the predilections of the public should be taken into account. The poet should select, not to please himself, but, in the first place, to please his admirers. I do not mean to say that Lord Tennyson, for example, should have issued selections from his works consisting mainly of such pieces as "The May Queen," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and so forth; but I do think that in these cases attention should be paid first to the general consensus of educated opinion, and not entirely or principally to the personal preferences of the poets selected from.

The new English versions of *La Chartreuse de Parme* and of *Salammbô*—by Lady Mary Loyd and Mr. J. W. Matthews respectively — will, of course, be generally welcome. It need scarcely be said, however, that translations of these works are by no means new to the English public. Of *Salammbô* there have been, during the past decade, at least three English renderings—an anonymous one, printed in 1886; one by M. French Sheldon (last issued in 1893); and one by J. S. Chartres (third edition, 1899). *The Chartreuse of Parma*, translated by E. P. Robins, and fitted with thirty etchings, was published by Mr. Smithers in three volumes at the end of 1896. Mr. Grant Richards will follow up *Salammbô* with a version of Murger's *Vie de Bohème*, entitled *The Latin Quarter*. Mr. Vizetelly published in 1886 an illustrated translation called *The Bohemians of the Latin Quarter*. Since then, there have been the renderings published by Messrs. Gibbings and Messrs. Downey in June and November, 1895, respectively.

The Mr. Henry Van Dyke who is to give us a work called *The Ruling Passion* (surely an old book-title?) is, I take for granted, the American writer so-named who is best known over here by a volume on the subject of Tennyson and his works (1890). That volume had some interesting features, notably the list of the poet's Biblical quotations and allusions. Since then, Mr. Van Dyke has published over here two other contributions to the *belles lettres*—*Little Rivers: a Book of Essays in Profitable Idleness* (1895 and 1896), and *The Builders and Other Poems* (1897). In a more serious vein were *Straight Sermons to Young Men* (1893), *The Christ Child in Art* (1893), *The Gospel for an Age of Doubt* (1896), and so forth.

It is a little curious that Mr. Howard Bell should have singled out for reproduction Dr. Doran's old book on *Monarchs Retired from Business*. This dates back to 1857, and has not, I think, been reprinted within the last twenty years at least, during which time, however, there have been two new issues of *Her Majesty's Servants* and one of the *Memories of our Great Towns*. Doran was much read in his day. He had a happy knack at titles. One remembers especially his *Table Traits*, his *Knights and their Days*, and his *Mann and Manners at the Court of Florence*. He wrote an easy style, and did something towards popularising, and thus diffusing, knowledge.

Apropos to Mr. McColl's promised new translation of the *Exemplary Novels* of Cervantes, it is worth noting that a reprint of James Mabbe's version, which dates from 1640, was issued by Messrs. Gibbings in two small volumes only last year. A translation of the *Novels*, undertaken by Mr. Walter K. Kelly, made its appearance in 1881.

Mr. Aylmer Maude, in his preface to Tolstoy's *Sevastopol*, as translated by him, gives a sketch of the early years of Tolstoy, who, as a youth, lived with his aunt, "a *grande dame*, moving in and receiving the 'best' society." Of this lady Tolstoy wrote in "My Confession" that, "herself the purest of women, she always told me there was nothing she so desired for me as an intimacy with a married woman. 'Rien ne forme un homme comme une liaison avec une femme comme il faut.'" Herein the aunt was but putting into a single sentence the contents of whole pages in Chesterfield's Letters to his Son. Chesterfield, if I remember rightly, nowhere explicitly advises his son to have liaisons with *grandes dames*, but that is certainly the pith and marrow of his teaching on the subject of manner and deportment. Speaking of the Duc de Richelieu (1752, O.S.), Chesterfield says: "Women alone formed and raised him. . . . These early connections with women of the first distinction gave him those manners, graces, and address which you see he has."

I have had time only to glance through Mr. Arthur Stanley's collection of *Patriotic Song*, just published; but I observe in one of the Notes a singular inaccuracy. In the body of the book Mr. Stanley reprints Tennyson's "Hands all Round" and a couple of stanzas with the refrain "Britons, hold your own." Of these two pieces he says in the Notes that they "appeared in the *Examiner* in 1852." This is not the case. The version of "Hands all Round" which Mr. Stanley gives figured originally in *Tiresias and Other Poems* (1885); only the first of the three stanzas dates back to 1852. As for the "Britons, hold your own" stanzas, they are sections 3 and 4 of the poet's "Ode on the Opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition," which was included in the volume called *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After* (1886).

Do people still read *Vathek*? The publishers seem to think so, for, though it was reprinted twice last year by Messrs. Greening and Messrs. Gibbings respectively, Messrs. Methuen are now including it in their "Little Library." That library is also to comprise *A Little Book of Light Verse*, the editorship of which has been undertaken, very appropriately, by Mr. Anthony C. Deane, one of the brightest of "our literary lightweights." But what a mass of material he will have to select from!

The Bookworm.

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Reviews.

"A Jolly Vivid Man."

Letters of John Richard Green. Edited by Leslie Stephen. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)

GREEN had temperament and personal magnetism. Those elusive qualities hide in his letters and diaries, but the testimony of his friends to their presence is unanimous. That of Tennyson is the most direct and the best remembered. "You're a jolly, vivid man," the poet said to Green, "and I'm glad to have known you; you're as vivid as lightning." Jolly is hardly the epithet we should have chosen for this eager, single-minded, unresting worker, this battler against disease, whose force of will and enthusiasm for his work, in Sir Lauder Brunton's opinion, "kept him alive for two years longer than any doctor would have thought possible." But vivid was certainly one of his epithets. Mr. Bryce, who heard him preach, recalls "the fiery little figure in the pulpit, with its thin face and bright black eyes"; and Mrs. Humphry Ward gives this picture of him in his last years: "There in the corner of the sofa sat the thin, wasted form, life flashing from the eyes, breathing from the merry or eloquent lips, beneath the very shadow and seal of death—the eternal protesting life of the intelligence. . . . There was in him a perpetual eagerness, an inexhaustible power of knowledge, that were ever putting idler or emptier minds to shame." He was a man of rare intellectual agility. He could "squeeze all the juice out of a newspaper in a few minutes," says Mr. Bryce, who also tells how once, when travelling abroad, they reached the town of Troyes early in the morning. Green explored it, "darting hither and thither through the streets, like a dog following a scent":

> In two hours the work was done. In the afternoon the party started for Bâle, reached it late, and went to bed. Green brought down to breakfast next morning an article upon Troyes, describing its characteristics, and tracing its connection with the Counts of Champagne during some centuries. He then walked with his friends through Bâle; and Green, on the spur of the moment, gave them an equally vivid history of the town, though he was seeing both places for the first time, and had made no special preparation. "He could apparently have done the same for any other town in France or the Rhineland."

Green was a born historian. Boy or man he never doubted his destiny. "My line and calling," he wrote to Mr. Freeman, "is to English history," and the composition of the *Short History of the English People* was the main task of his life. Its extraordinary success only urged him to further efforts. This little fiery, vivid man had grit. "People are beginning to comprehend that what I will to do, I do," he wrote to Mr. Boyd Dawkins in early life. And his life proved that what he willed to do, he did do.

Every penny he spent he earned. For many years he contributed regularly to the *Saturday Review*. On one occasion he wrote three articles in thirty-six hours. One was a review of a volume by Mr. Freeman, a second a "light middle," while a third dealt with the history of an English town. He had no particular advantages in life. His father, who died when he was fourteen, was the son of a tailor. The future historian was sent at eight years of age to Magdalen College School. He lived with his aunt, who was married to a Mr. Castle, a hatter in the High Street. The child was father to the man. When he was thirteen he read in a shop window Lord John Russell's Durham letter upon the "Papal Aggression." He saw the absurdity of the agitation, and condemned the abortive persecution of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act so vigorously as to incur the wrath of his uncle. The uncle forbade the house to him, and was only reconciled on condition of future silence upon the irritating topic. Green rose to the head of the Magdalen College School, was put under the care of a private tutor, read Gibbon from end to end, won an open scholarship at Jesus College, wrote for the *Oxford Chronicle* on "Oxford in the Last Century," planned a history of the Church of England, and then, attracted by the teaching of F. D. Maurice, he, "in a fit of religious enthusiasm," decided to take orders.

As a clergyman in the East End and at Hoxton he did not spare himself. He laboured among his people, and the time he could spare from them he spent at the British Museum. He had pluck—physical as well as moral. One incident of this period stands out. It was in 1866, when cholera was raging. During his visits to infected houses he found a man dangerously ill in an upper room. Some big draymen in the street refused to help. Green tried to carry the man downstairs, but he was unequal to the effort, and the two fell from the top to the bottom of the stairs together.

Green was a clergyman, chiefly in the East End, for nine years. It is plain from his Letters that he found no sure rest within the Anglican fold. Soon after he had taken orders he resolved that if he should be unable at any time to use the words of the litany, "Christ, have mercy upon us," with perfect sincerity, he would abandon the clerical career. In time he did abandon the clerical career: he also resigned the librarianship of Lambeth, which Archbishop Tait had conferred upon him. In 1864 he wrote thus to Mr. Boyd Dawkins: "Everything seems slipping from under me—faith, doctrine, all becoming unreal. Men talk of me as a 'rising' clergyman, and little know how near Deism I am drifting." A rational religion seemed to him possible in the present day as it never had been, "but we can only reach it by flinging to the owls and the bats these old and effete 'theologies' of the world's childhood." The spiritual life of the Mystics appealed strongly to him, and in the union of Mysticism with freedom of thought and inquiry, he was persuaded, would be found the faith of the future.

But references to Green's religious views have to be searched for diligently in his Letters. Many of them are of "monstrous dimensions." It is only the very busy man, or perhaps only the man who feels deeply, who can write letters as long as a magazine article to his friends. Here is an interesting passage of criticism. The book referred to is Mr. T. L. K. Oliphant's *Sources of Standard English*:

> His praise of Morris's poetry as a specimen of good English is fair enough; but then it should be remembered that Morris dealt wholly with outer scenes or definite actions, which are easily expressed in common English words. It is when one comes to the finer and more abstract side of things that the pinch comes. But I own that the reason why I stand a little on my guard as to the "English" restoration which is going on is that I am afraid we may lose through it certain elements of beauty in style which the mixed texture of our present speech gives us. In Shakespeare's famous burst about "mercy" in the "Merchant of Venice" line follows line in the simplest English; but when he wishes to heighten his tone at the close it is interesting to see how we get lines full of Latinisms:
>
> The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
> The throned monarch better than his crown;
> His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
> The attribute to awe and majesty,
> Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
> But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
> It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
> It is an attribute to God himself;
> And earthly power doth then show likest God's
> When mercy seasons justice.
>
> I only quote this because it so exactly expresses, as it seems to me, the musical value of Latinisms in English style, their value as alternatives, and their curious faculty

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(perhaps from their mere length) of heightening the tone and giving majesty to a sentence. What Old English seems to me to lack is the Greek power of constructing a "long resounding line," and I believe that the musical instinct of people's ears, craving for greater dignity of structure and expression, has had much to do with the introduction of Latinisms.

For an example of Green's more vigorous style we may quote his account of the famous passage between the Bishop of Oxford and Huxley.

On Saturday morning I met Jenkins going to the Museum. We joined company, and he proposed going to Section D, the Zoology, &c., "to hear the Bishop of Oxford smash Darwin." "Smash Darwin! Smash the Pyramids," said I, in great wrath, and muttering something about "impertinence," which caused Jenkins to explain that "the Bishop was a first-class in mathematics, you know, and so has a right to treat on scientific matters," which of course silenced my cavils. Well, when Prof. Draper had ceased his hour and a half of nasal Yankeeism, up rose "Sammivel," and proceeded to act the smasher; the white chokers, who were abundant, cheered lustily, a sort of "Pitch it into him" cheer, and the smasher got so uproarious as to pitch into Darwin's friends—Darwin being smashed, and especially Prof. Huxley. Still the white chokers cheered, and the smasher rattled on. "He had been told that Prof. Huxley had said that he didn't see that it mattered much to a man whether his grandfather was an ape or not. Let the learned Professor speak for himself," and the like. Which being ended—and let me say that such rot never fell from episcopal lips before—arose Huxley, young, cool, quiet, sarcastic, scientific in fact and in treatment, he gave his lordship such a smashing as he may meditate on with profit over his port at Cuddesdon.

The volume has been edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen, who has brought to the task a sympathetic, yet detached, interest in his subject that gives to the work a distinction uncommon in modern biographies. Following Mr. Colvin's example in the Vailima Letters, Mr. Stephen has written for the four sections into which the book is divided introductory narratives in explanation of Green's position during successive periods of his life. These are models of biography in miniature. But in regard to the Letters themselves we should have liked a more rigorous standard of exclusion. The aim of the editor of a volume of letters should be to compel the reader to read every word. Once begin to skip, and interest slackens. Given a good book—well digested, well planned, well written—there is only one way to read it—word for word. Who wants to skip Matthew Arnold, or Renan? There are some letters in this volume that are valueless. One example of Green's playful mood would have sufficed. He was not a good trifler with the pen. The letter on page 218 may be taken as a specimen of correspondence that is not worth preserving—the letter which ends thus: "Oh, Olga, I weep; but farewell, one long, last, laster, longer, longest, lastest Fare-better, Fare-best.—Your ever and for more ever morer." Also the fragment on page 156 signed "Gone to Pot," and the letter on page 380 with its—"Have you a cole-hole (nay, even a coal-scuttle) into which I might creep on Saturday even and find a Sabbath's repose." These letters were written to grown women. An editor, too, should surely see that repetitions are avoided. Green's meeting with the American bishop, an excellent story, is told on page 322 to Mr. Freeman, and again on page 325 to Mr. Dawkins. The dimensions of the Palatine Hill are compared with the block between St. James's-street and the Haymarket, on page 334 and on page 338. Again, no doubt Green missed Mr. Stopford Brooke when he left Florence, but we do not want to be told twice of Mr. Brooke's departure. Small matters possibly, but they just make all the difference to the honest reader.

Green was a consumptive. The winters of his last years were spent in that search for sunshine which is life. The Riviera, Egypt, Italy, he went the old round, and, through all vicissitudes, he never ceased to work to the utmost of his strength. Death overtook him at Mentone. He died learning. Many years before he had written: "I know what men will say of me; they will say, 'He died learning.'" When he was told that the end was inevitable, he said: "I have something to say in my book still which I know is worth saying. I feel I could do good work. I will make a fight for it." It has been observed: "To the Initiated death is not an evil; it is a gain." By various ways the initiated approach their goal. Green found his own way.

A Miracle in Utopia.

Erewhon; or, Over the Range. Ninth Edition. By Samuel Butler. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

Erewhon Revisited: Twenty Years Later. By Samuel Butler. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THE vigour and versatility which Mr. Samuel Butler has brought to the pursuit of literature are undeniable. Since the first publication of *Erewhon*, nearly thirty years ago, there are few subjects which he has left unassailed. He has written on the theory of evolution, and on the place of miracle in religion. He has produced a cantata and a solid biography of his father, the famous headmaster of Shrewsbury School. He has studied art and worship in the sanctuaries of Piedmont and the Ticino. He has translated the Iliad and the Odyssey, and has put forward a delightfully paradoxical speculation as to the authorship of the latter epic. Like most persons of an ingenious turn of mind, he has contributed his share to the obscuring of the problems offered by Shakespeare's Sonnets. And throughout he has succeeded in maintaining a freshness and originality of treatment and outlook which enable him to compel interest and respect even where he most provokes dissent. Nevertheless, we suppose that he is destined to go down to posterity as the *homo unius libri*. *Erewhon* occupies and deserves a notable place in the long list of apocalyptic works which stretches from Plato's *Republic* to Campanella's *City of God*, and from Lord Lytton's *Coming Race* to William Morris's *News from Nowhere*. To the present re-issue Mr. Butler prefixes an amusing preface, in which he describes the genesis and original production of the book. He tells us how the scenery of it, with its snow-clad ranges and rushing river, was taken from that of the Upper Rangitata district of the Canterbury province of New Zealand, how Messrs. Chapman & Hall rejected the book on the advice of Mr. George Meredith, who was then acting as reader for them, and, with a curious *naïveté*, how considerations of copyright have now led him to add some sixty pages to the primitive text when, upon purely literary grounds, he would sooner have expunged as many. He has perhaps done an even more audacious thing in adding to *Erewhon*, what is frequently so disastrous, a sequel. In this case, however, the audacity is justified, for *Erewhon Revisited* is in many ways the better book of the two. As Mr. Butler himself points out, it can at least claim to be an organic whole, whereas *Erewhon*, witty and entertaining as it was, undeniably rambled. It had a more serious defect in a constant shifting of the Utopian point of view. To follow this some understanding of the philosophy of Utopian writing is necessary. Obviously the conditions of existence in a Utopia must stand in some kind of intellectual relation to those which actually prevail in the real world. They may, for instance, hold up an ideal which the writer desires to press upon the attention of the real world. Or they may offer a satirical and exaggerated picture of the follies and inconsistencies of the real world. Or, again, they may caricature in a similar spirit, but with a different intention, the follies and inconsistencies not of the real world but of the reformed world which revolutionaries and dreamers

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would substitute for it. The *Republic* may stand as a model of the first type of Utopia, Swift's *Lilliput* for the second, the *Cloud-cuckoo-land* of Aristophanes for the third. But it is essential that, if literary unity is to be maintained, a Utopia should belong to the same type throughout; and it is the weakness of *Erewhon* that it fails to conform to this canon. If we understand Mr. Butler's intentions in the book aright, he is sometimes aiming at idealism, sometimes at satire. And the satire, again, is sometimes directed against the absurdities of the current civilisation, sometimes against those inherent in the theories and prophecies of reformers and advanced persons. Thus the account of the Musical Banks, with their caste of cashiers and their coinage, of which it was thought respectable to hold some, and secretly felt to be commercially fatal to hold too much, is obviously satire. So is that of the sect of the Ydgrunites and their high goddess, Ydgrun. So is that of the Colleges of Unreason, with its Professors of Inconsistency and Evasion, and its Professor of Worldly Wisdom, who was also President of the Society for the Suppression of Useless Knowledge and for the Completer Obliteration of the Past. On the other hand, when the Erewhonians are said to punish regularly ill-health with imprisonment or fine, while moral offences are treated in hospital or by the attentions of a "straightener," the sting of the satire is surely turned less against society as it exists than against Lombroso and his "criminological" school of social reformers. And, finally, the law by which the introduction of machines into Erewhon was forbidden, on the ground of the danger lest in their rapid development they should bring man into the same state of subjection into which he himself has brought the domestic animals, is clearly no satire at all, but an ideal paradoxically stated but seriously proffered to a machine-ridden age.

Erewhon Revisited has the advantage over *Erewhon*, not only of a better-woven plot and a comparative absence of digressions, but also of a more single eye in the distribution of its satire. It will be remembered that the sojourn of Higgs in Erewhon ended with his flight in a balloon before the astonished eyes of the king and queen with the girl Arowhena Nosnibor. His earlier love, the gaoler's daughter Yram, was left lamenting. (The astounding futility of the Erewhonian nomenclature has always amazed us, and now Mr. Butler has the impudence to tell us that Arowhena's name was really Nna Haras, while that of her friend Mahaina was Enaj Ysteb.) In *Erewhon Revisited*, Higgs returns to the country, and finds, to his amazement, that his own personality has become the central point of a new religious development among the Erewhonians, and the circumstances of his departure are already obscured by a cloud of myth. Mr. Butler works out his idea with extreme ingenuity and an ironical purpose which can hardly fail to hit its mark. The name of the new religion was Sunchildism. Originally an outgrowth of the popular wonder at the marvel of the balloon, it had been taken up by the managers of the Musical Banks to buttress their own falling reputation, and organised into a regular cult. Its chief priests were Professor Hanky, Royal Professor of Worldly Wisdom at Bridgeford; and Professor Panky, Royal Professor of Unworldly Wisdom at the same seat of learning. The difference between Hanky and Panky consisted in the fact that, while Hanky humbugged everyone except himself, Panky humbugged himself more than anyone else. In the myth Higgs was represented as returning with his bride to the palace of his father, the Sun, and the balloon had given place to a chariot drawn by four black-and-white horses. These horses were really, as Hanky knew, some black-and-white storks that happened to be circling in the air at the moment of Higgs's departure. But as horses they appeared in all pictorial representations of the divine event, and to mention storks in this connection would in due time become a heresy. Moreover, a relic had lately been found, in the shape of some miraculously-preserved droppings from one of the horses, which had been placed in a gold reliquary. When Higgs came to look at this marvel, he found that it consisted of some coprolites. He was also much astonished to discover how his casual sayings, when in Erewhon, on ethical and religious subjects had been elaborated and perverted in the sacred books and maxims of the new creed. Professor Panky, for instance, who was a critical scholar, had a theory on the words "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." He argued thus:

> Can you not see how impossible it is for the Sunchild, or any of the people to whom he declared (as we now know, provisionally) that he belonged, could have made the forgiveness of his own sins depend on the readiness with which he forgave other people? No man in his senses would dream of such a thing. It would be asking a supposed all-powerful being not to forgive his sins at all, or at best to forgive them imperfectly. No, Yram got it wrong. She mistook "but do not" for "as we." The sound of the words is very much alike; the correct reading should obviously be "Forgive us our trespasses, but do not forgive them that trespass against us." This makes sense, and turns an impossible prayer into one that goes straight to the heart of every one of us.

Higgs visits a provincial town and hears the mayor counsel a father as to the case of a child who appeared to be irretrievably and hopelessly good by nature. He advised that she should be taught to lie, and quoted the Sunchild to support his view:

> The Sunchild (and here he reverently raised his hat), as you may read in Chapter Thirty-one of his Sayings, has left us a touching tale of a little boy, who, having cut down an apple-tree in his father's garden, lamented his inability to tell a lie. Some commentators, indeed, have held that the evidence was so strongly against the boy that no lie would have been of any use to him, and that his perception of this fact was all that he intended to convey; but the best authorities take his simple words, "I cannot tell a lie," in their most natural sense, as being his expression of regret at the way in which his education had been neglected.

Under the influence of Sunchildism Deformatories for children had been set up everywhere. Higgs inspected one of these, and found it ornamented with inscriptions from the "Sunchild Sayings." Over the schoolroom fireplace was, "Resist good, and it will fly from you," and on the façade:

> When the righteous man turneth away from the righteousness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is a little naughty and wrong, he will generally be found to have gained in amiability what he has lost in righteousness.

The tendencies of Sunchildism as interpreted by Professors of Worldly Wisdom and other managers of Musical Banks will now be clear. Perhaps the gist of Mr. Butler's somewhat daring satire will be clear too. In a preface he declares himself "a member of the more advanced wing of the English Broad Church," and states a general theory as to the course of development common to all new religions:

> In all cases the times are more or less out of joint—olden faiths are losing their hold on the masses. At such times, let a personality appear, strong in itself, and made to seem still stronger by association with some supposed transcendent miracle, and it will be easy to raise a "Lo, here!" that will attract many followers. If there be a single great, and apparently well-authenticated, miracle, others will accrete around it. How, in all religions that have so originated, there will follow temples, priests, rites, sincere believers, and unscrupulous exploiters of public credulity.

It remains to be said that the narrative interest of *Erewhon Revisited* is far greater than that of *Erewhon*. Naturally, the reappearance of Higgs was likely to introduce complications into the now established organisation of Sun-

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childism. One is reminded, by the way, of Clough's fragmentary poem on "The Shadow." The Musical Bank managers were on the point of dedicating a new temple to the Sunchild, and it would not do to have the function interfered with. So Professor Hanky determined quietly to suppress the dedicatee. The latter part of the book is mainly occupied with a lively story of the intrigues and counter-intrigues which lead to the frustration of this attempt. Higgs declares his identity at the dedication ceremony, and is hustled out of the way as a harmless lunatic. But he finds champions. It turns out that, without his knowledge, and certainly without the knowledge of the readers of *Erewhon*, he had had a child by the faithful and unfortunate Yram. This child is now ranger of the royal preserves in the neighbourhood of Sunch'ston. There are touching recognitions and forgivenesses. Yram and the ranger enter the lists against Hanky, who is convicted of eating the strictly preserved royal quails, on the pretence that he thought they were landrails, and Higgs is enabled to escape once more across the frontier. Sunchildism remains dominant, and Hanky, his crime passed over, is in due course canonised as a saint of the church. So ends a thoroughly entertaining and not altogether unprofitable book.

Sicily in Letters.

By the Waters of Sicily. By Norma Lorimer. (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS, apparently, is one of the innumerable progeny of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*. It is really a kind of tour in Sicily, illustrated by photographs of Sicilian scenery, and strung upon a slight story—of course a love-story. Equally of course, the book is in epistolary form, the writer, however, being (by allegation) a man. Not very masculine, however, is the style of the book, which has the merits and defects of a woman's writing. Here is a passage on Hyblæan honey:

> "I'm very sorry," she said . . . "but I prefer honey made by the bees of to-day. I will taste this, however, and give it a chance. Oh! it's horrid!" she said, making a wry face; "it tastes like sour vinegar."
>
> "You prefer honey made in London, where the bees are fed on beer and sugar, and where none of them have ever seen a flower in their lives, no doubt?"
>
> "I suppose I do," she said. "Anyhow, I don't like this: it smells like pomade and tastes like vinegar."
>
> "The smell is the scent of the asphodels, that have always grown on the Hyblæan hills; both the flower and the honey are classical."
>
> "Everything is classical here," she said with a sigh. "I can't even eat a modern breakfast. Did Socrates mention fresh eggs? I hope he did."

Information so conveyed remains in your mind. But we like not the syrupy set descriptions. It is a pleasant and interesting record of travel; and the story is merely the jam with the powder.

"Of the Gently Pleasing Kind."

Poems, Chiefly Lyric and Elgiac. By Arthur Munby. (Kegan Paul. 5s.)

THIS volume is dedicated "To my Friend of Forty Years, Austin Dobson." But it has nothing, nor aims at anything, of Mr. Dobson's quality. It is one more of the many books of verse with a certain moderate grace and accomplishment of form, but without originality of substance or any touch of poetic magic in expression. A certain gentle tenderness and pensiveness are its pervading qualities; while it is direct, clear, and aims at no adornment of imagery, of which, indeed, it is markedly destitute Since imagery always stands in the way of the average reader's comprehension, this is, so far, an element of popularity. Perhaps one of the best poems in the volume is "Haymaking," of which we quote partially the conclusion:

> Lucy aloft on the wain, with the hay-floods rising about her,
> Masters each mounting wave, spreads it and smoothes it around;
> Till from her settled throne, from the levelled and perfected summit,
> Pausing awhile to gaze timidly over the edge,
> She in a trice slips down by the well-comb'd walls of the waggon
> Into my arms, and I lead her at length to the farm.
> Sweet is the full farmyard, for the creatures she loves are within it;
> Sweet is the green little garth where she sits milking at eve;
>
> Ah, if I win her at last, there will not be aught of deserving;
> She has a treasure to give more than I dare to demand
> She will come down to my heart as a lark drops out of the heaven
> Into its homely nest, low in the whispering corn.

These lines (which, by the way, handle pleasingly the elegiac metre, which seems to be increasingly popular among recent poets) exhibit favourably the qualities we have noted; while the final image is decidedly pretty, if not very original. These are poems, in fine, which can neither be blamed nor overmuch praised; of the gently-pleasing kind.

Mr. Gosse's "Ironic Fantasy."

Hypolympia. By Edmund Gosse. (Heinemann. 5s.)

BY what right does Mr. Gosse label his book "an ironic fantasy"? Irony is for a reader to discover for himself; if he has not the intelligence to discover it, he need not be reading the book, nor will the label help him. Both the irony and the fantasy are of a disappointingly ordinary character. Mr. Gosse imagines a visit of the gods, exiled and made mortal, to a Lutheran island, where they examine the customs of the inhabitants, and comment, sometimes in prose and sometimes in verse. The machinery, though familiar, offers opportunities for caustic wit; but Mr. Gosse does not proceed beyond a certain mild and stilted facetiousness; while the poetical passages are not memorable. One object of Mr. Gosse's satire is the New Poetry; but there he seems to us to have merely missed the chance of being funny. The whole work suggests an exercise in Gilbertism by an essentially academic mind unwilling to let itself go. Mr. Gosse's letter to Stevenson concerning the English Immortals, where he was not standing on his dignity, and not bound in vellum, was worth a shelf of *Hypolympias*. We quote Mr. Gosse's only lyric:

> As I lay on the grass, with the sun in the west,
> A woman went by me, a babe at her breast;
> She kissed it and pressed it,
> She cooed, she caressed it,
> Then rocked it to sleep in her elbow nest.
>
> She rocked it to rest with a sad little song—
> How the days were grown short, and the nights grown long;
> How love was a rover,
> How summer was over,
> How the winds of winter were shrill and strong.
>
> "We must haste," she sang, "while the sky is bright,
> While the paths are plain, and the town's in sight,
> Lest the shadows that watch us
> Should creep up and catch us;
> For the dead walk here on the grass at night."

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Fiction Supplement.

SATURDAY: 9 NOVEMBER, 1901.

Ten Months of Fiction.

POLITICAL and commercial conditions, which must of necessity influence—and influence profoundly—the secret and inexplicable processes of the artist, have not in the immediate past been very favourable to the art of fiction. And they will be even less so in the immediate future. This is a truism, but it needs to be emphasised. The general public, aware only that of late it has been less interested than usual in fiction, has only the vaguest idea of what that disinclination to buy and read novels means to the producer of novels. We do not hesitate to say that if the naked facts of the case were exposed, as they never will be, the public would be amazed at the spectacle of havoc. For ourselves, we know of instances of established and reputable authors the sales of whose novels have fallen ninety per cent. below the average, which is to say that where once they sold ten copies they now sell one. We know of instances of praiseworthy novels by new authors which literally have not sold at all, despite reviews and despite advertisements; the great libraries and the principal booksellers have declined to look at them on subscription; and the sales have been exactly proportionate to the number and loyalty of the authors' friends. Probably in no single month for many years have so many novels been issued as were issued last month. And as for the fiscal result, we have been told that a certain library was absolutely ignoring half-a-dozen new novels a day. Were it not for the blessed prop and stay of "serial rights," many authors whose names are literary household words would be in a position to regard the heaviest imposition of income-tax with sardonic indifference. We are not gloomy; we do not believe that the continuance of the war will involve the utter ruin of a respectable and industrious class of penmen. The calamity is not permanent. "This, too, will pass," and time will cure it. But pending the operations of that slow physician it has to be endured. And it is being endured with remarkable fortitude by both novelists and their publishers.

Artistically, the year, if not dazzlingly brilliant, has been far less dull than the circumstances would have excused. We cannot count either Mr. Meredith or Mr. Hardy as regularly active, and we have almost ceased to expect them to produce. Mr. Blackmore is dead, with a noble record behind him. In default of the Three, whom do we look to for serious effort in the art of fiction? We look (in alphabetical order) to Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, "John Oliver Hobbes," Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. George Moore, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. H. G. Wells, and "Zack." Of these, all but Mrs. Ward and Mr. Wells have furnished something during the year, though the productions of Mr. Conrad, Mr. Hewlett, and Mr. Phillpotts have not been of major importance. And, in the secondary rank of those who mirror the time with power and ingenuity, but without that poetic poignancy or that natural humour which differentiates fine art from clever craft, we have had *Tristram of Blent* and *Sir Richard Calmady*. Our list of the twelve best novels of the year shall stand as follows. We need not say that it is not meant for a list of the twelve novels that have made the most noise:

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling.
Sister Teresa. By George Moore.
Our Friend the Charlatan. By George Gissing.
The Serious Wooing. By "John Oliver Hobbes."
The White Cottage. By "Zack."
The History of Sir Richard Calmady. By "Lucas Malet."
Tristram of Blent. By Anthony Hope.
The Column. By Charles Marriott.
The Lost Land. By Julia M. Crottie.
Casting of Nets. By Richard Bagot.
The Lord of the Sea. By M. P. Shiel.
The House with the Green Shutters. By "George Douglas."

To these we must add a small, but rather unusual, group of short stories:

Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs.
The Striking Hours. By Eden Phillpotts.
New Canterbury Tales. By Maurice Hewlett.
Tales of Dunstable Weir. By "Zack."

There is, by the way, far more humour in these four volumes than in all the twelve novels.

Our detailed criticisms of *Kim* and *Richard Calmady* are too recent to need recapitulation here. It suffices to say of *Richard Calmady*, that its success is definitely limited to three characters and its homogeneity marred by the intrusion of much unnecessary melodrama and extravagance. And in regard to *Sir Richard Calmady* and the other novels of modern English life in our list, we must remark that, as a body, the writers have scarcely succeeded in giving any broad picture of the era. Some of them have not tried to do so. Only *Our Friend the Charlatan* offers a version of the times at once inclusive and exact. *Sister Teresa* is the history of a single detached soul. *The Serious Wooing* is modern life wonderfully coloured by a prismatic personality. *The White Cottage* has no bigness. *Tristram of Blent* makes no pretence of seeing life whole and vehemently; it looks on casually and unmoved at the only class of English people whom Mr. Hope cares to survey. *Casting of Nets*, of which we gladly recognise the promise, is too obviously preoccupied with a trifle. We, of course, do not assert that every serious novel should attempt to deal with national manners as, for instance, *Anna Karenina* deals with national manners. But we consider that more of our writers might venture on such an enterprise. And we further think that a novel should not leave on the reader the impression, as too many do, that no life exists outside the limited life therein described. Our quarrel with the generality of serious novels is that they are like a page of an atlas—they picture in detail a given part of the earth's surface and show the surrounding parts white, uninhabited. No class nor community does or can exist independently; and it should be the business of the class-novelist and the community-novelist (we have both) to indicate the propinquity of the class above, the class beneath, and a world at large. We lay the more stress on our insular failure to produce novels that portray the era in that America has recently shown us how the feat may be performed. From that land of literary booms supereminently foolish have come two of the finest novels of the year. We mean:

The Octopus. By Frank Norris.
Sister Carrie. By Theodore Dreiser.

No one can read either of these admirable books without having learnt something—not merely about this person or that, this class or the other, but about *America*. The movement in them is large, racial; the vision poetic and comprehensive; the sentiment is never sentimentality. They exercise the highest function of the modern novel. With Mr. Frank Norris we were acquainted before, but the name of Theodore Dreiser is new. It stands for nothing but *Sister Carrie*; nevertheless Mr. Dreiser is beyond question one of the most promising novelists now writing in English. While touching on books by Americans, we should mention Mr. Henry James's *The Sacred Fount*, that *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. Henry James, and the late Stephen Crane's *The Monster*—a volume of characteristic power and ferocity.

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To return to our list, Mr. Charles Marriott's *The Column*, though curiously artificial, was vivid and compelling. It was also well written, but with a tendency, like many new books, to over-emphasis. *The Lost Land*, by Miss Crottie, is the only historical or quasi-historical novel that deserves mention in the fiction of the year. It is a convincing reconstitution of the eighteenth century in Ireland, rather fine than strong, but throughout of much beauty and true merit. There remains *The Lord of the Sea*, which we have included because its wild sensationalism was justified by much artistic writing, by psychological insight, and by real imagination. As a literary phenomenon Mr. M. P. Shiel has yet to be assessed. That he cannot be neglected is certain. *The House with the Green Shutters*, by Mr. "George Douglas," is reviewed in another column. It is a first book, and certainly shows power.

Other novels which honourably emerge from the welter are *The Church of Humanity* and *Despair's Last Journey*, two impressive and faithful studies by the veteran David Christie Murray, who is writing better now than ever he did in his youth; *The Good Red Earth*, by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, chiefly remarkable for some passionate descriptions of Devonshire scenery; *Voysey*, by Mr. R. O. Prowse; *The Inheritors*, a fantasia, by Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Hueffer; *The Grip of the Bookmaker*, by Mr. Percy White, in the same kind, but not as good, as *The West End*; Mr. Walter Raymond's *Fortune's Darling*; Mr. James Prior's *Forest Folk*, and Mr. Marriott Watson's *The Skirts of Happy Chance*. Our readers will not expect us to include the dizzying notorieties of the year, and we shall make no other reference to them.

Were we asked what was the conspicuous lack of the year's output we should decidedly say Romance, in the old-fashioned sense. There is a fairly good supply of that romance which "brings up the nine-fifteen," and we appreciate it. But of that other sort, the Dumas sort, almost none. We cannot easily conceive anything more unromantic than Mr. Neil Munro's elaborately-wrought "romance," *Doom Castle*. If this is the best to be done by a clever and painstaking writer who yearns towards romance, may it not be said that the romantic spirit has indeed vanished from among us? Historical romances there are in plenty, and the very feeblest of them sell fabulously in the United States, but, with the exception of *The Lost Land* and *New Canterbury Tales* and Mr. Weyman's *Count Hannibal*, they are conventional and sentimental. The supreme point about Dumas is that he was never sentimental. His English and American imitators (and we excuse neither Mr. Neil Munro nor Mr. Frank Mathew, whose *Royal Sisters* is one of a series of disappointments from his pen) carry sentimentality to the verge of nausea, and often over the verge. Nor do they show any originality of conception, nor any masculine verve. We are inclined to call them, in Stevenson's phrase, a set of "anæmic and tailorish persons." A real historical romance would meet a want that is not only felt but frequently expressed, at the libraries and the shops, by people who know a book when they see it. In these columns we have felt bound constantly to preach the necessity of naturalism (by which we mean truth-facing) in the modern novel, but we have done this without prejudice to our profound belief that romantic fiction is, or should be, every whit the equal brother—equal in appeal, sanction, and artistic importance—of naturalistic fiction.

Our Plébiscite.

In the week before last our usual Competition took the form of a request for the twelve best novels published during the first ten months of this year. An examination of all the lists sent in has resulted in the following selection of novels which in the united judgment of the competitors are entitled to be considered the "twelve best" novels published in 1901 up to the end of October:

TITLE.	NUMBER OF VOTES.
Kim	80
History of Sir Richard Calmady	77
The Eternal City	61
Tristram of Blent	61
The Serious Wooing	44
The Right of Way	44
The Benefactress	39
Sister Teresa	35
The Column	35
The Octopus	31
The Crisis	30
New Canterbury Tales	29

It will be seen that the above selection agrees with our own in six instances. It must be remembered, however, that in a competition of this kind the popularity of novels as distinct from their literary value is certain to be taken into consideration by competitors, who, with a prize in view, feel themselves bound to consider the probable selections of the whole body of competitors. Last year, under the same conditions, agreement between our readers and ourselves was represented in six out of twelve novels, or one half.

The twenty novels which our readers consider come next in merit are as follows:

TITLE.	NUMBER OF VOTES.
Light Freights	20
Lysbeth	17
The White Cottage	15
Bubs the Impossible	14
The Visits of Elizabeth	14
Count Hannibal	12
The Luck of the Vails	12
A Lady of Lynn	12
The Secret Orchard	12
Doom Castle	11
Our Friend the Charlatan	11
The Death of the Gods	11
Jack Raymond	10
The Alien	9
A Nest of Linnets	8
Casting of Nets	8
Love and His Mask	7
The Good Red Earth	7
Forest Folk	7
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters	7

The Prize.

The prize winner, Miss E. M. Evans, of St. Mary's, Ely, Cambs., has selected eleven out of the twelve novels in the Plébiscite List. Not only has Miss Evans supplied eleven-twelfths of the Plébiscite List, but she has in a rather striking measure anticipated the voting in the sequence she has adopted. Her list is as follows:

1. *Kim.*
2. *Sir Richard Calmady.*
3. *Sister Teresa.*
4. *Lysbeth.*
5. *The Benefactress.*
6. *Tristram of Blent.*
7. *The Serious Wooing.*
8. *The Right of Way.*
9. *The Column.*
10. *The Crisis.*
11. *The Octopus.*
12. *The Eternal City.*

Three competitors gave ten titles out of the twelve in the Plébiscite List, and several gave nine and eight titles.

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New Novels.

Tales of Dunstable Weir. By "Zack." (Methuen. 6s.)

THERE are six short tales in this book, and one long one of a hundred and thirty pages. "Zack" is the narrator, and "Zack" uses the Somersetshire dialect throughout. It must be said that some of "Zack's" own sayings are shrewd and witty:

> "Do 'ee reckon there's any truth in the tale, Zack?"
> "Well," I answered, scratching my head to ease out the words, "me and the village be one and the same mind in public, but when I gits by myself I has a single man's judgment."

But at the same time we think that Miss Keats made a mistake in art when she gave "Zack" the office of speaker. An artist cannot separate one of his works from the rest—that is where the mere artificer has an advantage. His works "go together." Now we have grown accustomed to regard "Zack" as a rare user of fine words, a highly skilled connoisseur in English. There are phrases in *On Trial* and *The White Cottage* which one remembers. How then can "Zack" be a villager among villagers with a rough and untutored tongue? The absence of any satisfactory reply to this question certainly impairs the basic verisimilitude of the book from end to end. The tales are very meritorious—restrained in manner, "strong without rage," calm without being flaccid, generally witty in the vein of pawkiness, and often humorous. In describing Martin the Silent, in "Benjamin Parrot's Fancy," "Zack" says:

> He wasn't no patriot, taking no interest in war or the grasping ways o' t'other nations, though there was not a child in the parish who couldn't have told him that if 'twasn't for England there would be little enough honesty left in the world, or religion either for the matter o' that. At election times he never went near the Red Lion, but just bided at home; and when the Squire had us all up to the great house to dinner, and said he hoped that we'd all vote "straight," Martin got up and said, "What was straight for one wasn't always straight for t'other," which the village held, for a silent man, was saying a deal too much.

In the matter of construction, we think several of the tales have the demerit of being too ingenious. Extreme ingenuity and originality of situation is never a characteristic of the authentic "village chronicle," as told in the inn or on the doorstep.

The House with the Green Shutters. By George Douglas. (Macqueen. 6s.)

"'*Dim it!*' said he. I like a man that says '*Dahm't.*'" From this fragment of conversation you may learn that you are in the Kailyard, where men have the dialectic temper, and "the English" is little considered. But it is the Kailyard with a difference. Mr. Douglas has little use for sentimentality of the "Stickit Minister" order, and his humour is grim, rather than pawky. His aim is tragedy, a dour tragedy with a streak of savagery in it. As mere humorous relief, the daily foregathering of the "bodies" on the Bend o' the Brae would be a trifle obvious, but the "bodies" have another function besides that of humorous relief. Gourlay called them "a wheen damned auld wives"; and they are the chorus in the play of Gourlay's downfall. His was the House with the Green Shutters, "gawcey and substantial on its terrace, beneath the tremulous beauty of the dawn," the outward symbol of a domination over Barbie won by no special capacity of intellect, but by sheer brute force of a resolute narrow character. Gourlay's financial stability crumbles away at the coming of keener commercial wits. His personal dignity is ruined by the disgrace brought on him by an imaginative drunken son, whom he has bullied from childhood, and whose desperate reply to the girds with which his dismissal from the University is greeted ends the story:

> As Gourlay leapt, John brought the huge poker with a crash on the descending brow. The fiercest joy of his life was the dirt that went up his arm, as the steel thrilled to its own hard impact on the bone. Gourlay thudded on the fender, his brow crashing on the rim.

This is violent enough to stir even the jaded modern taste for such things. It is Mr. Douglas's frequent fault to be too violent, but he has a receptive eye and a power of vivid description beyond the common:

> Mr. Gourlay passed on to the inner yard, which was close to the scullery door. The paved little court, within its high wooden walls, was curiously fresh and clean. A cock pigeon strutted round, puffing his gleaming breast, and rook-tty-cooing in the sun. Large clear drops fell slowly from the spout of a wooden pump, and splashed upon a flat stone. The place seemed to enfold the stillness. There was a sense of inclusion and peace.

There is the right touch about this. One is less gratified, however, when Mr. Douglas insists upon seeing "thick slabs of rancid bacon, from the top of which two yellow eggs had spewed themselves away among the cold gravy." *The House with the Green Shutters* errs on the side of violence and over-emphasis. But as a first book it is remarkable.

The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. (Heinemann.)

THE first impression of one who, by some chance, comes new to Mr. Gilbert Parker's work is that he ought to be writing regularly for the stage. One can imagine a very successful melodrama made out of this very book. But in this we praise him not. It is by no means a merit in a novel to suggest the footlights, as *The Right of Way* does suggest them. For it is stagey in a high degree. There is too much "business," there is too much "curtain"; there is, in the dialogue, too much George Alexander. Beauty Steele is Mr. Alexander's part, and, to be frank, he is rather a bore. The specimens of his conversation do not convince one of the preternatural cleverness with which he is said to have been endowed, and he is not really effective even when he sets himself to be rude. And that eyeglass—does Mr. Parker think that an eyeglass can be used with real effect by a man who is not short-sighted? Well, it cannot; and there is nothing to lead one to suppose that Steele's eyeglass was used as an aid to vision. Also a complexion of cherries and cream is not, in this country at any rate, regarded as an element of masculine beauty. Steele is by way of being a sceptic, and he agnosticises at great length in a sufficiently obvious vein. But to compensate for Steele's shortcomings, there is in the book, and in the people among whom he moved as a stranger, after the brawl in which he was supposed to have lost his life, evidence of quick and sympathetic observation. The Curé is well drawn, so is the Seigneur, so is Mrs. Flynn, the Irish cook; so, in general, are the village folk, simple, but dangerous, with the inherited faith that is liable, on provocation, to flame out to fanatical fury. And Rosalie is a girl any man might be proud of. The irony of the situation in which Steele is placed—his wife alive but supposing herself married to another man, himself in love with Rosalie as Rosalie with him—is brought forcibly home. But the conclusion is rather huddled, and Mr. Parker should really have made up his mind whether the man died a Christian or not. Also the words last upon his lips happen to be a repetition of the least effective of all his reported impertinences:

> "I beg—your—pardon," he whispered to the imagined figure, and the light died out of his eyes, "have I—ever—been—introduced—to you?"

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The Old Knowledge. By Stephen Gwynn. (Macmillan.)

THIS is a book dealing with the outer boundaries of mysticism, or rather with a combination of old Irish folk-lore and what is called the power of seeing the "invisible." A very modern and cheerful love story is the lighter *motif* of the volume; and somewhat far-fetched as the more mystical part of the book is, it contains certainly the better writing of the two. The modern love affair is largely comprised of light conversation, not visibly useful to the progress of the story. Its extreme futility becomes a little tedious in the end. But the peasant Conroy, visionary and seer, brings in a different atmosphere altogether. The invisible world in his presence becomes mystically alive, peopled with visions, potential and dangerous when worked upon by the will of a soul trained largely to discard the material, outer envelope of existence and people. Unfortunately for the success of the book, the mystical element is used too fitfully to produce any conviction. The reader is jumped backwards and forwards with amazing abruptness between the dual subjects—the trivial modern love affair and the fantastic peasant spiritualism—with the result of being engrossed by neither. For want of sustained treatment the Conroy episode, with its curious trial of mediæval spells and sheer will magnetism, borders, in fact, dangerously upon the grotesque; the imagination of the reader, unaroused by careful preparation, remains stolidly upon the commonplace and somewhat sceptical level of the very ordinary love story.

Clementina. By A. W. Mason. (Methuen. 6s.)

AMONGST the industrious novelists who ransack the theatrical wardrobes of history Mr. Mason holds a distinct and assured position. *Clementina* leaves that position unchanged. A prince in exile; a princess on her way to marry him arrested and imprisoned; a gallant Irish gentleman, our old friend the cosmopolitan adventurer, all steel and suavity, himself loving the Princess, yet sworn to bring her liberated to his King—these characters wear costume to the best advantage. 'Tis fiction in fancy dress. But Mr. Mason in *Clementina* deserves our thanks on more counts than one. His prince in exile, James Stuart, the old Pretender, has not yet grown quite stale in suggestion, and his character is not insisted upon as an historical portrait. Once one knows that one is in for a story of battle, murder, and sudden death one is not put off by a too improbable coincidence, nor deterred by one or two unnecessary mortal combats. *Clementina* is full of blood and wounds, but the softer element is not wanting, and the women are good. In the high-minded Charles Wogan, with his trio of faithful comrades, we have the inevitable reminder of Dumas; and in Mr. Mason's general style we have the equally inevitable reminder of Stevenson. Wogan says:

> Hearts cannot be commanded. Alas! Mademoiselle, it is a hard world at the end of it. It is mortised with the blood of broken hearts. But duty, Madam, duty, a consciousness of rectitude, these are very noble qualities.

One feels, indeed, that Stevenson would not have made much more of that scene in which Wogan, after overcoming single-handed five armed men, follows the princess to the lodge in the forest, and there, waiting for the dawn, makes his confession. *Clementina* is a bustling, and, at times, a moving story.

The Prophet of Berkeley Square. By Robert Hichens. (Methuen. 6s.)

REALLY, the major part of this "tragic extravaganza" is very amusing indeed. The story is one of those elaborate exercises in charming and sheer idiocy the secret of which was first discovered by the late Oscar Wilde. It is on the high, absurd plane of "The Importance of Being Earnest"—certainly the funniest farce of its generation. The sole aim of this kind of literature is to be ridiculous, but wittily ridiculous; to imitate the emotions of a lunatic asylum by means of an exceptionally acute intellect.

> The Prophet began to feel uncomfortable.
> "But——" he said.
> "There is no such thing as 'but' in my dictionary," retorted the lady.
> "Ah, an abridged edition, no doubt."

No reasonable person should refrain from smiling at that. And the virtue of *The Prophet of Berkeley Square* consists in that and a thousand similar trifles. Social satire abounds in the book—satire of the keenest; but Mr. Hichens only comes at it by chance in his quest of the absurd.

The whole book is very clever—cleverer than *The Green Carnation*, and somewhat less impudent. Our one fear on behalf of Mr. Hichens is that he may degenerate into a mechanical travesty of himself. There are scores of instances in this single volume to prove that he is not always funny when he has the intention so to be. We will give one instance:

> The final ejaculation melted away into the somewhat powerful discord produced by the impact of a brewer's dray with a run-away omnibus at the corner of Greek-street, which was eventually resolved by the bursting of a motor-car—containing two bookmakers and an acting-manager—which mingled with them at the rate of perhaps forty miles an hour.

No reasonable person should smile at that.

The Benefactress. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE announcement of a new book by the writer of *Elizabeth and her German Garden* was one of the pleasant items in the list of autumn publications. The delicate and joyous pantheism of Elizabeth cheered like a summer's day. But *The Benefactress* begins by being a little disappointing. The radiance of the garden is missing. We are in the middle of character studies, better than the average, but lacking the peculiar atmospheric freshness distinctive of the writer. Then suddenly Anna, Elizabeth under a different name, comes into a property in Germany, and the author's special charm flows back in its entirety. She is very lovable, this Anna, with her childlike tenderness and simplicity, and her quivering desire to mother the sad and comfortless ones of existence. The proposal to share her home with twelve of these forlorn and life-battered sister women results in some shrewd and rather humorously touching character sketches. It is the personality of Anna herself, however, that largely gives the book freshness, the Anna incapable of thinking an evil thought, and whose nature-worship was one of the most unstrained and poetic faculties under heaven.

The Glowworm. By May Bateman. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS, the latest, and certainly so far the best, of Miss Bateman's stories, has pleased us. It has quite a character of its own, it has charm, and it has feeling.

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presences which she evolved from cracks in the nursery ceiling:

> She believed these cracks to be the outward and visible signs of actual presences—all-powerful, all-exacting. Alone, she would trace their outline in the air with a rigid forefinger. All her thoughts tended in Their direction; she dreamed about Them at night; she wondered about Them often in the day; at times They paralysed her. . . . Very soon They became to her as images of Fate, relentless and overmastering.

That strikes us as true of an imaginative and lonely child. Equally natural is it that Asenath should have fallen in love with the reputation of a soldier-hero, who, in fact, happened to be a good deal of a blackguard, as she discovered after she married him. The minor characters are all good, particularly the patient and unrewarded lover, who comes out strongly without appearing fatuous; and there is a pleasant humour always at hand to relieve a story otherwise tragical enough. As for the faults of the book, they are trifling: an occasional bit of over-writing, and now and then some over-elaboration of unnecessary detail.

The Darlingtons. By Elmore Elliott Peake. (Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. DARLINGTON owned a little railroad in the States. His son Bert was traffic manager; his daughter Carol was auditor; Bert was subject to maniacal fits of drunkenness; there were, besides, Mrs. Darlington and another daughter. This book is a slice out of the history of the family. It shows talent—considerable graphic power and a desire to be true to life. The author is at his best when he gets two of his characters into close argument on a question of conduct. He seems to be animated throughout by a deeply religious spirit, though this is never made obtrusive. The novel, however, is faulty. The incidents are feebly invented. Mad Bert running the special train into Hades at eighty miles an hour is a figure of sheer melodrama; the episode of the hero stopping the mettlesome horses which the heroine could not stop is scarcely better; it reminds one of a similar episode in E. P. Roe's *From Jest to Earnest.* In both cases the muscular Christian hero was ostentatiously careful to exert his strength gradually lest the harness might give way. By all the rules of fiction heroes are now forbidden to stop runaway teams when the heroine is on board. The dialogue is apt to become stilted at critical points. Here is part of a scene between Bert and the elder sister:

> "But if I do, Carol—if I ever, by my brutal appetite, bring shame and sorrow on that dear, devoted head, I hope that God will strike me dead."
>
> He was very solemn now, even tragic. His sister, none too easily impressed, looked up at him with glistening eyes.
>
> "I don't myself see how you can ever fall again now, brother," she said in a voice of low, rich melody. "You have so much to live for. And I don't believe you will fall. In spite of all the past, I have faith in you. I believe the turning-point has come. But, brother dear," she added, tightening her grasp upon his hands, "if you think the struggle is over, you will be disappointed. You can't always float with your head in the clouds, as it is now. But you can always be brave and true to yourself—and to her. It is not an impossible thing. Thousands of men do as much every day, and you can. And when you are tempted, as assuredly you will be, you will now have more strength to overcome the temptation."

The writing, too, is often slovenly, as thus: "She showed to better advantage, after her dissipation, than either Ruth or her brother, both of whom looked rather washed out." Some novelists of genuine talent, we are convinced, deliberately affect this slovenliness of diction out of scorn for the literary etiquette of the mincing minor magazine. It is a pity. Nevertheless *The Darlingtons* is quite praiseworthy.

A Sower of Wheat. By Harold Bindloss. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

IN a prologue, the imaginary narrator announces his intention of "telling the story simply and as it happened from the beginning." It is a pity that the author did not make him do so, for Mr. Bindloss has at times a pretty notion of narrative, together with an appreciation of nature's larger works. There is certainly fresh air in this tale of the Canadian wheat fields. But there is no "telling of the story simply." Far from that, Ralph Crosfield, hero, who must have read many novels in his spare time, deliberately set himself to narrate in the manner of the professional narrator. He chose sugary chapter headings, such as "The First Sowing," for the first chapter, and "A Bountiful Harvest" for the last. He thought of all the weird things that happen in novels, and, injudiciously selecting some of them, imported these dishonestly into the tale—for example, the adventure of the hero and heroine behind that famous vicious horse, Robert the Devil. He made absolutely no attempt to describe the beautiful heroine's mien as it appeared to him, but sought out professional descriptions of beautiful heroines, lighting on the phrase, "a certain grave dignity." Further, he interpolated many little fragments of episodes like the following (our italics):

> "I am sorry you had to come in search of me, Geoffrey," she said. "This is Mr. Crosfield—Captain Ormond. I think you have met before. *I lost my way, and he kindly brought me across the moor.* I have been telling him about Canada."
>
> *The newcomer bowed with an easy indifference,* for which, *not knowing exactly why, I disliked him,* as he said, "Don't remember that pleasure—meet so many people! Canada must be a very nice place; been thinking of going out there myself—drive oxen, grow potatoes, *and that kind of thing, you know.*"

All this, and much more of the same sort, is a pity, because, as we say, the tale in its entirety has considerable merit. Next time Mr. Bindloss drops into fiction we trust he may forget all previous fiction whatever, and write down what comes "simply." The result will probably be worthy of praise.

The Alien. By F. F. Montresor. (Methuen. 6s.)

THIS is an interesting and sympathetic story. The plot is not original, but originality of plot is not absolutely necessary for a novel. The incidents of life repeat themselves incessantly; but their accessories and the manner of their repetition vary perpetually. And it is upon the treatment of a subject a good deal more than upon the subject itself that the final success of a work of fiction depends. In *The Alien* the skeleton of the plot consists of the attempt by an illegitimate son to impersonate his dead half-brother. This impersonation of the dead by the living has been done before; but its treatment here is fresh, individual; and until almost the end, when a regrettably unconvincing murder is introduced to bring about the climax, without any too sensational or melodramatic incident.

The Alien is the kind of novel of which one wishes there were more. Cleverly thought out, and full of sympathy and observance, it is a book suited to all kinds and sorts of people. The interest of the story, without being unendurably exciting, is never allowed to flag, while the quality of its character drawing gives it a delicate atmospheric beauty by no means common. Even the sinner is sympathetic, which, after all, is as it should be. For certainly the number of sympathetic sinners in the world is greater than that of the totally depraved, let alone that a sinner with redeeming qualities is a more interesting study than a sinner ungarnished by a single inconsistent quality of grace. A novel may be great that is a mouthpiece of denunciation or exposure. Nevertheless, it can scarcely be said to fulfil

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the proper purpose of fiction, which is surely above all to beguile and recreate. Miss Montresor's book is not a page untampered with from life, but it is a well-written story, and contains a number of deft character sketches, cleverly preserved from the danger of excessive sentimentality.

The Sinner and the Problem. By Eric Parker. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THIS novel seems to us to have been written under the influence of the "Elizabeth" school of literature, the great modern "garden" cult, which good-humouredly patronises nature, labels all its characters, is self-consciously broad-minded, and in its determination not to be priggish falls into a profound priggishness. Mr. Parker is not without merits, but he suffers through having adopted the literary mannerisms of his school. He can only call an innkeeper "mine host." And every person in his pages has his label. The two boy-heroes are called respectively the Sinner and the Problem. Then there is the Chief Butler, the Publican, the Other Man, and the Lady of the Lake. Here is a sample of the narrative. The Sinner and the Problem are chatting with the artist who tells the story :

> "Now I like a picture where you can see everything in it—little frogs and things in front, I mean; and something happening—a fight, or a house on fire."
>
> Lack-a-daisy, thought I, but this is a Philistine; and I declare I nearly launched at him the greater part of my views on Impressionism and other kindred matters, which would have puzzled him sorely, I should think, as mayhap they have puzzled others. Howbeit, I considered, such things are not for children to quack over, after all, and asked him another question. "So he paints?" said I, nodding at his playmate.

It is all like that—feebly pleasant. In the last result, of course, "I was left with the Lady of the Lake, who stood facing me." The book is continually sentimental, but there are good qualities in it, and especially a genuine appreciation of nature which no amount of patronising can hide. If Mr. Parker could cast the ruffle and the clouded cane, and just be himself without antics, he might write a tolerable novel.

The Diary of a Freshman. By Charles Macomb Flandran. (Heinemann. 6s.)

IT might, perhaps, be inferred from the appearance of this work in the "Dollar Library of American Fiction" that it is a Transatlantic version of *The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green*. Such is, indeed, the case. The green and salad days of Mr. Thomas, alias "Granny," Wood were spent at Cambridge—not Cambridge on the Cam, but that other Cambridge hard by Boston, in which Harvard University is situated. The book is written in a lively fashion, but we do not find it as entertaining as, say, *The Babe, B.A.* It is not that we suppose American undergraduates to be any sillier or any duller than English undergraduates, but rather that the humour of all such writings depends so much upon its appeal to the associations of one's own undergraduate experiences as to be necessarily somewhat esoteric. Certainly there is nothing in English University life remotely corresponding to the hilarious initiation of Mr. Wood and his friends into an institution known as the Dickey. This appears to be a kind of formal and co-optative aristocracy, out of which the various "secret" clubs, with their mysterious Greek initials, are recruited. Cambridge (on the Cam) has, or had, if we may trust the *Granta*, its "bloods," but we understand this appellation of dignity to be conferred rather by informal public opinion than in any more regular way. The neophytes of the Dickey appear to be condemned for a week to make asses of themselves in any way attractive to the whimsical fancy of those responsible for their initiation. Mr. Wood was drenched with perfumes and sent to travel in a crowded tramcar. He was taken to the theatre and instructed to get up in his place at the end of the first act and shout, "This show is bum, and I want my money back." He had to kiss all the babies on Commonwealth-avenue (fifty-six in one afternoon) and explain that he was "passionately fond of animals." Other things he had to do which, if embarrassing to him, must have been even more objectionable to outsiders. We trust that in narrating these the chronicler of Harvard has relied less upon realism than upon romance.

The Bourgeois. By Henry de Vere Stacpoole. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

To read this book is rather like drinking dry champagne on an empty stomach. It is a story of the Latin Quarter. Frisson, ex-medical student, hypochondriac, playwright, is its true hero, and not the polite and serious young American with the gold-rimmed spectacles. The atmosphere is an atmosphere of squalor, in which busy, restless brains dare not leave off thinking lest the discomfort should become sensible; and thought must concern itself always with the lightest of trifles for terror of the big things behind. Frisson, with his Old Man of the Sea—medical student, aged seventy, and dependent on Frisson for his continued existence—is so admirable in the rush of his subacid babble that a plot seems rather a superfluity. However, there is one of a farcical sort, and it lands Mr. Alabaster—such is the strange name of the young American—in a sufficiently ridiculous position. It is not easy to give a notion of Frisson; he is rather a cumulative effect. How, away from its context (in which are set forth various excellent deterrents against diary writing), does this look ?

> "How strange," said Peter, "I had no idea that people could be so foolish as to enter such things in a book—crimes and things, you know. I should think it was quite bad enough to have them on one's conscience."
>
> "That's just it," said Frisson, "you must put a crime somewhere. Well, if you have no conscience, what are you to do? You put it in a diary instead. It's only people with consciences who are able to hide their crimes, and that is why so many conscientious people are reckoned good."

We may find room, perhaps, for the phrase in which the astronomer Carabin is hit off :

> Should he ever die it will simply be because he has forgotten to go on living, for he is wretchedly delicate, and lives simply because he has forgotten that he ought to be dead.

But how long has *religieuse* taken the place of *dévote* ? Presumably since they drove the nuns out of France.

October Brewings.

A Blind Marriage. By George R. Sims. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

A Goddess of Gray's Inn. By G. W. Burgin. (Pearson. 6s.

Mary Anne of Parchment Buildings. By Lucas Cleeve. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

Farewell Nikola. By Guy Boothby. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

The Court of Honour. By William Le Queux. (F. V. White. 6s.)

WHY do people read? The question is not quite so impertinent as it may appear. For people did not always read. Billions of men and women for thousands of years have contrived ordinary human happiness without the aid of half-penny newspapers and cheap reprints and the most remarkable novel of the year, just as the world went well enough without tobacco. Why—to narrow the question to the present purpose—do people read the books which we have named at the head of this column ? We do not wish to

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simply that they should not read them. Merely, having read them, we—well—why?

October is active in beer as well as in books. "Our October brewing" catches the eye that roams over the provincial papers. Publishers and publicans alike welcome the "pomifer annus"—the season of profits. And perhaps this vague connection between beer and books may furnish the ghost of a clue to our question's answer. Ask why people read, and you may be countered with the question why people drink. The proximate causes appear, on due consideration, to be four or thereabouts, if we put aside the root-and-branch teetotalers who will have it that people drink because they are wicked and for no other reason under the sky. Let us take the proximate causes in their proper order, scientifically, and it may presently be seen that there is something more than the calendar concerned in the coincidence of the October brewings and our autumn announcements. A man drinks because he is thirsty; that is the primal reason, based on his original sin, and you may see him doing it at the nearest drinking fountain. And a man reads for information, as the man who consults Bradshaw in a free library. Possibly, too, the readers—some of them—in the British Museum may claim moral equality with the searcher of Bradshaw who has no desire of illegitimate sensations, and the dipper in the drinking fountain, who merely wants to satisfy a legitimate thirst. Secondly, a man may drink because there is nothing else to do, as, for example, at a City dinner when the dinner is over. It is like chewing tobacco, a mere "filling in of gaps of time and teeth," or the whittling of a stick. So a man gets his "chew" or his stick for whittling from the railway bookstall a sixpenny Scott, or a halfpenny *Cuts*, to carry him over a vacant hour or two. Again, a man may drink to drive dull care away; and with beer, as with books, this is probably the commonest cause of bibbing. For one man who loves the taste of beer, and can distinguish nicely between the various brews, there are a thousand—five—ten thousand—who praise "beer, glorious beer," in the lump, merely as beer. Thus it is with the average customer of Mr. Mudie, it may be suspected. The people who flock to his bar want reading matter, and they are not very particular as to the brew so long as it is strong enough to act as an anodyne, and will make them forget for a couple of hours (the effects seldom last longer, we have found) that the world as it is is a world as it ought not to be. There is a fourth stage of the drinking habit; it comes when a man drinks, no longer for any one of the aforesaid more or less legitimate reasons, but because he simply cannot help himself. Even here the literary analogy is easily found. For there are men—mostly men of letters whose habit of reading has been compulsory, by doctor's orders, as it were—who have permitted the habit to run away with them. They hate reading at last, as the drunkard curses the drink, but they are quite unable to resist the appeal of printed matter. They cannot pass a newsboy without stopping for a dram; they turn their homes into hells by soaking in bookshops when they should be in the drawing room at tea. But this *cacoëthes legendi* is too serious a topic for more than allusion. Like the habitual drunkard, the habitual reader requires a medical monograph, legislation, and enforced seclusion.

Perhaps it is already evident under which heading we place the five volumes which stand above this column. So far as information goes they are useless; they are not Bradshaw books, and a Martian who descended upon Mr. Mudie and took them out as a guide to real life would lose his way before he had walked twenty yards along Oxford-street. To regard them as mere means of passing the time would be to do them some injustice. They are a little stronger than that. They may be recommended as anodynes, and we have picked them out as being representative of the best and purest make of literary anodynes. The tens of thousands who want to get away for an hour or two from the realities of life, to imagine themselves among people who never have existed and never could exist, in conditions that no conceivable combination of real persons and events could afford; who want, too, to be so deceived by common names and well-known localities that the delusion is clinched as Utopia, Barataria, and the Snark can never clinch it—these tens of thousands have their brew prepared. All these writers are well-known, and their ability to produce a competent and reliable brain-muddler is assured. We know Mr. Sims—not the sentimental humourist of the *Referee*, but the pure sentimentalist of *The Blind Marriage*, and we are glad to meet May and Mary, with their invalid mother.

> May and Mary, who had gone on the stage to earn money, sent every shilling they could spare from their modest salaries to defray the expenses and pay the doctors' bills.

Mr. Burgin, too, brews good muddlers. Groundsel Court never was in Gray's Inn, though it may have been situated somewhere in the Milky Way. Wotherspoon is a mild sort of Scrooge, and Crane is his Bob Crackitt: and Lilian, the goddess from the machine, melts everybody into philanthropists. "Do you really love her?" says Mrs. Harte to her son Bagot.

> "Love her! The first time we met I loved her for her pretty ways—her gracious presence—her sweet eyes—not sad eyes, but eyes sparkling with mirth—wells of limpid honesty and truth. Mother, I seem to have loved her always—never to have drawn breath of life before. She ——! Well, she took me for a clumsy fool when I answered at random, and laughed with such infectious gaiety that I laughed too, scarce knowing why."

And so on. This from a barrister to his mother. It is not of this world. Mary Anne of Parchment Buildings is also in love with her barrister, and, being also not of this world (though "on" at the Alhambra), did not let concealment prey on her damask cheek. Yet Mary's amazing innocence saved her, to say nothing of Valroy. "Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit," remarks Lucas Cleeve.

> It had been so with Herbert Valroy when he kissed Mary Anne. He was not in love with her—the difference in their positions made such a state of things impossible."

Here again we soar to worlds unknown, and put behind us the sad frailties we know too well. Mr. Le Queux pretends to take us to Monte Carlo. We meet, in a dream, as it were, a ruined gambler, a cosmopolitan adventurer, and a princess.

> Already, ere I became aware of it, I had thus been embarked boldly upon an adventurous search for the unknown, but rigidly guarded, secret—a search which proved so strange, so full of grave peril, and so utterly astounding in its results, as to surpass even the human imagination.

It does not surpass the imagination of Mr. Le Queux, however. And anybody who is dissatisfied with his own world may try a draught of the world of Mr. Le Queux; it will be a change. Mr. Guy Boothby takes us to a world where everybody at critical moments whispers to somebody else with surprising results.

> "To oblige *me* you will do it," he said; and then, drawing a little closer to him, he murmured something that we could not hear. The effect upon the Don was magical: his face turned a leaden hue, and for a moment I thought he would have fallen.

And so on. And, again:

> "Have you met Dr. Nikola lately?" I inquired. The effect it produced upon him was instantaneous. He shrunk from me as if he had been struck, and, leaning against the wall of the house behind him, trembled like an aspen leaf.

Nikola, whom academic pedestrians, from a nodding acquaintance with the hoardings, vaguely regard as a soap,

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seems to have disappeared to Thibet. That is a great pity, for Mr. Boothby's Nikola brew is a really effective literary anodyne, and leaves the reader—whose head is unaccustomed to such fumes—mentally helpless for hours. So, on the whole, the October brewing provides plenty of reliable intoxicants which will transport a man—we should rather say a woman—well away from the world of taxes and politics and other worrying realities.

Propriety and Passion.

The Embarrassing Orphan. By W. E. Norris. (Methuen. 6s.)
Gillette's Marriage. By Mamie Bowles. (Heinemann.)

THESE two novels we place together because they come from opposite poles. Not that in any sense they represent respectively the zenith and the nadir of accomplishment. The skilled handicapper would start them at about level weights in the race for popular favour, balancing the youth of the one against the experience of the other. They come from different stables—our knowledge of the turf will scarcely carry the metaphor through—and illustrate the merits of different systems of training. Everyone, the most ignorant, has his fancy, and in the race between passion and propriety we are inclined to back passion. In the one of these two books there is little that a calm judgment can approve, in the other nothing that it can condemn. Mr. Norris takes us into the drawing-room, and refuses to let us out even when we are transported to the *Ile Perdue*. There is no fault to be found with the manner in which he presents the orphan, a girl and an heiress whom few know to be an heiress. In the tones of an educated old gentleman (Sir Edward Denne, to wit), we follow the fortunes of his ward, whom her mother's French relatives strive to annex, for Mr. Norris has every turn and twist of technique at his pen's point, and never once can you slam down the book and say: "That's wrong." The characters talk—as people talk. No one of them does anything that could not conceivably be done by people our wives have upon their visiting lists. Moreover, Mr. Norris has retained through all these years of production a light and pleasant style, with the unvarying manner of a gentleman. He never loses his head. Nevertheless—or should we say therefore?—he never carries us away. Our head approves of Mr. Norris, and as we sit with him in the drawing room we feel we are in distinguished company, where any slip is a tumble to the depths.

Of Miss Mamie Bowles no level head could approve. She carries us for a wild romp through the passions. Gillette, the stubby girl, who is stupidly religious, a vegetarian, and an heiress, George Spenser, the hypochondriacal hero, who loathes her and marries her for her money; Ellice Bastien, the dainty woman he loves and who loves him—they are all outrageous, and mix themselves up in a tumult of passion which makes the reader's brain reel. Miss Bowles enters into the spirit of the romp. Ellice's teeth, for instance:

> Sometimes they struck him as the drifted petals of a white rose, sometimes as being like a narrow strip of moon emerging through the crimson of sunset, sometimes as recalling a little stream of sparkling water one craved to press one's feverish mouth against.

Men who live in the country with dyspepsia are not struck in that way. Again:

> "Do you know what love and passion are, Ellice?"
> He gazed at her with lean, haggard face. The woman leant back against the carriage feeling her heart swollen, till the thin envelope of her frame was near to creaking.

But for all her ladies whose frames come near to creaking with their passion, for all her impossible characters, her amazing exaggerations and hilarious metaphors, Miss Bowles interests one. She is like the Miss Terrys and the Mrs. Campbells of the stage, at whom you must needs look, however bad the play may be. The only explanation we can offer of our interest in *Gillette's Marriage*, as of our interest in Mrs. Campbell when playing an absurd part, is that the artist, or the writer, has "charm." It is not much of an explanation, even though you proceed to such vague extensions as "personality," or "magnetism," for it is something that can be felt, but defies any speedy mode of analysis. But here, at least, it is the writer, rather than her puppets, who interests the reader. She feels keenly, and if the striking passion produces as yet too strident a tone, the receptive nature is there.

Religion in Fiction.

Hearts in Revolt. By Henry Gilbert. (George Allen. 6s.)
Memory Street. By Martha Baker Dunn. (Jarrold. 6s.)
Deborah. By James M. Ludlow. (Nisbet. 6s.)
A Gallant Quaker. By Margaret Roberton. (Methuen. 6s.)
The Coming of the Preachers. By John Ackworth. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)
The Comedy of a Suburban Chapel. By J. D. Causton. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

IT is one of the misfortunes of a highly complex social development that it tends to remove the individual further and further from the end towards which his labours are directed. It was more interesting to be a soldier in the days of Hastings than it is to be a unit in a column employed in a combined movement for sweeping an invisible enemy from a range of hills which personally you don't want. Similarly one may conceive the life of the village shopman into whose little store are gathered products of every clime, to be one far more absorbing than the lives of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the spruce young clerks and shopmen who stream backwards and forwards daily between the suburbs and the City. In fact, in our own day, the men to whom their work is an end in itself, are an infinitesimal minority. To the rest, whose time is occupied principally in adding up enormous columns of other people's money, their daily work is no better than an irksome condition of their gaining food, clothing, and shelter. Than such a society what better ground for the growth of pessimism? Among the more thoughtful of its members the plant springs of its own accord. Such "sure and certain hope" of an ineffable future as our fathers felt is torn to tatters in the conflict of religious teachers. The churches tend more and more to become mere social centres, and religion to be identified with thrift and the disuse of alcohol. The old choice must be made; is it pleasure we must live for, or wisdom?

That practically is how the question presented itself to Mr. Gilbert's hero. He never solves it; but there it is facing him all the time, importunate. Mr. Gilbert has been to school to Mr. George Gissing. He deals with the same class of people—the people of the suburbs. Let us rather say (lest we seem to traduce many good and cultivated people who find it convenient to live there), a certain element which would, probably, be proud to hear itself described as fast. More exactly, it is coarse, sensual, and unspeakably silly. Mr. Gilbert has not Mr. Gissing's faculty of eclectic realism. In his determination to shirk nothing, he occasionally breaks away from the customary restraint of English writers. But he succeeds, at any rate, in creating such an atmosphere as serves to test the stuff of which his hero is made. First there is the dingy home in which a brutal father maltreats the weak and gentle mother, who takes refuge in drink. Then the Birkett Institute and the unspeakable scandal of unchastened adolescence. Next, the suburban dancing classes and drawing-rooms, and the young ladies who describe their friends' brothers as "such a jolly fellow," love dancing because it is "so dreamy," and

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loll away whole afternoons on half a chair. Ernest comes, on the whole, very well out of it to the serious attachment of his life. The author has spent a good deal of pains upon the creation of Connie Nevile. He has not failed to present her as a really charming and amiable young woman, busy on building up her character on St. Thomas à Kempis. It is unfortunate that he has not better contrived the impediment to her union with Ernest, whom she heartily loved. It is difficult, no doubt, to set bounds to what may happen among the professors of asceticism as it is understood in the Church of England; but it is hard to believe that the most amateurish of directors would advise a girl that, because she had been minded to enter a sisterhood, it was her duty to precipitate the step because she had fallen in love. A Jesuit—or, for that matter, any ordinary confessor of the Church that knows about these things—would have laughed her into common sense in the space of a *Pater noster*. As it is, she emulates St. Elizabeth of Hungary, in the picture of Mr. Calderon; and Ernest marries a comfortable, wise woman of thirty, who knows all about the state of his affections, but likes him well enough to want him anyway. We have devoted so much space to Mr. Gilbert's *Hearts in Revolt* because, despite of such faults and a lot of ineffectual effort to find the right word, it did lay hold of us to the point of making us forget sometimes that we were reading it as a matter of business.

The next on our list, *Memory Street*, is very different in manner and spirit. It is a formless yarn of a young girl's life. Neighbours come on, and gossip, and go; the young are casually mated; and Mrs. Day loses that "poor transient creatur'," Mr. Day, and "I believe was a better woman all her life by reason of trying to live up to the heroic qualities with which she finally endowed him." The heroine is most engaging in childhood, as she sits on a stool behind the door of the pew, mentally correcting the traits of the Deity as presented by the preacher, and, despite remonstrances against the impiety of "makin' over" God, liking him best "the way she fixed him." American books—like American people—must always gain in this country a certain advantage from the perpetual flicker of unusualness that lights up the most commonplace lives. There is everywhere in this "street" some slight eccentricity that keeps the English explorer in a kindly humour.

No such remark applies to *Deborah*, which is a painstaking attempt to rehabilitate the times of Antiochus Epiphanes and the Maccabees. Deborah is a beautiful Hebrew who would emulate her namesake of proto-canonical fame; but when she sets her hand to the workman's hammer her arm is apt to be unnerved by human affections. Captain Kleon would seem to have possessed the power of permanently winning affection that Sisera so notably lacked. And as to the manner of the narrative, it is matter for regret that, whereas such an essay demands a singular perfection of literary form, the text is disfigured by solecisms for which no amount of archæological detail, easy in these days to import, can win forgiveness. What are we to think of an author who can write: "Slowly the rhapsody faded from her face"? Obviously at one moment, at least, Deborah deserved to be called a "human document."

A Gallant Quaker and *The Coming of the Preachers* are closely akin. Each represents one of those phases in post-Reformation England, when the necessary reaction from a swinish apathy concerning things spiritual set the country in a flame. Change the names and a few other details, and the Quaker story might pass for the story of the Wesleys. Both are eminently reminiscent of George Eliot: that also was to be expected. Dinah's sermon is, after all, the last word descriptive of English emotional religion. And here from *A Gallant Quaker* is a saying well found to indicate the normal English habit:

> They are a wonderful people, dear niece, and I would fain join them; but thou knowest it is written, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." Now, the State and the Church are Cæsar's, and it would ill become me, as mayor and thus a bit of Cæsar, to absent myself from church, or thee-and-thou the parson and keep hatted before my superiors; but, as a private man, I say thee and thou when I choose, and wear my hat and attend any meeting that should happen to be taking place as I pass by. Thou seest my meaning clearly?

Clearly.

Mr. Canston, in the *Comedy of a Suburban Chapel*, has gone to work upon right lines. Here the chapel is the social centre. Sunday-school, choir practice, the annual trip to the seaside—these are the occasions which bring together youth and maiden, and foster the attachments that have their end in matrimony. But though it shows evidence of observation, this is a rather disappointing book. The story is constantly on the point of becoming interesting, but it never quite fulfils its promise. The scheming of Mrs. Neve to secure eligible young men for her eight daughters is too gross and palpable, and the daughters themselves are shadowy creatures. And the conversation is not wholly convincing. Far the most successful figure is that of Mr. Blout, the principal pillar of the conventicle, the head of the Sunday-school, the rich man of the congregation. Not consciously insincere, he betrays in every speech the spirit of vulgar worldliness. Here is his simple confession of faith:

> "I always try to make my addresses impressive, to leave a distinct impression upon their minds. I started in this way: 'Hands up those who know the eighth commandment?' Every hand went up. I called upon one boy to repeat it, and then I made them say it altogether. 'Now,' I said, 'not one of us wants to be a thief, but supposing we haven't any money, how are we going to get all the nice things in life we want without stealing?' . . . 'I can tell you—serve God. "Seek ye the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you." I have found that true. God has given me everything I wanted, and when you've got everything you want, you know, boys and girls, you won't have any temptation to steal; you'll have no trouble in keeping the eighth commandment.'"

This good man's daughter, however, turns out a Jessica of the baser sort; whereupon one is conscious of an unholy exultation. And she is the centre of some rather ingenious complications.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

THE HAPPENINGS OF JILL. BY "IOTA."

JILL is described as "a brilliant Irish girl with a temperament." She is certainly original. Here is a fragment of her conversation: "'Oh, perhaps you're good-natured. If you are, the Lord help you!' said Jill, in her grandmother's soft, low bass, 'and damn! damn! damn good-nature!'" Grandmother Devereux says some sensible things. "'The greatest loss ever sustained of the nation is the loss of an honest belief in the devil. . . . A devil at least preserved us from this giggling ease in sinning.'" A strong, unconventional story. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE FIERY DAWN. BY M. E. COLERIDGE.

A French historical novel by the author of that capital story *The King with Two Faces*. In a "note" at the beginning Miss Coleridge remarks: "Writers of historic fiction are, for the most part, thieves. Many of the following pages have been stolen from Imbert de Saint-Amand,

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some from Louis Blanc, a few from the *Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas*. The chapter called 'Maison Botherel' was composed — almost every word of it—many years ago, by Lamartine, Feydeau, and Théophile Gautier." (Arnold. 6s.)

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE. BY NEIL MUNRO.

The author of *Gilian the Dreamer* has left his native Argyll to record how "The Shoes of Fortune"—the hero's sole inheritance—"brought to manhood, love, adventure, and content, as also into divers perils on land and sea in foreign parts and in an alien army, Paul Greig of the Hazel Den in Scotland, one time purser of the *Seven Sisters* brigantine of Hull and late lieutenant in the Regiment d'Auvergne." The story deals with the plots and intrigues of the Jacobites to place the Young Pretender on the throne.

A MODERN ANTÆUS. BY THE WRITER OF "AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS."

This much-advertised writer of love-letters has industry. *A Modern Antæus* runs to over five hundred pages. Two sets of verses are printed on the leaf facing the conclusion. "They differ; yet each of them in its way defines a life which the world has to regard as a failure." That life was Tristram Gavney's. Its story is here set forth from childhood till one evening late in August when "Tristram Gavney lay dead." "In the beginning," says the anonymous author, "you shall see him vigorously at suck; and at the end you shall not find him properly weaned." (Murray. 6s.)

WITHIN THE RADIUS. BY ALBERT KINROSS.

"An Entertainment" is the author's sub-title to these stories, and as two of them are divided up into sub-tales, and as in the preface he states that after reading Stevenson's *Dynamiter* and *New Arabian Nights* he remarked, "We will continue," it is plain that Mr. Kinross is indebted to R. L. S. for the scheme of his book. He has a ready pen, and an easy invention. (Duckworth. 6s.)

CYNTHIA'S WAY. BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

A pleasant story of modern life—a welcome story, for youth and happiness sparkle through the pages. In the beginning Cynthia is reading her seventh proposal of marriage.

"'I defy you to say I'm not pretty,' cried Cynthia.

'If you were ugly you'd know it was the money men came after. Now you can never make up your mind whether it's you or your millions,' said Mary." (Arnold. 6s.)

THE TRAITOR'S WAY. BY S. LEVETT-YEATS.

"Thank God! I am the last of my house! Thank God! No young feet patter up and down the long corridors; no young voices shrill through these silent walls. They would grow up to know me as the 'shame of Vibrac.'" The speaker is Gaspard de Vibrac, who tells this doublet-and-hose French romantic story. Mr. Levett-Yeats is the author of *The Honour of Savelli*. (Longmans. 6s.)

SPINDLE AND PLOUGH. BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY.

A modern story of home life, love affairs, minor troubles, and the amenities of social life. "Shalisha stood drooping by the gate after the little grey-horsed brougham was out of sight. . . . Then she turned, with a swing of her big hips and a proud lifting of the red head that Sydenham had pronounced atrocious in shade, and re-entered the house." (Heinemann. 6s.)

NAZARUS. BY A. C. FARQUHARSON.

A romantic story. "Sebastian, Count of Oldenburg, was the second and youngest son of his father, the old Count Rudolf, now dead." "As Sebastian rode alone through the forest his mind was in a mood of unusual preoccupation. He guided his horse with the instinctive certainty of a long-practised rider, but his thoughts were absent." (Macmillan. 6s.)

ONLY A NIGGER. BY EDMUND MITCHELL.

A grave story of East and West, of a Hindu who loved an Englishwoman. He dies, or, as he expresses it, goes "to the realms of the Great Unknown, where perhaps the ban of blood that has separated us here may be removed by the gentle hand of a pitying angel." His name was Ashutor. He was a Bengali, and he had a "great dome-shaped forehead surmounting delicately-chiselled features." (Chatto. 6s.)

TALES OF A DYING RACE. BY ALFRED A. GRACE.

For seven hundred years the Maori was a fighter. Then came the *pakeha* "and spoiled everything." In these twenty-eight short, virile stories Mr. Grace tells of the Maoris, and of the impact of the white man on the doomed race. Most of the stories appeared in the *Sydney Bulletin*. For two of the folk-lore tales the author is indebted to "his ancient Maori friend Karepa, Te Whetu." (Chatto. 6s.)

VISITING THE SIN. BY EMMA RAYNER.

A tale of mountain life in Kentucky and Tennessee. In a preface, written at Boston, the author states that although the plot of the book is fictitious, the incidents, with a few exceptions, are founded upon real happenings, taken directly from the mouths of old residents. The details of the fight before the door of the church were furnished by a native of the hamlet where the skirmish occurred. Miss Rayner seems to think that accuracy of incident is vital to a story. (Putnam. 6s.)

THE GOLDEN SPUR. BY J. S. FLETCHER.

A modern romance, told in the first person, and of the *Prisoner of Zenda* school. "My companion looked at me with something like a flash of displeasure illuminating the unfathomable depths of her eyes, and two tiny creases, eloquent of inquisitive feeling, showed themselves about the crimson of her lips. She, too, paused, and her foot tapped impatiently upon the pavement. 'Well, sir?' she said." (John Long. 6s.)

WE have also received: *Stephen Kyrtle*, by Katherine Andrews (Unwin); *King Fritz's A.D.C.*, by F. Hird (Bell); *The Peril of the Prince*, by Headon Hill (Pearson); *The Winds of Cathrigg*, by Christabel Coleridge (Isbister); *The Redemption of Neil Maclean*, by David Lyall (Hodder); *O'er Moor and Fen*, by Joseph Hocking (Hodder); *In Our County*, by Marion Harland (Putnam); *Half My Life*, by W. T. Hickman (Arnold); *The Arbiter*, by Mrs. Hugh Bell (Arnold); *God Save the King*, by Ronald Macdonald (Hutchinson); *Maude Ormond*, by Norah Bagnall (Macqueen); *A Manufacturer's Daughter*, by A. C. Gunter (White); *A Drone and a Dreamer*, by Nelson Lloyd (Heinnemann); *A Man of Iron*, by J. Morgan de Groot (Long); *The Curse of Eden*, by the author of *The Master Sinner* (Long).

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> **An expense of spirit in a waste of shame**
> **Is lust in action,**

is unlike the composition of any other mind. There is something ineffable in its sombre humanity and detachment. In such definitions, because they are true and complete, all teaching and all reproof and all pity are implicit.

Is then the art of life not to be taught directly? Assuredly. But there is a hierarchy of such teaching. The largeness of life is vindicated in the fact that the book on the art of life which lives has never been the book of direct advice or nervous teaching, but has always shown the peculiarities and divagations of a temperament. Horace expounded an art of life so clear and calming to the mind, and expressed it in words of such a cameo perfection of phrase, that this easy-going, unambitious Roman has been taken to the heart of thousands and thousands of strenuous men with fervid, un-Horatian temperaments, who have loved his gospel of contentment and the golden mean, and of the heart that is pleased with a little and is master of itself and the day. Down the centuries come his dozen lines of advice to Leuconöe not to question the morrow or ask whether this be the last winter she shall see, or whether in winters still beyond count she shall hear the Tuscan surge beating on the shore. Then, having piled up his prohibitions, he breaks forth with the simple injunction, *Sapias, vina liques*—be wise and strain your wines. And the whole thing is so perfect and chiselled, and answers so aptly to a frequent mood, that men will never let the trifle die. Horace's teaching is indirect, inasmuch as it is exaggerated. No one really models his life on Horace. We cannot all have a Sabine farm and leave the smoke and noise of Rome, to possess our souls unvexed by money cares, and smile at all turmoil and disquiet because life is brief and full of frustrations.

Montaigne, again, is not a teacher to be followed as if he were an altogether sane and practical counsellor in the common obligations of life. His sagacity is too spacious, too encyclopædic, and it veers too often and too grandly to be anything but a school from which each scholar must take his own into the paths of life. He is to be read on a large scale, and with a lively sense of average and application. Else his large reflections and wide allowances and open confessions may well mislead the man who is to rise from his chair and go into Cheapside. Montaigne may easily persuade him to cry "I am what I am," and shut the door on new efforts. He has much to say of "Experience in her own precinct" and of a man's sufficiency to himself. He is against all strong affirmations and eager maxims. He loves a wisdom "easie, quiet, and salutarie," and will advise a man to commit himself somewhat freely to nature. "Oh, how soft, how gentle, and how sound a pillow is ignorance and incuriosity to rest a well composed head upon. . . . When, by other's reason, I finde my selfe convicted of a false opinion, I learne not so much what new thing hee hath told me; and this particular ignorance; which were but a small purchase; as in generall I learne mine owne imbecility and weaknesse, and the treason of my understanding: whence I draw the reformation of all the masse. The like I doe in all my other errours: by which rule I apprehend and feele great profit for, and unto my life. I regard not the species or *individuum*, as a stone whereon I have stumbled. I learne every where to feare my going, and endevour to order the same. To learne that another hath eyther spoken a foolish jest, or committed a selfish act, is a thing of nothing. A man must learne, that he is but a foole."

If you now come down to a writer like Hazlitt you find a less permanent and spacious wisdom of life, but yet a great deal that is anything but local and temporary. We do not wish to quote Hazlitt every week, though to refrain is difficult in a theme like this. His essays on "Application to Study," "The Spirit of Obligations," "On Going a Journey," "Egotism," "Living to One's Self," and "Vulgarity and Affectation," are admirably keen deliverances, and no one who reads them will forget their saline teachings.

To mention Hazlitt is useful, because the step from Montaigne to Claudius Clear would have been Gargantuan. This sketchy pedigree of counsellors is not made to belittle Claudius Clear. There is no case of belittling. But we wish to place a book like this in a true perspective. Compared with Hazlitt (we are speaking of teaching, not style) it is local and temporary, compared with Montaigne . . . well, there is no need for a comparison which no living writer on the art of life could stand. If one thing is unimaginable, it is the spectacle of Claudius Clear pillowing his head on ignorance and incuriosity. His counsels have been delivered from week to week to the readers of a religious newspaper, in which the art of making

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the best of both worlds is kept constantly in view. And by this world Claudius Clear means the world in which goods are sold, and fabrics weaved, and papers sent to press His counsels are for live men and women, whose capacity for being alive and useful he wishes to increase. Attention to life, interest in life, order and efficiency in life, are his ideals in these essays. He has gravel for the fool and the half-baked man and the half-asleep man. He says: "There are multitudes of people who never look at a newspaper, and some of them even make a boast of it. That grown-up men and women in an age like ours should not care to know what is going on is, beyond measure, disgraceful." He has been struck—rightly, perhaps—with a curious listlessness in many people in their days. They do not care about things sufficiently. They have no news. They are bored, and they bore. "How refreshing it is to see an old man full of vitality, anxious to be at his newspaper in the morning, hurrying to the station for his evening sheet, thirsting for information about new books, new movements, new men. Jowett may not have been all that his pupils thought him, but I like him for saying that the last ten years of life are the best." That parenthetic "Jowett may not have been all that his pupils thought him" is characteristic of Claudius Clear. He is always critical, always careful to say as much as he means and no more. Indeed, he seldom praises without hinting that he could blame. He will write: "And the best thing I know about Rousseau is that, when he was modestly provided for, he got rid of his watch, with the singular and joyful reflection that he would never again need to know what time it was." This occurs in an essay on "The Sin of Overwork," for Claudius Clear has his schedule of allowances. He would "fire out" fools from business establishments, he is scornful of the average unserviceable clerk who cannot look up Corregio in an encyclopædia without questions and haltings, and he is fascinated by the all-roundness and sleepless intelligence of Leonardo da Vinci; but, nevertheless, he sees the danger of letting the world be too much with us. Here we will take our opportunity to quote:

> It may be doubted whether we have a right to sacrifice life to the work of life. Life, it has been said, is not for working, neither is life for learning, but learning and working are for life. A man is so eager in pursuit of his toil that he practically sacrifices everything to it. He has no leisure. He scarcely knows his own children—at least, with any degree of intimacy. He has no time to trim the lamp of friendship. In the life of the great critic Ste. Beuve we read that he surrendered everything to his work. No influence was allowed to interfere with the distinctness and truthfulness of his impressions. During a large part of his career he cultivated no intimacies. He even laid upon the altar all his early friendships. His haunting dread was that he might have to part with his intellectual youth. The last period of his career was lonely and dark. He suffered from a hopeless and distressing disease, which he bore with the greatest calmness, continuing his critical writing to within a fortnight of his calamitous death. There was a great deal of kindness in his criticisms, though I do not forget such papers as that on Lamartine in the first volume of the Causeries. And yet, perhaps, he would have lived longer, and would have been greater, if he had surrendered himself more freely to the claims of humanity. . . . The weakness of his personal attachments has already chilled his writing, even as it darkened his life. An excessive restlessness and activity prevents the best fruit of the mind from ripening. . . . Quiet meditation will yield its result sooner or later to the patient. Let us not watch the clock too eagerly. I read with delight Thoreau's vindication of his days of reverie which his fellow-townsmen thought so idle. "My days," said he, "were not days of the week bearing the stamp of any heathen deity, *nor were they minced into hours and fretted by the ticking of a clock.*"

The philosophy of this essay is scarcely that of "Firing Out the Fools," "A Fellow by the Name of Rowan," and "Order and Method"; but that is nothing. Life will run away with any writer, and it is vain to expect of a man's teachings a surface oneness. As to the complexion of Claudius Clear's counsel, it has a certain pervading severity, which is felt even in his essays of consolation, in which you feel that the reins are still gripped. Never does he suffer fools gladly. A kind of remorseless intelligence is always there. But his plain vigour of statement and counsel is very welcome. Thus: "The horrible phrase, 'Oh, I forgot.' The misery, the anger, the disappointment, the loss caused by forgetting is unspeakable. If you cannot remember, you must keep a note-book. Mark in it every promise you make, and examine it from time to time." . . . "If prosperous young people are wise, they will not, unless compelled, go to live in more expensive houses. A great deal depends on the rent of a man's house." . . . "In every business establishment there are many who are not worth their wages." That is the note. He will exclaim: "I do not believe this in the very least," or in an argument which suggests that some subtlety and patience is required, he will ejaculate: "Nonsense!" But this dryness and bustle are not to be laid to Claudius Clear's charge as if they were wholly characteristic and a fault. These essays—which, we ought to say, are illuminated by wide reading and the fruits of much good talk—assuredly have the virtues of their defects. "We have need of such tart, cathartic books," as Emerson might say. We can commend the book to anyone who wants a Monday morning moral shake-up. And who does not?

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I.

To leave a lighted room at midnight and to step out into a familiar street, which has suddenly lost all landmarks, and where distance has ceased to exist, is to come within the dreadful circle of the unknown. A midnight London fog also unites men. They have but one desire—to get home.

As I made my way up Victoria-street, stepping like the blind, caressing the corners of the houses, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, but shouts and cries from the roadway, where viewless vehicles had collided, I felt the sympathy of a common desire with the shrouded, bent figures that passed me. We were all, somehow, for home. That is the rule in a dense fog. But every rule has an exception, and somewhere about Pall Mall I met him. It was just after I had refused the services of a youth carrying a torch, who offered to light me on my way. At that moment the Exception appeared on the steps of a building that might have been a club. The fog had no effect upon him. His overcoat was open, showing a white shirt front. Geniality shone on his face, his lips were parted with amusement, and on his shining boots the reflections from the torch shimmered. The link boy and I stopped to observe this bright interlude in that depressing night. He was one of those exceptions who rise above circumstance. He stood on the steps smiling. In his mouth was a cigar. He fumbled in his pocket for a match, but although the pocket was empty he did not cease to smile. He looked about him. Then his eye fell upon the flaming torch. "What a delightful world," I imagined him saying; "I need a light, and here is one waiting for me."

He stepped briskly down, advanced towards the boy, lighted his cigar, threw back his head, blew a wreath upwards, and strolled off.

II.

He was not a perfect waiter. The perfect waiter should have a detached geniality, and he should be alert. This man's manner was too anxious; he underlined his desire to

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please, and showed his sense of his own limitations too plainly. But he gained by his very timidity. I, for one, always seated myself at a table controlled by this lank exile from Italian skies.

One night—owing, perhaps, to the fog—the restaurant emptied sooner than usual. At ten o'clock I was the sole guest at the tables which were allotted to him. When I had paid my bill, he hovered about me, and we talked. He began the conversation. I do not attempt to transcribe his spasmodic English.

"Is the fog very bad?" he asked.

"Very bad. It's worse further west."

"Has the traffic stopped? Can I get to Wandsworth later?"

"By walking," I said. "But why do you live at Wandsworth? Why don't you live near your work?"

"It would cost too much in rent," he answered. "I have a wife and two children."

"What hours do you have," I asked.

"I get here at eight, and I get home about one the next morning—that is, if I take my two hours off in the afternoon. If I don't take the two hours I get home at eleven."

"What wages do you get?"

"Nothing. We pay six shillings a week to wait."

"Are there any English waiters here?"

"No. Englishmen wouldn't stand the hours."

"Then why do you stand them?"

"To save enough money to go home."

"To Italy?"

"To North Italy."

"It seems your life is all work?"

"All work."

"You haven't much time for reading books?"

"Oh, my God!" he said.

I went out into the fog, more content with my own lot than when I entered the restaurant. But I could not sleep for thinking of that son of Italy walking to Wandsworth in the small hours, feeling his way through the fog—to Wandsworth.

Concerning Sub-Fiction.

It is all very well for us to take Fiction seriously, and ask to be supplied with the titles of the twelve best novels of the year; but as we go about London, and watch the readers in trains and omnibuses, we sometimes think that the "novels of the year" are no more than the Gulf Stream of Fiction forcing its way through an ocean of slacker water. Everywhere we see penny, twopenny, and threepenny novels being read. We say novels, for the word "novelette" is disdained by these publications, which are frequently of novel length. The 3d. Budget Story Books run to well over 60,000 words each. The 1d. Empire Bouquet Novels seem to average 35,000 words, and the My Pocket Novels 40,000 words. The Empress Dainty and Handy Library novels are not a whit behind. Moreover, many of these penny novels appear to be well established. *The Branded Foot: a Romance of a Monstrous Impersonation Fraud* is the 589th volume in the Budget Story Books! *Alick's Love*, containing, say, 40,000 words, is the 53rd novel in this penny weekly series. We could multiply such facts, but we doubt whether we could convey any idea of the enormous weekly production of penny novels averaging 40,000 words each in length. This is what we venture to call Sub-Fiction, and apparently it exceeds Fiction as the unseen waters of the sea exceed in volume those which heave on the surface.

Many of these series emanate from the same publishing house. The launching of a new one is the veriest bagatelle in face of the insatiable hunger of the clerk, the nursemaid, and the shop girl. All that is required is a scented title for the new series, and a rearrangement of colours for the cover. Then the editor's word goes round, the Mississippi of manuscript imperceptibly increases, and the printer receives a first order for 150,000 copies. The public does the rest. Each bait is but ground-bait for another novel in another series. Thus *Alick's Love*, in the "My Pocket" series, contains a decoy chapter of *A Deep Design* in the "Empire Bouquet" series, and *vice versâ*. Back numbers are diligently advertised, and the lists of them complete the bewilderment of the present writer, whose table is spread with a large but casual catch of these amazing productions. In the library called "Romance" nearly two hundred copyright novels have been issued, and the eye travels down such titles as *Bitterly Tried*, *Sir Raymond's Sweetheart*, *Fated to Wed*, *A Woman Without Scruple*, *The Blood of the Desmonds*, *Valerie's Secret*, *Miss Moonlight*, and *Maid Mystery* (No. 190), with the knowledge that it is exploring only one little corner—nay, only a tuft of grass—in this field of Sub-Fiction which week by week the critics complacently ignore. Their complacency is justified if their single thought is of literature, but not so if they have some regard for life. The man in the street may, perhaps, pass these gaudy booklets by, but his wife and his daughter and his maid-servant read them in their millions with the silent devotion of opium eaters.

And what is it that they read? Trash, someone replies. Well, it is trash; but the monosyllable is hardly industrious or judicial. It is the word if the subject bores you. But even trash differs from trash in kind and glory. We find little that is unhealthy in these novels. The habit of reading them day in and day out is certainly unhealthy, but, taken singly, these stories are not unwholesome. They are crude—crude with a vengeance. They are sentimental—sentimental with a full brush. The more they are looked into the more they appear to be the answer to the suburban life which toils along Upper-street, Islington, or through the Brixton Electric-avenue, on Saturday afternoon. They are the answer to the tram-ride and the office rules, to the dreary perspectives of £20 a year houses, to Monday morning, to the Sunday night which closes without bringing a lover. They are the *vin ordinaire* of life which the poorest typewriting miss can afford to buy. We have no doubt that the backgrounds and accessories of these stories count in their success quite as much as their saccharine love-making. Love and its frustrations are the indispensable dish, but luxury and fashion are the relishes. On the back of a penny novel called *A Noble Reparation* (No. 315 of the "Romance" series) we find a drawing of a scene in the Row, in which every figure, from the coachman to a child on the footpath, is depicted in the last degrees of polish, frills, and summer idleness. In this story we observe, not for the first time, what yeoman's service is done by five-o'clock tea as a means of creating the atmosphere of wealth and leisured sentiment. The hero takes tea with Ruby and her pupils in the Rectory garden.

> "This will do for the children. You, as presiding genius, must be dignified with a chair, Miss Furness. I will sit on this lump of wood here."
>
> "You will be horribly uncomfortable."
>
> "Not a bit. This is the sort of thing I like," he added contentedly, leaning back against the tree and looking at Ruby, whose slender hand held the brown earthenware teapot.

When, in the next chapter, Colin calls on Lady Wimbury in London, the same device is employed:

> "I could not think of remaining out of town while Paul lies so ill," she said to Colin, as she handed him some tea.

A secondary love motive in the story is also nourished on tea:

> Later on, Valerie had tea brought into the garden, and she and Leonard Wayde drank it undisturbed.

The pouring out of tea is suspended while a shooting accident, with the usual ministrations and pathoses, is being

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developed, but breaks out again when the heart-to-heart stage is reached :

> "You are positively cold, as a usual thing—either that, or charmingly sarcastic and indifferent. Is it always going to be so?"
>
> "How should I know?" asked Ruby, taking up the teapot with a trembling hand.
>
> "Because I must know," Colin said, aware now that he was sounding depths he had not touched before.
>
> "For what reason?"
>
> Ruby put down the teapot, having poured most of the tea into the saucer.

Not all these stories open in great country houses, with turrets and mullioned windows, but the turrets and mullioned windows nearly always arrive even when the story opens in a Bloomsbury boarding-house or a third class railway carriage. You are sure of the real thing if you wait.

> MIRAMAR, the residence of Lord Brereton, was a show place for the whole county, whilst, as was well known in the neighbourhood, architects and artists often came all the way from London to see it.

Or—

> Elgar Abbey, the ancient and splendid seat of the Earls of Elgar, had for months been pervaded by a chill, funereal gloom.
>
> Here the young heir to all its glories had been suddenly struck to the grave, in the full flush of early manhood; and here the inconsolable father . . . immured himself in the library from early dawn till late night.

Or,

> He led the way through room after room, pointing out almost with personal pride various treasures gathered together by one and another of the family to which the present owner of Castle Chase belonged.
>
> When they reached the library, a magnificent apartment lined from floor to ceiling with books, Mr. Lorrimer showed a well-worn writing-table that stood in one of the windows.
>
> "It was here that your uncle spent the best part of his time," he said. "See, here are his pen, his inkstand, and other writing materials, just as he left them."

For some reason the library is nearly always selected as the most appropriate room for a violent scene or a murder. Murder, by the way, is too common in these stories. It is nearly as common as tea-drinking. But we refuse to examine the plots of these stories—that way madness lies. In *The Branded Foot* the long arm of coincidence ceases to be an arm, it become a measureless tentacle.

After all, there is not such a world of difference between the substance of Fiction and the substance of Sub-Fiction. The difference is one of mind. In Fiction there is more or less attempt to lead the reader, in Sub-Fiction there is absolutely none. One admires the sureness of the appeal to the nursemaid. But this appeal differs in plane rather than in kind from that which is made by much of the successful Fiction of the day. Nursemaids are not the only people who like to read about the "smart set." In Wednesday's *Pall Mall Gazette* the clever writer of "Notes About" unconsciously gave his educated readers a description of West End life which a writer of penny novels would be sure to cut out and use as a document. He is describing the "Little Season," which London sees in November; and both his background and incident would admirably serve the purposes of Sub-Fiction. The gulf to be bridged is one of mind. The passage was as follows :

> It is a pleasant little season of tea-cup tables, and *parties carrées*, and play-going. There is a first night which is, at any rate, good enough for a supper at the Savoy. There is everybody, from everywhere, passing through the town on their way to everywhere for the winter and, somehow, not in too great a hurry to effect the passage. There are things to get, *chiffons* to assort, modistes to interview, before the passenger can feel fit. There are tickets to take, seats to secure. There is the Riviera crowd. There is the Cairo crowd. There are the Davos-Platzers, and the Canary Islanders. And the crowd of all sorts is mostly pedestrian. In the little season, it is the mode to walk. So Cynthia is not wheeled by you in the roadway; you find yourself foregathering with her on the Piccadilly pavement, what time the lamps are beginning to twinkle and the mist to float. Wonderful what a good time that seems for walking! I don't know even that when the mist thickens and the head-line begins upbraiding the "fog-scourge," the little season is very much affected. The scourge may drive mamma away to St. Leonard's for a day or two; still, one needs must dine, though one dine without her. It seemed to me that the scourge did not make itself greatly felt among us. Nor did it seem to do so in the case of a couple of castaways whom I came upon at midnight in Grosvenor-square. They were in a hansom. The fog, I suppose, had caught them returning from some entertainment of the stage. The hansom was drawn up close to the railings of the enclosure. The cabman was under the impression that he had arrived at his destination in Mount-street, and was engaged, by the light of one of his lamps, in looking for the bell. Edwin and Angelina, from the glimpse I caught of them through the closed window, did not seem to mind how long he took to find that bell. It rather went to my heart to have to undeceive him, and I doubt his fares were over-grateful. It was their little season.

Our readers may amuse themselves by translating this into the language and sentiment of Sub-Fiction.

Correspondence.

The Plague of Women.

SIR,—In your issue of the 2nd inst. there appears a somewhat foolish letter from the pen of "A Literary Free Lance." I should like to know why he selects my name from among a crowd of others as a peg on which to hang his complaints? I certainly have not monopolised the field of fiction with any other object than that of making a livelihood and supporting a family by my pen. I have no doubt there are plenty of writers who do rush into print for the glory of seeing their names in publishers' lists, but their successes are, as a rule, short-lived, and their efforts die a natural death. And, with all due respect to "A Literary Free Lance," his sex are just as great offenders in this line as the other. With regard to his puerile complaint that we women rob "male writers of their living," I should like to inform him that good work, whether by man or woman, can always find a place and make a mark. If your fretful complainant is a novelist, and an unsuccessful one, I should be inclined to say the fault is his own; and if his books in any way resemble his letter I am not surprised that they have won for him but a small meed of popularity. His views are decidedly narrow. If he refers to that article in your issue of the 5th ult., he will find that Mr. Crockett and myself share the same criticism and are accused of the same failure with regard to the "art" of literature. Yet Mr. Free Lance ignores the man-writer's faults, and pitches into the woman. This is the sort of chivalry one meets with nowadays for showing the "superior sex" that we are quite able to work for ourselves—even to win name and fame without their help and despite their lack of sympathy. For twenty years I have written books of more or less merit, have faced adverse criticism, private and public jealousy, have helped others whenever it has been in my power, and have won for myself a public that never fail me. It may not be "art" to have done this—art according to the canons of the ACADEMY critic, or its petty complainant, "A Literary Free Lance" But it is at least satisfactory to myself and those dependent on me.

To return to the point at issue, let me ask your correspondent *whose* names figure most constantly in the serial lists of ladies' papers? Surely those of men writers, strange as it seems to find them in periodicals exclusively addressed

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to fashion and frivolity. Again, to whom do we owe the fictional monstrosities made notorious by flaming posters and vulgar advertisement? the melodramatic, sensational stuff beloved of servants, and shop-girls, and butcher boys? Is it not the male author who thus woos fame, and drags down literary "art" to the level of so many shillings the thousand words? It is unfair to say that women are the chief offenders in the matter of writing or publishing "sickly slosh" (whatever that may mean). And it is childish for a man to write complaints of women's successes or women's competition in the field of literature and suggest that they interfere with his more valuable (?) services. If his work is worth having he can find a market for it. If it is not, let him turn his own attentions to some other branch of industry, as he so generously proposes women writers should do.—I am, &c. "RITA."

"Rather."

SIR,—Allow me to uphold the schoolboy.

"Rather" is a unique word. Long ago it had a positive and no superlative. Now it is an adverb in the comparative degree, and has neither a positive nor a superlative. Originally the positive was "rath," a word which has been obsolete for many a year. "Rath" meant "tending to become," or "premature." This is the sense in which it was used by Bishop Hall in the sentence: "Those rath-ripe wits prevent their own perfection; and, after a vain wonder of their haste, end either in shame or obscurity." Similarly, May, in his translation of Virgil, wrote of "rath-ripe" fruit, meaning fruit which had matured quickly. When "rath" became obsolete, the comparative of the word developed new shades of meaning, all, in as far as I am able to trace them, justifiable. "Rather" was used in most cases to denote a preference. Here are two instances:

> I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman.
>
> Almighty God, who desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live. . . .

"Rather" as meaning *tending to some feeling or event*, is to be found in a couplet from Dryden:

> He sought through the world, but sought in vain,
> And, nowhere finding, rather feared her slain.

Again, here, from Shakespeare, is a meaning of another shade:

> You are come to me in a happy time,
> The rather for I have some sport in hand.

In these lines "rather" means *particularly*. This is the sense in which, with a further addition to the significance of the word, an addition that I purpose to justify, the schoolboy said "Rather!" when Miss Seymour asked him whether he had enjoyed his holidays. He meant her to understand that he had enjoyed them particularly well. Also, he had a true literary instinct. An elementary secret of the literary art lies in the use, when some strong emotion has to be expressed, of quiet words, positive adjectives or adverbs, instead of superlatives, or of adjectives or adverbs so strong that they cannot be compared. That is why "rather tremendous," in the novel of "Lucas Malet," is a bad phrase. In short, the schoolboy conveyed his feelings exactly. "Rather!" is effective, artistic, and accurate. "Very much," an expression in the superlative degree, would have been unspiritual, unintellectual, limp.—I am, &c., W. E. H.

The Devonshire Club, St. James's, S.W.

Books for Boys.

SIR,—The English boy is a strange creature, little understood by his elders, and a deep mystery to himself. He is popularly supposed to be a wild animal, with a never-satisfied thirst for adventure and blood; in reality, he is a sentimentalist, acutely conscious of the ridiculous, and, therefore, afraid to show himself in his true colours. So those who write books for him describe battle-fields, hair-breadth escapes from death, and impossible adventures in flying ships, motor cars, and torpedo boats. The result is absolute boredom. The English boy cares very little for this gorgeous display of the impossible. He may be attracted by it at first, but it soon ceases to interest, and in despair he turns to the books that his sisters read, and, though he will never confess it, enjoys them. But the truth of the matter is, that these bloodthirsty instincts with which the English boy is credited do not belong to him; it is only the uneducated, callow youth who finds enjoyment in these lurid pictures of battle, murder, and sudden death. The healthy-minded, intelligent lad of fifteen still waits for an author who shall write simple, direct stories of romantic life—the life that Sir Walter Scott depicts for older readers. That he cannot read Sir Walter with enthusiasm is no indication that he is lacking in intelligence, for the Wizard of the North bores the young, eager mind by his mass of detail and long descriptions of scenery, and his manner of writing is not always so direct as schoolboys could wish for. Besides, it is rather unfair to expect children to digest food only suitable for their fathers and mothers; and the mere fact that his novels are often given to them to read as "holiday tasks" is quite sufficient to prejudice them against Sir Walter until they reach years of discretion. All the elements of romance, chivalry, and dignified adventure that constitute so much of the charm of the great Scotsman appeal with extraordinary power to many boys; but the fact that this particular author is labelled a "classic" is one of the reasons why to them he must always remain anathema.

Robert Louis Stevenson is a man more after their own hearts; but even he does not fulfil all their expectations. In his earlier books he is excellent, but in his later works he is much too subtle. Boys turn from *Treasure Island* to *Ebb Tide* with amazement; they are unable to believe they are both the work of the same man. *Kidnapped* excites their enthusiasm, but they find *Weir of Hermiston* quite incomprehensible. Psychology is not their strong point, and they cannot appreciate the beauty of Stevenson's nervous, rich, and sometimes glittering English. Fine writing is beyond them; what they like most of all is common sense; and they dearly love a beautiful girl—a girl with spirit, dash, and "go." But Stevenson's women are not always successful creations, and sometimes he has no women at all. So Fenimore Cooper is taken up, then Henty, Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, and Kipling; but excellent as is the work of these authors, it is not precisely what the schoolboy wants. He reads them, it is true, but only because he must read someone, and there is no one else.

What is required is a writer with a direct and simple style, a clean, healthy outlook upon life, a soul that delights in adventure, and a heart that is young and fresh. It seems to me that the average lad of fifteen is a much finer production than his father of fifty; he may not be so clever or so deep, but his instincts are in every way more admirable, and his sense of justice and decency is more refined and reliable. He is not an ignorant fool who must at all costs be kept shielded from all knowledge of evil; but he *does* believe that the less evil is talked about the better for all concerned, and he instinctively rejects any writer who touches on indelicate subjects. Our modern writers of books for boys have failed to understand the kind of public for which their works are intended, and that is perhaps why none of them has as yet been able to obtain a large circulation. Will no young novelist give us that of which we are so much in need? We do not ask for a genius; what we want is a writer who has not lost the beautiful ideals and instincts of his boyhood, and who can remember that the world is not a dark, dreary place, but a playground for life, adventure, and love.—I am, &c., C. FRED. KENYON.

Ellesmere Park, Eccles.

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Poetic Spelling.

SIR,—In last week's ACADEMY you account for the vividness of a poem by William Blake by stating that before writing it he first saw "the Tiger." No, sir, he did not. He saw a "Tyger."

When Blake came to write his vision, the word which fitted the terrific subject of it was "Tyger," not "Tiger." And, certainly, to all who will not submit to the iron rules of our time, the alteration must appear not only justifiable, but necessary. "Tiger" is a mere ordinary traditional beast, but "Tyger," a living, hitherto unknown, horror, burning bright; you are not surprised to learn that such an animal made the stars throw down their spears and water heaven with their tears.

I am aware that many will think "Tyger" the variant of a lunatic, or, at any rate, not worthy of note, rightly to be modernised; for we are apt nowadays to put down the vagaries of the earlier authors' spelling either to caprice or ignorance. But they were means of conveying marvellous subtle shades of meaning, shades that the ear could not appreciate, only possible to be told to the brain through the eye. The damnable exactitude of modern spelling will have none of this.

It is well known that the Errata to *Paradise Lost* contained this: "Lib. 2, V. 414, for we r. wee," and few would deny that the passage would gain by being so printed, a gain unattainable by italics. Again, what difference is there, in the hands of Sir Roger L'Estrange, between "whoreson" and "hoarson"?

Could not the ACADEMY revive what we may call the spelling of impulse, and banish from its pages the precise spelling which Pedantry has determined and Philistia applauded? At least, let it never again state that William Blake wrote a marvellous poem called "The Tiger."—I am, &c., L. A.

?

SIR,—Perhaps the novel which is sought for by your correspondent (p. 234, No. 1,573) is *Lady Bluebeard*, by the author of *Zit and Xoe*, published by Blackwood in 1888. The scene of the first chapter of that novel is "the original Garden of Eden" at the head of the Persian Gulf.—I am, &c., E. MONTEITH MACPHAIL.

Madras.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 111 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best verses entitled "Bulbs." The verses sent to us in this competition are unusually good. We award the prize to Rev. R. F. McCausland, Whitby, for the following:

'Neath the green coverlet of the churchyard plot,
Resting betimes, you share the common lot;
Here in the earth enshrouded
Under clear skies and clouded
Your life in death you keep,
All through the drear November,
The drearier December,
Nor lengthening days remember,
Till March winds stir your sleep.
April's warm tears the froze sods uncongeal,
You rise responsive to her soft appeal.
Such golden daffodillies,
Such silver wealth of lilies
Recall Persephone's bliss:
Flower-laden I behold her
'Ere Pluto's arms enfold her
Behind the porphyry boulder
That guards the hall of Dis.
Sooner or later, He who all things made
Draws from each grimy scabbard its bright blade.

Other verses sent to us are as follows:

If ever onomatopœic word
Was framed by man, 'tis *bulbs*; almost absurd
How the growth amorphous swelleth true to name!
Gross onion, lily, squill, and æsthetic daffodil
Are bulbs that look, unplanted, much the same.

"One touch of nature" shows them far from kin,
Pacë Shakspeare! natures various lie within;
Let them touch their native home—the thing is done;
Like Antæus, brought to earth, they gain a second birth,
Though the painter of their colours is the sun.

The hyacinth hastes to ope her hundred bells,
Unsheathes his sword the gladiŏlus; all tells
That spring, with youth perennial, wakes to life:
'Twas feigned, their seeming sleep; that snowy blanket deep
Only guards from storm and stress of winter strife.

True prophecy, each year fulfilled to man!
True heralds ye, since first the world began;
Your message is yet folded up, obscure,
But spring shall give each seer strength to make his meaning clear
And the minor, with the major, shall endure!

[T. C., Sussex]

Scarce were we yet! Gemm'd with refracted fires,
Each dew-filled bud stood up from moon-drenched leaves,
When he, strong singer of the Spring's desires,
Quir'd rapturous eves.

Purple and gold, on painted gaudy wings
Flaunted the flowers, when Summer onward drew.
Below, and watched of creeping obscene things,
To being we grew.

Lusty we were, and green, when Autumn flung
Through all her courts the conquering oriflammes:
Then came the chill, and dead leaves, withering, hung
Upon dry stems.

From sodden days, and hours of sobbing dark,
Faint to our nests the burrowing death-scents crept.
Visions were ours: the bare woods straining stark
And skies wind-swept.

Now all is quietness: pall'd with untrodden snows
Earth's pulse lies frozen, but our hearts are fire.
Deep in each sheath a core of rapture glows,
One small green spire!

[A. K., London.]

What ardent spirit seeking for pale truth
In sunless cloister cold and dull,
Grew so divinely fair in love and ruth
As you who bloom so wonderful?

Offspring of nature's sullen hardihood!
Who gave you grace beneath the mould
To gather sweetness while you darkly brood
And shoot your green against the cold?

Who gave you eyes to seek the waning light
When all fair things of summer mourn;
And waxing in the womb of nature's night
Flower first to greet the sun's return.

Immaculate things who come to us in snow
And dream in icy chains:
Oh, with what lonely purity ye blow,
And bloom till spring is in the lanes.

Till with *her* comes the mild-eyed daffodil
To hush the haughty tulip's pride
As hyacinthus shamed the saffron's bill
When the pale snowdrop drooped and died.

[B. G. H., Inverness.]

Fifteen other poems received.

Competition No. 112 (New Series).

WE offer a prize of One Guinea for the best criticism of the prize-winner's verses in the Competition decided this week. Not to exceed 200 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, November 13. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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The Literary Week.

In the early part of next year a volume of philosophical essays by Oxford men, edited by Mr. Henry Sturt, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Among the contributors are Drs. Stout, Rashdall, and Bussell, and Mr. F. C. S. Schiller, all well-known names among the younger generation of English thinkers. The object of the volume is to prove how idealism may be combined with a fuller recognition of personal experience than is accorded by those who are just now the most prominent representatives of Oxford philosophy.

Mr. William Sharp has written for the *Pall Mall Magazine* an article dealing with "the close relationship that has existed so long between Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Watts-Dunton." It will be called "A Literary Friendship."

A book to buy is the latest addition to the Eversley Series—the *Lectures and Essays* (two volumes) by the late Prof. W. K. Clifford, edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen and Sir Frederick Pollock. The introduction, written in 1879, is a model of sympathetic biography.

We cannot help being struck by the King's versatility. He has just accepted a copy of the first volume in "The Cloister Library"—a new edition of Sir Arthur Helps's *Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd.*

In connection with the article on the late Miss Kate Greenaway which we print on another page, it may be interesting to quote Mr. Dobson's lines on this charming artist, written some years ago, under the title "Household Art":

> "Mine be a cot," for the hours of play,
> Of the kind that is built by Miss Greenaway;
> Where the walls are low, and the roofs are red,
> And the birds are gay in the blue o'erhead;
> And the dear little figures, in frocks and frills,
> Go roaming about at their own sweet wills,
> And play with the pups, and reprove the calves,
> And do nought in the world (but work) by halves,
> From "Hunt the Slipper" and "Riddle-me-ree"
> To watching the cat in the apple tree.
>
> O Art of the Household? Men may prate
> Of their ways "intense" and Italianate,
> They may soar on their wings of sense, and float
> To the *au delà* and the dim remote,
> Till the last sun sink in the last-lit West,
> 'Tis the Art at the door that will please the best;
> To the end of Time 'twill be still the same,
> For the Earth first laughed when the children came!

The *Girls' Realm* has established an exchange page, in which its young readers may advertise articles of which they wish to dispose and state what they would like in return. We notice in the current number a very human appeal by a reader at Bournemouth, who "wishes to exchange *Gill's School Geography*, nearly new, for any one of Guy Boothby's books, except *The Red Rat's Daughter*, or any other nice book she has not read." There is something almost pathetic about that "nearly new" and "any other nice book."

Max Adeler has been silent for a long time. During his silence the "new humour" flowered, faded, and died. But many have remained faithful to him. "Parts of *Elbow Room* are about as funny as things can be," an admirer remarked the other day. Nobody knew why Max Adeler had ceased to write amusing books, and the curious who referred to *Who's Who* had to be content with the information that he was living at Walnut-street, Philadelphia, and editing the *Textile Record*. The explanation is that, like all true humorists, Max Adeler is at heart a serious person. His editorship of the *Textile Record* is big with meaning. But let the author of *Elbow Room* speak for himself. A new book from his pen has just appeared—a humorous book, called *Captain Bluitt*, with a preface from which we extract the following:

> More than a quarter of a century ago, the writer of this tale produced three or four books containing material designed to supply amusement. Concluding then that enlargement of the world's stock of foolishness was not one of the needs of the race, nor likely to confer dignity upon him who engaged in it, he turned his attention to serious matters, and endeavoured to persuade himself and his fellow-men that political economics, among secular things, embodies highest wisdom, and may bring honour to him who can deal with it successfully.
>
> Experience and observation now incline the author to believe that very much of the material commonly received as economic wisdom, and put into practice in public affairs, is closely related to foolishness; while not a little of that which is looked upon as foolishness has indeed some claim to be regarded as wisdom.
>
> He has had, therefore, an impulse to resume the work of producing literature for entertainment, in the belief that the race may find larger advantage by reading avowed fiction in which, as in real life, fun is mingled with seriousness, than by accepting, at its surface value, falsehood pretending to be fact and nonsense masquerading as philosophy.

The late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse often amused himself by writing nonsense rhymes on the "Lear" pattern. A collection of these was made only a few weeks before his death, and will be issued immediately, with illustrations by Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. It will be published by Mr. Brimley Johnson, who will also publish Mr. Monkhouse's final volume of serious poetry. Mr. Austin Dobson has written a "prefatory note."

In Memory of W. V.—"a brief memorial of Winifred's little life, completing the book which has made her the child of so many households besides our own"—has been written by Mr. William Canton.

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Readers of French standard fiction are in luck, for two such series as Mr. Heinemann's twelve French romances and Mr. Grant Richards's French novels of the nineteenth century provide a veritable library. The novels in Mr. Richards's series are to have introductions by Mr. Arthur Symons, and the first of them, *Salammbo*, is before us. The yellow paper cover of French novels is reflected in the yellow buckram covers of this series. After pointing out that in *Madame Bovary* Flaubert reconstructed the modern novel, Mr. Symons says :

> In writing *Salammbo* Flaubert set himself to renew the historical novel, as he had renewed the novel of manners. He would have admitted, doubtless, that perfect success in the historical novel is impossible, by the nature of the case. We are at best only half conscious of the reality of the things about us, only able to translate them approximately into any form of art. How much is left over, in the closest transcription of a mere line of houses in a street, of a passing steamer, of one's next-door neighbour, of the point of view of a foreigner looking along Piccadilly, of one's own state of mind, moment by moment, as one walks from Oxford-circus to the Marble Arch? Think, then, of the attempt to reconstruct no matter what period of the past, to distinguish the difference in the aspect of a world perhaps bossed with castles and ridged with ramparts, to two individualities encased within chain-armour! Flaubert chose his antiquity wisely: a period of which we know too little to confuse us, a city of which no stone is left on another, the minds of Barbarians who have left us no psychological documents.

On Flaubert's wonderful sense of vision, Mr. Symons says :

> *Salammbo* is written with the severity of history, but Flaubert notes every detail visually, as a painter notes the details of natural things. A slave is being flogged under a tree: Flaubert notes the movement of the thong as it flies, and tells us: "The thongs, as they whistled through the air, sent the bark of the plane trees flying." Before the battle of the Macar, the Barbarians are awaiting the approach of the Carthaginian army. First, "the Barbarians were surprised to see the ground undulate in the distance." Clouds of dust rise and whirl over the desert, through which are seen glimpses of horns, and, as it seems, wings. Are they bulls or birds, or a mirage of the desert? The Barbarians watch intently. "At last they made out several transverse bars, bristling with uniform points. The bars became denser, larger; dark mounds swayed from side to side; suddenly square bushes came into view; they were elephants and lances. A single shout, 'The Carthaginians!' arose." Observe how all that is seen, as if the eyes, unaided by the intelligence, had found out everything for themselves, taking in one indication after another, instinctively. Flaubert puts himself in the place of his characters, not so much to think for them as to see for them.

There will be a welcome for the late Mr. Grant Allen's posthumous book, *County and Town in England, together with Annals of Churnside*. The book is described by Mr. Frederick York Powell, who writes the introduction, as a guide to local English history, a kind of book which in a special degree lay within Grant Allen's powers. What those powers were most of us know, but Mr. Powell's re-enumeration of them is not the less interesting. The book is not as complete as Mr. Allen would have made it had he lived, but as it is a great many counties and towns fall under his view. Mr. Powell says :

> He would not write of a place without having seen it, sharing in this the practice of Freeman, who once told me he had never written in detail of a place he had not seen save Arques, where, as he said, he accordingly made mistakes that five minutes' eyesight would have saved him from. But the places Allen had seen were so varied, were, in fact, such "typical developments," that it will be an easy task for those with the requisite local knowledge and trained enthusiasm to carry out his work on its present scale to the few remaining counties and the rest of the big and famous towns of England.

Peacock told Shelley that poetry was only inverted sense. When Newton was asked for a definition he repeated Barrow's remark that poetry was a kind of ingenious nonsense. Attacks like these, says Prof. Francis B. Gummere, of Haverford College, in *The Beginnings of Poetry*, just issued by the Macmillan Co., "are as old as poetry itself, which, 'like the Service, sir,' has been going to the dogs time out of mind, and very early formed the habit of looking back to better days." Such an inquiry, though not that of a pioneer, is sure to be interesting. To be sure, a chapter heading like "The Differencing Elements of Communal Poetry" is a little forbidding, but American professors will dare anything. Dipping casually into the professor's voluminous pages, our eye alights on an unexpected juxtaposition of authors. Here it is :

> With Christianity emphasising the value of a single soul, with the emancipation of the individual from State, guild, Church, and with the secularisation of letters and art, this habit of referring wide issues of life to the narrow fortunes of an individual made itself master of poetry. The emotion of a clan yielded to the emotion of a single soul. A progress of this sort is seen in "Sir Patrick Spens," "Macbeth," and Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach." Chronology in its higher form makes the ballad a mediæval and communal affair, the play a thing of art. Each deals with a Scot as centre of tragedy. In the ballad not a syllable diverts one from a group made up of the sailor, his comrades, and their kin. The men put to sea and are drowned; the ladies who will sit vainly waiting, the wives who will stand "lang, lang, wi' their gold kaims in their hair," give one in belated, unconscious, and imperfect form a survival of the old clan sorrow, a coronach in gloss. The men are dead, the women wail, and that is all. But Macbeth, as the crisis draws near, bewails along with his own case the general lot of man; "der Menschheit ganzer Jammer fasst ihn an." Finally, in "Dover Beach," modern subjectivity wails and cries out on fate from no stress of misfortune, but quite *à propos de bottes* and on general principles. Subtract now the changes due to epic, dramatic, lyric form; the progress and the curve are there.

An interesting experiment in the way of public entertainment has been for some time on foot in Berlin, and is now being copied in other cities, including Vienna. It originated in the idea of the German novelist, Ernest von Woltzogen, to establish an artistic kind of variety entertainment such as we usually associate with Paris. His Buntes Theatre, otherwise known as the Ueberbrett, or over-stage, is thus described by the Berlin correspondent of the *Novoye Vremya* for the benefit, and imitation, of St. Petersburg :

> In founding his Ueberbrett, Woltzogen had in view several distinct objects. To encourage and facilitate the spread of new ideas in literature and art; to emancipate the progressive and original dramatists from the restrictions of commercial managers, and to give the thoughtful public an opportunity to become acquainted with the poets and writers of the day; and to provide a new form of entertainment, not inferior in quality to the drama, but different from it and in harmony with the spirit of the age.
>
> The artists are not all professionals. Amateurs are welcomed, and the authors are encouraged to read their own works—poems, stories, humorous sketches, &c. The programme, therefore, is extremely varied—just as diversified as vaudeville, but freed from knockabout farce, from gymnastics, from vulgar songs and dancing, and similar "stunts." One-act plays are presented, and pantomime is a prominent feature. "Moving pictures" and other reproductions of current events are likewise included.

Woltzogen points out that people like to spend their evenings at places where they can have entertainment under freer conditions than those prevailing in theatres. Why should not men be allowed to have their comforts while enjoying the best things in literature and art? He hopes to see his scheme adopted in all leading cities, and variety thus made a means of developing the popular taste. He has had no

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difficulty in securing the co-operation of poets, humorists, authors, singers, and actors. Tickets have to be obtained long in advance, so popular has this theatre already become. The prices are not high, since the authors gladly appear for little or no pay. The new venture will probably soon attract attention in England, where "variety" flourishes and shows no symptoms of decline.

THE open-access system in Free Libraries has been a bone of fierce contention among those peaceable folk, librarians. We fear that the controversy will only be fanned by the following notice which has just been issued :

> In consequence of the serious loss and mutilation of books due to the admission of borrowers to the shelves, the Governors of the Bishopsgate Institute, London, have decided to abolish open access and adopt the indicator system, by which the borrowers will be served much more rapidly and satisfactorily.

IN a recent copy of the *United Irishman* we find an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats on a little book by John Eglinton called *Pebbles from a Brook*, which has not come our way. Mr. Eglinton's *Two Essays on the Remnant* found a few warm admirers some years ago. Mr. Yeats explains the essayist's point of view thus :

> A single argument is to be found in all these essays' and, in spite of their curious, furtive style, this argument is so formidable that if a few thousand people believed in i and tried to arrange their lives as it would have them they would become like the foxes that dragged the torches into the Philistines' corn. He thinks that States and every other institution of man begin by fostering men's lives, and then gradually perfect themselves at the expense of men's lives, becoming more and more separated from life, until at last they become fixed as by a kind of frost, so that men, if they would keep alive and not be frozen, must fly from them as the Children of Israel fled from Egypt. He imagines that the Children of Israel, the idealists, are now wavering between Egypt, comfort, civilisation, as they call it, and the wilderness, the unworldly life; and he would persuade them to hesitate no longer.

FINALLY, Mr. Yeats expresses his own partial agreement with Mr. Eglinton :

> I believe him right in thinking that the great movement of our time is a movement to destroy modern civilisation; but I cannot but believe him wrong in thinking that it will be ended by "liberated individuals" who separate themselves from the great passions, from the great popular interests, from religion, from patriotism, from humanitarianism. The movement against it takes the form now of collectivist, now of anarchist, now of mystical propagandas, now of groups of artists who labour to make the things of daily life, plates and candlesticks and the like, beautiful again; now of the awakening of the smaller nations, who preserve more of the picturesque life of the ancient world than do the big nations. "The Remnant," the men and women who have learned whatever modern life has to teach, and grown weary of it, should be the leaders of these movements. They are a small body, not more than one in five thousand anywhere, but they are many enough to be a priesthood, and in the long run to guide the great instinctive movements that come out of the multitude. They should be, as Walter Pater said of Leonardo da Vinci, like men "upon some secret errand," and in sharing in a great passion should look beyond the passion to some remote end; and they must be as ready to sacrifice themselves as those are who have never seen beyond the passion. Their labour must be to live as the blind do for the most part, to live as if they had but one idea, who have so many; but there will be times when they may have to bear witness for the end for some far-off thing, and seemingly against the passion itself, the idea itself, and John Eglinton may call this being ready to drink the hemlock. I think that if they have not this simplicity, this singleness of mind, they may do many beautiful things, write madrigals and the like, and be good critics, but they will not, while the world remains what it is to-day, make the most weighty kind of literature, or give the world the impulse it is waiting for.

IT is joy to a commentator to comment, but it is, perhaps, greater joy to discover. Mr. E. V. Lucas, who has become a recognised authority on Lamb, and is at work on an extensive edition of his writings, has been able to enlarge the list of Lamb's works by adding to it a children's book, of which he easily convinces us that Lamb is the author. In consulting the Lamb-Wordsworth correspondence in the possession of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth at Ambleside, Mr. Lucas found in a letter, dated February 1, 1806, a list of books which Lamb says he has just despatched to Wordsworth by carrier from London, and among these "a Paraphrase on the King and Queen of Hearts, of which I, being the author, beg Mr. Johnny Wordsworth's acceptance and opinion." This was the clue, and Mr. Lucas followed it up with diligence. The last stage in his hunt, described by him in a letter to the *Athenæum*, was as follows :

> The next thing was to obtain a copy. This was less simple. As I have said, the British Museum Catalogue has no reference to it under any possible heading. Certain specialists in old children's books were asked, but they had never heard of it. The book was advertised for. All in vain. Ultimately the catalogue of the sale of the late Andrew W. Tuer's children's library (at Sotheby's, July 17, 1900) was consulted, and there the book was, with two or three others, in Lot 59. Messrs. Sotheby revealed the name of the dealer who had bought it; the dealer revealed the name of the collector for whom he had acted; and in a few days' time the collector—Miss Edith Pollock, whose house is a treasury of quaint juvenile literature—entrusted the little volume to me.
>
> The cover—a yellow-paper wrapper—bears the following lettering and date, concerning which I have something to say later:—"The King and Queen of Hearts, with the Rogueries of the Knave who stole the Queen's Pies. Illustrated in Fifteen Elegant Engravings. London: Printed for M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41, Skinner Street, Snow Hill; and to be had of all Booksellers. 1809. Price 1*s*. Plain, or 1*s*. 6*d*. Coloured."

IN his book, *Culture and Restraint*, just published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Mr. Hugh Black applies himself to the consideration of questions of great import to those who are drawn two ways by a faith which demands renunciation and a culture which demands self-expansion. His book is an attempt to do justice to both calls, and it is by no means untimely. From Mr. Black's earnestly written introduction we quote the following remarks :

> The problem suggested by the opposing ideals of culture and self-denial is no academic one, but in some form or other is a very real and practical difficulty, which demands some solution from every one. Should a man obey his nature or thwart it, seek self-limitation or self-expansion? In some moods it appears to us as if the best attitude, as it is certainly the easiest way to peace, is to accept simply what seem the surface facts of our nature, and give up the long passion of the saints after the unattainable. Yet in other moods we recognise that life gains in dignity and solemn grandeur, when a man realises even once that for him in the ultimate issue there are in all the world only God and his own soul. We no sooner take up one of the positions than doubts pervade the mind as to its sufficiency. If we say that the secret of life is just to accept our nature, and seek its harmonious unfolding, immediately the question arises, whether self-culture is not only a subtle form of self-indulgence. If, again, we make renunciation the infallible method, we cannot keep out the question, whether it is not moral cowardice, that we refuse to live the larger life and to wield the wider power which culture seems to offer.
>
> The counsels of the great teachers also are varied and conflicting on this problem. Some say with assurance that "self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting," and that no human capacity was given to be renounced; others

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declare passionately, "Thou must go without, go without—that is the everlasting song which every hour all our life through hoarsely sings to us." Even if we do not trouble much about the general statement of the problem, and are not concerned about a plan of life that shall commend itself to reason and to conscience, we do not escape the many practical difficulties in many things on the border line about which there is often no clear guidance, such as amusements, and our attitude towards certain kinds of art and literature.

WHERE shall an author live? Writing from Hampstead, a correspondent of the *Globe* points to the injury which will be caused if the School Board occupy a site in Well Walk—viz, the depreciation of high-class houses, representing a value of £50,000, without any compensation in the present state of the law. He adds: "Several authors have expressly come to live in these roads because of the quiet for literary work, and have invested in their houses. . . . The right of quiet for doing work is brutally invaded by so many needless disturbances that at least we may be spared the destruction by the School Board of one of the quietest refuges that now remain." The School Board is gaining an unenviable reputation for destroying old houses and places.

THE "likely-to-be-popular" novel is now quite a recognised literary asset in America. The author of a "likely-to-be-popular" novel is duly photographed in the literary papers.

THE directors of the *Daily News* have made permanent the temporary arrangement previously made, whereby the control of the paper—editorially and commercially—was placed in the hands of Mr. D. Edwards. Mr. Harold Spender and Mr. F. Moy Thomas will be joint acting editors—Mr. Spender superintending the politics of the paper and the correspondence, and Mr. Thomas the news and the review department.

NEXT Thursday afternoon a representation of Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth" will be played, under Elizabethan conditions, in the Lecture Theatre of the old University buildings, Burlington Gardens. The play will be performed by Mr. Ben Greet's dramatic company, under the direction of Mr. W. Poel. This is probably the first time for over three centuries that this play has been given in accordance with the words spoken by the chorus.

M. WIRT GERRARE, who is preparing the new edition of *Baedeker's Guide to Russia*, has just returned from the Far East. He was not allowed by the Russian authorities to enter Manchuria, and was denied access to all sources of information respecting the railways in construction there. Mr. Gerrare entered the forbidden territory in disguise, and travelled through from east to west without being detected by either the railway officials or the military guards.

Bibliographical.

THE new edition, in one volume and at a moderate price, of Planché's *Recollections and Reflections* should come as a boon to many. We do not hear much of Planché nowadays, but in his time he was an accepted authority on costume, and his dramatic extravaganzas were among the very best of their class. Mr. W. S. Gilbert, I fancy, learned a good deal from Planché, whose work was always decorous as well as bright and "literary," and who, in one of his inventions, most certainly anticipated Mr. Gilbert's Pooh-Bah. For the rest, Planché now lives mainly in a few isolated lyrics and in his autobiography, now reprinted, which would have been more acceptable had it been more rich in dates and other details. It was published originally by Tinsley Brothers in two volumes just thirty years ago. I have not yet seen the new edition, but I hope it has been endowed with an index, without which a book of this sort has little real utility, however readable it may be. A portion of the Recollections and Reflections first saw the light in *London Society* (April to October, 1871).

That Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and Mr. Bret Harte should have agreed, with others, to write introductions to certain "units" in a new American edition of Dickens will surprise no bookish person. In the well-known poem "Dickens in Camp" Mr. Harte long ago testified to his sympathy with Dickens-worship. Mr. Swinburne's sonnet on Dickens—enshrined in the volume called *Tristram of Lyonesse and Other Poems* (1882)—is probably not very familiar to the average reader. It is characteristically enthusiastic in tone and phrase, the sestett running:

> Where stars and suns that we behold not burn
> Higher even than here, though highest was here thy place,
> Love sees thy spirit laugh and speak and shine,
> With Shakespeare and the soft bright soul of Sterne,
> And Fielding's kindliest might and Goldsmith's grace;
> Scarce one more loved or worthier love than thine.

Mr. Watts-Dunton, too, has a sonnet on Dickens in *The Coming of Love* thus ending:

> City he loved, take courage on thy way!
> He loves thee still, in all thy joys and fears.
> Though he whose smile made bright thine eyes of grey—
> Though he whose voice, uttering thy burthened years,
> Made laughters bubble through thy sea of tears—
> Is gone; Dickens returns on Christmas Day.

Mention may be made here of *Gems of Poesy by Present-day Authors* (London: George Kenning), because, though mainly an anthology, it contains a few hitherto unpublished pieces, one of which, at least, is by a writer of some note—a quasi-sonnet, called "The Woman of Samaria," by Mr. A. C. Benson (page 114). A new sonnet (page 130) is also contributed by the Rev. Richard Wilton, some of whose sonnets and rondeaus have merit above the average, and should be studied in his various volumes.

The *Lectures and Essays* by W. K. Clifford, which Messrs. Macmillan have just added (in two vols.) to their Eversley Library, came out originally in 1879. In 1886 they were re-issued in one volume, into which was introduced some verses addressed by Clifford to George Eliot. In the Eversley edition the Introduction concludes thus: "The bibliographical sketch of Clifford's work which formed part of this Introduction in the first edition is considered to have served its turn, and is not now reproduced." This is a mistake. The public is not so familiar with Clifford's work that any guide to it should be withheld in this way.

I see that Mr. Harry Quilter has been good enough to include in his extraordinary gallimaufry called *What's What* a column and a half on Bibliography. This article has in it more information and more sense than most of its companions. It is, however, too brief to be of any very special use. There should have been some description of, and comment on, the bibliographical "authorities" mentioned, not all of which are equally commendable. That the subject should be dealt with in Mr. Quilter's book at all is one more proof of the growing interest with which Bibliography is regarded.

It is pleasant to know that the posthumous volume of poems by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse will include "The Christ on the Hill," which was originally published separately in an *édition de luxe*, copies of which are now practically unobtainable. For many, of course, the chief charm of the volume would be in the pictorial illustrations. The poem, I venture to think, was one of the author's best, and, if I remember rightly, has not been "collected" till now. Some day it would be a pious thing for one of Mr. Monkhouse's friends—Mr. Dobson, for example—to make a selection from his verses.

THE BOOKWORM.

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Reviews.

Pasteur's Way.

The Life of Pasteur. By René Vallery-Radot. Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. With Portrait. 2 vols. (Constable. 32s.)

In his youth it is sometimes extremely difficult to distinguish the great man from the praiseworthy and excellent plodder. Louis Pasteur, born in 1822, was the son of a provincial tanner, and came up to the École Normale in Paris. The perusal of biographies inspired him with a generous ardour. He was so conscientious that he could never skim a book, even a feeble one. "There seemed to him no better way of spending a holiday than to be shut up all Sunday afternoon at the Sorbonne laboratory or coaxing a private lesson from the celebrated Barruel." His companion Chappuis used to wait for him, "philosophically sitting on a laboratory stool until the experiments were over"; and at last Pasteur would take off his apron, saying, "half-angrily, half-gratefully, 'Well, let us go for a walk.' And, when they were out in the street, the same serious subjects of conversation would inevitably crop up—classes, lectures, readings, &c." He was the most affectionate son and brother, wrote home thick budgets at regular intervals, and sent presents to his sisters beyond his means. "For my part," his father reproved him, "I should prefer a thousand times that this money should still be in your purse, and thence to a good restaurant, spent on some good meals that you might have enjoyed with your friends." Pasteur's politics were of the simplest. He "had visions of a generous and fraternal republic." The words *drapeau* and *patrie* moved him "to the bottom of his soul." He profoundly believed in Lamartine as a politician. (What would he have thought of Balzac's portrait of Lamartine in *Modeste Mignon*?) In 1848, when crossing the Place du Panthéon, he saw the famous Autel de la Patrie erected; going back to the school he emptied a drawer of all his savings and returned to deposit 150 francs on the altar. "You have probably kept a receipt, with mention of date and place," wrote the old tanner, who also advised him to advertise the gift in *Le National*. At the age of twenty-six he proposed for the hand of Mlle. Marie Laurent, and his letter to Laurent *père* is full of the phrases of the industrious apprentice—"assiduous work," &c. To Mme. Laurent he wrote: "There is nothing in me to attract a young girl's fancy; but my recollections tell me that those who have known me very well have loved me very much." Travelling in Germany, he visited Dresden and the picture gallery. "There is a most beautiful museum," he wrote, "containing pictures by the first masters of every school. I spent over four hours in the galleries, noting on my catalogue the pictures I most enjoyed. Those I liked I marked with a cross; but I soon put two, three crosses, according to the degree of my enthusiasm. I even went as far as four." When his father died, he wrote to his own little daughter: "He died on the day of your first communion, dear Cécile; those two memories will remain in your heart, my poor child. . . . Your prayers will have been acceptable unto God, and perhaps the dear grandfather himself knew of them, and rejoiced with dear little Jeanne over Cécile's piety."

France and England are well stocked with such exemplars—conscientious, cautious, industrious, orthodox, sentimental, affectionate; bereft of wit and humour (Pasteur had neither); the backbone of the nation, "voting straight"; reverent towards authority; tediously and incurably correct. We have all known them, and they usually rise to be bank cashiers, professors, confidential clerks to millionaires, stewards to dukes, and small merchants of shining respectability. They have everything needful to a grandiose success, except the quality of imagination. One man in a million of them has imagination, and it is as absolutely certain that he will succeed as that the apple will fall to the ground. Pasteur had imagination, which is the basis of every scientific experiment that leads to a discovery, and he was further one of the greatest observers of his century. His renowned master, J. B. Dumas, wrote to him:

> The art of observation and that of experimentation are very distinct. In the first case, the fact may either proceed from logical reasons or mere good fortune. . . . But the art of experimentation leads from the first to the last link of the chain, without hesitation and without a blank, making successive use of Reason, which suggests an alternative, and of Experience, which decides on it, until, starting from a faint glimmer, the full blaze of light is reached. Lavoisier made this art into a method, and you possess it to a degree which always gives me a pleasure, for which I am grateful to you. Take your time, Lavoisier has waited seventy years! . . . What are weeks and months?

Not till you get him in the laboratory, or in the lecture room defending some thesis, of which he is sure, do you begin to see the greatness of Pasteur. Watch his ecstasy as he labels the bottle containing the sixty grammes of elemental phosphorus which he has obtained himself. There is the great chemist in embryo! Listen to him smashing up the theory of spontaneous generation, and standing by his own discoveries about polarisation. When he has convinced himself, the customary humility of the great man suddenly vanishes, and you perceive a spirit that would not give way even were it to avert cosmic disaster. He said: "A man of science should think of what will be said of him in the following century, not of the insults or the compliments of our day." Long before spontaneous generation was abandoned by its prophets, Pasteur conducted a certain experiment with water and a couple of vases. At the end he said, with sublime conceit: "Never will the doctrine of spontaneous generation recover from the mortal blow of this simple experiment." It didn't. He asserted that hens did not take anthrax, and a bitter opponent retorted that nothing was easier than to give anthrax to hens. "Bring me a hen suffering from anthrax," said Pasteur. After months the opponent owned that he could not. "Now," said Pasteur, "I will myself bring you a hen that shall die of anthrax." Entering a maternity hospital for the first time in his life, he criticised the appliances without hesitation, and time proved him to be right. Listening to a lecturer on the causes of puerperal fever, he rose and said: "None of these things causes the epidemic. It is caused by a microbe." When the orator satirically feared that that microbe would never be found, Pasteur jumped up and drew an image of the creature on a blackboard. "There, that is what it is like!" And it was so.

The public thinks of Pasteur as the man who found out how rabies might be (sometimes) cured. Rabies was the merest incident in his career, which began with the phenomena of crystallisation and polarisation, and then went on to germs in general. The normal course of his studies was interrupted by an elaborate research, undertaken at the instance of the French Government, into the causes of the silkworm epidemic, which for years had ravaged the silk industry, and which in 1865 attained the proportions of a national calamity. Pasteur knew nothing of silkworms, yet he was appointed to this quest—so great was his reputation as an observer and experimenter. His efforts were entirely successful; he invented a system by which the disease might be stamped out. Italy and Austria eagerly adopted his views; but years passed—years of misconstruction and violent opposition—before the prophet of the pébrine-remedy came to honour in his own country. After Sedan, Pasteur wrote a paper, "Why France found no superior men in the hours of peril." He laid stress on "the forgetfulness, even disdain, that France had had for great intellectual men, especially in the realm of exact science." He "enumerated the services" rendered by science to his country. He

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remarked that all modern defence and attack had been made possible solely by the discoveries of men of science. He might have pointed out that previous to his labours on the silkworm the losses caused to sericiculturists by the pébrine epidemic amounted to fifteen hundred millions of francs in twenty years. He might have produced "the passport to immortality" sent to him by Tyndall, and the letter from Lister in which that great man stated that Pasteur's researches had furnished him with "the principle upon which alone the antiseptic system could be carried out." And, later on, he might have referred to the revolutionising influence of his work on the wine industry, the beer industry, agriculture. But that was not Pasteur's way. He lived only for the work itself. "Pasteur does not understand life," said Bertin; "he is a genius, that is all." He could not often see a joke (though he enjoyed the witty conversation of Dumas *fils* and appreciated the homage paid to him by the author of *Denise*; he did not even see the joke when *la patrie* (*reconnaissante aux grands hommes*) settled on him, who had put an end to an annual leakage of seventy-five millions of francs, an annuity of something less than five hundred pounds a year.

Ferocious when science was slighted or impugned, scathing in defiance of prejudices which refused to accept a demonstrated fact, he was a remarkably tender and loving man, and by some magic he shed affection round him and drew it towards him while sacrificing even family ties to the laboratory. His wife had the supreme virtue of recognising the paramount importance of his mission. When Claude Bernard (*bête noire* of anti-vivisection leagues) lay sick and melancholy with a gastric disease, Pasteur conceived the brilliant idea of enheartening him by publishing a review of his friend's works: *Claude Bernard, the Importance of his Works, Teaching, and Methods.* It appeared in the *Moniteur Universel*, and had its due effect. His sensibility to pain in others was extraordinary; he often went home ill from the operating theatres. When the little Alsatian boy, bitten fourteen times by a mad dog, and Pasteur's first patient for rabies, came to Paris with his mother to be cured, Pasteur had a bedroom comfortably arranged for the mother and child in the old Rollin College, and the little boy was very happy amidst the various animals—chickens, rabbits, white mice, guinea-pigs, &c.; he "begged and easily obtained of Pasteur the lives of several of the youngest of them."

Pasteur died peacefully at 4.40 in the afternoon of September 28, 1895, in a room of almost monastic simplicity, surrounded by his family and disciples.

M. Vallery-Radot's biography is painstaking, thoroughly comprehensive, and, we doubt not, accurate. It has an air rather Teutonic than Gallic; it is a treasury of facts rather than a shapely biography. The author does not possess the gift of rendering the history of science agreeable. He seldom presents the man behind the man of science; he does not write with a smooth pen; he has not been overwhelmingly fortunate in his English translator. Still, if you persist to the conclusion of these handsome volumes, you will arrive at a full, if somewhat blurred, portrait of a genius.

A Lady of Quality.

The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745-1826. Edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavordale. (Murray. 32s. net.)

THE period covered by the life of Lady Sarah Lennox was a period which saw extraordinary changes in manners, in political life, and in the European situation. It is a far cry from the '45 and the last great Stuart effort to 1826 and the beginnings of Catholic Emancipation. The time was not essentially a romantic time, although the names of Clive and Hastings, of Nelson and Wellington ring through it; it was rather a time of growth which only a few of the greatest realised, a growth by no means obvious to men whose vision was narrowed by a too personal ideal. It is, perhaps, the lack of the picturesque element in politics which discouraged Lady Sarah Lennox from following their course very closely; at any rate, as she grew older she appears to have taken less and less interest in such matters. Indeed, in these volumes, there are no sidelights of any great value upon affairs; their worth consists in the intimacy of the letters, in a certain sweetness and justice of outlook which grow stronger as the writer's years increase, and, it should be added, in their freedom from scandal. It may be that one who was herself the centre of a somewhat notorious scandal shrank from touching upon the weaknesses of her contemporaries, but we are inclined to think that the reason lay rather in the writer's natural delicacy.

Lady Sarah Lennox was the fourth daughter of the second Duke of Richmond: her eldest sister was the first Lady Holland, mother of Charles James Fox; another sister was the first Duchess of Leinster, mother of the noble and unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Nearly all Lady Sarah's letters are addressed to Lady Susan Fox Strangways, who, to the horror of her family, married an amiable gentleman connected with the stage called O'Brien. The first of these letters is dated 1761, at a time when Lady Sarah was like to become Queen of England. The infatuation of George III. for the beautiful and high-spirited girl was perfectly serious, apparently, and he made proposals to her in a characteristically awkward manner. Lord Holland wrote in his Memoir: "He is in love with her, and it is no less certain she loves him." As to her affection for the king, we may be permitted to doubt it, but, however that may have been, she had to content herself with playing bridesmaid at the king's wedding. Also, there were other distractions. Lord Holland writes again:

> To many a girl H.M.'s behaviour had been very vexatious, but Lady Sarah's temper and affections are happily so flexible and light, that the sickness of her squirrel immediately took up all her attention, and when it, in spite of her nursing it, dy'd, I believe it gave her more concern than H.M. ever did. That grief, however, soon gave way to the care of a little hedge-hog, that she saved from destruction in the field and is now her favourite.

Some twelve months later Lady Sarah was married to Charles Bunbury, who not long afterwards succeeded his father, Sir William Bunbury. Sir Charles was an easy and pleasant person, given to sport and horse-racing (he owned Diomed, the first Derby winner), with whom Lady Sarah seemed to live on terms of great affection for nearly seven years. The letters of this period are made up of Newmarket, horses, chatter about relations, and visits to town. "I danced with Ld. Petre," she says on one occasion, adding, with charming inconsequence, "and he is a nasty toad, for I longed to spit in his face!" In another place she writes:

> Mr. Garrick (sweet soul) is gone for some time to Italy; the play-house goes on the *same*, and has only some *additional* forces, particularly a Mr. Powell—who, I hear, is a very good recruit for tragedy—and Foote; in short, it will flourish very well for one winter, I fancy, and then the angel will come back.

And again she says of Garrick:

> Only think of Mr. Garrick that acts for ever, is not it charming of him? I do propose to attend the Play constantly this winter when he acts, *coute que coute*, for I would not give up the pleasure of seeing him act for all the good opinion of this vile, scandalous, ill-natured world.

Here is her not inapt reference to Rousseau:

> By way of news, Mr. Rousseau is all the talk; all I can hear of him is that he wears a pellise and fur cap, that he was at the Play, and desired to be placed so that he might not see the King, which as Mrs. Greville says is a "*pauvreté*

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worthy a philosopher." His dressing particularly I think is very silly, and if, as the papers say, he told Mr. Garrick that he made him laugh and cry without understanding a word, in my humble opinion that was very silly too. . . . He sees few people, and is to go and live at a farm in Wales, where he shall see nothing but mountains and wild goats. "*Autre pauvreté.*"

In 1768 Lady Sarah gave occasion of offence to "the vile, scandalous, ill-natured world" by leaving her husband for the protection of Lord William Gordon. This episode was brief, and we have no record of it in the letters before us, Lady Susan O'Brien having preserved none of her friend's correspondence between 1768 and 1775. A few months after this escapade Lady Sarah returned to her brother, the Duke of Richmond, at Goodwood, where, for some years, she lived a life of complete retirement, wholly occupied with the daughter whom she was to lose later on the verge of womanhood. It was not till 1776 that a divorce was granted to Sir Charles Bunbury, who seems to have behaved throughout the affair with great good-nature, as well as with a, perhaps, too complacent magnanimity.

In 1781 Lady Sarah married the Hon. George Napier, a marriage which was good for England as well as for the parties concerned. Of the eight children born of the union three were distinguished soldiers, who all fought in the Peninsular War, and were afterwards knighted. One, Sir Charles Napier, was the conqueror of Scinde; another, Sir William, was the author of the History of the Peninsular War. After her marriage much time was spent in Ireland, which at that period was in so critical a state. Lady Sarah appears to have thought the situation exaggerated. "I suppose you won't forgive," she writes, "my saying nothing of our Irish politics, as they *sound* so *terrible*." In the same letter she says, "Edward Fitzgerald has acted a romance throughout all his life, and it is finished by his marriage with *Pamela* Seymour." But the romance of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's life was by no means finished then; it ended in prison in 1798 after the failure of the scheme for which he had nobly sacrificed all. Writing to the same correspondent, Lady Sarah says:

> Your sense and sensibility, my dear Ly Susan, have pointed out the causes of my silence too plainly to need excuses, and in sacred silence would remain my afflicted heart relative to my dear nephew Edward Fitz-Gerald, if the cruelty of persons both in and out of power did not try to make misfortune double, by their infamous false witnesses kept in continual pay. . . . I therefore declare that I knew he was born with the most romantic, benevolent heart, that his imagination carried him beyond the bounds of *practical* philanthropy, and the *times* led too plainly to the strong desire of freeing his fellow-creatures from the *real* and *manifest* cruelties and oppressions of the Governt. of Ireland. . . .

The later letters become more and more domestic in character, and increasingly informed with a fine spirit of tenderness and resignation. For many years Lady Sarah was almost blind, although she appears to have kept her beauty to a late age. That beauty was chronicled more than once by Sir Joshua Reynolds. In these handsome and beautifully-printed volumes there are many excellent reproductions of portraits in photogravure, no less than nine being from the brush of the great and benign Sir Joshua. The notes to the work are concise and not too obtrusive, and the index unusually accurate and full. Prefixed to the first volume is a "Memoir on the events attending the death of George II., and the accession of George III.," by Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, and also Mr. Henry Napier's Memoir of her mother's early life, but we have preferred to draw upon Lady Sarah's own letters for the light which they throw upon her character and circumstances. The character which they reveal is a curious and interesting compound of simplicity and complexity, perhaps the dominant note is honesty. Certainly there was no affectation either as child or woman about Lady Sarah Lennox.

A Novelist and his Disciples.

The Wessex of Thomas Hardy. By Bertram C. A. Windle. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. (Lane. 21s.)

SOME years ago a man of letters, being asked to furnish a list of self-educator books, preferred to give a list of the kind of works that the self-educator should never read. It included books about books, and books that try to prove anything. While not endorsing that view, we suggest that there are at least two qualities which those who write about books should possess—industry and enthusiasm. These qualities Mr. Bertram C. A. Windle certainly has. He has also an encyclopædic acquaintance with all Mr. Hardy has written; he knows the Wessex country as an actor knows the Strand, and he has visited every locality used by Mr. Hardy. The result is a volume of over three hundred pages, with maps, and some fifty odd illustrations by Mr. Edmund H. New. Discipleship could go no further. As a guide-book to the Wessex country, as a topographical history of the novels, the book is final; but we cannot say that we have derived much exhilaration from reading it. For example, with the memory of how Mr. Hardy has written of Egdon Heath, it is a little like eating toast that has been standing for an hour to read Mr. Windle:

> Egdon is a portion of Dorset over which the lover of wild nature will do well to linger: its "abrupt slopes" and its dark valleys will afford him a series of views varying in character from the confined to the spacious, but always satisfying, always new. It is a place from which those who have learnt to love it tear themselves with difficulty, and to which they return time after time with ever intensified feelings of delight.

Or take the beginning of the pages which Mr. Windle devotes to *Jude*:

> *Jude the Obscure* is also a highly topographical novel, and centres round a district far removed from any yet considered in this book. Jude himself was born at Mellstock, where so many Wessex incidents happen; but at the commencement of the tale he is living with a relative at Fawley Magna, in the Berkshire Downs. The spot is most easily reached from Wantage——

And so on. Yes, Mr. Windle certainly has enthusiasm and industry, but he has not the power to impart his enthusiasm, and he has not the charm, variety of mood, joy in sun and wind, and the emotion of the hour that goes to the making of the ideal guide book. But those who want an honest and evenly written guide to Mr. Hardy's Wessex will find it in this volume.

Mr. Hardy, as thinker and writer, has a singular power of making disciples labour to his honour. Much has been written on the Wessex country by ardent students of his books, and seven years ago an entire volume was written on *The Art of Thomas Hardy*. Indeed, Mr. Windle has done us the service of sending us again to Mr. Lionel Johnson's admirable volume, and to Mr. Lane's excellent bibliography printed at the end. Who remembers that Mr. Hardy's first published article was called "How I Built Myself a House"? It appeared in *Chambers's Journal* in 1865. And who remembers that it was Mr. Hardy who wrote William Barnes's obituary notice. It appeared in the *Athenæum*, and is reprinted in Mr. Lionel Johnson's volume, with the full text of that fine ballad, "The Fire at Tranter Sweatley's," a bowderlised version of which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1875. It takes a novelist to give a lifelike picture of a man in an obituary notice. Here is Mr. Hardy's characterisation of William Barnes, poet and philologer:

> There were few figures more familiar to the eye in the county town of Dorset than an aged clergyman, quaintly attired in caped cloak, knee-breeches, and buckled shoes, with a leather satchel slung over his shoulders, and a stout staff in his hand. He seemed usually to prefer the middle of the street to the pavement, and to be thinking of matters which had nothing to do with the scene before

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him. He plodded along with a broad, firm tread, notwithstanding the slight stoop occasioned by his years. Every Saturday morning he might have been seen thus trudging up the narrow South-street, his shoes coated with mud or dust according to the state of the roads between his rural home and Dorchester, and a little grey dog at his heels, till he reached the four crossways in the centre of the town. Halting here, opposite the public clock, he would pull his old-fashioned watch from its deep fob, and set it with great precision to London time. This, the invariable first act of his market visit, having been completed to his satisfaction, he turned round and methodically proceeded about his other business.

These two books should certainly have a place on the Hardy shelf, and Mr. Johnson might bring his study up to date.

More and More Memories.

Then and Now. By Dean Hole. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)

Dean Hole is a veritable geyser of memories, and we have no reason to suppose or wish that he is here "active" for the last time. In 1892 we had *The Memories of Dean Hole*: in 1895 his *More Memories*; and to-day we are confronted by the above portly volume. All these books might be shaken up together and re-divided in almost any way without injury to the Dean's literary reputation, which is that of a very kindly, tolerant, all-round cleric, to whom the worlds of sport, society, city, and country have been familiar these eighty years. To be entertainingly wise is the Dean's aim, and although he is often just going to be grave, he rarely, if ever, succeeds. Indeed, the Fatal Jocularity of Deans is a subject which may yet have to be discussed, and the material is abundant. On page 199 of this book we find Dean Hole and Dean Ramsay foregathered in pleasant discourse. The Edinburgh Dean reeled off stories about the familiarity of certain ministers in their addresses to the Almighty, at the same time insisting on the genuine piety and reverence of these worthies, one of whom put up the following frenzied petition on behalf of Queen Adelaide: "O Lord, save Thy servant, our sovereign lady the Queen; grant that as she grows an old woman she may become a new man; strengthen her with Thy blessing that she may live a pure virgin, bringing forth sons and daughters to the glory of God; and give her grace that she may go forth before her people like a he-goat on the mountains."

Once more Dean Hole appears as the champion of the moderate use of alcoholic drinks. He condoles with, not extols, those who, with no inclinations to excess, have pledged themselves to total abstinence. Their zeal is not according to knowledge. They have clever evangelists, but to these the Dean applies the couplet:

> Some to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse
> Want as much more to turn it to its use.

As for the example-to-others argument, it has been "a dismal failure."

> For many years I have searched and inquired for some successful results, for one man who would prove to me that, being a drunkard, he was so much impressed by the example of his clergyman, who, for his sake and imitation, ceased to drink his glass of beer at luncheon, his glass of port at dinner, or his glass of whisky and water at night, that he broke away from his vicious indulgence and became a sober man. I am waiting to receive him, but until he arrives I shall retain the sorrowful suspicion that there is a strong resemblance between this total abstainer and the native of Japan who disembowelled himself before an Englishman whom he hated, expecting him to follow his example, in accordance with the custom of the country, and the brutal Briton put his thumb to his nose. . . . I have heard a cadaverous preacher say that when a man began to take alcoholic liquors he was sowing the seeds of mortal illness. My father sowed until he was ninety, and I was at eighty engaged in the same occupation; and I murmured, *sotto voce*, "Rubbish!"

The Dean's stories and illustrations are nearly always of a robust type, and one realises that though he has been many things—squire, sportsman, traveller, and warrior—he can never have been a mincing curate or a solemn rector. On any and every subject—Children, Wives, Nurses, Recreations, Locomotion, Preaching, and Games—the Dean turns on the same easy flood of stories and large-hearted comment. Indeed, quotation is too easy to be easy. In his chapter on Books Old and New he runs over the reading of his boyhood, in which there are no surprises, though we rather doubt whether boys of to-day read such good stuff as *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, *The Scottish Chiefs*, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, the *Castle of Otranto*, *Tales of a Traveller*, *The Pilot*, and other books which nourished the Dean's youthful mind. Byron he read freely, and wept with Gulnare upon the chains of Conrad; he learned "The Dream" by heart; could quote any amount of "Childe Harold"; and devoured "Don Juan" in a hayloft. Of the last-named work he only remarks: "I agree for once with the fast young lady who said that 'it was not quite the book which you could give to the dear rector's daughters'; but I am not aware that it did me harm, and I believe that in this case, as in many others, if there were no denunciations, not many young folks would care to read it." We can endorse this. The present writer has a lively recollection of being asked at intervals of a year or so, by an elderly female relative, whether he had read "Don Juan." She asked it with stern solicitude; as if it were a catastrophe at once probable and destructive of his character and future, in which she would then be able to take no further interest. If he did not read it, it must have been because books and haylofts were not so freely at his disposal as they were to the embryo Dean of Rochester. It must not be supposed, however, that the Dean's tolerance is so wide as to have no shores. Nourished on Dickens, Thackeray, and John Leech—whose praises he is never tired of singing—he has no mercy on the modern "sex novel," with its attacks on marriage and its translations of vice into smartness or self-expansion. None of the Dean's opinions provoke argument. They are so genial, personal, and mellow, that one takes them as they come—with a frank armchair enjoyment and, sometimes, a little surprise.

A Positivist Retrospect.

George Washington, and Other American Addresses. By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan.)

This volume is the fruit of a visit paid by Mr. Harrison to America in the course of last spring, during which he was called upon, in the Transatlantic fashion, to give a number of addresses to the members of various universities and literary societies. Appropriately enough, it opens with the Chicago address on the birthday of George Washington, the delivery of which was the primary object of the tour. Other discourses are upon such heroes of the Positivist "calendar" as King Alfred, Abraham Lincoln, Oliver Cromwell, and William the Silent; upon the more abstract topics of "Municipal Government," "Republicanism and Democracy," and "The Nineteenth Century," and—perhaps the most interesting of all—upon the speaker's "personal reminiscences" of the great men of the present century with whom he has lived and talked, and, for the most part, battled. Many of these subjects Mr. Harrison has, of course had occasion to handle elsewhere and more fully; but the lucid and trenchant estimates into which he has here managed to compress the results of much study and much thought have an interest of their own distinct from that of more elaborate and detailed work. As a Positivist, Mr. Harrison has always been fated to stand more or less in isolation from the main current of ideas outside the doors of his Church; and it is curious to notice that, although the

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isolation is certainly not less to-day than it was a decade ago, yet it is coming to depend on somewhat different barriers. If the sanguine Imperialists of the twentieth century dislike Mr. Harrison for his openly avowed aversion from military conquest and preference for a Republican form of government, they will, on the other hand, probably be more inclined than were their fathers to condone his contempt for parliamentary institutions, and even to sympathise with the stress which, in the true spirit of Comte, he is wont to lay upon the importance of dominating personalities as factors in history.

Mr. Harrison does not persuade us to be a Positivist; but he has our respect as a brave fighter and a stimulating thinker. He has taken his full share in the intellectual combats of half a century, and, as his great contemporaries pass away, his own position as a survivor becomes an interesting one. It cannot have been without a thrill that the young ladies of the Women's College, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, listened to one who could tell how he had spoken in the flesh with Comte and Mazzini, with Carlyle and Turgenef, with George Eliot and John Stuart Mill, names shining dimly to them out of an historic past. Not that Mr. Harrison's reminiscences are in themselves, for the most part, more than trivial. Carlyle he describes sitting by his fireside, exactly like Whistler's portrait of him, "wishing that many people and things 'might all be dawmed down to hale.'" Huxley he met in many a sparring match at the Metaphysical Society, where "he would fly at a Positivist with even more zest than at a bishop." He knows "how warm a heart, what fire of enthusiasm lay covered up, like a volcano under snow, beneath the dry, formal, antiquated official which the world saw as Mill." Turgenef he met carrying the shoes of some French girls in a brown-paper parcel from Versailles to the Rue de Madrid, and Victor Hugo, pontificating in his own *salon*, in appearance a stout, weather-beaten sea captain, bluff in manner, imperative in tone and gesture, hearty with his own family, and somewhat impatient with outside people. From a literary point of view, Mr. Harrison's best note is of Tennyson.

> He once told me how he came to write those magical lines in the "Princess":
>
> "Tears—idle tears—I know not what they mean."
>
> He had been wandering alone, he said, among the ruins of Tintern Abbey, thinking of the monks and their solitary lives in the epoch of its foundation, and then, looking up across the Wye, he saw its harvesters—girls, men, and boys gathering in their crops in the fulness of life and merriment. And the contrast of the old world and the new filled him with emotion, so that the lines came to him as a spontaneous inspiration, as if he were simply recalling some familiar song that haunted his memory.

What inspirations Tintern Abbey has given to poets and artists! We hope no one will compile them.

Other New Books.

The Tale of the Great Mutiny. By W. H. Fitchett. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

Mr. Fitchett has established himself as the popular historian of the empire. His easy, bright power of narrative appeals to boy and man. His new volume is a brief and popular narrative of the Indian Mutiny. Within its limitations it is a good narrative, written with picturesque selection and energy, and illustrated with maps and portraits of the leaders. One only regrets that portraits of the chief native leaders were not added. Even now, it is impossible to read without excitement the story of that epical struggle, diversified by details which are the essence of romance. Take the escape of Sir T. Metcalfe Deputy Commissioner of Delhi. Pursued from Delhi by native horse, his steed broke down, and a chance native hid him in a cave. The native flogged Metcalfe's steed out of sight, and when the pursuers, after questioning him, proposed to search the cave, he

> burst out laughing, and raising his voice so that I [Metcalfe] must hear, he said: "Oh yes, search the cave. Do search it. But I'll tell you what you will find. You will find a great red devil in there; he lives up at the end of the cave. You won't be able to see him, because the cave turns at the end, and the devil always stands just round the turn, and he has a great long knife in his hand, and the moment your head appears round the corner he will slice it off, and then he will pull the body in to him and eat it. Go in; do go in—the poor devil is hungry. It is three weeks since he had anything to eat, and then it was only a goat. He loves men, does this red devil; and if you all go in he will have such a meal!"

They went in, single file. The leader's head peered round the corner, and Metcalfe smote it from the body. With a yell of terror they all fled. "Did you see him?" asked the native. "Do go back; he wants more than one." But they declined. Asked by Metcalfe why he had saved him, the native replied: "Because you are a just man." And the reason he gave for this opinion was that Metcalfe had once decided a case against him, which by concerted lying he had won in all the inferior Courts. "If you had given the case for me I would not have saved your life!" This fine story is not so undoubted as one could wish it. But it is a sample of the stirring things in the volume—things which could only happen in India.

John Chinaman, and a Few Others. By E. H. Parker. (Murray. 8s. net.)

Mr. Parker's book is based on his consular experiences in China; and its object is, not to give a scientific and systematised account of China or the Chinese, but to familiarise Westerns with the Chinese by frankly desultory sketches of the individual types which he has known. Of course he introduces what amount of system is possible by gathering the types under certain general headings in separate chapters. Nor does he confine himself exclusively to Chinese; the various races inhabiting or neighbouring China receive attention. It is an interesting book, as every record of personal experience among a quite strange people is bound to be, when it is made by an intelligent and friendly observer. And Mr. Parker, though he has no passion for John Chinaman, sympathises with him as a human being; and believes in the virtue of kinder treatment than Westerns are at present given to employing towards him. The coercion of China, he holds with Sir Robert Hart (most experienced of English officials in those parts), is bound to fail as an ultimate policy. You have sketches such as that of Chang Shu-shêng—a grizzled old Taiping, married to the sister of his conqueror, Li Hung Chang—whose "chief feature was a single jagged green tooth or tusk in the upper jaw, and he spat freely into your face as he addressed you." Or his Chinese teacher, Ou-yang the incorruptibly virtuous, yet mean exceedingly in private life; "he used to intrigue round his arch-enemy the 'boy' in order to get a meal gratis: furtively swallow opium pills to conceal the fact that he had once been an opium *roué*; grow purple in the face when bargaining with boatmen about a few copper cash; and catch rats for his dinner in order to make the coy hair grow. He was never tired of impressing on me the barbarism of my nature." And you have versions of classic Chinese poems, two to three thousand years old, which you can guess are tender and excellent in the original. A very instructively entertaining volume, with no aim at style, though not unliterary.

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Sir Robert Murdoch Smith. By H. K. Dickeon. (Blackwood. 15s. net.)

FEW people can have any knowledge or recollection of the Halicarnassus Expedition, which was undertaken immediately after the Crimean War. Its object was not warfare, but the discovery of the famous mausoleum of Mausolus, Prince of Caria, which was erected in the fourth century B.C., and was probably destroyed in the Middle Ages by the Knights of St. John, when they built the castle at Budrum with the stones and sculptures of the ancient Halicarnassus. Major-General Sir Robert (then Lieutenant) Murdoch Smith was one of the Engineer officers chosen for this task, and among those who spent some time with the expedition were the artists Messrs. G. F. Watts and Val Prinsep. It was owing chiefly to Murdoch Smith's intuition that the site of the mausoleum was discovered, and the account of the excavations drawn from the young officer's letters home is as interesting as a romance. After the Halicarnassus Expedition, Murdoch Smith, who was at Malta, proposed the Cyrene Expedition to a city which was once the capital of a flourishing Greek colony, but has been unoccupied for more than a thousand years. The principal finds there were the Temples of Apollo and Dionysos, and when the business was successfully accomplished Murdoch Smith's next move was to Persia, where he was appointed to the Persian telegraph staff. The greater part of his life was thenceforward spent in Persia, though later on he was made Director-in-Chief of the Indo-European telegraphs. The fault of the book is a tendency to prolixity, which here and there weakens the narrative. The illustrations and index are good, and the maps and plans especially to be commended.

Travels Round Our Village. By E. G. Hayden. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is one of those books of which, like books on gardening, we have had too many. To write amiably about one's village, and extract the humours of the quaint bodies therein, offers, like writing about flower-beds, a temptation which few amateurs of the pen can withstand. But old Biddy's sayings are surely worth recording for the amusement of all the world? Certainly; if one has the art to reproduce their flavour in type. Unhappily, few writers have this trifling gift; whereas many can take up a patronising pen and report Biddy sufficiently accurately for the satisfaction of themselves, who remember her tones. Miss (or Mrs.) Hayden's portly book has many rustic conversations in dialect, but their original character is rarely communicated. We have read pages and pages with no more than languid interest, and without seeing exactly why they should have been reprinted from the periodicals in which they, or their substance, appeared. There are, however, some very pleasing old country recipes for wine and cordials which are worth remembering. We cannot admire Mr. Leslie Brooks's pictures as much as we should like to.

The Adventures of Picklock Holes. By R. C. Lehmann. (Bradbury, Agnew & Co.)

THIS book is a reprint of contributions to *Punch* some years ago, when Sherlock Holmes was first attracting an attention which is to-day almost too excessive. Probably no fictional hero and no stories ever lent themselves more naturally to the parodist than Mr. Conan Doyle's detective and Dr. Watson's narrative of his exploits. Indeed, to a certain extent the burlesque is automatic; it writes itself. Mr. Lehmann's travesty is amusing, but it lacks that concentrated force which the best parody should possess. The same criticism applies to the perversion of Mr. Meredith in the same book, although a greater expenditure of brain has been brought to bear on it.

The Idler's Calendar. By G. L. Apperson. (Allen.)

MR. APPERSON'S little book is confessedly a collection of "turnovers" from the *Globe*, a form of writing in which many distinguished authors have won their way to ease of expression. But not many have reprinted their efforts. Mr. Apperson's essays are pleasant and neatly turned, touching upon such subjects as April, the Dancing Sun, Honeysuckle, Idleness, Autumn Haze, and Fireside Travels; and they show a pretty familiarity with the quieter authors. Somehow, however, a "turnover" is a better thing in the *Globe* than out of it. Mr. Apperson, in his next volume of essays, should, for a salutary change, try to say only those things that no one else would. The result would be less suitable "turnovers," but a better book.

THE stillness of old libraries, the warm tones of lecterns and stalls, the odour of leather bindings where books are few and good and old, make up the charm of Mr. John Willis Clark's work *The Care of Books* (Cambridge University Press, 42s.), which is nevertheless no impressionist or sentimental work, but a severe and scholarly essay on the development of libraries and their fittings from the earliest times to the end of the eighteenth century. We do not often meet with a book on which so much love and pains have manifestly been spent. Out of labour rather than design has come beauty, for alike in the development of its subject and its pictorial illustration this work is a treasure. Few people realise the pedigree of a set of bookshelves, still less do they imagine that this pedigree has interest and importance. Mr. Clark traces it historically and philosophically, and his endeavour to impart human interest to a great mass of facts is entirely successful.

If you want fine local colour without the embarrassment of a screech-advertised story in the foreground, just ask at your library for Mr. Paul Fountain's *The Great Deserts and Forests of North America* (Longmans, 9s. 6d. net). It is good to be told yet again of these vast regions — homes of silence and the wolf and the mocassin snake. The great swamps in the Southern States attracted Mr. Fountain, who deliberately chose to wander in the most desolate regions. Yet his book reminds us that man is vile. His description of Carson City twenty-five years ago is veiled, but it spells unnameable horrors. "And there were women here; oh, God! such women. No pen dare reveal the abominations . . . treated as excellent jokes to be rewarded by roars of laughter." A book of reality and America thoroughly worth reading.

Fiction.

The Novel of Autobiography.

Mousmé. By Clive Holland. (Pearson. 6s.)
For Love or Crown. By A. W. Marchmont. (Hutchinson. 6s.)
When the Land was Young. By Lafayette McLaws. (Constable. 6s.)
Our Lady of Deliverance. By John Oxenham. (Hutchinson. 6s.)
The Ambassador's Adventure. By Allen Upward. (Cassell. 6s.)
The Lover's Progress. Told by Himself. (Chatto. 6s.)
The Place of Dreams. By William Barry. (Sands. 6s.)
Romance of a Harem. Trans. by Clarence Forestier-Walker. (Greening. 6s.)

BEFORE the days of publishers' lists and mechanical romance, the writer's art was delightfully personal; it was ideal autobiography. To put himself into imaginary parts is for many a one the only way of living a life whose extinction he would regret.

The artist's autobiography is as often as not ex-personal in expression, though with personality in every line. The

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great artist has as many "I's" as the hydra had heads, and he can afford to stand outside any one of them and write of it "in the third person." Even so it will live, and he will feel it live. The smaller artist finds the outward form of autobiography less an accident than a necessity if he is to gain inspiration. That is the best apology that can be made for many a vigorous narrative in its grievous breaches of discipline. For there is a discipline even for the writer of autobiography. He is to be conceived, if a gentleman, as not, for instance, wearing the hearts of ladies on his sleeve. Yet in *For Love or Crown*, the baronet, who is both hero and historian, spares us scarcely a kiss or a nestle: "I felt that her love must have its course," he says. The hero and narrator of *Our Lady of Deliverance* is equally communicative. "I covered her face with kisses, until she pressed her rosy palms on my lips and broke away." The husband in *Mousmé* even affords a glimpse of the nuptial chamber, and puts on record his cook's surprise at finding the little Geisha "was a lady after all." There is no lack of English domestic sentiment in any of these three novels; they are, thank heaven! touchingly monogamous; Mr. Coventry Patmore could not angelicise woman more rosily than Messrs. Marchmont, Oxenham, and Holland. Their error lies in making the fond husbands of their dreams the showmen of their wives' love. Husbands with the incomes allotted to these by their benevolent creators have no excuse for publishing their bliss. Mr. Marchmont, who has erred before in this matter, amuses one as his imagination, like that of Mr. Anthony Hope, roves among the exalted ones of this poor planet, his heroine being the nominal heir of a German Duchy, though distressingly prosaic of conversation. Mr. Oxenham, who has found a novel in the Dreyfus case, with a Utopian variation on Devil's Island, is so obviously deficient in technique as to raise hope of an education (albeit one carried on in public). He errs apparently through ignorance, and atones by the charm of a pretty Denise. Mr. Holland infuses so much grace and tenderness into his creation, the Japanese wife who in these sequent pages visits England and becomes a mother, that one hesitates to debit his talent with imperfect manners, but rather with a forgetfulness of one of those little devices which excuse a candour that is only proper when a man writes of himself or with the remoteness of the historian.

Of the sins of invented autobiography the sin of an excessive copiousness of information is one of the most common. Mr. Marchmont's self-conscious baronet quotes verbatim the dreadfully noble letter he wrote, to be delivered to his Celia if his rival killed him. Mr. McLaws, writing in the person of a Carolina captain in James the Second's days, is as explicit as Robinson Crusoe, although gaudier in his "sensations." We have one of those miraculous girls who masquerade in man's attire; she is a Crockettress, for all she comes from America and has fenced with the boldest duke that ever disguised as a buccaneer. Indian torture, Spanish torture, the city of the Chocktaws, Morgan the pirate, and, as a wind-up, the Grand Monarque, compose a *ragoût* as stirring as was ever made by mortal cook. Defoe and pepper, that is the method; but autobiography should relieve us of the tedium of what everybody said (except their profanities). As it is, the autobiographical captain has a marvellous memory. The boys who read him will be direly happy; the stay-at-home of forty may be slightly bored.

The captain's prodigal memory is matched by the lover's and that of Mr. Upward's ambassador. The ambassador talks over three hundred crown octavo pages at one recital. He has assisted at the rescue of a little King of Navarre from Anarchists, and there are reasons why he should hold his tongue about it. The ingenuity of the tale is indisputable, but it as indisputably exposes by unconscious parody the inherent absurdity of the Hope-Dumas romance, where the antics of Renaissance heroism are to be observed in frockcoated gentlemen of the nineteenth or twentieth century. Defoe is nearer to Mr. McLaws's extravagance than to such growths.

Why? Because there is a residue of the real in Mr. McLaws. "I tugged at my arms until the sharp fetters cut deep into my flesh and I could feel the blood trickle down my hand . . . until I longed to be a dog, that I might lap my own blood." Thirst is finely imagined there; one must remember the man who was thirsty for his own blood. At the same time one demands of autobiography many touches not less vivid and even more intimate, though less violent, than this. And that is where fictional autobiography is woefully deficient. A Veronica Verdant (*vide* a recent novel) may head a chapter, "I am Kissed," and advertise a cosmetic in a footnote, but abruptness of self-exposure may fail of value through the insignificance of the exposed. It is possible, indeed, to expose even virtue in such a way as to deface it. Miss Esther Summerson's humility, for instance, has ever, through the intolerable stress on it, seemed neighbourly to Uriah Heep's. Thus is an ineptitude of Dickens punished by his genius. His Copperfield, however, offers Romance an enduring type of excellence in gentle autobiography. Here's a man never too heroic to write of himself with propriety. Neither is the lover in *The Lover's Progress*. He has a large nose; he is jilted; he squanders his substance. Of all the books before us it has most air of being a true book. The writer knows his France—France of the Terrible Year and later—and his sketch of a Parisian Theatre of Varieties is quite brilliant. The lover surrounds each of his three passions with a nimbus; yet is there a sobriety in his writing that bears witness to the crowding world of work and interests which forces even grief to acknowledge its impermanence.

The accident of this article brings into prominence Father Barry's "De Profundus Clamavi," the first of four characteristic stories which make up a volume of reprints. It is a rather good example of a story failing, through thrift of information, from producing the effect at which it aims. The priest who relates it has made the acquaintance of a modern sorcerer, who obtains manifestations from the world behind the veil. But where the sorcerer would fain see a forgiving face he sees only an old fault—his own—and its horrid sequel re-enacted before his eyes. There is suggested a more intellectual view of this marvel than commonly redeems its threadbare relatives of fiction and legend; but Father Barry has not artistically justified himself in it. His mist of glamour is but gradually unfurled; in the space of this story it has no time to encompass us.

If the assertion of the "I" in Father Barry's short story is met with by a perfunctory smile of incredulity, the smile broadens perceptibly in reading *Romance of a Harem*, which professes, with touching vehemence, to be true. We skimmed the original some years ago in an Algiers yellow-back called *Mémoires d'une Circassienne*, since when it has found the more pompous title of *Dans l'Ombre du Harem*. The narrator was frankly in love with Prince Halim, and avers that she was cognisant of the plot to dethrone Abdul Aziz, and witnessed his death, which occurred after a murderous violence had been done on him. She is in respect of her position such an indefinite mixture of a Nobody and a Somebody that she would seem, were she a little less French and vulgar, a sort of Spirit of the Harem. She views in the harem the ideal existence for woman. Among Moslems she discerns true honour and the riches of Aladdin. Yet it makes her suddenly sad to sit on a sack of pearls, and one likes her all the better for it. One feels that she has been "written up" (or down), but that a substratum remains which is herself and her experiences, and worth encountering.

And so good bye to the novel of autobiography, but not without a final word of comment. First, most novels in "I" should be re-written in "He" or "She." Secondly

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we may remind our novelists that such old servants as served the Master of Ballantrae are still not to be despised as narrators, though they may forget a few caresses. Thirdly, that it is not a bad thing for the hero-autobiographer to impress us with the belief that his ostensible business is the celebration of a hero he deems better than himself. We learn effectively enough that William Brower rose to the top, but he called his book *Eben Holden*.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

THE MAKING OF A MARCHIONESS. BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

A pleasant, sympathetic story of modern life. The scene is laid in an English country house, where a marquis is the centre of matrimonial interest on the part of both the English and Americans present. Among the guests was Emily Fox-Seton, poor, beautiful, and "nice," and—but we will not disclose the plot. Emily "was such a simple, normal-minded creature that it took but little to brighten the aspect of life for her, and to cause her to break into her good-natured, child-like smile." (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE USURPER. BY W. J. LOCKE.

A straightforward, well-told story, with the love and disillusionment of a poet as one of the lesser threads of interest. The Usurper is a man who, amassing fabulous wealth, uses it for the benefit of others. But the property that formed the foundation of his fortune was feloniously acquired, and the time comes when he makes public confession of his crime—and wins something. Mr. Locke has the gift of handling melodramatic situations delicately. (Lane. 6s.)

FANCY FREE. BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

A medley of verses, sketches, stories, and satires, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, Mr. Sime, and others. The volume is in Mr. Phillpotts's humorous manner. He has even parodied Poe's "Bells," calling it, of course, "The Bills":

> Hear the postman with the bills—little bills!
> What a secret misery the sight of them instils!

(Methuen. 6s.)

THE BALLET DANCER. BY MATILDE SERAO.

Two stories. The second is called "On Guard." An "at home" portrait of the distinguished authoress—very determined, very busy—forms the frontispiece to the volume. Carmela "possessed three pairs of tights, and had not bought a new pair for a long time; the oldest pair was so worn and discoloured that by the light of the footlights it looked quite white, and she could no longer wear it. She still kept it, however, for economical reasons." (Heinemann. 6s.)

DUMB. BY THE HON. MRS. WALTER FORBES.

A novel of modern Scottish life, with a strong and interesting story running through it. The Prologue tells of Castle Craig, of Sir Douglas, and his wife, who died, leaving a son. Towards the end of the story there is fighting. "I—I am afraid it is bad news," he said slowly; "still, you know I don't much believe in these telegrams; and I have wired up to a friend of mine at the War Office." (Chatto. 6s.)

THE FAILURE OF SUCCESS. BY LADY MABEL HOWARD.

A modern story, dealing mainly with Rhoda Webster and her love affairs. Her father had "amassed a large fortune, and had left it all, absolutely and unconditionally, to his daughter on her reaching the age of nineteen." The motto on the title-page is from an old Persian prayer—"O God, be merciful to the wicked; to the good Thou hast already been merciful in making them good." (Longmans. 6s.)

MEN *v.* DEVILS. BY T. KINGSTON CLARKE.

A City novel, not the City of Wood-street and Cheapside warehouses, but the City of company promoters, and "startling realistic revelations of Stock Exchange practice." Woolfe Finklestein, the millionaire, was "a man of the typical Hebrew type—frail, lank, and bony," whose career had begun in the Seven Dials, where he lent money. Here are a few of the chapter headings: "A Little Deal in Milwaukees," "Hamer's Shocking Attempt to Blackmail," "Shylock Claims His Bond," "Finklesteins are Ruined." (Sands. 6s.)

A BANKER'S LOVE STORY. BY ARCHIBALD MCILROY.

It was on a snowy January morning that Marcus Gray entered the service of the Spindleton Union Bank. That is the keynote. The story deals with the vicissitudes of a bank official's life in City head offices and country branches. Woman comes into the story after office hours, which, as observation of life, is correct. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

RICHARD HALPIN. BY MORGAN ROBERTSON.

"A Romance of the New Navy." Book I. is of school life; Richard, being accused of an offence of which he is innocent, goes to sea. His adventures follow. Book IV. is founded upon actual events. "It is night on the Santiago blockade—a hot July night. . . . There are three lines to this blockade: an outside semi-circle of the heavy ships—turreted fighters, with range of gun-fire greater than the radius . . ." (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

TATTY. BY PETER FRASER.

The sub-title is "a study of a young girl." Her name was Tatty, and she was born in Owen's Buildings, near the Angel. In a preface the author writes "a few words" (it is really eight pages) about "the two main psychological problems which are raised by the following story." Of Tatty herself he says: "Her spiritual Ego was united to one man and her material Ego to another." "Hence," says Mr. Peter Fraser, "there were tears." (Treherne. 6s.)

SWEETHEART MANETTE. BY M. THOMPSON.

A mild, American novel, by the author of *Alice of Old Vincennes*. One of the characters is a novelist. *The Sweet Sister* was a great success—"chiefly, perhaps, on account of some law-suits it stirred up between certain citizens of Bay St. Louis and its publishers." (Macqueen. 6s.)

IN SEARCH OF MADEMOISELLE. BY G. GIBBS.

Historical adventure. Period: the Huguenot colonisation of Florida. The hero is an Englishman who twice rescues "Mademoiselle" from the hands of the Spaniards. Mr. Gibbs takes the writing of historical romance seriously. In a "Note" he says: "I have carefully read the original or authorised editions of the writings of Hakluyt, René de Landonnière, and a number of others." But has Mr. Gibbs breathed the breath of life into his characters? That is the question. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

We have also received *Farden Ha'*, by Joanna E. Wood (Hurst & Blackett); *The Canker Worm*, by G. M. Fenn (Chatto, 6s.); *Great Lowlands*, by Annie E. Holdsworth (Hodder, 6s.); *A Younger Son*, by V. Fetherstonhaugh (Downey, 6s.); *The Woman of Orchids*, by Marvin Dana (Treherne, 6s.); *A Parfit Gentil Knight*, by Charlton Andrews (Chicago: McClurg, 6s.)

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THE ACADEMY.

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What's "What's What"?

Two ambitions mark the literary age: the ambition of editing and the ambition of self-expression. The one gives us texts and books of reference, the other gives us poems, essays, and a large class of novels. The two activities are poles asunder, and usually employ very different minds. It has been reserved for Mr. Harry Quilter to try to join them in one work. His *What's What*, which now oppresses our hands by its weight and our mind by its scope, is as much a budget of his opinions as a collection of facts. Explore where you will the Alphabetical What, you shall find yourself ambushed by the Quilterian Ego. The very title is tremendous when you find that it connotes all whats, and not merely the knowing little whats contemplated in the verbal phrase ot everyday use. Obviously it follows the analogy of *Who's Who*; but that title connotes only persons, and only persons in whom the public is interested. We now expect to see on our table a *Where's Where*, which would be no bad title for a gazetteer, and a *When's When*, which will surely be the title of the next dictionary of dates. Even a *Why's Why*, dealing with the hither side of scientific questions may conceivably arrive. But "What's What"! Here, indeed, is ambition, for, as we have said, the title must be interpreted in the Quilterian sense, and in the Quilterian sense it has no bounds. Ammonia is a what, Pickles are a what, the Greek and Latin literatures are whats, and Mr. Hardy, Mr. Meredith, Omar Khayyam, and Robert Browning and London and Mexico and Oriental Music and Bachelorhood or Marriage? are whats. On the other hand the Quilterian scope has its puzzles. In a book so entitled we expect to find information on such obvious subjects as Vaccination, Hooliganism, Shakespeare, Röntgen Rays, and Submarines, none of which seem to be treated. If there is a subject on which the users of *What's What* are entitled to information it is surely on our friends the enemy—the Boers. But under Boers we are referred to "War in South Africa," and when we turn to the W section we find that promise unfulfilled. The most insistent fact of the time is crowded out, and we can only suppose (not without sympathy) that the inclusion of Writer's Cramp may be taken as a silent explanation of the omission. For, if anyone has a claim to suffer from writer's cramp it must be Mr. Quilter to-day. He has produced these 1,228 double-column pages since he began work at Mullion Cove, Cornwall, on Sunday, the 2nd of October, 1900, though the actual writing began five days later in Bryanston-square. For Mr. Quilter is nothing if not autobiographical, and lest we, or posterity, should imperfectly grasp the genesis of this amazing volume he provides us with a water-colour sketch of Mullion Cove, by his own hand, beneath which is the momentous inscription "Where I Started *What's What*." To-day only the surf whitens and roars round these rocks, only the kittiwakes . . . but we will restrain ourselves. The first edition of *What's What* has consumed six-and-twenty tons of paper, and contains, according to our reckoning, very nearly 900,000 words, of which Mr. Quilter himself pleads guilty to 350,000. All the matter and illustrations are new with the exception of a drawing of the Palazzo Dandolo, "an early design by myself, which appeared in the long out-of-print *édition de luxe* of *Preferences*, 1892." These are the main historical facts about *What's What*. Goodness! No. We had nearly overlooked the statement that "the final batch of copy was sent to press on Thursday, October 10, at 6 p.m." And to think that we—we ourselves—were at that very hour sending to press the last batch of an issue of the ACADEMY. Was it a fine night, or a wet one? What was the price of soles? One short month ago, and all is a blank!

What's *What's What*? The burden of answering our own question is still upon us. On his title-page, and facing his signed portrait, Mr. Quilter prints these lines by Browning:

> Mankind i' the main have little wants, not large:
> I, being of will and power to help, i' the main,
> Mankind, must help the least wants first.
>
> Only continue patient while I throw,
> Delver-like, spadeful after spadeful up,
> Just as truths come, . . .
> What one spread fails to bring, another may.
> In goes the shovel and out comes scoop—as here!

As here. And so we are supplied with information and comment on Accident Insurance, the Privileges and Responsibilities of the Adult, the Actor as Gentleman, Agnostics, Agony, The "Sweet Reasonableness" of the American Civil Service, Aniline Dyes, Anthony Hope, the Apocrypha, the Aquarium at Westminster, and Article Writing. We are only brushing the skirts of these rolling veldts of information, and already we pant. Let us say at once that much real information and entertainment await the reader—or shall we say the skimmer?—of these pages. But he will be wise to take things as he finds them—information, opinion, facts, and fancies. The book is a vast medley, and not the least part of its charm is that in it, as in life, the unexpected is always happening. The facts are often incomplete, and the opinions are often such as you will scout; but sometimes the facts and opinions are both sound and interesting. Mr. Quilter can write of Dean Farrar: "It is nearly half a century since he wrote his first, and, probably, his best, book, *Eric; or, Little by Little*, a tragic story of boyhood," and omit all mention of his Lives of Christ and St. Paul, his *Eternal Hope*, or, indeed, a single one of his Scriptural and theological writings. The literary judgments of all kinds sprinkled through the volume are, no douht, by different hands, and they vary considerably in merit. Mr. Quilter draws heavily on his experience as an editor and an art critic. Under the heading Editor he indulges in the following not very amusing statement of what he considers is the moral code of editors:

> All articles are too long, and most should not be written.
> News, rather than opinion.
> Avoid a series.
> Suspect criticism, and leave it out if possible.
> Don't let your contributors be personal; that's an Editorial privilege.
> An Editor does not argue, he asserts.
> All contributions should be cut occasionally—keeps the staff in order.
> An Editor should be grumpy—that's business.
> Editors are invisible—except by appointment, and sometimes then!
> Editors have enemies, but no friends. The former are persons of the lowest character; the latter, if they existed, would be the angelic host.
> No contribution is better than the paper deserves.
> A contributor should always be thanked (even if he be dismissed), but never praised.
> Everyone is to work all day and every day if required—he does it himself!
> An Editor's judgment is infallible. His pen, however, sometimes "slips."

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Never apologise—except to insult.

Mistakes are inevitable, mis-statements excusable, compensation inconceivable.

Full acquaintance with the law of libel is necessary.

Never see Clergymen, Inventors, or Educators.

Never take a favour.

Be liberal with your best men, and mean with your worst.

Bully your staff—but *discreetly*.

Have at least one, if possible two "close" days in every week.

Read the provincial papers.

Always notice, but never mention a rival periodical.

Praise actors, picture-dealers, dress-makers, politicians of your own party, sailors, sportsmen, popular novelists, and music-hall singers. "Take it out of" men of science, religion, literature, and art; these last only make good copy when they do wrong.

Have a waste-paper basket like a bucket, a constitution like a horse, a revolving arm-chair, and a heart like the nether millstone.

Glancing through the C's—Clacton-on-Sea, Clairvoyance, Condy's Fluid, Consols, Contents of a Christmas Number—we find an article on the Contributor, in which "cutting" by editors is gently explained as a necessary evil: "The present writer speaks feelingly on this point from personal experience; Lords, Divines, Professors of History and Science, Story-tellers and Essayists of every sort, having at one time or another scolded, abused, and upraided him for this Procrustean offence, this scandalous mutilation."

Autobiographical allusion of this kind wells up everywhere. Not very long ago we attempted to give an account of the genesis and growth of the Omar Khayyam cult, but we confess that our summary took no notice of some facts set forth in Mr. Quilter's encyclopædic apologia. Thus: "We yield to none in our admiration of FitzGerald's poem, for in reality it is FitzGerald's more than Omar's. And, indeed, many years before the founding of the Omar Khayyam Club we printed, quite unlawfully, the plain, unannotated text of the poem bound in brown cardboard, and printed on sugar-loaf paper, in big Old English type—all that there was of the most æsthetic. Possibly the club grew through this very edition. For we remember, with a certain amount of amusement, that several copies thereof were applied for by a gentleman, who shall be nameless, afterwards very prominent in the cult of Omar. Possibly it was in accordance with the principles of the old Persian Bohemian that no payment of base coin accompanied this transaction."

Literary and artistic subjects have much space alloted to them, and we leave readers to accept or dispute the free criticisms passed on living novelists, merely remarking that Mr. Quilter is evidently out of sympathy with what may be called the novel of thought as distinct from the novel of story-telling. We are to believe that Mr. Meredith is "rather a cold-blooded person" who "has not any flesh-and-blood narrative that he wants to tells us, but in front of him a set of puppets into whom, one by one, he breathes the breath of showman life," and that his novels will remain as marvellous specimens of epigrammatic observation in the England of the nineteenth century, but they have not, in our opinion, any chance of life for their drama or their narrative."

We demur strongly, too, to the advice offered to Mr. Gissing, who is here told—as he is persistently and absurdly told elsewhere—to put more sunshine into his novels. If there is one novelist among us who has chosen his path, and kept it, it is Mr. Gissing, and his choice of "depressing" themes is not, as some critics imagine, a freak or a habit from which he can be weaned without injury to his executive ability. Mr. Gissing draws life where and as he has seen it, and will draw it in no other way; while hundreds of novelists are ready to visit casually any field, or produce any emotional climate which the critic or the market may demand.

With all its vagaries and vanities, *What's What* contains hundreds of good articles. It is evident, however, that two circumstances have controlled inclusions and exclusions in *What's What* more than they ought to have done: first, Mr. Quilter's personal interests, which, nevertheless, give the egotistic spice to the pudding; and, secondly, miscalculation of the number of subjects to be allotted to each letter. The half-way point in the book brings us only to the middle of F. The foreseen result occurs. Whereas 160 pages are given to B, only 5 are spared for W, and whereas C obtains 161 pages, T is fobbed off with 14. These differences cannot be accounted for in any other way. For reasons which it is perhaps not difficult to guess, Mr. Quilter has rushed his work through at top speed, and it is clear that the five days of preparation at Mullion Cove had better have been extended to fifty. As it is, Mr. Quilter has produced a Preference, not a Reference, Book.

Things Seen.

The Bookseller.

The windows of the bookshop, stacked high with attractive volumes, arrested me. Slowly I moved past them till I reached the open door. It was an invitation to enter. I strolled round the counters, dipping into a volume here and there, quite enjoying myself, and reflecting how many books there are in the world one does not want to read. Presently a voice at my elbow asked if there was anything I required, and, as the salesman spoke, the scene between Spinoza and the Amsterdam bookseller, narrated by Mr. Zangwill, which I had lately been reading, came into my mind. You remember! Spinoza's favourite book-shop was in the Spuistraat, where among "the old folios and the new Latin publications and the beautiful productions of the Elzevirs of Amsterdam" he found safety and delectation:

> "A good book thou has there," said the bookseller. "By Musæus, the Jena Professor. The *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus ad Veritatis Lancem Examinatus*—weighed in Truth's balance, indeed. A title that draws. They say 'tis the best of all the refutations of the pernicious and poisonous Tractate."
>
> "Of which I see sundry copies here, maskel in false titles."
>
> "'Sh! Forbidden fruit is always in demand. But so long as I supply the antidote too——"
>
> "Needs fruit an antidote?"

Well, I am not Spinoza, and this assistant at my elbow was not the learned Amsterdam bookseller. But, as he desired to know what "I required," I considered, and said: "Have you Renan's *St. Paul*?" "We don't stock it, sir," he answered. I suggested that he might be able to procure it for me. "Certainly." With that he produced a pencil and a piece of paper, and began to write. I suggested that Renan was not spelt with a V. He made the alteration, and then, doubtless, feeling that his reputation for universal knowledge had not come untarnished from the ordeal, he said with a pleasant confidence: "Paul! let me see; he was a great traveller, was he not, sir?" "He travelled a great deal," I answered courteously, "but he is better known as the apostle."

The Schoolmistress.

That part of the Irish coast has always attracted me. And though to-day the clinging mist hid everything twenty yards away, I lounged on the rail of the lighthouse and smoked a pipe with great satisfaction. Below me a tiny coaster swung lazily at her moorings, the skipper, in a pair of carpet slippers, reading his newspaper by the galley; while to seaward I could hear the boom of fog-signals on the Copelands and an infernal din of bells, sirens, and tin

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pots as benighted vessels edged their way in fear and trembling along that rock-sown coast.

As I smoked and watched, a darker patch gradually disengaged itself from the grey in front, and I made out the sails of a lugger running for the harbour. Wind and tide were both against her, and as she beat up for the entrance, one caught only a glimpse of her masthead above the leaping waves. Already a little knot of fishermen were gathered at the landing-place to watch her approach. "She'll be from the Island," said one, staring under his hand, and then, as she came nearer: "Aye, it's Kelly's boat; I know her by the patched lug."

We could see her plainly now as she ran into smooth water under the wall; her bows were littered with sacks of potatoes; a man in a white beard stood by the mast, with a boat-hook in his hand. "Faith," said a voice behind me, "if that isn't the new schoolmistress aboard! She's fair mad for the sea, they say": and as the sail dropped I caught a glimpse of scarlet amongst the shining oilskins of the crowd in the stern. The next minute the boat bumped against the steps, and the schoolmistress sprang lightly ashore.

Through the fog the hooting of sirens sounded louder than ever.

Paris Letter.

(*From our French Correspondent.*)

THE re-publication of the late J. J. Weiss's *Lectures on Molière*, given at the Athénce in 1866, forms an interesting volume. Weiss was an important figure among the brilliant journalists of his day. Are we all getting dreadfully old, or is the world going to the dogs, or what has happened that journalism and literature seem so much more brilliant fifty years ago than to-day? In France I find the same striking dearth of genius as in England. It has been said that the severe censure of the Press under the Second Empire produced such finished journalists as Weiss, Prévost Paradol, Scherer, &c., when it was necessary to acquire the art of suggesting much and saying little. Certainly when you turn back to the old dramatic *feuilleton* of Weiss, and compare it with the dramatic *feuilleton* of Sarcy or M. Faquet—dullest of mediocre writers—or even with the polished and popular M. Larroumet, we have to admit that they did some things fifty years ago better than to-day. Weiss's style in these lectures is fluent and limpid, a notable sample of clear, elegant, and excellent French prose. Elsewhere he is often full of charming humour. But let me here insert an amusing personal anecdote of the illustrious journalist in which humour was lamentably absent. About twelve years ago, when I came to settle in Paris, I had a letter of introduction to M. Weiss. He was then old, half paralysed, and librarian in the Palace of Fontainebleau. Here he had delightful rooms overlooking the famous Cour d'Adieu, and he invited me to lunch. I spent a pleasant morning and day with him about the grounds and galleries of Fontainebleau talking of vanished literary features of Paris, I questioning him about the different great men he had known. Towards evening, as we leisurely strolled to the station, the talk turned on Daudet. I praised the writer with my guide's approbation. But when it came to the writer's physique, and I referred to his picturesque and beautiful head of Provençal poet, Weiss grew sombre, morose, and fidgetty. He did not like it, clearly. At last his endurance gave way, and to my stupefaction he faced me in a kind of dry protestation: "But do you know I, too, when I was young, was most beautiful. I also had a poet's head, but a Flemish poet's. I had golden locks and clear fresh cheeks, beautiful beaming blue eyes, and a blond, vaporous moustache." I stared, for an uglier old man I had never seen. However, my obvious duty to my host was to be perfidious and polite, so I said gravely: "It is very evident." He believed me, adjusted his coat-collar with what fatuity a stiff and trembling arm permitted, and exclaimed: "Oh, I am old now, but I was once the handsome J. J. Weiss." Shortly afterwards I had occasion to speak to one who knew him intimately in youth, and was told that Weiss was always incomparably ugly, dirty, and untidy. So strangely may a man of intellect cherish illusions about himself.

Le Mirage, by Mme. Jean Bertheroy, is not a particularly brilliant study of modern Parisian life for the author of what was really a remarkably brilliant evocation of Pompeiian life in the *Danseuse de Pompeii*, that appeared in the *Revue de Paris* some years ago—a capricious and delightful *tour de force* which raised expectations Mme. Bertheroy has not since fulfilled. I wonder why it is that when modern French writers wish to portray (or, perhaps, unconsciously portray) a perfect cad, they invariably choose a nobleman. There is nothing to prevent a *roué* from being a gentleman, but these titled gallants of modern French fiction are very dreadful indeed. When the enriched burgess in *Le Mirage* entertains the nobility, we know perfectly well that the sparkling young viscount will conduct himself on the second page so as to deserve a kicking. The engineer, whom the heroine eventually marries and by whom she is afterwards nobly rescued from the evil designs of the titled cad, is a model of all the virtues. The characterisation is not distinguished, and I hardly know whether to be more amazed at the quickness and coarse quality of the heroine's temptation, or the rapidity of her triumph. It is doubtful if a woman, happily married, could fall so readily because a viscount, in the *beau sabreur* fashion, brutally embraces her, and, having done so, could find moral buoyancy enough to rise so quickly above error.

Much more interesting and fresh is George Beaume's study of Provençal provincials lost in Paris. *Les Robinsons de Paris* is a mordant satire on provincial ambition. Small proprietors who count themselves big people in Provence suffer endless humiliations in their efforts to pass as somebodies in Paris. They lead with lugubrious unsuccess a little Provençal colony in Paris, and of course we have the troubadour, the idler, the guitar-twanger with conquering moustache, the eternal exploiter of and sponger on woman. A Frenchman in a modern comedy, complaining bitterly of the effusiveness of his wife, cries: "Good heavens, one would think I was a tzigan." And Abel, the violinist, being something of a tzigan, is loved to distraction by the little wood engraver and designer, Estelle, a pathetic figure with much Southern charm and grace. Her unhappy marriage, with the bitter deceptions of undying animal love which tragically survives esteem and affection, constitutes the tragedy of the colony. But the whole group is wonderfully well cast and characterised. What a pack of humbugs and failures; and all the men, except Hugues, the young and ardent lover of a brave and radiant little Provençale, happily named Claire, unmitigated brutes. Verily, it is not a study to send a woman to Provence in search of a husband, and it is not often in a French book that one finds so many husbands roughly informing their wives that they are their masters. It is surprising how much colour and variety in sin and suffering the author has gathered into one little corner of Paris: pride overthrown, free love happily mated and virtuous, married wretchedness, adultery—all depicted with art and restraint and not a hint of coarseness—the charlatan senator, the deceptive hope of the colony of his compatriots, the bogus society of the *Pomme d'Amour*, lying, avarice, rascality of every kind, and the central note of it the animal, instinctive clinging of man to unworthy woman and woman to unworthy man.

H. L.

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Kate Greenaway.

THE little paragraph in the papers a week ago stating simply that Kate Greenaway was dead must have come as a shock to thousands of people. One had never thought of death in connection with this delicate and joyous artist. Her name had called up for so long only pleasant, sunny associations: memories of green meadows with grave little girls and boys a-maying; quiet, restful rooms with tiny fireplaces, daffodils in blue vases on the high mantelpieces, and grave little girls and boys a-playing; and trim village streets, where everything was well-kept and well-swept, and all the roofs were red and all the garden gates and fences green, and more grave little girls carried dolls, and more grave little boys rolled hoops, and very young mothers with high waists gossiped together over their grave little babies' infinitesimal heads. Some such scenes as these have for twenty years been rising before one whenever Kate Greenaway's name was heard, bringing with them a gentle breath of ancient repose and simplicity and a faint scent of potpourri. And now the hand that devised this innocent communism of quaintness and felicity, this juvenile Arcadia, is still for ever!

For some years Miss Greenaway has not been the power that once she was. Her greatest triumphs were in the early eighties, when she illustrated Jane and Ann Taylor's *Original Poems*, and wrote and illustrated verses of her own writing, and put forth every Christmas a little almanack, with scenes fitting to every month, and delicate and dainty borders of the old-world flowers she loved best. It might almost be said that she invented the daffodil. That was the time when flowers were being newly discovered, and while the æsthetes were worshipping the sunflower and the lily Miss Greenaway was bidding the cheeriest little daisies spring from the grass and the chubbiest little roses burst from the bushes, and teaching thousands of uninitiated eyes how beautiful the daffodil is. Wordsworth had done so before, it is true; but between Wordsworth and Kate Greenaway how wide a gulf of stuffy taste was fixed—the forties, the fifties, the sixties, and the seventies! Kate Greenaway came like a fresh southern breeze after a fog. The æsthetes were useful, but they were artificial; they never attained to her open-air radiances. In the words of a critic whom I was reading somewhere the other evening, Kate Greenaway newly dressed the children of England; and the effects of her influence will probably never be lost. And to a great extent she re-furnished England too. There is not an intelligent upholsterer or furniture dealer in the country at this moment whose warehouses do not bear witness to Miss Greenaway's unobtrusive, yet effectual, teaching. She was the arch-priestess of Happy Simplicity.

As an illustrator of dramatic stories, such as the domestic tragedies set forth of the Sisters Taylor, or Mr. Bret Harte's *Queen of Pirate Isle*, or *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, Miss Greenaway was not quite successful. Her genius bent rather to repose than action; or, at least, to any action more complex than skipping or dancing, picking flowers, crying, or taking tea. (No one in the whole history of art has drawn more attractive tea-tables.) Drama was beyond her capacity, and her want of sympathy with anything unhappy or forceful also unfitted her. Her pictures prove her the soul of gentleness. Had she set out to draw a tiger it would have purred like the friendliest tabby; nothing could induce her pencil to abandon its natural bent for soft contours and grave kindlinesses. Hence her crones were merely good-natured young women doing their best—and doing it very badly—to look old; her witches were benevolent grandmothers. To illustrate was not her *métier*. But to create—that she did to perfection. She literally made a new world where sorrow never entered—nothing but the momentary sadness of a little child—where the sun always shone, where ugliness had no place, and life was always young. No poet has done more than this. It seems to me that among the sweet influences of the nineteenth century Kate Greenaway stands very high. The debt we owe to her is beyond payment; but I hope that some memorial will be considered. Randolph Caldecott has a memorial in the crypt of St. Paul's; Lewis Carroll in the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital; Kate Greenaway must have one too.

E. V. LUCAS.

Memory: an Art or an Instinct?

SINCE the middle of last century, when civilisation began to become complex and the burden of things to remember rather too heavy to bear, well-meaning thinkers have been devising systems of mnemonics. They have been endeavouring, that is to say, to give memory artificial aids. A few of these systems we studied at the times of their publication, and had forgotten them; but, behold! here are they all again, blent, with additions, into a synthesis by Mr. Eustace H. Miles. It would be impossible to overpraise the ingenuity and the industry with which Mr. Miles has compiled his work, *How to Remember* (Warne); but that is the most we can say in its favour. Let us give a sample of what we are invited to "cram" from nearly every one of his 265 pages:

> **XVIII. Now look at the list again (below), and let us suppose that you want to remember those five Headings about "the Romans themselves"—viz., the Senate, Unity, Character, Organisation, Father's power in the Family. How is this to be done?**
>
> **The *Loisette or Link-System* will be applied first of all. We want to link these together into a single firm chain. I will give one way here, leaving the explanations for Section XXIII.**
>
> ***Senate*—sanity—*Unity*:**
> ***Unity*—one man—many parts—actor*—*Character*:**
> ***Character*—to carry—a barrel-organ—*Organisation*:**
> ***Organisation*—far-reaching organisation—*Father's power*:**
> ***Father's power*.**
>
> **Read this through slowly and on the principles laid down in Section XV., realising each main Heading as you come to it. Then take it backwards. Then try it by yourself, and strengthen the weak Links (*e.g.*, a barrel-organ and to carry) by practice.**

We imagine that anyone who could assimilate and remember a book written in this strain can have no need for aids to memory. Already he must be gifted with a power of recalling all the details of his past equal to that with which the elephant is supposed to be endowed.

We have not, however, set out to criticise Mr. Miles's book. That were a task quite beyond us. What we rather seek to do is to look into an entertaining question which the book suggests. Constantly we hear of some person that he has a bad memory, and often we hear of some other that his memory is wonderful. Usually this is a superficial view. If we enquire into any particular case, we shall almost certainly find that the person to whom one attributes a bad memory is a person whose interests are not one's own. For example, if one is concerned about the literature and the history of political economy, one would not reap much benefit from a conversation on the subject with a Scotch farmer, although, in all probability, the farmer had the doctrines of Adam Smith driven into him at school and college. Contrariwise, oneself would be at a disadvantage in relation to the farmer if the conversation turned upon the exact dates of the hard winters during the last forty years. In short, all persons, excepting such as have softening of the brain or other malady of the mind, remember about the subjects in which they are interested, and forget about the subjects in which they are not; and the person with the

* Cp. Shakespeare, "*And one man in his time plays many parts.*"

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"wonderful memory" is simply the person, like Mr. Gladstone, whose interests are many.

Still, that does not by any means probe to the bottom of the subject with which Mr. Miles deals so earnestly. What is memory? Is it a reawakened vibration in the mind-stuff which was originally caused by the impact of an experience? It is; but how is the vibration recalled? There is one category of answers from which many interesting cases could be given. We will indicate a few of the simplest kind. If one has travelled in the East, scenes of the Orient will be instantly recalled when one saunters through the tropical garden in a London park. If one sails through Loch Lomond, and notices the mist on the mountains and the ripple on the water, all the incidents of some grand day's sport on some other Scotch lake, incidents apparently lost, will flash vividly across the mind. Some peculiar perfume in a ball-room, however unconcernedly one may enter, will instantly fan into flame the unregarded embers of a romance seemingly long dead and buried. There are instances of what may be called memory by association. What are we to make of memories of the other kind? How are we to account for the fact that there is many a person who, having heard a complicated piece of music for the first time, can go home and reproduce it all, quite accurately, on a pianoforte? This seems direct memory, as distinct from memory by association of perceptions; but it is not really so. What seems a miracle is the outcome of the player's intimate knowledge of the laws of music. The first few bars give him the theme; and the theme works itself out just as a theorem in geometry would work itself out in the brain of a man skilled in the methods of Euclid. A similar explanation applies to "literary memory." The man who can repeat a new poem after reading or hearing it once is able to do so because, having a keen critical interest in poetry, he knows the inevitable words and the inevitable sequence of the thoughts and phrases. We ourselves are acquainted with a journalist who, having gone to hear a speech by Mr. Chamberlain in order to write a leading article, to his great astonishment found, on sitting down at his desk, that he did not require the reporter's flimsy from which to verify his quotations. He had the speech by rote from beginning to end. It was the first time the journalist had listened to Mr. Chamberlain, in whose ideas and phraselogy he was intensely interested. Lest this should seem incredible, we remind the reader that Mr. Perry reported the debates in Parliament before shorthand was devised.

Shorthand? That is another artificial aid to accuracy of repetition upon which one can look with only a modified approval. We do not deny that it is useful. It enables men of modest intellect to do necessary work which otherwise would fall upon men of great intellect. It makes for economy in what may be called the mental capacity of the nation, and therefore for progress. Still, we cannot but suspect that shorthand must arrest the cerebral development of those who use it. It must leave the memory unexercised, and therefore frail. We fear that Mr. Miles's well-meant work, written "lest we forget," must fall under the ban of the same reasoning. Saith Francis Bacon: "It is a ridiculous thing, and fit for a satire to persons of judgment, to see what shifts these formalists have, and what prospectives to make superficies to seem body that hath depth and bulk." Memory is an instinct, a faculty, not an art; and, instead of being strengthed, it will be seriously demoralised by any attempt to assist it by artificial means.

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Correspondence.

The French Nuns.

SIR,—One of your reviewers in last week's ACADEMY states, in connection with a novelist's incorrect use of the word "réligeuse," that the nuns have been turned out of France. This is a gross misstatement of facts. The nuns have *not* been turned out of France. If here and there some orders of women choose to play the martyr for the gallery, the French Government has nothing to do with it. On the contrary, from the very beginning the Law of Associations pronounced the immunity of all the women's orders. In this I regard the Republic to have acted with a chivalrous denseness, for the French convents bring up their pupils as actively hostile to the Republic as the Jesuits, if not, indeed, more so. These girls are the future French mothers, with far more influence over their sons than the Jesuit-bred fathers. The Government would have been wise in its own interests to have attacked a no less inveterate and disloyal enemy than the Jesuits in the orders of the Sacred Heart and the Assumptionists.—I am, &c.,

HANNAH LYNCH.

[I acknowledge that my expression is not literally accurate. I gather that Miss Lynch wishes it were. The official list showed, about a month ago, that some 120 communities of women had fled the country—playing to the gallery, Miss Lynch explains; but surely these ladies know best how far the conditions of authorisation are consistent with their various Rules. What ground Miss Lynch has for asserting that the Law "pronounces the immunity of all women's orders" I cannot imagine. I have read the thing through from end to end, and venture to suggest that she had better do the same.—YOUR REVIEWER.]

*** *Owing to pressure on our space several letters are held over.*

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 112 (New Series).

THE Competition which it is our task to judge this week originated in our "Bulbs" poetic competition, in which the Rev. R. F. McCausland won the prize for the following lines:

1 'Neath the green coverlet of the churchyard plot,
2 Resting betimes, you share the common lot;
3 Here in the earth enshrouded
4 Under clear skies and clouded
5 Your life in death you keep,
6 All through the drear November,
7 The drearier December,
8 Nor lengthening days remember,
9 Till March winds stir your sleep.
10 April's warm tears the frore sods uncongeal,
11 You rise responsive to her soft appeal.
12 Such golden daffodillies,
13 Such silver wealth of lilies
14 Recall Persephone's bliss:
15 Flower-laden I behold her
16 Ere Pluto's arms enfold her
17 Behind the porphyry boulder
18 That guards the hall of Dis.
19 Sooner or later, He who all things made
20 Draws from each grimy scabbard its bright blade.

We offered a prize of One Guinea for the best criticism of these lines. Before proceeding farther, we have to state that the phrase, "froze sods uncongeal" in the tenth line was a misreading of the writer's MS. Mr. McCausland wrote "frore sods uncongeal." This is material to many of the criticisms received, and enables us to prove as well as assert that these criticisms, as a whole, show great discrimination. Critic after critic points out the cacophony of "froze sods"; but, of course, "frore sods," as we now print it, is another matter. We consider that, on the whole, the prize is due to Miss Edith Rickert, 3, Great James-street, Bedford Row, W.C., for the following:—

A poem written to order is not a thing divinely born, therefore must be judged only as a piece of workmanship. The most serious defect of this poem is that, instead of being a single complete thought—like, for example, Tennyson's "Flower in the Crannied Wall"—it consists of three distinct ideas—the parallel between the quiescence of the bulbs and human death, which is followed by the classical (hence conventional) description of spring, in turn followed by the concluding couplet, which, though its form suggests a moral or summary, has no obvious connection with the preceding lines, but presents a third idea.

The metre, though elaborate, scarcely sings itself. The triple-rhymed lines contain good tone-colour (marred in the second instance by imperfect rhymes); but the probably intentional harshness of the "froze sods" line does not suggest a thaw.

The conventional phrases, "April's warm tears," "soft appeal," "golden daffodillies," "silver . . . lilies," detract from the freshness of the poem: but the concluding metaphor, though out of keeping with the earlier imagery, shows some power of poetic vision, and, indeed, the whole line, by its arrangement of accents, shows skill in employing metrical irregularity for a desired effect.

[D. R., London.]

From other papers received we extract the following remarks:

The idea of the bulb "resting betimes" is true in fact as well as in poetry; but the related words, "life in death," hardly preserve the idea of rest and "sleep." [A. E. W., Greenock.]

The lines "are pure patchwork—the first couplet an example of the Popeian Alexandrine, as practised by the generations who followed the master, and poor at that. The next seven, and especially the last four, are resurrected Keats with a dash of Christina Rossetti, and then we have again the post-Popeian—of a higher quality than before, however; and so the process repeats itself."

[P. H. W., London.]

But worse follows [line 11], artificiality dominates the remainder. Pretty enough the opening couplet, though marred by the harsh recurring *such*—the simpler *the* were preferable. But the subsequent lapse into classical allusion strikes the note of pedantry, and all sincerity departs: while the intruding personal pronoun is a solecism—a shock which the substitution of *lo*, or *there*, had mercifully spared. Finally, the important canon of art which enforces cumulative effect is contravened: the end, in this instance, crowns not the work! Let there be grateful recognition of a new rhyme to *bliss*—when expectation stood trembling at the impending *kiss*! [A. J. E.]

. . . a haunting rhythm in the line, "You rise responsive to her soft appeal," which merits notice. The allusion to Persephone is apt, but seemingly renders incongruous the last couplet.

[E. H. H., Sutton.]

Do bulbs "remember" and "rise"?

[Rev. A. J. M., Glasgow.]

The description of the weather is pretty padding. The allusion to Plutus and Persephone—conventional enough, in all conscience—is quite out of harmony with the last two lines. They are not on the same plane of thought. You have a religious—almost a Christian—idea placed side by side with a piece of Pagan mythology. To put it shortly, the verses are overweighted with too many thoughts, each good enough in its way. Mr. McCausland has shown that the subject is capable of poetic treatment, but he has just failed to give it.

[W. A. C. C., London]

Dr. Watts and his dogs, and Macaulay with his "*thunder*-riven oak," are precedents for libels on long-suffering Nature. Still—bulbs *rest* in the hot *summer* months. Whilst the poet imagines they, in death-like slumber, "forget to remember the fifth of November or foggy December," they are hard at work below ground throwing out fibrous roots, which eventually support the blades drawn from "grimy" scabbards. M'yes, it is a remarkable fact that those scabbards peeping through the heaviest, wettest clay are perfectly clean. [E. H., London.]

We wish to add that no competitor has disputed the propriety of the award to Mr. McCausland, and if—as is proper—we have quoted the more critical remarks of his rivals, we have suppressed—as is necessary—many warm praises given to his lines.

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A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1542. Established 1869. 23 November, 1901. Price Threepence
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The Literary Week.

On December 7th, we shall issue a Special Illustrated Number of the Academy, which will include classified reviews of the Christmas books published this season, including new illustrated editions, art books, gift books for children, story books for boys and girls, and nursery books.

To the eighth edition of *The Foundations of Belief* Mr. Arthur Balfour has added "a summary of the argument," of 21 pages. He has also written an introduction of 28 pages, from which we quote a passage:

> Surveying the work after an interval of years, with a rested eye, I perceive in it certain peculiarities, or, if it be preferred, errors of construction, which may well leave the reader more impressed—favourably or unfavourably—by particular arguments and episodes than by the ordered sequence of the whole. A well-known theologian [Principal Fairbairn] (who, by the way, has himself completely failed to catch my general drift) observed in a review, which he has since republished, that the book is redeemed by its digressions; and though I cannot be expected gratefully to accept so dubious a compliment, I admit that the interest of certain branches of the subject has occasionally betrayed me into giving them a relative prominence which the bare necessities of the general argument hardly seem to justify. Examples in point are the æsthetic discussion in the second chapter of Part I., and the chapter on Authority in Part III. I have made no attempt to correct this fault, if fault it be. Had I done so the book would, no doubt, have been a good deal altered, but I doubt whether it would, on the whole, have been altered for the better. It might have gained in proportion and balance; but it would, perhaps, have lost whatever freshness and spontaneity it may ever have possessed. I have, therefore, contented myself with providing, in the argumentative summary mentioned above, a corrective to the too detailed treatment of certain portions of the work, hoping that by thus unsparingly thinning out the trees I shall enable the most careless wayfarer to understand without difficulty the general lie of the wood. I desire, however, emphatically to express a (perhaps not unbiassed) opinion that the book is something more than the expansion of its summary, and that no extract or essence can really reproduce the qualities of the original preparation—whatever those qualities may be worth.

Messrs. Williams and Norgate send us the following:—"Philosophical activity at Oxford seems to be taking a decidedly novel form, to judge by what purports to be a new philosophical periodical entitled *Mind*, the Christmas Number of which is ready for publication. It appears to be a comic "double" of its namesake *Mind*, and in addition to a number of parodies in the style of most of the famous philosophers, contains also a very serious vein of ridicule directed against the "Absolutism," which seems just now to be fashionable in English philosophy. Though all the contributions profess to be pseudonymous, the pseudonyms are often pretty transparent, and the editor and most of the contributors practically divulge their identity to the attentive reader."

It having been stated that a new edition of Darwin's *Origin of Species* has been prepared by a publishing firm, in view of the approaching expiration of the copyright of the first edition, Mr. Murray wishes it to be known that the edition which passes out of copyright at the end of this month is the imperfect edition, which was subsequently thoroughly revised by Mr. Darwin. If it were reprinted it would, he adds, be without the consent or authority of Mr. Darwin's representatives. The only authorised and complete editions are those published by Mr. Murray, and they do not lose copyright for several years to come.

Mr. Henley's new volume of poems, which is published to-day, contains under the heading *Hawthorn and Lavender*, fifty-two poems; thirteen "London Types;" the Prologues to "Beau Austin," "Richard Savage," and "Admiral Guinea," and seven In Memoriam poems, under the heading "Epicedia." The volume also contains a dedication to Mrs. Henley, and this Prologue:

> These to the glory and praise of the green land
> That bred my women, and that holds my dead,
> England, and with her the strong broods that stand
> Wherever her fighting lines are thrust or spread!
> They call us proud?—Look at our English Rose!
> Shedders of blood?—Where hath our own been spared?
> Shopkeepers?—Our accompt the high God knows.
> Close?—In our bounty half the world hath shared.
> They hate us, and they envy? Envy and hate
> Should drive them to the Pit's edge?—Be it so!
> That race is damned which misesteems its fate;
> And this, in God's good time, they all shall know,
> And know you, too, you good green England, then—
> Mother of mothering girls and governing men!

Messrs. Treherne and Co. have purchased *Crampton's Magazine*, and the December number will be issued by them. The magazine will be edited by Mr. Harold Tremayne, author of *Dross*.

Owing to the increased interest taken in aerial navigation, Messrs. Iliffe and Sons have decided to issue a quarterly magazine, entitled *Flying*.

The author of *The History of Sir Richard Calmady*, we learn from the *Westminster Gazette*, has been expressing herself with frankness to the American interviewer:

> "The main drawback of American society," said "Lucas Malet," "is that the young girl is of too much importance. I should like to see your influential men give more tone

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to society, as they do in England. Young girls are, of course, very pretty, and sweet, and charming; but it is not to be expected that they should be intelligently interesting. The consequence is, that when you grant them such an important place, men of thought and position come to regard society as beneath their dignity, unworthy of serious consideration." "You don't seem to have an especially high opinion of your own sex?" said the surprised interviewer. "Well," said "Lucas Malet," "the fact is, that women can't teach me anything I don't already know, being a woman myself, whereas men can teach me a great deal."

Mr. E. V. Lucas is editing for Messrs. Methuen a new series of children's books, which bears the general title of "The Little Blue Books for Children." The aim of the editor is to get entertaining or exciting stories about normal children, the moral of which is implied rather than expressed. The first two volumes are *The Air-Gun*, by T. Hilbert, and *The Beechnut Book*, by Jacob Abbott.

Messrs. Macmillan have nearly ready a biography, in two volumes, of Lowell, written by Mr. H. E. Scudder, who has had the advice of Mr. Norton, editor of the *Letters of James Russell Lowell*, also access to some unpublished material.

It is difficult to associate two such novelists as Mr. Anthony Hope and Samuel Richardson, but the living writer gracefully offered his tribute to the "Father of the English Novel" on Wednesday evening at St. Bride's Institute. The occasion was the unveiling of a bust of Samuel Richardson, whose close connection with the parish and with the art of printing had inspired this memorial. The bust was the gift of Mr. Passmore Edwards. Mr. Hope, as was fit and inevitable, spoke brave words about the future of the novel. In another column we say our own say about Richardson. We observe that in an excellent leading article, probably by Mr. Herbert Paul, in the *Daily News* our own view of the importance of reading *Clarissa* is shared. *Clarissa* cannot be skipped or parodied is one of the writer's points. It is a magnificent tale and we hope Mr. Leslie Stephen was wrong when he said in the *Dictionary of National Biography* that Macaulay was Richardson's last enthusiast. We have already drawn attention to Messrs. Chapman and Hall's beautiful complete edition of Richardson's works.

Commenting on the bust just unveiled, the *Manchester Guardian* compares Richardson's career as a printer to that of Luke Hansard, the founder of the famous reports of Parliamentary debates. Richardson, who was the son of a Derbyshire joiner, and who died about the time that Hansard was born, was apprenticed to a London printer, became printer to the House of Commons, Master of the Stationers' Company, and part printer to the King. Hansard, who came from Norwich, was apprenticed to Mr. Hughes, the printer to the House of Commons, became a partner and eventually sole proprietor of the business. But the *Guardian* is wrong in stating that Richardson is buried in the church of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand. He is buried in St. Bride's, Fleet Street, by the side of his wife. His grave is in the middle aisle, not far from the Communion rail, and is usually hidden from sight by the cocoanut matting. The courteous verger, however, will roll this down the aisle for any visitor who wishes to see the gravestone. There is also a brass tablet to Richardson high up on the wall of the north aisle, in the shadow of the gallery: this can only be read by the aid of a step-ladder and a taper, as we know by experience.

The latest manifestation of the Omar Khayyam cult is an Omar Khayyam calendar to hang on your hall. It is pictorial, and has been executed by Miss Blanche McManus, and is issued by the De La More Press, of High Holborn. Quite a pretty thing, and the Fitzgerald quatrains are very applicable. The general motto of the calendar is the 4th quatrain of Fitzgerald's first translation:

> Now the New Year reviving Old Desires,
> The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
> There the White Hand of Moses on the Bough
> Puts out and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

Apropos of Fitzgerald, the following juxtapositions in Messrs. Sotheby's latest book auction catalogue are not without a certain fitness:

> 564 Fitzgerald (E.) Polonius: a Collection of Wise Saws and Modern Instances, first edition, *fine copy*. 1852
> 565 Keene (Charles) The Work of, with an Introduction by Joseph Pennell, and a Bibliography, 140 *illustrations fol.* 1897

Eighteen years ago Keene wrote to Fanny Kemble: "Next week I am expecting my grave friend Charles Keene, of *Punch*, to come for a week, bringing with him his bagpipes and a book of madrigals, and our Archdeacon will come to meet him and to talk ancient music and books, and we three shall drive out past the hedges and heaths, with their furze in blossom—and I wish—yes, I do, that you were of the party."

Beginners in letters do not want for encouragement in America. They are hustled into the sunshine with a glad promptitude which we have not the heart to dislike. Just listen to this prattle of a Boston literary gossiper, Miss Lilian Whiting:

> Grace Ellery Channing Stetson is one of the younger authors of Boston who is destined to contribute something of permanent value to the world of letters. The granddaughter of the famous and saintly divine, she inherits the literary touch of the Channings, and her life in Italy and in California has surrounded her with that atmosphere of beauty which her pen reflects and interprets so admirably. As the wife of that notable artist, Charles Walter Stetson, she dwells not "among the untrodden ways" like Wordsworth's "Lucy," but in an atmosphere of ideal resplendence in form and color. Her collection of stories under the caption of *The Fortune of a Day* will soon be followed by another volume, of which the title is to be announced. Oscar Fay Adams, whose inimitable collection of short stories under the title of *The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment* has made his name so well known, has just finished a complete novel, which will doubtless be among the successes of next spring. But this is anticipating.

It certainly is anticipating. But in Boston you are famous to-day and publish to-morrow.

The life and work of Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A., form the subject of the Christmas number of the *Art Journal* just issued. The artist's progress is carefully traced, and the events of his life so far as they are of public interest.

A recent *Handbook to Prose Fiction*, compiled for the use of borrowers at Free Libraries, does not appear to be a very helpful publication. Of Jane Austen we are told that she was "a gem of the first water." Of Sir Walter Besant, that "his works are well known and much thought of." Miss Marie Corelli is compared with Balzac, and her *Barabas* is declared to be *supplementary* to the New Testament narrative. *The Master-Christian* is said to be a "sermon." Mrs. Croker "gives a 'good time' to her readers without unduly straining their mental powers."

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Oliver Goldsmith is "one of the most distinguished ornaments of English literature." Voltaire is merely "a French writer of considerable talent and note." *The Last Days of Pompeii* fares thus: "Climbing Vesuvius, the author studies Italian antiquities and observes Italian manners with a wide reading of Latin literature and of Greek philosophy." A "specular mount" indeed! Of *The Water-Babies* we are told: "When read to a dying child on one occasion, the simple criticism by the little one was that 'it was like fresh air.'"

THE price of Mr. John Willis Clark's work, *The Care of Books*, which we noticed last week, is 18s. net, and not, as we stated, 42s. We regret the error, which was no doubt due partly to the sumptuous appearance of the volume. The Cambridge University Press can be congratulated on their inexpensive workmanship.

THE *pièce de résistance* of the Christmas number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* is Mr. Henley's article on R. L. S., which we discuss elsewhere; but another article of literary interest is provided in Mr. William Sharp's notes on the well-known literary friendship of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Watts-Dunton, who for many years have been co-tenants of "The Pines" at Putney. The following picture of their everyday life will interest many:

> At their joint home each lives a busy and yet serene life. Most of Mr. Swinburne's time is spent in the open air or in his pleasant study on the first floor of The Pines: often in the long, tree-shadowed, secluded garden—or natural alley, for there is little of the conventional villa-garden—or in long rambles on Wimbledon Common. Mr. Swinburne never writes out of doors, nor uses the garden for what Rossetti was wont to call (though rarely to use as) "a thought-walk." Here, however, Mr. Watts-Dunton spends much of his time, loving well to remember, to think, and to dream, under the green boughs which recall youth and Rhona Boswell, and much that has happened since the old gypsy days. Here, too, occasionally, the friends spend an hour or so resting and chatting. Mr. Swinburne, like Lord Tennyson, has no great love of seeing strangers; but the many visitors to Mr. Watts-Dunton make daily demands upon his time. Of an afternoon the front door is seldom left long unopened, for this "partner in the Pines" has not only a multitude of friends and acquaintances, but is constantly being sought by strangers on one literary plea or another. And a very delightful garden it is, with its high waving elms and beeches beyond, and its pretty corner behind the cherry-trees with the statue of a bending nymph, or its mid-space where stands a fine statue of the Vatican Venus, once the occupant of a like commanding situation in Rossetti's garden at Cheyne Walk.

"THAT vulgar Heretick, who caught the Ear of the Semi-literate with his low *German* Accent." This is Carlyle as seen by our eccentric and impetuous friend the *Rambler*. It is written *apropos* of Mr. Birrell's surprising digression about Carlyle in his preface to his edition of Boswell. After taking from Mr. Birrell Carlyle's picture of the peasant who aided Charles II. in his escape after Worcester ("This, then, was a genuine flesh-and-blood rustic of the year 1651; he did actually swallow bread and buttermilk with these hobnailed shoes has sprawled through mud roads in winter . . . was born, was a son, was a father," &c.), the *Rambler* proceeds: "In all the dull, stupid, endless, ignominious volumes of that heavy half-foreign Fool, is it possible to chuse a more hopelessly characteristick Summary? And this it is that Mr. *Birrell* selects for the Admiration of his Readers. The clear Conclusion is that Mr. *Birrell* is also contemptible." We should say that a clearer conclusion than this might be arrived at, though we are afraid it would be not less personal.

THE current *Rambler* is, indeed, all literary, and some readers will doubtless enjoy Mr. Helm's onslaught on Macaulay as a balladist. His text is Ivry, a poem known to every schoolboy, and the marrow of his criticism is this:

> We cannot pause to point out all the Absurdities of this rhapsodical Composition, but we must really draw the Attention of our Readers to one "Derangement of Epitaphs" so nice that even the immortal Type of middle Age and feminine Ignorance, conceived of *Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, could not have improved upon it. The Poet places in the Mouths of his extraordinary *Huguenots* Pæans of Joy because, among other Performances never-equalled on Battle-field before or since,
>
> "... *The good Lord of* Rosny *has ta'en the Cornet white.*
> *Our own true* Maximilian *the Cornet white has ta'en,*
> *The Cornet white with Crosses black, the Flag of false* Lorraine.
> *Up with it high; unfurl it wide;* ..."
>
> and so on. Now, so far as we know, a Cornet, as a possible Object of Capture on the Field of Battle, can only be one of two Things. It may be a Species of Trumpet, with which we are most of us only too familiar, or it may be the youthful Commander of a small Number of Horse-soldiers. Either might conceivably be described as white, the first if it was of Silver, the other if he was pale with Fright. But to what the "Crosses black" refer, we cannot imagine, unless a young Officer is supposed to have worn Strips of sticking Plaister to close some slight Sword-wounds in his Face. Even so, it would be ridiculous to describe either Trumpet or Subaltern as a Flag, though the Term seems for a moment to afford a Clue to the Author's Intention. By Cornet he perhaps means Ensign, in the Sense of Standard-bearer. But no, for in the next Line the *Huguenot* Host are called upon to unfurl it wide. Now a Cornet of Horse may undoubtedly go on Furlough, but he cannot be unfurled, and, as for a Trumpet, there is no Grain of Sense discoverable in the Application of the Verb.

AMERICA is still trying to make up its mind whether to give Gorky a warm place in its heart or not. Meanwhile the garbs in which he is presented by two translators are being compared, not without perplexity. One reader sends to his literary paper the following parallel passages from the renderings of Miss Hapgood and Mr. Bernstein:

MISS HAPGOOD.	MR. BERNSTEIN.
My heart is high as a blade of grass (p. 218).	Like a blade of grass my heart has withered (p. 217).
Carouse away, without regard to anything. . . But if you mix your heart up with it—the porridge gets spilled and the bowl is smashed on the floor (p. 285).	Enjoy yourself without looking back at anything. And then, when the gruel is eaten up, smash the bowl on the ground (p. 281).
The itching curiosity of Eve will be your undoing (p. 293).	How the itching curiosity of Eve gives you no rest (p. 289).
. . . . shouted Foma, bursting into a hearty laugh (p. 326).	. . . exclaimed Foma, longing to hear it (p. 320).
. . . something is said about tears (p. 344).	There is something there about dreams (p. 337).
No, I cannot endure it any longer. You are the first I ever had (p. 411).	No, I can't bear it any longer, I am nervous (p. 401).
His collar covered his teeth (p. 439).	 and the collar covered his lips (p. 427).
Neither in fire nor in boiling mire shall you be roasted (p. 436).	Not in fire, but in boiling mud you shall be scorched (p. 424).
Rendered helpless by the disgrace of his conquest (p. 437).	Exhausted by the disgrace of his defeat (p. 425).

MESSRS. PICKERING AND CHATTO, of the Haymarket, have issued a catalogue of books for sale which is itself a noble volume. It is in quarto, illustrated. Every kind of book is catalogued; and title pages, illustrations, illuminated

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MSS. and bindings are reproduced in profusion. Among nearly six thousand entries our eye falls on an old medical work with which Shakespeare may have been familiar: Ulricus Hutten's treatise, *Of the Woode Called Guaiachii that Healeth*, &c. In some owner's handwriting, and dated 1539, the following verses appear:

Three score & ten the age & life of man
In holy Davids eyes semde but a span
And half that tyme is spent and lost in sleepe
Soe onely thirtie five for us wee keepe.

Our days of youth must be abated all
Childhood and youth wise Salamon doth call
But vanity, mere vanity he sayes
In what befalls us in our childish dayes.

Our dayes of age, wee take noe pleasure in
Our dayes of youth wee wish had never beene
Soe age deducted youth & sleep & sorrow
Onely one span is all the lyfe wee borrowe.

What is our lyfe, a play of passion
Our mirth the musicke of division
Our mothers wombes the lyringe houses be
Where wee are drest for lives short comedie

Heaven the Judicious eye spectator is
To see whats acted well & whats amisse
The grave which hides us from the scorching sonn
Are lives drawen curtein when the play is donn
Thus actinge haste we to our latest rest
And then wee dye in earnest not in jest.

Written the 3d of November, 1638.

Excellent, too, is the illustrated *Caxton Head Catalogue* just issued by Mr. James Tregaskis, of High Holborn. It describes manuscripts for the mediævalist, incunabula and early typography for the great libraries—some of them hitherto unknown or undescribed—bookbindings ranging in period from the stamped leather of the fifteenth century, through the fine Venetian and French work to that of modern times.

Bibliographical.

It is to be regretted that Mr. W. H. Fitchett did not prefix or append to his *Tale of the Great Mutiny* a bibliography of the subject. In his opening pages he discusses some of the larger and more important works thereon. But, as a matter of fact, there is a whole literature of the Mutiny, and a list of the works which have reference to it would have been a very considerable boon. Few things are more common nowadays than the publication of the biography or autobiography of a soldier who saw service in India during those troublous times, and has something to add to the general stock of information. Mr. Fitchett would have been the very man to put together such a bibliography as I suggest, coming, as he does, fresh from a careful study of all the available authorities. I am glad to see that in the preface to the new memoir of John Howard Mr. E. C. S. Gibson reviews, with comments, the labours of his predecessors in the same field. Such reviews are very useful to those who desire to embark upon a further study of the topic dealt with.

It has hitherto been impossible, save by guess-work based on internal evidence, to assign either to Professor Aytoun or to Sir Theodore Martin the authorship of any one of the *Bon Gualtier Ballads*. The dual authorship has been sedulously maintained, the mystery guarded. At last, however, Sir Theodore has divulged one of the secrets of the prison-house. He has informed Mr. Anthony C. Deane, the compiler of *A Little Book of Light Verse*, that Aytoun was "responsible" for "The Massacre of the Macpherson." This is well worth noting. Moreover, it is a fact—is it not?—that since the publication of the *Ballads* Sir Theodore has never printed over his own name any verse conceived in the same delightful and admirable spirit.

A well-known literary gossiper has been telling his readers that the Mr. Ralph Hall Caine who, it would seem, has purchased the copyright of *Household Words* and proposes to continue the paper, is not a brother but a son of the novelist, and is only eighteen years old. If that be so, who is the Mr. Ralph H. Caine who, in 1892, brought out a collection of English love poetry (thus following *Lyrics of Love*, 1874, and anticipating *Lyric Love*, 1894)? In 1892 the Mr. R. H. Caine of the gossiper would be about nine years old; so I feel curious as to the respective identities of the two Messrs. Ralph Caine.

The title and subject of Mr. James Burnley's *Summits of Success* remind me of a volume, published a good many years ago, and very similar in aim, called *The Secret of Success*. Smiles's *Self-Help* was, of course, the inspirer of both books, as it has been the inspirer of many another volume for the instruction of youth. Mr. Burnley, I may add, has a chapter on "Men who have Fallen by the Way," which recalls to me a work entitled *Men Who Have Failed*, issued not so very long ago by the S.P.C.K.

Bibliographers should note that the second series of Max Müller's Last Essays, just published, contains a paper on "Ancient Prayers" which (to the best of the editor's knowledge) has not been printed before. It also includes an essay, "Is Man Immortal?" hitherto published only in the columns of some American newspapers.

Glancing through the pages of the new volume of *The English Catalogue* (1898-1900), I am struck by the fact that space might have been saved if the full names of authors had been less frequently employed. Why, for instance, should so long a name as "Rosa Nouchette Carey" be given more than once? In all the following entries it could be cut down to "Carey, R.N.," or "Carey, Rosa N." The point is a small one, but everything which might save space is worth considering, especially when so large a field is covered.

It seems that the biography of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, which Mr. Herbert Paul wrote for the *Dictionary of National Biography*, had to be cut down before publication by about two-thirds. It is now to be brought out in volume form, as originally written. Mr. Paul is more lucky than most contributors to Dictionaries. Let us hope that the publishers will be equally kind to others similarly placed. Some of the larger memoirs will well bear reproduction in separate volumes. Some day, perhaps, as has been suggested, the *Dictionary* will be split up into sections and re-issued in that fashion. Why not? The original work, in its completeness, would still remain an object of desire by thousands. Study nowadays is largely, almost necessarily, specialised, and why should not the big *Dictionary* be parcelled out into little Dictionaries of ecclesiastical, military, naval, literary, artistic, commercial biography, and so forth? Then would come the opportunity to supply omissions, to bring information down to date, and to expand the bibliographical element very considerably.

I think of christening myself anew. The fact is, I have been looking through Mr. Cockerell's little work on *Bookbinding*, and have read with mingled feelings the couple of pages he assigns to Bookworms. He quotes M. Jules Cousin as recommending that, where they show themselves, they should be confronted with pieces of linen soaked in essence of turpentine, camphor, or an infusion of tobacco. "A little fine pepper might also be scattered on the shelf." "Possibly," adds Mr. Cockerell, "Keating's Insect Powder would answer as well [as] or better than pepper." "Bookworms," he remarks, "do not attack modern books very much"—(which is a comfort). "Probably they dislike the alum put in the paste and the millboards made of old tarred rope." "Old tarred rope!" Can such things be? I join with my namesakes in their mute but practical protest.

The Bookworm.

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Reviews.

Mr. Thomas Hardy's New Poems.

Poems of the Past and the Present. By Thomas Hardy. (Harper & Brothers. 6s.)

In Mr. Hardy's new volume of poetry, even more than in his *Wessex Poems*, we are in the company of a profoundly serious sympathiser with human nature, a disillusioned observer of life, a frustrated searcher after divine purposes; while the curious mastery of sombre measures and grave and intricate rhyming schemes is even more noticeable—so much so that Mr. Hardy (like his friend and fellow-countryman, William Barnes, before him) seems often to have set himself difficulties for the mere pleasure of overcoming them, without in any way injuring the argument of the poem. But in no other way, save in an occasional mention of the same localities, is Barnes suggested. Between the lyrical cheerfulness and simple piety of the singer of Blackmoor Vale and Mr. Hardy's gloomy recognition of chaos and wrong the widest gulf is fixed. Barnes was, after Burns, perhaps as good an example of the natural poet as could be found. Mr. Hardy is too self-conscious, too deliberately rhetorical, too monotonously disenchanted, for the word poet to spring naturally to our lips at all in connection with this book. There is more of sheer poetry in his novels. Mr. Hardy has his lyrical moments, as we shall show later, although we feel that he has had difficulty in urging his vocabulary to keep pace with them; and we know perfectly well that, under happier conditions, he could sing with the best. But the time is not now. To-day it seems as if his world-weariness, his sense of the transitoriness, the illusion, of all happiness, so preoccupy him that for poetry pure and simple he has no time. He feels too strongly. His melancholia is so absorbing that anything extraneous, anything that might divert his mind towards something frankly beautiful or joyous, must be eschewed.

We are not complaining—we are merely stating the case. For this is a very remarkable book, which, personally, we would not have altered. Mr. Hardy's hopelessness is no pose; it is the genuine condition of mind reached, probably very unwillingly, by a sincere student of life, and expressed with great power and lucidity. No other living writer could have written this book.

Let us give, without further remarks, some idea of the character of the work. On page 111 is a poem "To an Unborn Pauper Child," suggested by the sentence of a magistrate: "She must go to the Union House to have her baby." We quote three stanzas:

> Had I the circuit of all souls
> Ere their terrestrial chart unrolls,
> And thou wert free
> To cease, or be,
> Then would I tell thee all I know,
> And put it to thee: Wilt thou take Life so?
>
> Fain would I, dear, find some shut plot
> Of earth's wide world for thee, where not
> One tear, one qualm,
> Should break the calm.
> But I am weak as thou and bare;
> No man can move the stony gods to spare!
>
> Vain vow! No hint of mine may hence
> To theeward fly: to thy locked sense
> Explain none can
> Life's dismal plan:
> Thou wilt thy ignorant entry make
> Though skies spout fire and blood and nations quake.

The prominent notes of Mr. Hardy's thought are struck there: the helplessness of man, the unavoidability of destiny, the carelessness of the gods. It is wrong to say that he sees no good in life; on the contrary, he sees much. The very fact that men and women, the sport of Fate, can be friendly to each other—that they are subject, in a word, to such an impulse as that which has prompted Mr. Hardy himself to address the unborn pauper child in these kindly verses—would probably be to him sufficient reason for continuing the present scheme of things, however awry. Hence the effect of the book, though sad, is also sweet, for we remember no work that, between the lines, so urges kindness and tolerance between man and man. When Heaven is blind and hard let us be doubly watchful and considerate—that is Mr. Hardy's implicit moral.

Take these stanzas from another poem, "The Bedridden Peasant to an Unknowing God":

> That some disaster cleft Thy scheme
> And tore us wide apart,
> So that no cry can cross, I deem;
> For Thou art broad of heart,
>
> And would'st not shape and shut us in
> Where voice can not be heard:
> 'Tis plain Thou meant'st that we should win
> Thy succour by a word.
>
> Might but Thy sense flash down the skies
> Like man's from clime to clime,
> Thou would'st not let me agonize
> Through my remaining time;
>
> But, seeing how much Thy creatures bear—
> Lame, starved or maimed, or blind—
> Thou'dst heal the ills with quickest care
> Of me and all my kind.
>
> Then, since Thou mak'st not these things be,
> But these things dost not know,
> I'll praise Thee as were shown to me
> The mercies Thou would'st show.

It is a very beautiful, a very Christian, type of Agnosticism that can prompt such a poem as that. Indeed, it has been left to Mr. Hardy, among non-believers, to construct a new gospel of kindliness, a spiritualised "service of man." The ordinary agnostic who has serious thought for his fellows offers a hard materialism in the place of the religion in which he finds no solace. Mr. Hardy, who is not ordinary, might be called an unbelieving mystic. This little poem, "The Subalterns," illustrates what we mean:

> "Poor wanderer," said the leaden sky,
> "I fain would lighten thee,
> But there be laws in force on high
> Which say it must not be."
>
> "I would not freeze thee, shorn one," cried
> The North, "knew I but how
> To warm my breath, to slack my stride;
> But I am ruled as thou."
>
> "To-morrow I attack thee, wight,"
> Said Sickness. "Yet I swear
> I bear thy little ark no spite,
> But am bid enter there."
>
> "Come hither, Son," I heard Death say;
> "I did not will a grave
> Should end thy pilgrimage to-day,
> But I, too, am a slave."
>
> We smiled upon each other then,
> And life to me wore less
> That fell contour it wore ere when
> They owned their passiveness.

Two other poems might be mentioned in this connection, wherein Mr. Hardy, for whom, the readers of *Wessex Poems* will remember, the dead have always a romantic fascina-

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tion, sets up what is to us a new theory of life in the grave. This poem, dated 1899, first states the theory:

HIS IMMORTALITY.

I saw a dead man's finer part
Shining within each faithful heart
Of those bereft. Then said I: "This must be
His immortality."

I looked there on a later day,
And still his soul outshaped, as when in clay,
Its life in theirs. But less its shine excelled
Than when I first beheld.

His fellow-yearsman passed, and then
In later hearts I looked for him again;
And found him—shrunk, alas! into a thin
And spectral mannikin.

Lastly I ask—now aged and chill—
If aught of him remain unperished still;
And find, in me alone, a feeble spark,
Dying amid the dark.

In the poem that follows it, "The To-Be-Forgotten," the idea is carried further, the dead in the churchyard being overheard to complain, not of their first death, which is bearable, but of that second and final and dreaded death, when the last friend in whom their memory is being kept sweet on earth dies also.

We cannot think Mr. Hardy always successful. The poem describing the dream in which he visits Heaven to wrest from God some answer to the cry of the sons of earth is not what it should be. So tremendous an idea should be expressed finally the first time. Mr. Hardy has not given it the best form nor the dignity we expect from his verse. Again, "The Ruined Maid" is a mistake. The poem has six stanzas, but the first says all. Thus:

"O 'Melia, my dear, this does everything crown!—
Who could have supposed I should meet you in Town?
And whence such fair garments, such prosperi-ty?"
"O didn't you know I'd been ruined?" said she.

The rest is anti-climax.

We have left ourselves no space wherein to remark upon Mr. Hardy's war poems, which bear, as might be expected, rather upon those left behind than those at the front: the grief of the wives and widows, with a reminder, hardly to be avoided by one of Mr. Hardy's temperament, of the circumstance that the struggle is raging in the year of our Lord 1901. Nor have we left ourselves room to say anything of Mr. Hardy's poems of frustrated love, that persistent subject of his thoughts. There are several remarkable ironical lyrics on this theme (one sweetly tender lament, entitled "Lezbie Brown"), and a curiously chilling ballad, "The Return to Athelhall"; but the *Wessex Poems* had perhaps finer work in the same manner. Neither have we noticed Mr. Hardy's exercises in translation, or the dainty French forms which were popular some twenty years ago, and which he handles with much skill but rather too much gravity.

We prefer to end our remarks by quoting two other short poems complete. This sonnet, a kind of verse for which Mr. Hardy's deliberate movement and heavily Latinised vocabulary especially suit him, seems to us worthy to stand in any collection devoted to that measure:

IN THE OLD THEATRE, FIESOLE.
(*April*, 1887.)

I traced the Circus whose gray stones incline
Where Rome and dim Etruria interjoin,
Till came a child who showed an ancient coin
That bore the image of a Constantine.

She lightly passed; nor did she once opine
How, better than all books, she had raised for me
In swift perspective Europe's history
Through the vast years of Cæsar's sceptred line.

For in my distant plot of English loam
'Twas but to delve, and straightway there to find
Coins of like impress. As with one half blind
Whom common simples cure, her act flashed home
In that mute moment to my opened mind
The power, the pride, the reach, of perished Rome.

We quote now one of Mr. Hardy's reflective lyrics, a very memorable little poem:

MUTE OPINION.

I traversed a dominion
Whose spokesmen spoke out strong
Their purpose and opinion
Through pulpit, press, and song.
I scarce had means to note there
A large-eyed few, and dumb,
Who thought not as those thought there
That stirred the heat and hum.

When, grown a Shade, beholding
That land in lifetime trode,
To learn if its unfolding
Fulfilled its clamoured code,
I saw, in web unbroken,
Its history outwrought
Not as the loud has spoken,
But as the dumb had thought.

In these poems, as in his last volume, Mr. Hardy seeks to give poetic form to the poetry of the last majestic sentence of *Tess*.

In A.D. 2000.

Anticipations. By H. G. Wells. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)

IF a man had tried in A.D. 1800 to forecast the state of affairs in A.D. 1900, what sort of a jumble would he have made of his prophecy? An acute thinker might certainly have foretold the spread of what is called democracy; he might conceivably have hinted at the development of the United States, and it is possible that he could have suggested the concentration of the German speaking peoples against the aggressiveness of the French. But if he had even noticed the pump-engine—which is unlikely—he would not have foreseen the Canadian-Pacific railway, the Atlantic cable, the telephone, and all that they imply. And this consideration makes one rather suspicious of the prophet who pries into the future and maps out the lives of our great-grandchildren. These *Anticipations* by Mr. Wells, however, have a special justification. The past century differed in an extraordinary way from all previous centuries. Hitherto the social systems of the world had all stood upon the same basis, whatever the variety of their developments. Horace and Pope could have met on equal terms, and discussed the backward and forward swing of the pendulum from the point at which they met. Under Augustus the wind blew men as fast across the sea, and the horse galloped as swiftly across the land, as could be expected under Anne, and except in certain speedier methods of destroying one's enemies, men found themselves in both epochs with the same problems to face and the same means of facing them. But with the nineteenth century the world left its groove. An unexpected, unprecedented influence came into force, sending it in quite another direction. Already it has sent it a certain distance. What will happen if that influence persists, as it must, and grows, as it almost certainly will? There is Mr. Wells's justification. He fastens on the new influence, indicates its present force and effect, and follows out the lines upon which it is impelling us. With these data he presents a rough sketch, filled in now and again with careful detail, of the world as it will be in A.D. 2000, a world which it is reasonable to suppose will differ from to-day's as much

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as to-day's differs from that of Pitt, Bentham, and Nelson. He puts aside such deflections as sentiment may cause—and even in a century of telephones and aeroplanes we have Christian Scientists and Satanists and occultists of all sorts; and there may come another Buddha, another Mahomet, another Messiah to set the world in another swing. But Mr. Wells follows sanely and soberly the lines of present development. What is to be the effect of this new influence which has already shown its direction? In the answer to the question the scientific imagination which is his serves him well. We will not lavish compliments, but say simply that his book, as a criticism and forecast of society, is a serious, important, and memorable work.

Let us indicate some of the results which Mr. Wells deduces from this new element which has entered into the life of the world. That phrase gives the clue. For in the future it is the life of the world which must be dealt with, and not that of this and that isolated autonomous society, hoeing its own furrow and eating its own bread. Ease and rapidity of travel and communication are throwing the world into a state of deliquescence. In his earlier chapters he traces the evolution of the railway from the pump-engine, and, following on from the development of motor-cars and the reorganisation of the present lines of traffic, foresees a London spreading over the whole of South-Eastern England, but containing a number of urban regions each with its own centre. But from the annihilation of distance by telephone, telegraph, and rapid transit follow social effects of much more import than a redistribution of population. In the old days a man had to live, as it were, over his shop, or at least in easy touch of his estate. The possession of wealth implied some sort of responsibility. A new class has sprung up: it embraces all classes but those of the abyss, as Mr. Wells terms it—a class of shareholders who are, in so far as their wealth from shares is concerned, functionless. And there is no sign that this class is not destined to persist. Hence Mr. Wells infers, for A.D. 2000, a class of shareholders who will be the ornamental part of society. On the other hand, the nineteenth century has produced the germ of another class—the engineers. By "engineers" Mr. Wells denotes all those whose business is with the mechanical side of life, from Sir John Aird to the plumber—who so far guards his ignorance as a woman guards her virtue. The railway, motor-car, cycle, and so forth, have begun to evolve a class of skilled and capable men, who must by the mere impulse of their employment become more and more capable as they seek the education and training necessary for new developments. And it is to this class of engineers that Mr. Wells looks for the salvation of the world-society when the inevitable moment arrives.

We have, then, as the constituents of the society of, say, A.D. 1950, the three classes—shareholders, engineers, and those of the abyss—for the offscourings of the social organism must always be with us. Here we may note a slight confusion. Why should the shareholder and the engineer be "sharply contrasted"? Even now, as Mr. Wells shows, nearly everyone of moderate means lives partly as a shareholder; and as this latter class tends to expand, it is probable that a capable engineer will not be blind to the advantages of investment. But if we take the broad distinction between the wealthy who do not care to work and the moderately well-to-do who need to supplement their means, the division may be a useful one. And in sketching the typical homes of the serious, strenuous engineer and of the wealthy shareholder Mr. Wells throws out a notable possibility. Will the shareholder be able to "buy up much of the womankind that would otherwise be available to constitute those severe, capable, and probably by no means unhappy little establishments to which our typical engineers will tend, and so prevent many women from becoming mothers of a regenerating world"? There is much in the present life of cities which points the question. "The life of a woman is all accident." A man's career depends mainly on himself; a woman's on the man with whom she associates herself.

> With the continued growth of the shareholding class, the brighter-looking matrimonial chances, not to speak of the glittering opportunities that are not matrimonial, will increase. Reading is now the privilege of all classes. There are few secrets of etiquette that a clever lower-class girl will fail to learn; there are few such girls, even now, who are not aware of their wide opportunities, or at least their wide possibilities, of luxury and freedom; there are still fewer who, knowing as much, do not let it affect their standards and conception of life. The whole mass of modern fiction written by women for women, indeed, down to the cheapest novelettes, is saturated with the romance of *mésalliance*.

Putting aside this alarming suggestion as a mere possibility, and passing over the forecasts of a society in which inquiries as to marriage status shall be as "bad form" as dinner-table squabbles over religious questions, we may ask how the capable engineer—the new, intermediate regenerating class—will enter into power. This will come, Mr. Wells thinks, by the inevitable development of "democracy"—the inverted commas will indicate Mr. Wells's opinion of this form of so-called government. The party machine requires an alleged "patriot." Patriotism does not flourish in the void; one needs a foreigner. A patriotic party is an anti-foreign party, and the party machine must insist on dangers and national differences to drive the voters to the polls.

> Nearer, and ever nearer the politicians of the coming times will force one another towards the verge, not because they want to go over it, not because anyone wants to go over it, but because they are, by their very nature, compelled to go that way; because to go in any other direction is to break up and lose power. And consequently the final development of the democratic system, so far as intrinsic forces go, will be, not the rule of the boss, nor the rule of the trust, nor the rule of the newspaper; no rule indeed, but international rivalry, international competition, international exasperation and hostility; and at last—irresistible and overwhelming—the definite establishment of the rule of that most stern and educational of all masters—*War*.

And then will come the turn of the engineers. War will no longer be a "thing of days and heroisms." Mr. Wells ignores the growing sentimentalism which—with other foolish qualities—we have shown in South Africa—and pictures the future war as a pitiless affair of disciplined imagination. But—it may be suddenly—it will become clear that the whole apparatus of power is in the hands of a new class of intelligent and scientifically-educated men—the roads and railways and carts and cities, the drains and food supply, water and electricity, with guns and curious implements of destruction. With the apparatus of control in their hands they may say

> "Suppose instead of our turning them and our valuable selves in a fool's quarrel against the ingenious and subtle guns of other men akin to ourselves, we use them in the cause of the higher sanity, and clear that jabbering war-tumult out of the streets"

That situation implies two things. Firstly, it implies that the engineers of the quarrelling nations are at one in knowledge and sympathy; and for that Mr. Wells has provided in his hypothesis. It is obvious, indeed, already, that science has no national frontiers. But secondly, we think, so momentous a decision implies a leader. Mr. Wells hints at the bare possibility of Cæsarism as a temporary expedient, but misses the path when he turns aside from it. And with this evolution of the capable man what language or languages will survive in that "large synthesis"

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of nations to which Panslavism, the union of the Latin nations, and so on points, to say nothing of the tendency of Americans to pay for introductions to English society—for a snob is a straw to show the wind's direction? The urban region developing between Chicago and the Atlantic is that marked out as the intellectual, political, and industrial centre of any permanent unification of the English-speaking States. And here, as in South Africa, English must win, while Welsh and Basque and Lithuanian must inevitably go under. In most places the man who speaks one of these and no other is practically dumb. But the victory of English as against French (which as against German has simplicity in its favour) is not assured. It is a matter of the engineering class again.

> Among peoples not actually subject to British or American rule, and who are neither waiters nor commercial travellers, the inducements to learn English, rather than French or German, do not increase. If our initial assumptions are right, the decisive factor in this matter is the amount of science and thought the acquisition of a language will afford the man who learns it There is neither honour nor reward—there is not even food or shelter—for the American or Englishman who devotes a year or so of his life to the adequate treatment of any spacious question, and so small is the English reading public with any special interest in science that a number of important foreign scientific works are never translated into English at all.

English, French, German, with the strange possibilities of Chinese; these will be the contending linguistic forces of the year two thousand.

A Great Intelligence.

The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen. By R. Barry O'Brien. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

This life of a lawyer by a lawyer is a success. Mr. Barry O'Brien shares the late Lord Russell of Killowen's love of keeping to the point and putting the salient things in a clear light. A harmony between subject and writer is pleasantly felt all through the book, and is helped by the fact that Mr. O'Brien's biographical intentions were known to Lord Russell, who willingly talked to the purpose. Mr. O'Brien would drop into the Law Courts at luncheon time, find the Lord Chief at a simple repast in his room, and engage him in talk about his early and later practice. From the notes thus taken and the papers supplied by Lord Russell's family he has been able to construct a simple, lively, and convincing record of a man whose life presented, after all, no enigma. We all remember the Sir Charles Russell of countless *causes celèbres*. In the very newspapers you felt his power, his magnetism. It was a power that no one could dispute because it was personal. Lord Bowen described him as "an elemental force," and his biographer puts it well when he says that he was one of those men whose coming in and going out of a room made a difference. He was masterful in the smallest matters. Few men could refuse a game of cards with Russell if he wanted a game, which he generally did. When he was making his giant strides to the front on the Northern Circuit his roughness to solicitors was deeply resented. When reproached with this he said he could not help it: it all came of his intense interest in his cases. At a consultation he would say, without any preface whatever: "Well, Mr. A., I have read every word of your brief, and there is neither sense, fact, nor law in it from beginning to end." He was irritated by every sort of stupidity, delay, and affectation, and would snap at a solicitor for appearing before him in a fur-collared overcoat—a kind of dress he hated. Here is a story which illustrates the personal power of which we are speaking. After a long and hard fight in a case at Liverpool, Russell perceived that he had at last reached the minds of the jury. At this very moment the judge intervened to save the jury from his influence. There was a sharp altercation, in which Russell and the judge were really arguing for the future control of the case, and the situation was acute. While they discussed the point, the respectable family solicitor who had briefed Russell rose in all the benevolent dignity of his broadcloth and kid gloves and nicely-trimmed whiskers, and whispered with great deference, "Mr. Russell, you will allow me ——." "Damn you! sit down," was all he got, in a voice heard by judge and jury. "The effect," we read, "was electrical. The solicitor sat down. The judge said no more. The jury collapsed. He then blazed away fiercely for another half-hour without interruption from anyone. The judge delivered a Balaklava charge against him, but the jury gave a verdict in his favour without leaving the box."

"To what do you ascribe Russell's great success?" a friend said to Lord Coleridge; "he does not seem to me to possess more remarkable qualities than other eminent men, to be a better speaker, to have more intellectual power: how does he do it?" "He imposes himself upon the jury and the Court" was the answer, and his Lordship added: "He is the biggest advocate of the century." Someone else said: "It is a pity that Russell is not a little more tolerant of the judge." It is notorious that he cowed some judges. This mastery over persons became irresistible when it was perceived that to pierce through or resist it was only to find yourself in the presence of a complete mastery over facts. Russell was an intellectual gymnast, with not a lazy fibre in his being. He had a hunger for facts, an unrivalled common sense in dealing with them, and an impetuous determination to impose both his facts and conclusions on others. He seemed to be always rather more watchful, informed, and resolute than his stoutest opponents. In cross-examination it was just his remorseless directness that told. He once explained what he thought English juries liked as follows:

> In dealing with an English jury it is better to go straight to the point; the less *finesse* the better. It is different with an Irish jury. An Irish jury enjoys the trial. They can follow every turn of the game. They understand the points of skill; the play between an Irish witness and an Irish counsel is good fun, and they like the fun, and they don't mind the loss of time. They get as good value out of a trial as they would out of the theatre. With an English jury it is different. They are busy men, and they want to get away quickly. The great thing in dealing with an English jury is not to lose time. Mere *finesse* they don't appreciate; go straight at the witness and at the point; throw your cards on the table. It is a simple method, and I think it is a good method.

It was Russell's method, and it may be studied in perfection in his terrible cross-examination of Pigott in the Parnell inquiry, where the perspiration was soon streaming down the face of the forger under a hail of aimed and reasoned questions. Yet, at a pinch, Russell could use *finesse*, and he thought that one of his best pieces of work was the cross-examination of an adventuress, who called herself Miss Wilberforce, in Wilberforce *v.* Philp. It was a libel case, and Russell's task was rendered peculiarly difficult by the pretty, suppliant, mouse-like way of the plaintiff, who was accommodated with a seat on the Bench, in order that Mr. Justice Field, who was getting very deaf, might hear her evidence. She made the most of this position, and smiled and trembled her way into the Judge's heart. Russell saw that he must make his exposure gradual, and this he did. Miss Wilberforce's attempts to edge her chair nearer and nearer to the judge, who seemed to like it, became to Russell the measure of his failure. He had to play the game with great care. When, at last, on the third reassembling of the Court, the judge waved

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his hand toward the young lady, sharply saying: "Not so close, madam, not so close," Russell knew that his time had come, and he pressed her until her whole story was shown to be a fabrication.

Lord Russell married in 1859, when his uphill fight in London was but begun. In that year his earnings were £117; in 1860 they were £261; in 1861, £441; and in 1862, £1,016. In the following year he made £1,089; in 1864, £1,739; in 1866, £2,367; and in 1870, £4,230. In 1874 he made no less than £10,800, being engaged in many election petitions; and in the last whole year of his practice at the Bar (1893) he made £22,517.

The Lord Chief Justice's recreations were not Parnassian. His greatest pastime was horse-racing, of which he was an excellent judge. Cards he loved. He was happy at a dinner party and at a first-night at the theatre. The sort of play which pleased him best was a simple drama, founded upon some story of deep human interest." He liked good, straight, clean talk, but an unclean story he would not tolerate. He was not a great reader, and his acquaintance with current literature was superficial. Wishing to be civil to Mr. Stanley Weyman he said: "My young people, Mr. Weyman, speak constantly of your books, and tell me I ought to read them. I have read your *Prisoner of Zenda* with much pleasure." He read Shakespeare, and thought the most perfect lines of poetry were those in the "Merchant of Venice": "Look how the floor of heaven . . ." Moore's Melodies he knew from boyhood, when his mother had sung them in Ireland. Two books he always carried with him—*Locke on the Human Understanding* and the *Imitatio Christi*. Once, when ill at Leeds, he had the *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* read to him.

Of Lord Russell's private life we have only glimpses, and those glimpses are discreet; and although again and again, in the course of the narrative, the reader has learned to see kindliness, generosity, and chivalry under a rough manner and an apparently impatient mind, he will find yet deeper cause to respect Lord Russell's character in the letter which he addressed to his daughter on her decision to take the veil

The Psychology of Battle.

Words By an Eyewitness: The Struggle in Natal. By "Linesman." (Blackwood. 6s.)

"Words by an eyewitness! You have there the words which a son of Adam, looking on the phenomenon itself, saw fittest for depicturing it." These words of Carlyle's are the note of this book, in which a certain large and simple interpretation of war as a death-struggle between two sets of men is ever present, giving it a position which, on the whole, is unique in the literature of the Boer War. "Linesman" is curious about the real Tommy Atkins and the real Boer, and about the true inwardness of fighting. He maintains that Tommy Atkins does not desire glory, and for our part we find less novelty in this proposition than he seems to anticipate we shall find in it. We never yet could detect in the mind of a returned British soldier the slightest recognition of glory, and we are quite prepared to hear that Tommy is an unconscious hero, who is "prone to forget, with surprising quickness, deeds which live for ever in the minds of his compatriots at home." "Linesman" adds: "He is everything, in fact, that a soldier should be, save in one particular; and it is difficult as an Englishman not to secretly accord him yet another good mark, when we learn that the missing virtue is cunning!"

Of the private soldier's coolness, "Linesman" gives many examples. The little camp affairs of the moment, like the serving out of tea, are not disturbed by shell-fire; and a man who thinks he is not receiving his full share maintains his grievance, and continues his grumbling even when his chances of ever drinking tea again are being awfully attacked. In the hottest hell of Colenso men were content with the ideas and jokes of Bird Cage Walk or Aldershot. Here is an instance: "Farther on, when we had entered that spitting, humming zone of rifle-fire, the like of which no living soldier had ever before witnessed, a bullet skimmed along the top of a man's head, just grazing the skin, and flicking off the hair in its course. Surely the time for a prayer, or even a shriek, if ever there were one. 'I've just had a free 'air-cut, mates!' was the only observation heard by the officer who witnessed this ghastly jest of the Pale One." That is admirably put. For it is the Pale One, of whom we all think of so vaguely and dreadfully, who is thus encountered.

What of the corporate feeling of an army in action? On this point, too, "Linesman" has interesting words. The unanimity of a mob we know, but "Linesman" says it is nothing to the unanimity of an army in which every man in the fighting line "is a moral sympicosometer in himself if he only knew it The emotions which speed along a fighting-line come sometimes almost as a shock to oneself; they are so resistless, often so inexplicable and disconnected with the actual events in progress. But they come all the same, and come to all at once; and a moment of joy, a week of gloom, to one is joy or gloom to all. The general who can create this joy or dissipate this gloom has nothing to learn in his profession." News, too, travels with inconceivable rapidity in the hour of crisis and knotted brows. Thus at Spion Kop: "The grass is set on fire and burns furiously, and all over the battlefield, as if sent by the telegraph-wire, runs the dreadful news that twenty wounded Boers are being immolated among the flames." When the blood is cool, and the fight all to begin, very different conditions prevail, and "Linesman" notes the curious hesitation "as to which side is to say 'Good morning' to the other first on any particular day, even though the situation is perfectly well-known to both."

There is no doubt that our author carried an unusual temperament through the hot fights about the Tugela, and kept it in the weird muddy retreats, and in the nights of chill and sodden rearguard misery in which he bore his part. Temperate, humane, resolute to observe Man as well as to be an English officer with the Boer for foe, he lifts the whole subject; and one is struck by his ability to broaden all his conceptions of war without relaxing his grip on his sword-hilt. His analysis of the Boer—whom he calls the most unclubbable man on earth—is patient, subtle, and, coming from a soldier, utterly modern. He thinks that the motives of the average fighting Boer have been a good deal misunderstood. That he desired conquest he does not believe: "the very notion of conquest, what it implies, and the advantages accruing from it, must necessarily be absent from minds stunted by generations of the pettiest agricultural calculations, and inhabiting bodies which have existed upon the same mealie fields since they became bodies." "Linesman" thinks that our average Boer took the rifle simply because he was told to. "He is not a heroic scoundrel, but an oafish, solid, slow, and obedient underling, who does 'what he is told,' and would not understand his Adelphi reputation if it were explained to him." In short, in the Boer nation he sees a dull majority controlled by a smart minority which has manufactured its ambitions, and he looks for a not very difficult transference of allegiance.

In a fine "L'Envoi," the writer considers more deeply the psychology and, as it were, the religion of war. Here is the spirit of Maeterlinck. Already, in an earlier chapter, he has told us that the memory of bygone battles renders a man more thoughtful and analytic than any other experience of life, and has made a good point when he says

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that one may see even in Napier's great narrative "how impossible it is for an eyewitness to describe the fights of civilised men without becoming dreamy and irrelevant." In the following passage "Linesman" pleads for the consecration of certain words, the words which, standing for the inmost realities of war, are yet squandered over the newspapers and flung into casual paragraphs. Such a word, for example, as hero:

> Reader, have you ever considered what it is to be *dead*, to be so far as this jolly old world is concerned *Nihil*, out of it, no more than a memory; to have loved company and now to be less intimate and companionable than the smoke curling up from your pipe; to have loved talk and beauty, and to be for ever silent and hideous; to have loved thought, and to have become but a thought? (Tis but an ancient platitude, all this, but we are by conspiracy kissing platitudes to get what return we may.) And more, have you considered what it is to be not only dead, but killed, casually and unimportantly killed, cut off as the poor beetle that we tread upon, with as little diminution of anguish as he, because great poets have sung of the mischance? Why, it is as if our strong runner again were to vanish in midstride, or a fine singer after one glorious note; it is as anything that is miserably ended in full and beautiful career, or but scarce begun, leaving behind the immense, because unmeasured, void of what it might have been. Thus all who go forth to meet the Pale Horseman in duty's name are but a shade less than heroes, very nearly *quite* heroes if they face him unmoved, as many, not all, face him, answering stare with stare as dreadful, planting firm feet when he rushes, joying not over-loudly when he departs and fades, turned by a stronger Horseman than himself, He who rides on the thunder, the Lord, and Omnipotent General of all hosts, living or dead.
>
> But would not the world do well to keep the order of "heroism" sacred to those whom the Pale One rides down, seeing in his sword-stroke the only accolade thereto, for, having fallen, they can do no more, neither with body nor spirit? Poor bodies, how low they lie; happy spirits, how high they soar, both at the extremest end of all things; should not some extremest title of all be theirs, and what better, if not already too debased, than that of hero?

We had marked many other passages for quotation, but must perforce leave them. However, even slighter efforts to interpret these remarkable pages would have served: they speak for themselves. More, perhaps, than any other book which the struggle in South Africa has evoked, this record relates itself to the war not of to-day only but to the war of to-morrow—to all war between civilised nations.

Mr. Lang on Tennyson.

Alfred Tennyson. By Andrew Lang. (Blackwood. 2s. 6d.)

It is with faint expectation of pleasure to come that one opens most books on Tennyson. The dish is so much better than the trimmings; and, moreover, it needs so little help to enjoy Tennyson! With a different relish, however, one approached the little volume in the series of "Modern English Writers" which bears the name of Andrew Lang; and there is no disappointment. Here, at any rate, is a book on Tennyson which one reads with pleasure. In the first place, Mr. Andrew Lang, if not a Tennyson, is himself a poet;——that little more, and how much it is! when a poet is to be dealt with.

You are easily able to discern Mr. Lang's trained sense of poetic significance at the outset. Anecdotes of the child Tennyson we have had often, with no apparent discrimination of what was salient in them. But Mr. Lang sifts them, and picks out unerringly the two or three which have a foreshadow of character. In Tennyson's childish cry, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind," in his early haunting by the phrase, "Far, far away," he perceives the mystical nature-sense so strong in the man. At the age of eight the poet wrote a line:

"With slaughterous sons of thunder rolled the flood,"

which he thought amazingly fine, though "great nonsense" to his mature judgment. "It *was* fine," says Mr. Lang, with instant sensitiveness, and Mr. Lang is surely right. Meaning is not its strong point, but there is a power of movement very singular in such a child, and strikingly Tennysonian, as Mr. Lang again remarks.

This swift sense of what things are noble and of good repute in poetry it is which enables Mr. Lang so successfully to achieve the uneasy feat of reburnishing (so to speak) a great poet about whom all the things have been said. His mere criticism is mostly excellent, and excellently illustrated. Once he gets the chance of making what will be to many of this day a novel point, as we confess it is to us, and seizes it with all his dialectic quickness. He shows beyond cavil that the teachings (if you can call anything so little dogmatic by so dogmatic a word) of *In Memoriam* are far from the mere echoes of Tennyson's day and contemporaries which a neglect of dates has allowed us to conclude them; that the eminent teachers who harmonise with him had not begun to write when the poem appeared. Especially, and with special force of surprise, does he show this regarding the evolutionary stanzas of *In Memoriam*. They were written before Robert Chambers' *Vestiges of Creation* was published, and long before Darwin, Huxley, and other apostles of evolution had begun to sound the trumpet. In regard to *In Memoriam*, Mr. Lang has done Tennyson important service altogether.

Here, and again over the *Idylls of the King*, he crosses swords with Mr. Frederick Harrison, and his trick of fence was never more adroit. That Tennyson has belied the Arthurian epic by introducing a chivalry, a sense of conscience, a mildness of manners, and advancement of ethics in general foreign to his sources (as Mr. Harrison asserts), he disproves utterly. His gaiety of fight, as he quotes text after text from Malory in Tennyson's support, to the confounding of Mr. Harrison, is irresistible. His sly irony plays like autumn lightning.

But if Mr. Lang is always interesting, his book is not ideal. He gives us, it must be confessed, a mere thread of biography. And there is a certain superficiality about the book which betrays the hand of the ready journalist. His praise is too unlimited. One cannot quarrel with it in any important particular, but one gets from him no glimpse of Tennyson's defects or limitations. It is, perhaps, an important particular that he speaks of Tennyson's later work in the same strain of eulogy which he employs with regard to the earlier work. One would think that "The Ring," "Merlin and the Gleam," "The Churchwarden and the Curate," were still on the same plane with Œnone," "Ulysses," or "Love and Duty." Even the "Voyage of Maeldune," one of the few later poems which retains a likeness of the early splendour, lacks something of the absolute magic of the earlier work, but Mr. Lang would never lead you to think so. Even with regard to that earlier work, he has some curious indiscriminations of judgment. The "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" he calls "a splendid heroic piece." Yet it was surely a failure in its first form, and careful revision has failed to make it more than a poem of lines and passages, craftsmanlike, but uninspired as a whole. Tennyson had the stately manner, but not the central furnace-fire required for the Ode; and he felt this, for he never really essayed it again. Mr. Lang tells the reader that the *Idylls* are not (in his opinion) the crown of Tennyson's work; but he is too busy in defending them against the excessive attack of Mr.

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Frederick Harrison to let the reader know why and how they fall short of Tennyson's greatest.

Again, Mr. Lang's allusiveness is somewhat exasperatingly in evidence. It deflects him into tags which are purposeless, and, *obiter dicta*, which are superfluous and often aggressive. Having mentioned Jowett's suggestion of poetical topics to Tennyson, he turns aside to discuss the Master of Balliol's taste—or want of taste—in Burns, which has nothing whatever to do with his advice to Tennyson. He cannot mention the *Bride of Lammermoor*, but he must tell us (in parenthesis) that Thackeray dropped his acquaintance with that novel after losing his hat in the Kelpie's Flow. A well enough scrap of anecdote, but what is it doing *dans cette galère?* He cannot discuss the woman question (in itself an excrescence) *à propos of The Princess*, but he must fling in the reader's face the assertion that "two names exhaust the roll of women of the highest rank in letters—Sappho and Jane Austen." It is an assertion needing an essay for its defence, and it is tossed out gaily in a popular book on Tennyson! The reader has full right to resent both the statement and the manner of its presentment.

Indeed, throughout the book Mr. Lang goes out of his way to rouse animosities. We sympathise, for instance, with his deftly ironical defence of Tennyson against the aggressively materialistic or agnostic critics who have attacked his principles, or the "Little Englanders" who dislike his politics. But was it necessary, is it even fair, to write as if the majority of younger critics belonged to this kind? There is, in fact, an acid assumption (implied, if not asserted) that Mr. Lang stands superiorly alone, the last of a school from which we have all degenerated. And that does no good to Mr. Lang or his cause, with which we might otherwise have no quarrel.

A Man of Empire.

Life of Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., &c. By Francis Henry Skrine. (Longmans. 16s.)

A MERE recital of the heads of the life work of this great Anglo-Indian would devour our space. The direction of the Statistical Survey of India was perhaps his greatest task as a civil servant. But Sir William Wilson Hunter had the pen of a ready writer, and he made it the servant of his career. We will not attempt even a catalogue of his books, which are of the monumental order; but lovers of Thackeray should remember that his *Thackerays in India* is the repository of much interesting information about the great novelist's early years. With Mr. Kipling, too, Sir William Hunter came into interesting contact. He reviewed the third edition of *Departmental Ditties* in the ACADEMY in 1888, and this was the first English review that reached Mr. Kipling. The conclusion of this article is worth recalling, for it suggests the life and interests of both men and the India they loved:

> Besides the silly little world that disports itself throughout most of these ditties, there is another Anglo-Indian world which, for high aim and a certain steadfastness in effort after the personal interest in effort is well-nigh dead, has never had an equal in history. Some day a writer will arise—perhaps the destined man—who will make that noble Anglo-Indian world known as it really is. It will then be seen by what a hard discipline of endurance our countrymen and countrywomen in India are trained to do England's greatest work on the earth. Of this realistic side of Anglo-Indian life Mr. Kipling also gives us glimpses. His serious poems seem to me the ones most full of promise. Taken as a whole, his work gives hope of a new literary star of no mean magnitude arising in the East.

Ten years later Sir William had seen the star rise and been satisfied. He writes to Mr. Kipling about a theme remote (apparently) from Indian life. He had been struck by the small size of the Atlantic fishing craft described by Mr. Kipling in *Captains Courageous*, and wrote to ask him for the actual dimensions and tonnage of these schooners, adding that they seemed to "throw valuable light on the achievements of English seamen from Cabot's expedition in 1497 down to the establishment of the East Indian Company in 1600." A word about Hunter's own *magnum opus*, *The History of British India*. Few historical works of modern times present a nobler literary ambition. We reviewed the first volume in April, 1899; of the second Hunter lived to complete 323 pages. He knew the value of this work, and wrote to Sir George Birdwood: "I have done a good piece of work in the History, and I know it. So let the world wag. Whatever the reviewers may say or not say about it now, those who really wish to learn the facts about India will find them there and there alone." Although this biography is of the bulk that all too frequently makes us groan, it is but suitable to the spaciousness of Hunter's life. He was a man of Empire. One curious fact we cull as we go: Green's *Shorter History* killed a favourite scheme of Hunter's to write a work on exactly similar lines.

Other New Books.

Widow Wiley, and Some Other Old Folk. By "Brown Linnet." (Seeley. 6s.)

This is a collection of sixteen rustic and industrial "idylls." The word is already old-fashioned, and the book, too, seems old-fashioned; it is an essay in a mode of yesterday. Yet, though the very name of idyll must be offensive to those who have suffered under the plague of sentimental exercises that followed the proto or "Auld Licht" idyll, "Brown Linnet's" book is not unattractive. It is simple, even artless, and quite free from any sort of affectation; it must be the frank, unmannered expression of a mind that observes and feels sincerely, if not with much originality or power. The records of the marriage of a bachelor of eighty with a widow of seventy odd, through the death of an old sow; of Mrs. Brown's visit to the Manor House and her tea-drinking while the mistress, the Hon. Miss Hurst, lay under the sofa; of the peculiarities of the dame who kept the village shop; of the poetry and death of the "miner poet,"—these utter trivialities, with others of the same kind, are set down with a charming *naiveté*, and—we must add—with a literary breeding, that almost redeem them from the sin of being negligible. What the book chiefly lacks is mere force. And "Brown Linnet" seems able to achieve pathos only by means of an unexpected death. In this matter she ranges herself with all the great army of the idyllists:

> Never again would that childish laugh ring out over the fields, where the ox-eyed daisies were growing taller and taller in the grass—for Gladdy was going away—going away for good.
>
> The glow fell full upon old Johnnie's face. He was smiling contentedly.
>
> They were together again.

"Brown Linnet" is mistaken: that childish laugh will go on "ringing out" so long as there is an author in the land who cannot distinguish between the true and the false pathos. As for that "glow" which invariably falls full on the dying faces of aged persons, surely it must by this time bring a cruel smile to the mouth of the least hardened! Such passages, so feebly invented, are blots on an otherwise agreeable volume. The photographic illustrations disclose an extraordinary ingenuity on the part of

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the photographer, and they are good examples of camera-work. We have, however, an instinctive objection to them. The camera cannot lie, but the subjects of the camera can lie, and these pictures, in their woodenness and artificiality, give the lie to life.

Fancy Free. By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen. 6s.)

We are sorry to have to say that Mr. Phillpotts' fall below his true level, in the pages of this book, is prodigious. As in turning it over we think on the one hand of the patient, sincere work of his *Children of the Mist*, and on the other of the light, debonair humour of *The Human Boy*, we find ourselves wondering, by the light of the ordinary artistic conscience, how competent and serious authors in full career come to permit unequal medleys, dating from outgrown periods, to be put forth. Can it be the influence of the agent, against which Mr. Heinemann, speaking in the interests of Literature, has been inveighing? The question of expediency alone should deter them. Here is Mr. Phillpotts, who is just taking a high place among English novelists, and also among humorists, asking his readers to welcome a miscellany of old exercises in the New Humour, over which, with the best feeling towards their author, we have been unable to beat up the faintest smile.

From Cyprus to Zanzibar. By Edward Vizetelly. (Pearson.)

Those who have read Mr. A. H. Beaman's *Twenty Years in the Near East* will find much that is familiar in this volume of the veteran journalist, Mr. Edward Vizetelly; but they will find it all freshly told, and will see it through the spectacles of another individuality. Mr. Vizetelly was in Athens when he learned, in 1878, that Cyprus had been added to the British Empire, and he at once joined the rush to the island. He met with many queer adventures there, which he tells with much humour. Having exhausted the resources of Cyprus, Mr. Vizetelly then went on to Egypt, "the land of miracles," in February, 1882, arriving just in time to be in the thick of the Arabi Pasha movement. Here he saw everything, and describes the events of those stirring times in cheery and unconventional style. After they had settled down, Mr. Vizetelly joined Mr. A. H. Beaman on the *Times of Egypt*, and later on had an unpleasant experience over a libel action, which resulted in imprisonment. However, he prosecuted his enemy for perjury, and gained a verdict. His best adventure was with Mr. James Gordon Bennett, for whom he went as special correspondent to Zanzibar, to meet Stanley returning from his great expedition. He successfully carried out his mission for the *New York Herald*, and presented Stanley with an American flag, his efforts being rewarded with £2,000 from Mr. Bennett. The book gives one the impression of having been written at top speed. The English is rather slovenly; and there are anecdotes of persons connected with the Near East which it would have been in better taste to have omitted. But Mr. Vizetelly is no respecter of persons; he seems to have been always more or less "agin the Government," and to have a happy knack of falling in and out of adventures.

Nearly seven hundred years have rolled by since Mr. John Iwyn, of Stinking Lane, in the parish of St. Nicholas Shambles, gave a property in that salubrious neighbourhood to the first party of Franciscans who settled in the City of London. The Grey Friars monastery grew in wealth and unlikeness to the ways and aims of St. Francis, was despoiled by Henry VIII., became a City hospital for foundlings, and finally, in 1552, a school filled with waifs of the streets, of whom we read that many "dyed downe righte" when taken from their native dunghills into "swete and cleane keping." Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, and the rest came to the school—no other than Christ's Hospital—later; and now the Bluecoat School is moving to Horsham, and the old buildings are likely to come down or be absorbed in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The famous Newgate Street railings will be a memory, and a brag of our latter years. Now the rest of the chronicles of Christ's Hospital, are they not written in *Annals of Christ's Hospital*, by Mr. E. H. Pearce (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) —a well-compiled and well-illustrated record?

The wild red deer hunting of Somersetshire and Devon is a world of its own, full of moor-craft and wood-craft and local lore. It is the subject of Mr. Philip Evered's admirably-illustrated volume, *Stag Hunting with the Devon and Somerset*, 1887-1901 (Chatto). You need not be a follower of these hunts, or have ever seen an antlered deer pounding over Dunkery, to enjoy these pages, in which the breeze and the heather and the warmth of rocks and the music of hounds are recalled. "They are off over the Holnicote Vale, by way of Luccombe Mill and Blackford," and so on by places like Up Manor Allotment, Kittucks, and Sweetworthy Coombe. It is inspiring to hear of certain great deer that for years have defied the huntsman, like the great Nott stag of Dunkery, or the switch-horned stag of Haddon, or the old one-horned stag that still roams Dunkery. The huntsmen, too—men like Huxtable, of the Devon and Somerset, and old Jim Wensley, the harbourer —are interesting.

We recently referred to the kind of bookseller's assistant who, when asked for *Pepys's Diary*, will reply: "Sorry, we don't stock that, sir, but we have *Letts's*." This, however, is the season when the real catastrophe is to be offered *Pepys's Diary* in lieu of the ever-punctual and useful *Letts's*. We have received our usual generous batch of diaries for 1902 from this firm, which, it is no secret, is Messrs. Cassell. For scribbling and business purposes the *Rough Diaries* No. 31 and 33, with their interleaving of blotting paper, are all that can be desired. For private or literary purposes commend us to the veldt-like expanses of *Letts's No. 1*, although the octavo No. 9 will meet most people's requirements. Some very good leather pocket diaries, with the usual postal and other information, complete the batch. Firm binding and good all-round workmanship continue to be the features of these indispensable diaries.

Photograms of the Year 1901 (Dawbarn and Ward) is an interesting record for the ever-growing photographic public. It shows by scores of examples how photographic artists are seeking to produce the effects of manual art, even the subtlest. Titles like "When the Gloamin' Fa's," "Day Dreams," and "In and In and Out, Turn and Turn About," almost persuade us that we are giving up our umbrella at Burlington House. The volume is not without literary interest, for it contains the portrait of Mr. Bernard Shaw which helped to inspire his recent rhapsody on the Sun as an artist, at the expense of bunglers like Rembrandt and Velasquez. A fine portrait it is, we admit, but we notice that the Sun is frequently glad to work "after" Mr. Leader, Mr. MacWhirter, Mesdag, and the Glasgow impressionists.

Among new editions we have received Dr. Conan Doyle's *The Great Boer War* (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.), of which, says the author, "there is hardly a page which has not been worked over." Mr. Lane begins his issue of Anthony Trollope's novels with *Doctor Thorne* (2s. net). The size is "pocket," and the print excellent. Students of Mr. Meredith's novels should not overlook the really excellent pocket edition now being issued by Messrs. Constable. The volumes are almost magically light and thin, yet the paper has substance and the type is excellent. The novels will make fifteen volumes, and these are issued at 2s. 6d. net each in cloth, or 3s. 6d. net in limp leather.

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Fiction.

Seven Books for the Home, and Another.

The Marriage of Laurentia. By Marie Haultmont. (Sands & Co.)
The Awakening of Helena Thorpe. By Rentoul Esler. (S. W. Partridge.)
The Fortune of Christina M'Nab. By S. Macnaughton. (Methuen.)
T' Bacca Queen. By T. Wilson Wilson. (Arnold.)
Ivy Cardew. By Perrington Primm. (Jarrold & Sons.)
Sylvia's Ambition. By Adeline Sergeant. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
Flower and Thorn. By Beatrice Whitby. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THIS batch of stories is essentially the kind of fiction serviceable at the present time of year. Moreover, these are the kind of books wanted by a large class of people, the people who may be said practically to devour light literature, and to whom quantity must, in consequence, be almost the supreme necessity. To the inveterate novel reader any one of them would be a welcome present, while they fill besides a gap that grows enormously as fiction becomes more and more a medium of many things besides a wholesome story, relying for its successful sale mainly upon the popularity of its plot.

Frankly, these are novels for the unliterary, a fact which does not prevent them, however, from being perfectly readable and interesting. They are not the best, but it is incontestable that to a great number they will be infinitely less difficult to digest than a literature with more elaborate intentions. *The Marriage of Laurentia*, *Ivy Cardew*, *The Awakening of Helena Thorpe*, *Flower and Thorn*, and *The Fortune of Christina M'Nab*, are all novels to give confidently to the young person. In saying this it is by no means implied that they are only suitable to the young person, but that they have all pleasant, cheerful plots, and are not concerned with the more questionable side of existence and humanity. The young girl marrying the rich and desirable husband for the sake of an impoverished family, and, after various tribulations, finding the desirable affection in the choice made, is the theme of both *Laurentia's Marriage* and *The Awakening of Helena Thorpe*, and no plot is more popular among a certain class of readers. In life, it is possibly more frequent to marry the desirable husband from a personal hankering after riches than as victim to the importunities of distressing relatives; but, if the psychology might be more relentlessly human, the charm of the heroine would be sensibly less, and the glowing love scene at the end probably unattainable. *Ivy Cardew*, the account of a lonely child's affection for a man eighteen years her senior, whom she subsequently marries, possesses much the same atmosphere. A slight vulgarity of tone offends here and there, but, on the whole, the story is pleasant enough, and entirely devoid of harrowing incidents. *T' Bacca Queen* and *Sylvia's Ambition* are, to a certain extent, in a different class. In these, unrighteousness is touched upon, though, on the whole, slightly and unobtrusively. There is no condonement of the sinner, moreover, and the deserving heroines are made happy in both. *Flower and Thorn* deals principally with the difficulties of the early years of married life. Here the subject itself is almost congested with possibilities. Nothing is more virgin ground to interesting treatment than the days subsequent to the marriage service. Miss Whitby's new novel, however, is not a study in unrelaxing realism. It is an account of the more trivial domestic disillusions, and flows over an undercurrent of encouraging optimism.

Of them all, perhaps *The Fortune of Christina M'Nab* is the best reading. The story has both shrewdness and humour, and shows more direct observation than any of the previous volumes. Some of the character sketches—that of Mrs. Welkes for one—are excellent, and the personality of Christina herself is fairly convincing. Her visits among the aristocracy, for the double purposes of learning how to become a lady and of marrying a lord, provide some amusing writing.

Taking these volumes *en masse*, however, they may be said to float well above any turbid revelations. The theory that all modern novels are unfit for family reading should be pleasantly loosened by them. Here are seven new novels, and all are free from the muddy darknesses at the depths, and possessed of an optimistic undercurrent too rarely found in fiction.

A Modern Antæus. By the Writer of *An Englishwoman's Love-letters.* (Murray. 6s.)

That the "writer" of the *E. L-L.* (one is obliged to invent an abbreviation) could put a story neatly together we knew, and also that he could be sentimental prettily, and handle a metaphor with the cleverest neo-Meredithian of them all. This novel carries us no further than his first effort. It is precisely the book one would have predicted from him. The very chapter-headings proclaim the writer's limitations:

> "Showing that out of a mare's nest may spring night-mare."
> "Arboreal Childhood."
> "Tristram's heart has its growing-pains."
> "Antæus drops to earth."

The book is so obviously inspired by Meredith, and the hero so obviously drawn from the young man whom Adrian Harley patronised, that it would have been no shock to find a chapter headed:

> "Crisis in the apple-disease."

"The reader will by this time be perceiving that what is to be told here is history and not fiction." So begins the fifth chapter (doubtless the "writer" had the *E.L-L.* in mind). But the fact is that the story is essentially conventional. A whole generation of novel-readers are acquainted with the Tristram Gavneys of fiction, those naughty boys so wise and strange as children, who grow up a sorrow to their misunderstanding parents, and then die off, like boy-sopranos in drawing-room ballads, in the last chapter but one. Fifty episodes proclaim the precise character of the youth. Here is one:

> "I'm not tired," said Tristram, "I went to sleep in the cart." But he went and curled himself down on the coat. One of his queer instincts was to judge of people with whom he wished to make friends by the smell of their raiment. Before altogether trusting him he wished to know what sort of smell this new acquaintance carried about with him. A very brief sniff approved to his judgment the man he had to deal with: the coat actually bore the scent of lavender.

A dainty touch, but surely those two "wents" at the beginning reveal an oversight on the part of the fastidious "writer." The following is an example of the "writer's" ingenuity:—"Young life picking out its five-fingered exercises sounds monotonous when heard without intermission; only now and then does accented experience break in on the routine. Then the exercise changes and becomes a sort of tune; out of it the gods get humorous promptings of what troubles their puppet is likely to be in hereafter, and, having heard, set the callow tunester back again to his stiff digital drill."

On the whole, a *bon-bon.*

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Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON. BY H. G. WELLS.

With pictures, which are quite as wonderful as the adventures of the travellers. One of them is marooned on the moon. This holiday flight of Mr. Wells's imagination appeared in the pages of the *Strand Magazine*. Chapter III. is "The Building of the Sphere," Chapter VI. is "The Landing on the Moon," and in Chapter XXIV. we find this: "Of the condition of the moon sexes, marrying and giving in marriage, and of birth and so forth among the Selenites, I have as yet been able to learn but little. I am of opinion that, as with the ants and bees, there is a large majority of the members in this community of the neuter sex." (Newnes. 6s.)

STORIES IN THE DARK. BY BARRY PAIN.

Ten studies in the grotesque and the terrible. There are books—too many of them indeed—warranted to cure insomnia. Given the right nervous temperament in the reader these condensed and inexplicable horrors should ensure it. "The Undying Thing," "The Gray Cat," "The Green Light" are some of them. (Grant Richards. 1s.)

THE FIREBRAND. BY S. R. CROCKETT.

Those who like Mr. Crockett's robustious manner of telling a story, his "midnoon" style, his damsels in distress or in trousers, and his method of flicking a character in your face, will like *The Firebrand*. His is not the good old way of gently introducing a character. No! Mr. Crockett begins "right there," like this: "Ramon Garcia, called El Sarria, lay crouched like a wild beast. And he was a wild beast. Yet he smiled as he blinked into the midnoon heat, under his shaggy brows, from his den beneath the great rock of limestone that shadowed him." (Macmillan. 6s.)

SONS OF THE SWORD. BY MARGARET L. WOODS.

A Romance of the Peninsular War. "The young man smiled insolently." "To what, then, do you pretend, Mademoiselle?" . . . "I pretend, Monsieur le Colonel, to nothing in the world, except some personal tastes!" "There was a silence in the room: only the stiff plastron of gold on the soldier's strong chest crackled a little." "And, I do not suit, then?" (Heinemann. 6s.)

FOMA GORDYEEFF. BY MAXIM GORKY.

Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. There are two frontispieces to the volume: one a portrait of the author, whose pseudonym, we are informed, signifies "the bitter one"; the other a photograph of "Nizhni Novgorod and the Volga." The story, which is realistic, is about the merchant class in Eastern Russia, who make their living on the Volga. The author, who is becoming known in this country, has been in turn shoemaker, pedlar, painter, dock-hand, baker and tramp. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THE TORY LOVER. BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

Historical, introducing Paul Jones, and mainly concerned with the voyages of the "Ranger." Captain Paul Jones "might have shipped his crew on the river many times over. The ease of teaching England to let the colonies alone was not spoken of with such bold certainty as at first, and some late offences were believed to be best revenged by such a voyage as the 'Ranger' was about to make." A portrait of Mary Hamilton is given as frontispiece. (Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

CHRISTOPHER DEANE. BY E. H. LACON WATSON.

"A character study at school and college." Christopher Deane was "the hope of the family." After two years at the Market Atherstone Grammar School, he went to Winchester, thence to Cambridge. The story is told by his friend, who remarks at the end of the book: "It is now some seven years since I saw Deane off on his voyage. A good deal has happened in that time, to both of us. He has seen life—and death—in the Soudan, where he acted as correspondent during the late campaign." (Elkin Matthews. 6s.)

CONCERNING SOME FOOLS AND THEIR FOLLY. BY NEWTON SANDERS.

A modern story—slight and mild, with a Great Thought at the beginning of each chapter, and, on the title-page, this:

> I want the moon, the silver moon. . . .
> Only when dying, man ceases sighing,
> For that moon.

Kitty Crofton was "young, charming, and very daintily dressed in some kind of pink fluffiness." Kitty's hat blew off. The Rev. Peter Winch "gallantly leaped into the stream, rescued the hat, and, wading to the bank, handed it to its fair owner." (Sands. 6s.)

THE PROVING OF PRISCILLA. BY LOUIE BENNETT.

Mainly concerned with Priscilla. The first chapter is devoted to her childhood, and includes some extracts from her diary. On page 54 Priscilla and John Lennox are married, and the "proving of Priscilla begins." A well-told story: those who like to be entertained by the domestic troubles of others will like the book. The motto on the title-page is Browning's "I go to prove my soul, &c." (Harpers. 6s.)

THE END OF AN EPOCH. BY A. LINCOLN GREEN.

"Being the personal narrative of Adam Godwin, the Survivor." Says the narrator—"I have shrunk so many times from attempting to write an account of the last ten years that I doubt, even now, whether I shall have the resolution to complete it. At best it can only be a lame and feeble story, for the task of preparing a fitting record of the Calamity which overwhelmed mankind soon after the close of the Victorian era is wholly beyond my power." The Calamity was the Great Epidemic that swept over the surface of the world "like the huge shadow of an eclipse." (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE IDEALIST. BY GROVE JOHNSON.

The cover shows the Idealist gazing, in a rapt attitude, at a piece of sculpture placed against a green curtain. The story opens in the Junior Common Room, where the occupants had assembled "for the last debate of the season." The subject was—"Whether, in the opinion of this House, has Science or Art the greater influence upon Religion?" (Greening. 6s.)

THE FALL OF LORD PADDOCKSLEA. BY LIONEL LANGTON.

A presentment of modern politics and political society, "dealing, under thinly-veiled disguises, with many of the leading personages of the day." It begins: "George Stukeley and Robert Forbes were Liberal members of Parliament, but not of the conventional type—neither coal-owners, cotton spinners, stockbrokers, company promoters, nor merchants of tea, butter, or soap. . . . They were young country gentlemen of easy fortune, belonging to Whig families of some historical repute." (Heinemann. 6s.)

We have also received *War to the Knife* (new edition), by Rolf Boldrewood (Macmillan, 6s.); *An Island Interlude*, by John Amity (Long); *Forbidden Paths*, by Marcus Reay (Long); *Shrouded In Mystery*, by the Misses Stredder (Drane); *The Dropping of an H.*, by Ina Garvey (Drane); *The King's Guide*, by Naunton Covertside. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

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The Richardson Revival.

Is Life Long Enough?

THERE are signs that Samuel Richardson, who was compared by his contemporaries with Moses, Homer, Euripides, Sophocles, and even with the Deity, is once more to enjoy a "vogue": which is to say that his novels, charmingly printed and illustrated, will be bought even if they are not read. And we do not think that they will be read, beyond the respective first volumes of each novel. Richardson is not for the wireless age—an age which, since it has found itself unable to appreciate the great realists of the nineteenth century, will surely fail to appreciate the greatest realist of the eighteenth, disadvantaged as he is by grotesque mannerisms and an almost infinite tedium. Richardson is not dead; never will be. On the other hand, he is not alive, as Defoe and Fielding are kickingly alive. He is in the intermediate and unsatisfactory state of being "taken for granted." The fault is partly his own and partly that of Time, an agency responsible for quite as much injustice as justice. Richardson so intimately belonged to his century that no other century could hope fully to possess him. In the days when it was a case of Homer and Richardson (with Shakspere somewhere at the foot of this dual throne), Richardson's novels were read aloud in the family circle. At the pathetic passages the hearers would retire to their rooms to weep, and the reading was continued after they had regained command of themselves. We laugh at that; we must. We laugh also when we remember that Richardson, after fifty years of respectable and lucrative trading, began to write *Pamela*, not in the least at the bidding of a creative impulse, but upon the suggestion of two enterprising booksellers who wanted "a volume of familiar letters as patterns for illiterate country writers." *Pamela* is shorter than *Clarissa*, but it is as long as *The Eternal City*, and Richardson composed it from end to end—a quarter of a million words—in exactly two months. The whole circumstances of its production, and all its superficial characteristics, are against its acceptance by a public which has been forced by a dynasty of proud and self-conscious artists to regard the novel as a separate and highly specialised craft. Great novels, we say to our cultured selves, are not written so. Barring miracles, they certainly are not; and miracles have long since been disposed of. Nevertheless, if only we could recognise it, Richardson was a miracle—perhaps the supreme miracle of English fiction. Decidedly no writer was ever such an artist *sans le savoir*. Imagine the result of a dialogue between de Maupassant and Richardson on the art of fiction! It would be too funny! Yet we doubt whether any novel in English conforms more perfectly to the ideals which vitalise *Une Vie*, that relentless tragedy of a woman, than *Clarissa*, that equally relentless tragedy of a woman. We doubt whether any two novels are more at one in their inmost spirit than these two.

And here we shall try to show that Richardson, despite his comical limitations, carried the naturalistic conception of the novel higher than it had ever been carried before, and left it high and dry at a point which no one in England succeeded in touching for more than a hundred years. Defoe was the first English novelist, in the modern sense of the term novelist; and although his greatest work, *Robinson Crusoe*, is a romance and therefore not naturalistic, he was in the main a naturalistic writer. *Moll Flanders* is an example of an absolutely naturalistic novel. In that admirable tale, no concessions are made to sentimentality. It is Life, rendered shapely, but otherwise untampered with. What, then, is the difference between *Moll Flanders*, the record of a courtesan, and say, de Goncourt's *La Fille Elisa*, the record of a courtesan? The difference is almost solely one of poignancy. We repeat that word—poignancy. One may read *Moll Flanders* unmoved, but not *La Fille Elisa*. Defoe realises his scenes with unerring accuracy of psychological and documentary detail, but he is not passionate; he does not make you feel that *he* feels; his detached and imperturbable coldness resembles that of the old chroniclers. He, in fact, chronicles; he sets down; he is intellectual rather than sensuous. He achieves none of that sympathetic and personal coloration which is the mark of *La Fille Elisa*, and of the distressing close of *Une Vie*. In other words, he is never pathetic. At that time pathos, in fiction, had, we think, only been compassed in verse. Swift, master of irony, made no attempt after either naturalism or sensuousness. Next came Richardson, who, at his first effort, failed. *Pamela* may have passages of pathos, but it is not consistently naturalistic. The sub-title, *Or Virtue Rewarded*, puts it instantly among the novels in which truth is sacrificed to moral or immoral purpose. We are all aware, as Richardson's contemporary readers must have been aware, that the figure of the virtuous and high-minded waiting-maid, who, by her excellent and sweet fortitude, turned an unscrupulous rake into an exemplary husband, is not drawn from life itself. After *Pamela*, Richardson imbibed through Addison the Aristotelian principles of dramatic art, and he made a new beginning. At the age of fifty-five, the printer, marvellously flowering like the giant cactus that flowers once in a generation, developed into the artist. To blossom so is sheer and mighty genius, and only on the hypothesis of transcendent genius can the brief phenomena of Richardson's artistic career be explained. There is nothing about virtue rewarded in *Clarissa*, and everything about virtue unrewarded. It is *The History of a Young Lady: comprehending the most important concerns of private life; and particularly shewing the distresses that may attend the misconduct both of Parents and Children in relation to Marriage*. This, in fact, is life, without sugar and cream, or any nonsense whatever. Richardson has been called sentimental, but, for our part, we have found no sentimentality in *Clarissa*. But we have found, side by side with grandeur and nobility, side by side with humour and wit, a naturalism as unflinching, complete, and exact, and a sensuous pathos as beautiful and moving, as any that the nineteenth century can show. This is high praise, even for Richardson, but it can be substantiated. For naturalism and unsentimentality see the character-drawing everywhere. For realism of the Zolaesque sort, see the unmatched narration of Clarissa's adventures under Mrs. Sinclair. For wit and humour see, amongst others, the earlier letters of Miss Howe. For sensuous pathos, read this fragment of an interview between Clarissa and her mother.

> You know, my dear, what I every day forego, and undergo, for the sake of peace. Your papa is a very good man, and means well; but he will not be controuled; nor yet persuaded. You have sometimes seemed to pity *me*, that I am obliged to give up every point. Poor man! *his* reputation the less for it: *mine* the greater: Yet would I not have this credit, if I could help it, at so dear

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> a rate to *him* and to *myself*. You are a dutiful, prudent, and a *wise* child, she was pleased to say, in hope, no doubt, to make me so; you would not add, I am sure, to my trouble: You would not wilfully break that peace which costs your Mother so much to preserve. Obedience is better than sacrifice. O my Clary Harlowe, rejoice my heart, by telling me I have apprehended too much! I see your concern! I see your perplexity! I see your conflict [loosing her arm, and rising, not willing I should see how much she herself was affected]. I will leave you for a moment—Answer me not—[For I was essaying to speak, and had, as soon as she took her cheek from mine, dropt down on my knees, my hands clasped, and lifted up in a supplicating manner]. I am not prepared for your irresistible expostulation, she was pleased to say. I will leave you to recollection: And I charge you, on my blessing, that all this my truly maternal tenderness be not thrown away upon you.
>
> And then she withdrew into the next apartment, wiping her eyes as she went from me; as mine overflowed; my heart taking in the whole compass of her meaning.

It is in such passages, and possibly only in such, that Richardson rises superior to Defoe at Defoe's best. But Richardson could not live up to *Clarissa*. In *Grandison* he fell away. *Clarissa* had been too true. The villain was so exasperatingly human that women loved him as they loved rakes in real life. This could not be countenanced, and Richardson pattern of virtue, wrestled with Richardson the artist and defeated him. Sir Charles Grandison is nearly as inhuman as the heir of Redcliffe.

Still, the naturalistic and sensuous novel had been accomplished. Fielding never accomplished it. *Joseph Andrews* was so far from naturalism as to be a confessed parody of *Pamela*. *Jonathan Wild* was another instance of the subordination of naturalism to satire. *Tom Jones*, immortal, is frequently caricature, and truth in it is often sacrificed to diversion. *Amelia* belongs to a more serious order of naturalistic art, but it is spoilt by the strained happy ending, just as *Far from the Madding Crowd* is so spoilt. In stating these obvious facts, we have no wish to exalt Richardson over Fielding; we consider Fielding to be the greater man; we merely assert that Richardson excelled in naturalistic art. There remained only one thing to be done for the novel, and Scott did it: he showed man amid the influences of inanimate nature. But Scott knew nothing of naturalism. Thackeray has been held to be a realist. But was he? Were any of the mid-Victorian novelists realistic in the Richardsonian sense? We know that in the main they were not. And an examination of all their great works will reveal spots upon which we can put a finger, and say, "Here truth to life was sacrificed to sentimentality or to the desire to 'round off' a story." The proof that austere naturalism had waned away is the fact that when Flaubert wrote *Madame Bovary* the book was accepted as something quite new in the art of fiction. Yet the newness of it was exactly as old as *Clarissa*.

We have not touched on the dark, the tedious side of Richardson's fiction. The makers of the coming vogue will soon enough discover that for themselves. We picture the courageous attack about to be made on Richardson by the average cultured reader. That reader will choose *Clarissa*, of course, and, braced and firm, he will commence the perusal. In the first fifty pages he will probably be beaten off with great loss. But he will return to the charge and have his reward. He will be amazed and delighted by the truth, the power, and the beauty of this new author. Occasional *longueurs* will not terrify him. He will discover Richardson to his friends, and preach it abroad that Richardson was the greatest novelist that ever lived. . . . And then, perhaps about the fiftieth letter, he will stop suddenly and meditate, like a boy in the middle of a feast of unlimited cake. The *longueurs* will seem to be more frequent, though they are not so. The monotony, the narrow view, the appalling unity of theme, the unremitting pietism, the vast masses of triviality, will present themselves to him in a sinister and dreadful light. He will perceive that he has journeyed through one-eighth of the entire work. His fancy will conjure up an awful vision of the remaining seven-eighths. He will put the first volume down, and for some weeks will feel ashamed at his cowardice in not taking up the second. At length he will recover his good opinion of himself, and will jauntily remark, as he glances at a certain shelf, "No! Life is too short!"

Things Seen.

The Bookseller.

"You see," said the lady with the jewels and furs and presence, "we've taken a new 'ouse, and we're fitting up a library. Sir Isaac, that's my husband, has been measuring the space, and we want sixty feet of books." I put down the First Edition of *Lavengro*—priced, to my regret, at two guineas—and glanced at my friend the bookseller. He wore his most blameless expression. "Quite so, Madam," he answered. "I quite understand. You would like to see some handsome sets, that are used more particularly for that purpose?" "Big books with nice bindings," she assented. "Exactly so, Madam," he said, with becoming gravity, though, as his eye wandered over in my direction, I could perceive the slightest of twinkles in it. Thereupon I watched with interest, keeping one eye on the pair and the other on the *International Library of Famous Literature*, which stood in an imposing row just behind them. As I expected, he turned round sharply and pointed to it. "This is a favourite set," he explained: "it has been mentioned favourably in all the leading papers." She looked at the handsome binding with approval, and said, "Yes, that will do nicely for a start." Then her natural genius asserted itself, and she pounced on—no, indicated—two large books bound in brown calf with very gilt edges. "What are those?" she asked. "Dictionaries," he said: "very useful books." He displayed one; it bore the arms of—but no, I will not name the school. Suffice it to say that it had all the attributes of a school prize, being in fact a *Liddell and Scott;* the other had the same characteristics, and was a *Lewis and Short*. "A gentleman who was in here the other day," he said, without a blush, "thought they might be the arms of Queen Elizabeth." This was enough, and the lady decided to have the volumes at once. Then ensued a wild scene of bibliographical extravagance. *The Encyclopedia Britannica*, Chambers's *Encyclopedia*, a complete set of Ruskin's works on large paper, the library edition of Burton's *Arabian Nights*, enough volumes of Bohn's helpful library to fill a good-sized bookcase—nothing came amiss to her; and when finally she agreed to pay a large sum for the volumes of *Punch* complete from the beginning, I felt that I had been present at a function.

"A good customer?" I suggested, when she had gone. The Bookseller permitted himself to smile at last. "Well, yes," he said. "If it wasn't for such customers our trade would be in a bad way. It's the ignorant and omnivorous who make bookselling at all possible."

The Return.

I WAS seated in the train at Southampton when they jumped into the carriage, with rugs and kit-bags. Their sunburnt faces, their khaki uniforms, their air of freshness announced them to be officers just back from the war. Indeed, the steamer had but a little while ago

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touched port, and they had caught the train at a gallop. Of the two soldiers, one was middle-aged, with a beard; the other was young, with an alert moustache, and they had one desire in common—to read newspapers. They had swept the bookstall. Each was laden with papers, and before the train had started they had begun to read. The bearded man read gluttonously. His eyes went steadily down the columns. What he read did not apparently signify. It was news of sorts—that was enough. The younger man's attention wandered occasionally, and when he looked from the window he always made some enthusiastic remark, such as: "What colours you get in England! By gad! look at those autumn tints!" or, "That's a thing you don't see in Africa—a grey church tower. Gad, it's fine." The bearded man would raise his eyes for an instant; then they fell again to the paper. Not until the train had stopped on the bridge just without Victoria Station did he put the newspapers from his mind. It was a typical November afternoon—moist, misty, miserable. He gazed half affectionately, half disapprovingly, at the prospect, as a mother might look at the dirty face of an only child, till his eyes caught the dim outlines of the Houses of Parliament. "By Jove!" he said, "that looks like home." The younger man made no comment. His mind was intent on something else. Half-an-hour before he had drawn on his gloves, twirled his moustache, cocked his hat, and remarked to his companion: "My people will meet me at Victoria." But, somehow, his people did not meet him. I saw him peer eagerly up and down the station. He waited five minutes, then called a cab. But the driver shook his head. The fog grew thicker. There were no more cabs. It seemed rather a dreary welcome home.

The Candid Friend.

Having read Mr. Graham Balfour's *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*, Mr. Henley finds himself "discontented, dissatisfied, still looking for more." That "more" he gives to the world in the pages of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, being, as he says, "oppressed by the thought" that in Mr. Balfour's *Life* Stevenson is shown only as he "may well have wanted to be." Mr. Henley attempts to belittle Stevenson. In our opinion he has not succeeded.

Mr. Henley hits and hints, and at the same time exposes his own breast, so keen is his delight in battle and his contempt for cover. He is also quite candid. So it comes about that in his remarks on R. L. Stevenson, he who reads between the lines may see the reasons, perhaps unconscious, that prompted Mr. Henley to write that pain-giving article. "My relation to him," says Mr. Henley, "was that of a man with a grievance." There is the clue. Mr. Henley is a man with a grievance—perhaps two grievances. One would seem to be that his share in the making of Stevenson has not been fully recognised. Here are two of many passages where Mr. Henley pleads his own cause:

> I published his first sustained achievement in fiction (*The New Arabian Nights*); I procured him the first cheque for an hundred pounds he ever earned; I did my best for his works, in fact, until he asked me to take a commission of five per cent. on the receipts. I refused, and he went for some time in his own way. Then Mr. Charles Baxter, an infinitely better business man than I, and with (I am sure he will agree) a far more marketable commodity to sell than I had had, came on; and Stevenson, beginning with a pound a month from his parents, ended by spending something between £4,000 and £5,000 a year. How he spent it Heaven and Mr. Baxter alone know. Mr. Balfour gives the figures; but one needn't go further than to rejoice in them. To finish with myself: I was (I can say it now) for something in the contrivance of the *Edinburgh Edition*; so that first and last I may claim to have done my part . . .
>
> I take up a volume of the *Edinburgh Edition*, and I read that, included in the plenishing of his ideal house, are "a Canaletto print or two"; and I recall the circumstance that his taste for Canaletto prints, even as his Canaletto prints themselves, came through and from me. I bought them, I remember, in the Knightsbridge Road, and he paid me what I gave for them, which was some six or seven shillings apiece. I turn the page, and read of "Piranesi etchings on the walls"; and I remember who placed them there, and the blessed hours I've had in their neighbourhood. I turn the page again, and I come on the *Moral Emblems* and *Not I*; and once more the Muse of Memory is too much for me, and, as in a dream, I see myself touting in the interest of these works, taking sixpence of this one and eightpence of that other, and embezzling these receipts: for I neither paid the laborious graver-poet the price of his endeavour, nor delivered the works for which I was acting as agent.

Mr. Henley's other grievance is that the Robert Lewis Stevenson who went to America in 1887 did not remain the same Stevenson who was Mr. Henley's intimate friend for thirteen years. Mr. Henley, it seems to us, resents Stevenson's growth. What right had he to pass out of Mr. Henley's school, and take his own view of the mystery of life? What business had the soul of R. L. S. to develop? by what right did he pray and preach? "The first [Stevenson] I knew, and loved; the other I lost touch with, and, though I admired him, did not greatly esteem." Well, Mr. Henley makes his lack of esteem for Stevenson very clear. He can thrust thus at the man "I knew and loved": "I learn of his nameless prodigalities—and recall some instances of conduct in another vein." What of that? May not a man try again, and do better the next time? And have friends ceased to bear their friends' infirmities?

Here is another "charge." Is not the reference to a word of three letters done nicely?

> He gave himself out for the most open-minded of men: to him one point of view was as good as another; Age's was respectable, but so was Youth's; the Fox that had a tail was no whit more considerable than the Fox whose tail was lost. *Et patati, et patata.* 'Twas all "as easy as lying" to him, for 'twas all in the run of his humanity. But in the event it was academic; for where he was grossly interested, he could see but one side of the debate; and there are people yet living (I am not one of them) who, knowing him intimately, have not hesitated to describe him in a word of three letters, the suspicion of which might well make him turn in his grave. And yet I do not know.

"An artist in morals" is another of Mr. Henley's contemptuous phrases. "I am not interested in remarks about morals," says Mr. Henley. The Stevenson of latter years was, and a few others have also been interested in morals in the course of the world's history. Mr. Henley will have none of him, either as man or writer. "If I want reading I do not go for it to the *Edinburgh Edition*." Stay! he allows that Stevenson was a fine talker. The explanation is just that Stevenson outgrew the Stevenson that Mr. Henley knew—"my old, riotous, intrepid, scornful Stevenson." That sticks in Mr. Henley's gorge. He will not even give Stevenson credit for sincerity. "Plainly the Shorter Catechist was what was wanted," says Mr. Henley, implying that latterly Stevenson played down to a certain public. How much of the Shorter Catechist, we ask, is there in *Weir of Hermiston*?

Mr. Henley has done his worst for Stevenson. What is the result? What do we learn from him? That "Stevenson was incessantly and passionately interested in Stevenson"; that "no better histrion ever lived"; that in the years that Mr. Henley knew him Stevenson did not always practise what he preached; that he did not originate all the youthful pranks that his biographers have fathered upon him; that Mr. Henley spent himself more in the service of "the Lewis that I knew and loved" than

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the world wots of, and that a candid friend, with a grievance against the biographee, does not make a convincing biographer.

If Mr. Henley's article is a specimen of the "new biography" from the pen of the friend who knows, then give us the official *Life*. We have already said what we thought of Mr. Balfour's colourless but conscientious *Life;* but that, in conjunction with the *Letters* and Mr. Colvin's biographical chapters, gives, we believe, the true picture of the man. Mr. Henley's pages, with their trivial accusations of frailty, add nothing, prove nothing.

Stevenson is beyond the reach of praise or blame. He was neither whole saint nor whole sinner, but, like most of us, something of both. He was a man of infinite variety. In early life his many-sided nature, his lively fancy, his eagerness for experience ran him hither and thither; later it settled into a broad, deep stream. He could always be kind, and just, and sympathetic in his estimate of others. That, his paper on *Burns* shows. *He* knew how little we understand one another, how "greatly dark" a man we have known even for thirteen years may be. Hear him!

> Alas! I fear every man and woman of us is "greatly dark" to all their neighbours, from the day of birth until death removes them, in their greatest virtues as well as in their saddest thoughts; and we, who have been trying to read the character of Burns, may take home the lesson and be gentle in our thoughts.

What is Light Verse?

The value of making up one's mind and sticking to it is only too well illustrated (by inversion) in Mr. Anthony C. Deane's *Little Book of Light Verse* (Methuen), for, pretty and agreeable though it be, it is a very long way from what its title leads the anticipatory reader to expect. And all because Mr. Deane had not determined whether by light verse he meant *vers de société*, comic verse, or parody. At the first blush one might suppose that he meant all three; but a glance at his pages disproves that, for if he did he would have included more that is comic. His definitions, in the introduction, point principally to *vers de société*, and the fact that the bulk of the book is devoted to poetry in that *genre* supports the theory; and yet the statement that "amusement is its primary object," and the presence of various parodies and Hood's "Sally Brown," pulls us up short.

That all comic verse is light is an hypothesis which could easily be maintained; but that light verse is comic verse, or that amusement is its "primary object," is not defensible. Of course, it depends a little upon what Mr. Deane means by amusement; but if he means laughter, he is, we hold, wrong. The whole duty of light verse is to be graceful and charming. It may be witty too, and it may even lead to laughter (though it had better not, perhaps), but it must first of all be graceful and charming. Mr. Deane is perfectly right and worthy of all respect for his statement that a master of light verse should not be lightly dismissed as a minor poet; on the contrary, he is a major in his own domain, a domain in which poets do not compete. But holding, as he does, this very proper and unusual view, we are the more surprised that he treats Matthew Prior so casually. "It is very doubtful," he says, "if the art [of light verse] existed before the days of the *Anti-Jacobin* and *Rejected Addresses*—that is to say, roughly speaking, before the beginning of the nineteenth century." This is roughly speaking indeed: it clears away at a blow Skelton, who is the English father of the art; Herrick, Wither, Suckling; Prior and Gay, whose place in English literature is based solely on their light verse, which they wrote in great quantities; Swift, who practised the art of light verse very assiduously with Dr. Sheridan; Pope, perhaps the greatest master of light verse English literature will ever know, and Goldsmith and Cowper. Mr. Deane, it is true, includes examples from many of these writers in his book, but just now we are concerned with his introduction, and with the statement that the *Anti-Jacobin* and the *Rejected Addresses* began the convention. Apart from the names we have mentioned to show that light verse had been consciously practised for some centuries, there is such an immediate predecessor of Canning and Frere as Christopher Anstey, of *The New Bath Guide*, a masterly exercise in Mr. Deane's medium, and one that had a far-reaching influence. Altogether, we cannot consider that Mr. Deane's introduction, although later it does include mention of some of the earlier light-verse writers whom we have enumerated, says quite so authoritative a word on the subject as the reader is entitled to.

Coming to the book itself, we find that Mr. Deane's irresolution about the true character of light verse has led to his collection being none of three things: it is not a good anthology of *vers de société*, because comic verse and parody intrude; it is not a good anthology of parody, because *vers de société* and comic verse intrude; it is not a good anthology of comic verse, because *vers de société* and parody intrude. It remains a not clearly defined collection of light poems, comic poems, and parodies, which Mr. Deane finds amusing; and, considering the wealth of material, is only a meagre collection at that. Of course, we know nothing of the conditions under which Mr. Deane compiled this book for Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library," but if the excellent *Little Book of English Lyrics* in that series contains between four hundred and five hundred pages, we see no reason why a *Little Book of Light Verse* should stop at page 188. While Mr. Deane was about it he might—had his taste been more rigorous—have made a pocket collection comparable in value to *Lyra Elegantiarum;* which, by the way, Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. should put into pocket form. It is just the book to slip into one's coat, and peep at now and then on a railway journey.

In its way Mr. Deane's little book is a pleasant enough possession; but its editor's taste is not always sound, not always stern enough. He likes parodies too much. His defence of the inclusion of "Delia's Pocket Handkerchief," by Southey, would be interesting reading; and of Hook's "Daylight Dinners," and of Browning's "Pope and the Net," and of the efforts of Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell and Henry S. Leigh, and of the song from Mr. Gilbert's *Yeomen of the Guard*, and of Mr. Godley's "Vernal Verses." Mr. Godley is neat and high-spirited; but the specimens of his work given in this book are of very ordinary undergraduate quality. Henry S. Leigh and Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell are never classic, never more than skilful and gay; and a book of this size could have been made wholly classic. Mr. Gilbert's *Bab Ballads* and Savoy libretti lack finish; they show no lapidary work, as light verse should. Browning also is disqualified as a light verse writer by Mr. Deane's own dictum: no one could say of any of his efforts that they "run as smoothly as talking." As for Hook's "Daylight Dinners," it is nasty, which good light verse could not be; while Southey's lines on the handkerchief are feeble, and do not always rhyme.

We could make many further objections, but it all comes back to the fact that Mr. Deane's conception of light verse is muddled. We can show in a nutshell how his theory and our own differs. Mr. Deane chooses from Milton the lines on Hobson, the carrier, which, in addition to being technically faulty (it has such rhymes as one, overthrown; known, down; home, come; inn, chamberlain—inadmissible in good light verse, by Mr. Deane's own showing in his introduction), is a not very extraordinary production.

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We should have chosen from Milton either the sonnet to Mr. Lawrence or to Cyriack Skinner, each of which is true light verse, urbane, smiling, technically faultless. We should also have given something from *Don Juan* itself, and not contented ourselves merely with the Smiths' parody of it; and we should have gone to Thomas Love Peacock, a born light verse writer; and to Leigh Hunt for "Jenny kissed me," a perfect example of light verse; and our selections from Landor would have been very different; and Tennyson's "Will Waterproof" would not have been ignored; and from Goldsmith we should have taken "Retaliation" before we took the "Mad Dog"; and Moore and Hood would both yield other selections than Mr. Deane has chosen. And all, not because we are better judges than Mr. Deane, but because we should have had a stricter sense of the meaning of the phrase "light verse."

Correspondence.

An Anonymous Poet.

SIR,—In a recent issue Mr. H. Miltern put a question regarding the authorship of some French verses, and I rather hoped some pundit amongst ACADEMY readers would be able to answer the question, and thus satisfy Mr. Miltern's curiosity and my own. However, I see no one has come forward yet with full information; and, though I cannot give Mr. Miltern any certain reply as to the author, I can tell him when and where the verses were first published.

In the middle seventies—when the Murger quarter was still the only really fashionable haunt of budding genius, and Montmartre had as yet but few Olympian pretensions—a small volume of verse appeared which created quite a furore amongst the young lions of the quarter. It was bound in brown paper and execrably printed, and the lines Mr. Miltern refers to—the second one, by-the-way, is ungrammatically misquoted: it should run "*par les éparses orées*"—appeared in the title poem "*L'Apotheosé.*" The quality of the verse was distinctly good, but for some mysterious reason the volume appeared anonymously, and even the publisher's name and address were pure inventions: a circumstance which caused a police inquiry, much *réclame* amongst my then intimates, and a good deal of spouting of the perfectly innocent verses in our café haunts.

I have always attributed the volume to one of the Parnassiens in my own mind: and it is interesting to find Mr. Miltern fixes them upon Verlaine. Certain lines stick in my memory out of the little brown covered volume, and they have a certain tang of Verlaine.

Oh, Madelon!
Sur les planches de bois
Quand que tu danses, et je m'assieds:
Pulsant je vois,
Sur les planches de bois,
Deux petites flammes que sont tes pieds.

Deux flammes ils sont
Oh, Madelon!
Brûlant toujours, sur les planches de bois,
Un luth épuisé,
Et un cœur brisé;
Et le cœur, et le luth, et les flammes—ils sont moi.

Mr. Arthur Symons, perhaps, could "an' he would," tell us something of the anonymous poet.—Believe me, sir, yours faithfully, H. MORRIS.

18, Jerningham Mansions, Willesden Green.

The French Nuns.

SIR,—The Président de Conseil and the Commissioner of the Law on Associations proclaimed, before even the Debates began, that in no instance would the demand of any order of women for authorisation meet with refusal from the Government. If this is not immunity, I am curious to know what your reviewer regards as immunity. Would he maintain that this liberal assertion implies a spirit of persecution? I have studied the law as well as he, and still contend that it is far too mild, considering the provocation received by the Republic. I am of the opinion of M. Cornély, Conservator and Catholic, that the modern congregations in France have dabbled too much in politics, commerce, and calumny, and too little in Christianity. The 120 communities of women who have fled from France, as your reviewer romantically puts it (one would think we were back in the days of the Inquisition, the Elizabethan persecution, or the Revolution, when there really was sense in describing people as "fleeing") do not deserve in the least his sentimental sympathy, for an association which cannot ask for and quietly accept State authorisation seems to me an association of dubious morality. Communities were more harshly treated under the kings of France, and one wonders how Napoleon would have treated such enemies as the Assumptionist Fathers.

Your reviewer gathers that I desire the expulsion of nuns from France. I desire the expulsion of nobody. What I should like to see is the closure of all educational communities of women, and the opening of all hospitals to the nuns. I think, also, that nuns should be prevented by State interference from exploiting the labour of orphans and girls entrusted to their charge, and thus spare us such scandals as the recent revelations of the trial of the *Bon Pasteur*, a scandal brought about not by an anti-clerical Government, but by the Archbishop of Nancy, who was the principal accuser of nuns in his own diocese.—I am, etc.,

HANNAH LYNCH.

The Dairymaids to Pan.

Goatfoot, we know you,
Though we cannot see you;
Goatfoot, Goatfoot,
Lightfoot do we flee you.
When we hear the flocks at night
Bleat as to the shepherd's light
Then we girls clasp close in bed,
Draw the coarse sheet over-head,
Whispering, afraid to sleep,
"'Tis the good god Goatfoot
Fondling the sheep."

Goatfoot, we hear you
At the cow-house door,
Goatfoot, Goatfoot,
Through a single floor.
Barefoot in our nightgowns then
Timidly we wake the men;
To the byre they venture slowly—
As each happy cow lows lowly,
Each hind in his turn repeats,
"'Tis the good god Goatfoot
Easing their teats."

Goatfoot, do not fright us
In the woodland meadows,
Goatfoot, Goatfoot,
When the kine have led us
Far from home at milking-time
Down dark groves of scented lime
To the weedy water where
Deep they wade for cooler air.
Think of all your fruited feasts;
Be the good god Goatfoot
To herd us our beasts.

G. BOTTOMLEY.

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Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 113 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best criticism of a book, old or new, but excluding fiction, published this year. We award the prize to Mr. Herbert Jameson, Hadley Wood, Middlesex, for the following:—

"BY THE IONIAN SEA."

In its own department of letters Mr. George Gissing's volume of travels, "By the Ionian Sea," strikes me as one of the outstanding books of the present year. The primary interest is that it has come from Mr. Gissing, whose versatility all admirers of his singularly good work as a novelist must here be proud to recognise. From this modern civilisation, which he depicts with true yet eclectic realism, and in his heart grieves over, he escaped for a while to the scenes of an old-world civilisation that especially attracted him, and the result is this vivid, personal, and always informing series of papers. A book of travel must have individuality or it is dull. A cultured scholar, steeped to the finger-tips in classic lore, Mr. Gissing writes of what he saw and heard with a vigour of interest that carries the stay-at-home reader with him to this unfrequented land. You catch his impressions red-hot; you feel the measure of the fascination. Finely as the scenery is described, it is always made subservient to the human foreground; the people of to-day he meets are described with a novelist's insight. His enthusiasm is evident, yet purple patches are absent; the style has ease, fluency, and occasional passages have quite a lyrical charm. Altogether, "By the Ionian Sea" is a contribution to the literature (as distinguished from the journalism) of travel that deserves to live.

From fifteen other replies we select the following:—

[The writer of the criticism of "Anticipations" would have taken the prize had he observed our condition as to length.]

"ANTICIPATIONS."

So long as the writer confines himself to applying the scientific discoveries of this age to the practical life of the next, he gains our assent, as in the chapters on Locomotion and on Diffusion of Cities. So it is in the chapter on War—the best in the book—containing fine descriptions and vivid sarcasms. So, too, in those chapters where he shows a more sympathetically just appreciation of France and a truer measurement of the commercial prosperity and naval ambition of Germany than is usual, yet in which, strange for one of his imagination, he underrates the vast potentialities of Russia. It is when he deals with the future *Man* that the writer fails. His stern scientific people, without humour, love or pity, are not real; even the shareholder cutting up Army sausage does not grasp the humour of it, but solemnly does his duty. In dismissing philanthropy from future ethics, he is inconsistent. Men who so realise their responsibilities to the race that they marry, not lightly, according to inclination, but with grave thoughts for the future of their children, *are* philanthropists; and such men would evolve a better method for the elimination of vice than the lethal chamber. The writer has not realised that with the intellectual development of the race will grow a greater, albeit a clearer-sighted, love, pity and patience, and we feel that the coming man might have been drawn with a larger touch, a freer imagination, and a more human sympathy. But the book remains a stirring, mind-gripping, thought-inspiring work, and although the reforms it advocates will probably not be accomplished before the twenty-fifth century, it contains excellent suggestions for millionaires, who will doubtless make more allowance than the writer for the influence of industrial tidal waves on the abyss, apart from the character of those thus flung there. [J. P., Finchley.]

"LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."
By Graham Balfour.

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A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1543. Established 1869. 30 November, 1901. Price Threepence
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The Literary Week.

Mr. Henley's article on Stevenson has been more discussed and more written about during the past week than any other literary topic. We gave our opinion of that article in our last issue. Mr. Henley has been interviewed on the subject by the *Sun* "man," who found the author of *Hawthorn and Lavender* "implacable." Mr. Henley quoted Bishop Berkeley: "They say, What say they? Let them say." Mr. Henley also observed that the criticisms upon him were not worth the trouble of retort, and that this was not the first time that he had fought a forlorn hope. Mr. Henley's article on Stevenson has been called many things by various writers, but it occurred to nobody else to call it a forlorn hope.

The fourteen poems contained in *Pasiteles the Elder and Other Poems* were chosen by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse some months before his death in July of the present year. Mr. Austin Dobson contributes a Prefatory Note to the volume, from which we take the following:

> A critic in the first place, and a critic of exceptional equipment, insight, and honesty, he would probably have been more pleased to have successfully enshrined an elevated idea in a flawless sonnet, than to have produced a whole volume of carefully-considered essays. He was interested in questions of metrical dexterity, and he was not averse from the playful treatment of a subject; but he was inexorable to mental haziness and obscure expression. He knew—no one better—that verse cannot exist by style alone; but that an informing conception, a defined purpose, and above all, a genuine and an overmastering impulse, are indispensable, if it is to have any chance of ultimate survival in a crowded world. His dream, through a life of many duties, was of a leisure when he might listen to his own thoughts, and set them to a fitting music. But Death left that dream unrealised.

Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Ulysses* will be produced by Mr. Beerbohm Tree at Her Majesty's Theatre early next year. Calypso will be played by Mrs. Brown-Potter.

Among Messrs. Greening and Co.'s forthcoming books, "in active preparation," we notice the following:—*W. E. Henley and the National Observer Group*, by George Gamble; *The Parnassian School in English Poetry* (Andrew Lang, Edmund Gosse, and Robert Bridges), by Sir George Douglas; also *Richard Le Gallienne*, by C. Ranger Gull. The demand for critical monographs seems to be unabated—or is it only the supply?

A correspondent asks if any of our readers can tell him the name of the author of the following verses, and where they are to be found:

> A fire mist and a planet,
> A crystal and a cell,
> A jelly fish and a saurian,
> And caves where the cavemen dwell.
> Then a sense of law and beauty,
> And a face turned from the clod,
> Some call it evolution,
> And others call it God.
>
> A haze on the far horizon,
> An infinite tender sky,
> The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
> And the wild geese sailing high;
> And all our upland and lowland,
> The charm of the golden rod;
> Some of us call it autumn,
> And others call it God.

Another correspondent is anxious to discover the origin of the saying that the pith of a woman's letter is in the postscript.

Our readers are so frequently able to identify quotations of which the origin is desired that we will pass on to them a question asked by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*. He wishes to know the title of a small octavo child's book, popular in the sixties, in which each page was headed by a picture of an English monarch in red and black. Underneath were verses, "more or less of the nonsense order," and like unto these about Henry VIII.:

> Highty, tighty, flighty, Ho!
> Whither away doth my little man go?
> To see my Lord Mayor, hys Feaste or hys Showe?
> No; not for ye Feaste, nor yet for ye Showe,
> Have I donned my best Beaver and fayre Bridal Bowe;
> But to see our Kyng's nuptials,
> His wedding, I trowe.

Another *Notes and Queries* querist would like to know the author of a poem which winds up on the following bass note of resignation:

> Your friends will bury you;
> That's all that they will do?

It depends, however, on who you are.

"He has become a kind of classic in *négligé*." Thus Mr. Arthur Symons hits off Henry Murger in the translation of *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*, which Mr. Grant Richards issues under the title of *The Latin Quarter*. He adds:

> His *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème* sum up an epoch, give us the map of a country: it is the Bohemia of the Latin Quarter, as it existed at the Romantic epoch. And it is also the eternal Bohemia, a country where people love lightly and sincerely, weep and laugh freely, are really

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hungry, really have their ambitions, and at times die of all these maladies. It is the gayest and most melancholy country in the world. Not to have visited it is to have made the grand tour for nothing. To have lived there too long is to find all the rest of the world an exile. But in Murger's pages, perhaps, after all, you will see more of the country than anything less than a lifetime spent in it will show you. . . .

. . . The Bohemians of Murger are like children playing at life with all the gay seriousness of children. They have never unlearnt the child's gesture of grasping at any shining thing, the vehemence of his desire for the moon, the irrational tempest of his tears or of his mirth, the regardlessness of anything but the desire of the moment. They realise very keenly that I am I, they can admit frankly that you are you, when you cross their path; but nothing has ever been able to teach them, any more than the child in the nurse's arms can be taught, that there exists a vague and vast abstraction, neither you nor I, but made up of infinite identities that have allowed themselves to be swallowed up for one another's benefit: the intangible, inexplicable monster that we call Society.

In conclusion Mr. Symons remarks: "He gives us every sentiment for its own sake, taking part with it uncritically; and, in his forgetfulness to be an artist, seems to come closer to us, like a comrade."

It may not be generally known that "Colonel" Lynch, the newly-elected member for Galway, is also a poet. Mr. William Platt sends us some verses from "Colonel" Lynch's *A Koran of Love*, published some years ago, with the assurance that the volume contains "many equally striking passages":

I love thy beauty in its wildest mood;
I love all beauty with a pagan force,
As if an instinct scarcely understood
Had turned my thoughts to beauty's golden course,
And every pang of nerve and leap of blood
Had owned that impulse as its primal source;
As if my thoughts and hopes and hot desires
Were touched to life in Beauty's lambent fires.

How can I utter that impassioned call
That rings from out the depths within my soul
When some rare thing of beauty over all
Comes near my life, disdaining my control?
My pride hath vanished, I am Beauty's thrall,
My life and service I would fain uproll,
And sacrifice them all to Beauty's gain,
And find reward in that voluptuous pain.

And, therefore, mightily do I rejoice
In those rare moods that seem to open Heaven
Unto our minds, and gift us with a voice
That spreads through earth a finer sort of leaven,
And moves us ever to the better choice
Of all the gifts of Fate profusely given—
Bereft of the ideal, man's a clod,
The poet's spark transforms him to a God.

A Coronation Ode, like a novel, is easy enough to write, but very difficult to write well. But many will soon be trying, as *Good Words* offers a first prize of £50, and lesser prizes for the best Coronation Ode. The attempts will be judged by a small committee of literary men.

Collectors of literary curiosities may like to note the following lines by Dr. Chivers, the eccentric poet, who died in Decatur, Ga., in 1858, whose verse it has been suggested from time to time suggested to Poe something of his peculiar vocabulary and rhythm. The following string of bejewelled phrases will serve as an example:

Many mellow Cydonian suckets,
Sweet apples, anthosmial, divine,
From the ruby-rimmed, beryline buckets,
Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline;
Like the sweet golden goblet found growing
On the wild emerald cucumber tree,
Rich, brilliant, like chrysoprase glowing,
Was my beautiful Rosalie Lee.

Some of our ode-makers, too, may like to know in time for the Coronation how thickly a poet who gives his mind to the poetry of pomp can "lay it on." Dr. Chivers's Fourth of July rhapsody, called "The Heroes of Freedom," read in Washington, Ga., in 1856, was "wholly composed of lines like these":

Hark! the Asar-Cock crows, filling Gimle with thunder,
Answering Heimdall's great Horn, blowing loud for the brave;
While from Hela they march, singing, full of sweet wonder,
Up to Valhalla's Halls, shouting, Wave, Banners, Wave!
Up to beautiful Baldar from the infinite Nadir,
Chanting Odin's sweet Runes, by three Nornir upborne,
Soar Eternity's Heroes where Almighty Alfader
Sits crowned in Bethshimmin on the Mountains of Morn.
Now like clouds of sweet fragrance from Altars uprising,
Wreathing Nosegays of Eden's bliss wide as the sea,
Floats the incense of song, all their comates surprising
With the joys of the Beautiful, the joys of the Free.

Mr. Andrew Lang, and a working-man described as "X.," deliver themselves in the current *Cornhill* on "The Reading Public." Mr. Lang's own remarks are as discursive as usual, and as entertaining. We will give a passage from each writer. Mr. Lang says:

> The practical man reads all the newspapers, nothing else. Millions of readers peruse only cheap illustrated magazines, which are often wonderfully good, but do not pretend to be literature. Intelligent ladies in the country read quantities of miscellaneous things without an order or an aim, just what the librarian chooses to put into their boxes. The circulating libraries often do not send a book of any special sort; when asked for, 'It is out,' and it never gets an innings. In place of it are sent six-shilling novels which nobody asked for. The wearied applicant at last forgets about the book she wanted, and asks for another, and does not get it. As to *buying* a book, he or she would usually as soon think of buying a boa-constrictor, unless he is specially a book-collector. I have had the amusement of seeing a volume of my own sold for £7 10s. a volume which, for twenty years, the public would not have at three-and-six. The bookseller helps. Lately a Swedish lady sent for one or two books of mine to 'the trade' of a large town in this country; she then wrote to me complaining of being told that *all* my books were out of print. Now, an author cannot reach the public, and the public cannot get at an author, while booksellers adopt this vigorous policy.

"X.," a labourer in a large town with whom Mr. Lang came in contact, has been induced by him to give particulars of the amount and kind of study done by working-men. His paper is decidedly interesting. After naming the authors in whom he takes delight (they include Æschylus, Shakespeare, Lamb, Milton, Byron, Carlyle, Adam Smith, and others), "X." says:

> It is not to be assumed that working-men generally take an interest in the authors I have named; on the contrary, I should find a difficulty in naming a dozen

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workmen of my acquaintance with whom I could discuss for half an hour all or any of the books in my small library. Were I to take an average working-man, and leave him alone for an hour or two in a room containing my books and a year-old newspaper, I dare wager that on my return I should find him reading—if he were reading at all—the ancient newspaper. I recently heard a fellow workman remark that he had been to hear a debate between a Spiritualist and a Freethinker, and, deeming that was rather an unusual form of amusement, I entered into conversation with him, during which he told me he had read a few of Dickens's and Marryat's books. He had never read any of Scott's works, so I lent him *Ivanhoe*.

Still, I have known a few working-men who did take some interest in good literature. There was one—he was a labourer too—whose most treasured literary possession was a paper-covered second-hand volume of Shakespeare's plays. I believe he knew almost all the plays by heart, and he would argue by the hour on the subjects of Hamlet's 'nor-nor-west' madness, or whether Falstaff really deserved such a bad character as many good people credit him with. He believed Shakespeare's to be the greatest mind of all time; and, living not a great way from the bard's birthplace, and being well-acquainted with many of the legends concerning him, he considered that the poet's alleged appreciation of good ale rather enhanced than detracted from his merits. My friend was a little perturbed a few years ago when the American, Donelly, was attempting to prove Bacon's authorship of Shakespeare's works.

In the same magazine General James Grant Wilson begins a series of papers on Thackeray in the United States. Thackeray's biography is being written after all bit by bit, and he who gathers up the fragments will soon find himself in possession of that forbidden loaf. The memories here presented are personal and brisk, and most readable. Among many Thackeray manuscripts in the collection of Major William H. Lambert, of Philadelphia, is the following invitation to Richard Doyle to attend the first lecture on the English Humorists in Willis's Rooms, in London, on May 22, 1851:

> My dear D.—I hope you will come to the tight-rope exhibition to-morrow, and send you a card. You and your friend will please to sit in distant parts of the room.
>
> When you see me put my hand to my watch-chain, you will say, "God bless my soul, how beautiful!"
>
> When I touch my neckcloth, clap with all your might.
>
> When I use my pocket handkerchief, burst into tears.
>
> When I pause, say "Brav-ah-ah-ah-vo," through the pause.
>
> You had best bring with you a very noisy umbrella, to be used at proper intervals: and if you can't cry at the pathetic parts, please blow your nose very hard.
>
> And now, everything having been done to ensure success that mortal can do, the issue is left to the immortal Gods.
>
> God save the Queen. No money returned. Babies in arms NOT admitted.—By yours ever,
>
> W. M. T.

Some good stories of Thackeray's encounters in America are not wanting. "Wishing to see a specimen of the red-shirted Bowery boy and volunteer fireman of that period, of whom he had heard much both before and after his arrival in the States, he made his way to that broad thoroughfare, and soon saw one of the species seated on a hydrant. Approaching him, he politely said, 'Please, sir, I want to go to Brooklyn.' 'Well,' answered the Bowery boy, 'why the h— don't you go?'" To "Sam" Ward, one of his New York friends, Thackeray said: "Sir, respect your dinner; idolise it; enjoy it properly. You will be, by many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life, the happier if you do." A Boston lady said to him very smartly, *apropos* of his novels: "Mr. Thackeray, I feel extremely sorry for you, for it seems that you never knew a good woman who was not a fool, nor a bright one that was not a knave." General Wilson tells us that Thackeray "was not shocked with slavery as he saw it in several of the Southern States, but thought the negroes in the good families 'the comfortablest race of menials.' With American scenery he was not favourably impressed, saying: 'It is a dreary, unpicturesque country for the most part. I have not seen a dozen picturesque views in all my wanderings, nor even cared to use my pencil except to sketch a negro or two.'"

From a collection of Children's Witticisms by Dr. T. J. Macnamara in the December *New Liberal Review* we take the following three admirable definitions, of which the first, unfortunately, is a "chestnut," and, we fear, a manufacture:

> The marriage customs of the ancient Greeks were that a man married only one wife, and this was called Monotony.
>
> Faith is that quality which enables us to believe what we know to be untrue.
>
> Parliament is the place where they go up to in London to talk about Birmingham.

There is a pleasant paper on "Dr. Johnson Among the Poets" in the new *Macmillan*, and it contains no pleasanter passage than the following:

> One day, when Johnson and Garrick were sitting together, the latter repeated an epitaph which a Dr. Wilkes had composed upon Phillips. Johnson was dissatisfied with the "commonplace funereal lines," as Boswell justly calls them, and said to Garrick, "I think, Davy, I can make a better." "Then," the biographer adds, "stirring about his tea for a little while, in a state of meditation, he almost extempore produced the following verses:
>
> 'Phillips, whose touch harmonious could remove
> The pangs of guilty power and hapless love,
> Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
> Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
> Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
> Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.'"
>
> Any musician might covet such an epitaph; any poet might be proud to have written it.

Illustrated book catalogues are the order of the day, and we find much to admire in the list published by Messrs. Cornish Brothers, of Birmingham, with frontispiece portrait of Mr. George Meredith in his Surrey garden. Nor do we take amiss the assertion, of the trade tradey though it be, that "It was an excellent saying of the younger Pliny that Cornish's Catalogue. . . ." A little redolent of commerce, too, is the assertion that "the assets of humanity have been increased by the creation of such characters as Lucy Desborough, Emilia, Carinthia, Deborah Beltham, and even the much-vexed Diana." We assent also to the proposition that "Cornish Brothers need make no apology for bringing to the notice of their readers no fewer than six new editions of the works of our immortal Shakespeare." Verily, no: Edgbaston, we doubt not, can absorb them all.

On Tuesday, December 3, an Exhibition will be opened at the depôt of the Guild of Women-Binders, 61, Charing Cross Road, consisting of original portraits of His Majesty the King and of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, water-colour drawings by the late Empress Frederick, and a large collection of coloured and other rare engravings, illus-

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trating the Coronations of English Monarchs, together with a number of scarce books on the same subject. There are also some old and rare engravings of royal palaces. The Exhibition will be open from 9 a.m. daily, and will be free to the public. The Press view will be on Monday next, from 9 a.m. The Princess of Wales has given permission to the Guild of Women-Binders to reproduce the cover of the album which was made by the Guild for Her Royal Highness to take to Australia, South Africa, Canada, etc. It contains autographs, and views of the places visited, and will be of historical interest. The reproduction will form the frontispiece of a volume entitled *The Bindings of To-morrow*, which is to be published by the Guild by private subscription. The volume will contain facsimile reproductions in colour of fifty of the finest bindings by the Guild, and the Princess has given permission for it to be dedicated to herself.

Bibliographical.

It is well known that on September 27, 1855, at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Browning, D. G. Rossetti made a surreptitious sketch of Tennyson as he sat on a sofa reading *Maud* to a distinguished company. That sketch Browning, a few years before his death, spoke of "still possessing." The *Daily News* accordingly suggests that the drawing of Tennyson (in the same circumstances, and by Rossetti) which was sold this week at the Cosmo Monkhouse sale, "was possibly a second sketch made the same evening." The facts are given by Mr. W. M. Rossetti in his *Præ-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters* (1900). Dante Rossetti did make of the first sketch a duplicate, which became the property of Mr. Monkhouse. The poet-painter, his brother goes on to tell us, also made a triplicate, which he sent to Miss Elizabeth Siddal. This third drawing remained in the possession of the Siddal family till 1899, when it was presented to Mr. W. M. Rossetti, who reproduces it in *Præ-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters* (opposite page 233). It is dated September 27, 1855, and was therefore obviously drawn on the evening of the reading. At the right-hand top corner are written the words from *Maud*—"I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood."

It would be interesting to know, for certain, the author of the lines beginning "Three score and ten the age and life of man," printed on page 474 of last week's Academy. The last two stanzas there given, beginning "What is our lyfe, a play of passion," figure, with slight differences, in Dr. Hannah's anthology, *The Courtly Poets* (1870), where they are signed "Sr W. R." and ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh. This is Dr. Hannah's version:—

> What is our life? The play of passion.
> Our mirth? The music of division:
> Our mothers' wombs the tiring-houses be,
> Where we are dressed for life's short comedy.
> The earth the stage; Heaven the spectator is,
> Who sits and views whosoe'er doth act amiss.
> The graves which hide us from the scorching sun
> Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.
> Thus playing post we to our latest rest,
> And then we die in earnest, not in jest.

Dr. Hannah says in a note that these lines were printed anonymously in a music-book of 1612, and are to be found also in the Ashmolean MSS., 36 and 38. He likewise refers his readers to *Censura Literaria*, ii., 103 (2nd edition).

Writing in the *Sphere*, "C. K. S." remarks, concerning "a favourite writer" of his, that "some of Ann Radcliffe's books have not been reprinted for fifty years." This may be true of her *Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*, her *Sicilian Romance*, her *Journal through Holland*, or her *Poems*; but it is not true of her three most notable works—*The Romance of the Forest*, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, and *The Italian*. Of the *Romance of the Forest* there was a sixpenny edition in 1882, and a two-shilling issue in 1887. *The Mysteries* also came out in 1882 at a florin, and was reprinted at the same price in 1891. There was likewise a sixpenny edition of *The Italian* in 1884. Every student of English literature ought to read these three stories, and also the *Sicilian Romance*, and I should say they would be popular with the "tit-bits" public if brought out cheaply enough. I fear, however, that there is no chance of our seeing them in an edition *de luxe*.

"C. K. S." is my authority for the statement that Mr. Wilfred Whitten (not Whitton, good "C. K. S.") is writing a short Life of Byron. Well, there is room for such a book. We have had no small, portable monograph on the poet since Mr. Roden Noel's contribution to the "Great Writers" series in 1890. Professor Nichol's memoir in "English Men of Letters" series is extant, but neither of these books closes the way against another short biography. Though I do not think that Mr. Murray's revised and enlarged edition of the *Letters, Journals, and Poems* adds anything material to our knowledge of Byron, and though I am quite sure that Mr. W. Graham's second-hand gossip about the poet (1899) is of next to no value, a new Memoir of Byron, from a fresh point of view, should be both interesting and useful.

The announced abridgment of Scott's novels for the use of schools is no doubt a good idea, but it is not a new one. It is just twenty years since Miss Braddon started an enterprise practically identical, though her's, I fancy, was intended for the benefit of the general public. However, in 1886, Messrs. Chambers brought out an abridged edition of *Kenilworth* for schools, and two years later came Messrs. Bell with *The Talisman* dealt with in the same fashion. No doubt there are passages—nay, whole chapters—in Scott which the present-day schoolboy is inclined to skip. Still, those who set out to abridge the Great Magician should do their spiriting gently.

We are promised the Works of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell in ten volumes of uniform size and style. But can they be got into ten volumes? Here is a list of those which the British public have already made acquaintance:—*In War Time* (1885), *Roland Blake* (1886), *Prince Little Boy and Other Tales* (1887), *The Masque and Other Poems* (1888), *The Cup of Youth and Other Poems* (1889), *Far in the Forest* (1889), *The Psalm of Death* (1891), *Francis Drake* (1892), *Characteristics* (1892), *The Mother and Other Poems* (1893), *When all the Woods are Green* (1894), *Collected Poems* (1896), *Hephzibah Guinness* (1897), *Hugh Wynne* (1897), *Dr. North and his Friends* (1900), *Wayes and Other Poems* (1900), and *Circumstance* (1901).

It has been suggested that Shirley Brooks's memorial verses in *Punch* should be collected and issued in volume form. With this I do not agree, for Brooks was by no means a poet, though he was a wit and a humorist (*vide* his volume of verse called *Wit and Humour*, of which a new edition appeared in 1883). His serious verse, like his prose, "Essence of Parliament," was good journalism, but that is all. Much more is to be said for his three novels—*The Silver Cord*, *The Gordian Knot*, and *Sooner or Later*, of which there has been no new edition, certainly for twenty years. These are books which a publisher might well be encouraged to reproduce.

There is a small bibliographical point involved in the appearance of Mr. Watts-Dunton's "Xmas at the Mermaid" in the "Flowers of Parnassus" series. Hitherto (in all editions, known to me, of *The Coming of Love*), one of the personages in "Xmas at the Mermaid" has been the mysterious "Mr. W. H.," of Shakespeare's Sonnets. In the new booklet we have, instead of "Mr. W. H.," "A Friend of Shakespeare."

The Bookworm.

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Reviews.

About Dreams.

Dreams and Their Meanings. By Horace G. Hutchinson. (Longmans. 9s. 6d. net.)

It is difficult to see why Mr. Hutchinson should have labelled his book with a title so misleading as *Dreams and Their Meanings*, which might naturally convey the idea that it was a book on the interpretation of dreams, an elaborate rival to the many "Dream-Books" which beguile the pence and the reason of servant girls. It is true there is a chapter on this art in various times and countries; but it is a mere disquisition for the curious, and has nothing to do with the object of the book, which is a discussion of those forms of dream common, more or less, to all men. In order, however, to swell the volume to book dimensions, and give it what we must needs think a fictitious completeness, we have likewise prefatory chapters on the scientific view of dreams, on their association with ideas of immortality, and on divination from dreams. These are frank compilations, of necessity more or less cursory and incomplete. The real pith of the book is contained in one lengthy chapter, which is in effect several chapters. As the author explains, it grew out of an essay on the more frequent dreams which most of us have. Numerous correspondents were induced by it to favour him with their own dream-experiences, by way of addition to or correction of the experiences touched on in his essay; and his method has been to reprint this essay, following it by the amplifications of his correspondents, interwoven with his own commentary on their communications.

It must be said that the result is somewhat desultory, and that the book as a whole has an unsystematic and patchwork air. The prefatory chapters (already mentioned) were surely unnecessary by way of introduction to a disquisition so light and amateurish, which avowedly has nothing to do with any scientific treatment of the subject. Doubtless the somewhat desultory aspect of the main portion was unavoidable, having regard to the author's aim. But the result is that we seem to get into a bath of dreams, splash about for a bit, and get out again, without tangible result or object. He does not, like Mr. Frederick Greenwood, in his interesting *Imagination in Dreams*, attempt the psychological aspect of the subject—the subtle and intricate considerations suggested by the enlargement of the powers of the dreaming mind. He would probably plead, indeed, that he had no imagination in dreams; that his design was to discuss the dreams common to the prosaic person in general, from the standpoint of a prosaic man. To discover and catalogue what dreams are dreamed by all men, what are their typical forms and chief modifications—this appears to be his sole aim. He does discuss occasional explanations suggested by correspondents, or offer alternative explanations of his own. But these are sufficiently superficial, and not very satisfactory, getting little further than ordinary association of ideas, physical suggestion, or lobster salad.

He shows, indeed, some inability to comprehend the more subtle operations of dream or potencies of the dreaming mind. He will not entertain the idea that "Kubla Khan" was composed in dream, or that coherent composition of any value is possible in such a state. This arises from miscomprehension of poetic psychology—the supposition that metrical composition demands a deliberate and difficult effort. Whereas to a poet, while he finds an effort to express himself in prose, poetry is very easy. Apart from Coleridge, we know instances of poets composing to some extent in dream—one, in particular, who composed a fine passage of considerable length, included in his published work. There should be no difficulty, therefore, in admitting the dream-composition of "Kubla Khan," though how far it was afterwards improved is another matter. Mr. Hutchinson is too confident, also, in some of his assumptions; such as that, in the common dream of falling from a height, nobody has ever reached the bottom. One instance to the contrary is given by a correspondent of his own; and the present writer constantly had the same experience as a child.

A prolonged bead-roll of dreams which we all know in kind, if not in detail, with no new circumstance to cast any light on their causes or enlarge our knowledge of what the dreaming mind can do, is not enthralling: we doubt even whether it have much value as possible material for science. Yet here and there is an interesting point. One person, for instance, sees new kinds of flowers, and even unknown colours. Mr. Hutchinson, of course, with usual scepticism, is sure that this person only imagined the colour to be unknown, and that waking vision would have recognised it. We are not so sure. We know from our own experience that dream may reveal new senses, unguessed by waking experience. New colour, therefore, does not seem impossible, especially when we consider that the spectrum has a whole range of unseen colours. Might not the strange heightening of the dreaming senses light on some hint of these? We see the difficulties of the suggestion, none the less. Mr. Hutchinson, by-the-way, does not notice, in discussing dream-scenery, the preternaturally splendid light which invests them—with many people, at least. One thing worth record he notes—that dreams of sight are most frequent, next those of hearing, lastly those of smell, touch, and taste. Would this hold good with musicians, one wonders? Their pursuit ought to make hearing far more frequent in dream. When the present writer was a frequent concert-goer, he had musical dreams which have vanished with the cessation of that practice.

But the most interesting portion of the book, to our mind, is the final section on telepathic and premonitory dreams, where Mr. Hutchinson has given over the pen to another hand. Drawn chiefly from the records of the Society for Psychical Research, it possesses a more systematic arrangement, and an evidential value. Here are dreams as much uncommon as the others are familiar, while they have the advantage of pointing a conclusion—if you please to accept it. Let us end this notice by one or two quotations. Here is the story told by Mrs. Venn, of St. Peter's Terrace, Cambridge:

> I think the oddest experience I ever had with [my son] was one night at Bournemouth, when he slept in my room. I dreamed a dream and woke with it, and he immediately (asleep still) in his sleep began to talk about it, proving that he was dreaming the same thing. It was a very queer dream, and involved the question of how many inches (of a row of candles) should be cut off each candle. He gravely begged me to "cut off six inches, do, mamma;" when I was feeling four would be enough. It was a *fête* in our dream, and we were lighting up some room. No real thing had happened to suggest it to us, but we both dreamt it together, apparently.

Dreams, then, may be infectious? Well, you have the alternative that some words spoken in the mother's dream may have suggested the dream-answer to the boy. But other cases here given cannot be so explained, though we have taken this for its brevity. The next we must condense; it is the dream which saved the life of Mr. Brighten, when as an articled clerk at Norwich he took a trip with a friend on a small river-steamer. The steamer was moored for the night, stem and stern, to a wherry in the river at Great Yarmouth. Mr. Brighten retired to his cabin, and fell asleep in his berth. He dreamed:

> I thought my eyes opened, and that the top of the cabin had become transparent, and I could see two dark figures floating in the air above the funnel. They ap-

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peared to be in earnest converse, pointing towards the mouth of the river, and then at the ropes by which the boat was moored: at last they turned to each other, and, after some gestures, they seemed to have resolved upon a plan of action, and each floated in the air, one to the stem and the other to the stern, holding out a forefinger, and at the same moment each forefinger touched a rope and instantly burned it like a red-hot iron. [The boat drifted towards the rapids at the river-mouth; while Mr. Brighten, knowing the boat would founder there, made vain efforts to arise and give the alarm. All the time the two figures floated above the steamer, uttering musical sounds.] At last . . . we came where the swift waters were hurrying . . . over the bar . . .; and in those waters we were soon whirling, when the musical sounds . . . were exchanged by the two figures for hideous screams of triumph, as the boat began rapidly to sink. . . . I was drowning, choking. [He sprang up, burst the cabin doors, and was on deck in the moonlight, awake.] I instinctively turned to the head-rope; to my horror it had just parted. Turning for the boathook, I saw beside me my friend C., . . . and he shouted that he saw the stern-rope go at the same time. We both held on to the boat-hook . . . but our cries woke up the wherryman, who came to our assistance. Next day I could calmly reflect that had we remained asleep when the ropes parted, the tragedy I dreamed of must certainly have taken place in all its literal detail.

This is sensational enough; and the last two sections of the book are full of narratives no less extraordinary. For their sake, at any rate, the book is interesting reading.

"A Fit Vessel for Great Thoughts."

A Study of the Ethics of Spinoza. By Harold H. Joachim. (Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

With the judgment of the angels and of the saints we excommunicate, cut off, curse, and anathematize Baruch de Espinoza, with the consent of the elders and of all this holy congregation, in the presence of the holy books: by the 613 precepts which are written therein, with the anathema wherewith Joshua cursed Jericho, with the curse which Elisha laid upon the children, and with all the curses which are written in the law. Cursed be he by day, and cursed be he by night. Cursed be he in sleeping, and cursed be he in waking, cursed in going out and cursed in coming in. The Lord shall not pardon him, the wrath and fury of the Lord shall henceforth be kindled against this man, and shall lay upon him all the curses which are written in the book of the law. The Lord shall destroy his name under the sun, and cut him off for his undoing from all the tribes of Israel, with all the curses of the firmament which are written in the book of the law. But ye that cleave unto the Lord your God, live all of you this day.

So runs the sonorous denunciation by the little Jewish community of Amsterdam of the man who "affirmed with Paul that all things are in God and move in God." It was not only from the tribes of Israel that Spinoza was cut off. Few men have suffered from so universal an anathema. The Church of Rome placed his works upon her Index of the forbidden, and Protestants of every shade of belief vied with one another in condemning and "refuting" him. The Lutheran pastor, to whom we owe most of our knowledge of the details of his life, was too honest and simple-minded to deny him the praise due to a life ordered in singularly strict conformity with the Christian ideal; but it is the testimony of an unwilling witness, filled with a pious horror of his "impious" doctrines, and lost in a simple wonder how such virtues and such doctrines could find a home in a single personality. Even Voltaire saw in him a man who "*renversait tous les principes de la morale, en étant lui-même d'une vertu rigide.*" Even Hume (a strange champion of orthodoxy!) trembled at his "horrid hypothesis."

The central principle of the "horrid hypothesis" lies in the sentence already quoted—"All things are in God and move in God," or, as it appears in the *Ethics*, in language still very close to that of St. Paul, "Whatever is is in God, and without God can nothing be nor be conceived." The system starts from God, and in God it ends, or rather the system is God. In Him every attribute exists in its absolute completeness, and the number of His attributes is infinite. The world and all that is therein, the light of setting suns, the round ocean and the living air, the blue sky and the mind of man, all these are not indeed unreal, but their reality is a part or aspect of the reality of God. To see things "under the form of eternity" is to revise most of the commonplaces of human thought. The opposition of beauty and ugliness, of truth and error, of good and evil, assumes a new aspect. The ugly, the erroneous, the evil are all seen to be really the imperfect, and imperfection is no absolute quality, but the absence of something; not, Spinoza tells us, of something which ought to be there, but of something for which we look only because we fail to attain the standpoint of eternity. What place in this philosophy has the mind of man? Like all other finite things, it has only an unreal reality. It is one of God's ideas, and man's personality is a fragment of God's omnipotence. But this personality he can strengthen and make more real by a discipline of mind and body, until he becomes for himself what he is in reality, one of the states of the being of God. It is then that he attains to true freedom, and to that love of God which is a part of the infinite love wherewith God loves Himself.

This is the semi-mystic conclusion to which we are conducted along the path of the "geometric method" in the fifth book of the *Ethics*. In the fourth will be found most of Spinoza's system of practical morality. "The good which each one who follows virtue seeks for himself, he will desire also for the rest of mankind, and that desire will be the greater, the greater the knowledge of God which he has attained." "The free man thinks of nothing less than of death, and his wisdom is a meditation not of death but of life."

These are specimens of the maxims with which Spinoza "*renversait tous les principes de la morale.*" But if Voltaire's judgment furnishes food for laughter, the instinct of theologians was right in recognising a foe in Spinoza. For God to take upon Himself the nature of man was for him as little credible as for the circle to put on the nature of the square, and his system is fatal not only to Christianity, but to any religion which is dependent on the personal element. Every creed to some extent fashions its God in the likeness of man, and sets man in a more intimate relation to God than the rest of the universe. But Spinoza's God is the universe, in which man is a fragment among fragments: the rational coherence of things actual is not, in Kant's phrase, "a God who can interest us"; the love of which He is the object is only a passionless faculty of mind.

What manner of man was this maker of a new universe, this "labefactator" of established beliefs and creeds? How did the spectator of all time and of all existence face the trivialities and commonplaces of everyday human life? He showed in all things that moderation which is, perhaps, more proverbially than really characteristic of the philosopher. "It is scarce credible how sober and frugal he was all the time. He lived a whole day upon a Milk-soop done with Butter, which amounted to threepence, and upon a Pot of Beer of three half pence. Another day he eat nothing but Gruel done with Raisins and Butter, and that Dish cost him fourpence half penny." He was not one of those who seek to make the sublimity of their speculations an excuse for neglecting the humble duties of sympathy and kindliness. "He was, besides, very courteous and obliging; he would very often discourse with his Land-

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lady, especially when she lay in." Nor did he preach his doctrines out of season to those to whom they must have brought pain without understanding. He took no delight in killing a simple faith or angering an obtuse intolerance. "He put the children in mind of going often to Church, and taught them to be obedient and dutiful to their Parents." These things have their value, even to a man who has risen above the strife of creeds to the standpoint of the eternal truth. "He also took Pleasure in smoaking a Pipe of Tobacco; or, when he had a mind to divert himself somewhat longer, he look'd for some Spiders, and made 'em fight together, or he threw some Flies into the Cobweb, and was so well pleased with that Battel, that he wou'd sometimes break into Laughter." The picture we have of him is of a man simple in his tastes, by no means a lover of melancholy, a steady friend, unselfish, courageous, not easily moved, but fired once at least with righteous indignation, when he would have risked his life in order publicly to stigmatize as *ultimi barbarorum* the mob that had murdered his friends and patrons, the de Witts; altogether a lovable man, and a fit vessel for great thoughts. Mr. Joachim is a welcome addition to the more than respectable list of English commentators on Spinoza. His exposition of the *Ethics* is admirably lucid, and the argument is copiously illustrated from Spinoza's other writings. There is no attempt to minimise the difficulties and inconsistencies of the system, but controversial discussion is generally made to follow the careful presentation of Spinoza's own view. The threads of criticism and exposition are not confused, and the hard task of attaining to Spinoza's own point of view is essayed with no little success. If the root of right understanding is sympathy, then Mr. Joachim is well qualified to be Spinoza's interpreter. In a book of exceptionally even merit, the psychological exposition and the treatment of the problem of personality may perhaps be singled out for especial praise.

New Light on Hodge.

The Bettesworth Book. By George Bourne. (Lamley. 5s.)

These "talks with a Surrey peasant" constitute a social document of singular interest. They are what they pretend to be—records of conversations with an agricultural labourer, and Mr. Bourne has set them down, not indeed without art, but without "doctoring," and without any of that "artful aid" which a novelist might perhaps have been forgiven for lending to crude actuality. The book makes us think again of the once fashionable phrase, *tranche de la vie.* It is a *tranche de la vie* in a rather literal sense, and it leaves upon the mind a distinct impression that the real, typical Hodge (Mr. Bourne roundly asserts that Bettesworth may be accepted as typical of his class) is far removed from the Hodge of political speeches and of fiction, even of Mr. Hardy's fiction. Indeed, he appears as a churl to be admired, a clown who is a clown only in the Shakespearean signification of that fine word, a model whom in many respects the learned, the superior, the elegant, and the wise of this world might imitate with advantage. We must quote—this is the sort of book that must be appreciated by means of quotations:

> When to this poverty were added mishap and illness, from which he arose visibly aged, the comedy of Bettesworth's talk and its unconquerable good temper veiled so much silent suffering as to make me wonder and admire where before I might have laughed. Meanwhile, admiration was already springing up on other grounds. The man's stoicism was a thing familiar enough and to spare among the poor; but as talk followed talk, and I heard more and more about Bettesworth's life, I saw that his power of Endurance, however admirable, was as nothing in comparison with his power of effective Doing. I had read of adventures: this man had lived adventurously. While I had sat at the window looking out upon existence as at a lion in the street, Bettesworth had met it face to face every day; he had been at death-grips with it, and had come off victorious. I had not before talked so intimately with a man of this stamp; and for many months I thought of him as something exceptional—a *Mulvaney* in the army of workers. But, as I know him better and know more about his neighbours, and as I consider the import of his conversations, I begin to perceive that it is not so much in the narratives themselves that there is anything unusual, as in the circumstance that I have been permitted to hear them.

Some of the conversations seem at first sight trivial, but upon reflection we think that none of them is really so: each helps to complete the portrait of this Englishman. The best chapter is that entitled "Philosophy." Bettesworth's philosophy would have delighted Carlyle, and his bitter observations upon the plethora and unnecessariness of "pa'sons" are certainly the expression of that widespread feeling which keeps the village church so regularly empty:

> "Look at the cost o' keepin' all they. And what good do't do? If a man don't know right and wrong hisself, the pa'son en't no good; and it don't matter for a man to know more than that, and to know how to right hisself. I don't see what else you need trouble about; and I been through the world and have seen it. That's what you want to know; and after I'd had my scholarship, I went though the world, and I knowed right from wrong and how to see myself righted, and I always got a livin'! Pa'sons!—what can they do? There was poor old Colonel Sadler [a parson]—and I believe that man was about as right as he could be—he come to see me that time I was a-bed with my broken leg, and he ast me, 'Which do you consider is the best religion?' 'Why, sir,' I says, 'do onto others as you would be done onto.' And so 'tis. But the Colonel, that didn't suit he. He purty soon took up he's hat and was off. That's my idear though—that, and to know right and wrong, and how to right yourself. . . . Cert'nly for these lords and so on 'tis all very well to have their fal-de-rals, but everybody don't want it. . . ."

Fred Bettesworth would be called ignorant, and here is an example of his ignorance. His wife's cousin recently returned from America; she had been away forty years, and married and lost her husband during that time:

> "But she's got so much a week comin' in. Her husband was killed, and she gets some sort of a pension for'n. He belongs to what they calls *The Civil War.*" After thirty years, rumour of the great Secession War reaches Bettesworth, and he takes it to refer to a sort of benefit society.

But Mr. Bourne points out that although Bettesworth may have "some qualified respect for the people who would instruct him in this sort of thing, he betrays not the slightest desire to resemble them." And indeed why should he? Despite his "ignorance," Bettesworth and his like are far more learned than nine out of ten haunters of libraries. The peasants have their own knowledge and their own great men.

> His admiration is only whole-hearted for men of his own class who are really effectual. He is always ready to talk enthusiastically of a certain "old Billy," who is a notable man for managing horses. Thirty years ago, perhaps, Billy was working for a timber-merchant, and drove a team of six entire horses—an accomplishment, truly, evidencing a native valour beside which most of the virtues of culture look puny.

And yet there are times when Bettesworth regrets his lack of education.

> He brought me a hedgehog not long ago, and told me how hedgehogs are guilty of sucking cows, "and it spoils

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> the cows, ye know." Upon this, I looked up White's *Selborne* on hedgehogs, and read to Bettesworth what Gilbert White has to say. Afterwards he remarked, though not to me, "It seems a nice sort o' book."

Would any tribute have pleased White more?

"When Bettesworth is done for," says Mr. Bourne in conclusion of his excellent book, "and his old wagging tongue at length still, the same brave qualities, spontaneous as in him and his neighbours, will be moulding other men after his pattern, controlling their actions, shaping their thoughts, putting into their mouths conversations like these, and in them all carrying on invisibly those unconscious traditions, habits, instincts, that are surely a valuable part of what we think of as the English Race."

It is a refreshing, earthy book. Somewhere in *A Week on the Concord* Thoreau passionately exclaims in revulsion against certain forms of superfine culture: "Let us get back to the Report of the Committee on Swine!" And we would say that, after a prodigious course of superfine, nature-patronising garden-volumes, we have got back, in *The Bettesworth Book*, to old earth again.

A Doctor in Kabul.

At the Court of the Amîr. By John Alfred Gray. (Macmillan. 6s.)

TWELVE years ago Mr. Gray started with Sir Salter (then Mr.) Pyne and two other English engineers for Kabul to enter the service of the Amîr. This book is the record of his life in Kabul and its neighbourhood, and particularly of his medical and surgical practice under the strange conditions of an Eastern Court. The narrative is lively from beginning to end, a circumstance which may partly be traced to the fact that it is compiled, as Mr. Gray tells us, from letters written to the lady who is now his wife. The charm of the book is its easy, open, picturesque communicativeness. Mr. Gray's first impressions of the late Amîr, for whose memory he has a profound respect, were not too favourable. From the Royal geologist, a British officer, he heard at the outset stories of the Amîr's character and of life in Afghanistan which were not reassuring. His informant

> had heard of the terrible punishment that had been inflicted on the rebel followers of Sirdar Ishak and their unfortunate families. One form of punishment appeared to have been introduced from Russia. Men were described as being tied, in the bitter winter of Turkestan, naked, to a post; water was thrown over them, and they were left to freeze: a strong man would last two days. Girls had been fastened to the earth and tortured; women and children sold as slaves—and much more.

However, Mr. Gray soon began—as one may admit was inevitable and necessary—to see such things in perspective. He perceived that to denounce such acts in the terms which would be applicable in Europe is simply to ignore the different ideas and sanctions of the East. "The Amîr was simply proclaiming, in language that Asiatics understand, his determination of being King in Afghanistan." To forget this "is an injustice, for education and civilisation *cannot* advance with such strides in an isolated Eastern country as in Europe, and without the progress of knowledge the sons cannot learn better than their fathers." To himself the Amîr was all graciousness, and Mr. Gray soon found himself invested with the charge of the military hospital in Mazar, with authority over all native doctors—called Hakims—except only the two chief Hakims and one Hindustani doctor. That he had need of this supremacy is shown by his queer stories of native doctoring, and the prejudices he encountered. Indeed, his position is sprung upon us with a quaint unexpectedness when we are told that on his first visit to the hospital a sentry was posted at the gate of the inner garden with orders to shoot any Hakim attempting to enter. Naturally, tale-bearing and intrigue dogged the English doctor's steps. They would have brought his work to nothing but for the unfailing firmness and loyalty of Abdurrahman, who put two of his detractors to the torture of the wedge and post. The wedge and post torture is simple and gruesome. "There is an upright post in the earth. The criminal is seated on the ground and his feet lashed to the post; wedges are inserted between the sole of the foot and the post, and are hammered home. It is a painful process, they say, but a dogged Afghan will sit till the bones of both feet are crushed before he will utter a sound."

Mr. Gray presents the Amîr to us as a man of wide knowledge, much enlightenment, and many generous impulses. He was greatly interested in Dr. Gray's talent for portrait painting, and himself gave sittings. The resulting portrait was the admiration of the Court, and its reproduction as the frontispiece of this volume throws no discredit on the artist or his judges. One awful incident marked its progress on the easel. It occurred in this way:

> I was working at the watch-chain, but presently His Highness moved, and the chain became disarranged. Without thinking where I was—for I was absorbed in the painting—and acting as if he were an English gentleman, and not an Oriental Prince whose life had already been attempted, I walked suddenly up to the Amir to rearrange the chain. There was a dead silence, though I hardly noticed it at the time, but I saw that the Amîr looked very hard at me. Then with a bow I went back to my work. Nothing was said.
>
> When we reached home the Armenian told me that he and every one else in the Court were exceedingly startled by my walking suddenly up to His Highness. He was just as likely to have shot me as not. It was contrary to etiquette to approach near uninvited; and the suddenness was so very suggestive of evil designs. However, His Highness was not seriously annoyed. He saw at once that I meant no evil, nor any disrespect.

The Armenian mentioned in this passage was our author's interpreter, philosopher, and servant-friend, and a very good fellow he is. He rejoices us by his remark: "Sir, let me see London. If I die then—don't matter." Less flattering was his assumption that Englishmen sell their wives, which he supported by the following staggering argument: "I mean this: an English woman becomes wearied of her husband, and prefers another to him. The man who is preferred is called a co-respondent. Straightway they go before the Kasi—the Magistrate—and, after much discussion, it is decided at what price the co-respondent shall buy the woman. The money is then paid to the husband."

The following scene is well written and realised, and it is characteristic in every detail. It was not, however, witnessed by Dr. Gray, who had it as a Court story:

> There had been brought to His Highness, as a present, a very beautiful shield inlaid with gold. This was when he had come to the throne, and was Amîr.
>
> Everyone in the Durbar Hall feasted his eyes upon this beautiful thing, and the courtiers edged anxiously nearer the royal chair, in the hope that "Amîr Sahib" might perhaps, as he sometimes did, bestow a present upon a "faithful and deserving slave." The Amîr slowly cast his eyes round the ring, and each heart beat high, as the Amîr's eyes rested a moment on this man or that. Suddenly, the Amîr called out,
>
> "Nassir, Pesh biár," "come forward."
>
> Out of a far corner came Nassir. The Amîr turned to the anxious circle, and said,
>
> "Look upon this man. He was with me in Samarcànd." The hearts of the courtiers sank; Nassir, then, was to be the recipient of the shield.
>
> "He was with me in Samarcànd, and for a little thing

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he turned and cursed me. These were his words"—and the Amîr repeated the curse. "Is this so?" he said to Nassir. The old man hung his head in shame.

"He cursed me; he half drew his sword on me, his master. What is this man worthy of?"

There was a dead silence: the shield was forgotten, for behold Nassir's day had come. It had; but not in the sense anticipated.

"Give him the shield," said the Amîr. "He was with me in Samarcànd."

I should finish the story by saying Nassir treasured the shield as the apple of his eye, and showed it me with honest pride—but no, he sold it next day for what it would fetch. Afghanistan!

Mr. Gray's medical and surgical work was highly appreciated in Kabul, yet the Amîr would not give him precedence of the ignorant Hakims in attendance upon himself, and our author accordingly declined the offer of a permanent residence and employment. The recent death of the Amîr, and the succession of Prince Habibullah, of whom Dr. Gray speaks in high terms, add to the importance of this book, which, however, is valuable chiefly as a faithful and crowded picture of the daily round in a barbaric Court.

Elia and Another.

The Essays of Elia. Illustrated by A. Garth Jones. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

Outwardly and inwardly this is a handsome volume, and seen lying on a table—for it is a table rather than a shelf book—it will draw you irresistibly across a room. We are sorry that a nearer acquaintance hardly confirms our prepossession. Attempts to illustrate Lamb's *Essays* are not to our mind. We cannot think that either the necessity or opportunity for artistic illustration exists in the Essays. Lamb's highly intellectualised descriptions of men and places, his highly literary fancies and whimsical inventions, mock all attempts to render them pictorially. They do their own business so well that illustrative help seems an intrusion and a bathos. They will bear but one stamp—that of Lamb's personality. The only kind of illustration that seems to us proper to be applied to them—and even this seems to menace one's appreciation of the Essays as essays—is plain portraiture of men, women, and places mentioned by Lamb. An Elian museum we can understand, but to interpose an artistic commentary between Lamb and his readers is enterprise indeed. Mr. Garth Jones can draw well, though the vigour of his line and the general hardness and blackness of his work seem to us to dissociate him in some degree from work of the kind which he here attempts. But his real disqualifications are chargeable to his task. How is it possible to offer to the true lover of Lamb a black and white drawing which shall not diminish and dilute his enjoyment of an image or observation in Lamb's text? In his "Grace Before Meat" Lamb asks: "Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the 'Fairy Queen'?" And so the artist gives us a fancy drawing of Lamb saying grace over a folio with a mutilation of this sentence below the drawing. Again Lamb's remark, in the midst of his playful argument, that "the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit reason for that exercise", precipitates a full-page drawing of be-wigged gourmands falling to work on their soup. *Cui bono?* "In tale or history your Beggar is ever the just antipode to your King," says Lamb elsewhere. To this purely literary remark is tacked a full-page fantasy in which, apparently, the North and South Poles are represented with King and Beggar as their respective tenants. Again, "His riches are always about him." Lamb is describing the "true Caledonian" in "Imperfect Sympathies." The sentence is one little touch in a piece of cumulative moral portraiture. And lo, we have a Scotchman in shawl and tam-o'-shanter, seated on a box of books, and encylopædia on his knees, and a globe and compasses and documents strewn around him. This is not illustration: it is rather artistic parallelism, and we fear that Lamb's text and Mr. Garth's drawings share the well-known property of parallel lines, which being continued indefinitely in either direction can never meet. We have no wish to be severe on a competent artist. But the wider question, that of the illustrateability of Lamb, is important; other attempts will be made, and, as we think, are doomed to failure. Mr. E. V. Lucas contributes a good biographical introduction, in which he takes Lamb's side in rejecting the epithet "gentle" as applied to Elia. Mr. Lucas suggests "understanding" as a better word. It is a better word, but is it not rather usurpatory?

From "Mr. Punch

Mr. Punch's Dramatic Sequels. By St. John Hankin. (Bradbury.)

It appears to us that Mr. St. John Hankin, in attempting these fourteen "sequels" to a list of plays which begins with the *Alkestis* and ends with a (non-existent) dramatised version of *Omar Khayyám*, has fallen between the stool of a mere parody and the stool of a mere sequel. He says, in neat-enough rhyme:—

Plays end too soon. They never show
The whole of what I want to know.

The curtain falls and I'm perplexed
With doubts about what happened next.

Did HAMLET'S father haunt no more
The battlements of Elsinore?

* * * * * *

Will AUBREY take to wife one day
Another MRS. TANQUERAY?

Do ECCLES and his stepson wrangle?
Has anything been heard of DANGLE?
What has become of MRS. WANGEL?

But his invention is decidedly unequal to the demand which he makes upon it. His continuation of *Alkestis*, in which he portrays Alkestis as a clacking shrew and Hercules at the request of Admetus unsuccessfully trying to force Death to take her back again, is a gloomy piece of fooling, belonging to the same order of ideas as that which Mr. Dan Leno illustrates, without gloom, at the Pavilion, the Oxford, and the Tivoli. Here is a sample of the humour:—

ALKESTIS.

[*Tired of getting in one line at a time*] Iov! Iov! What thankless things are men!

To exactly the same order of ideas belongs the brilliant and original notion of turning Omar into a drunken and chambering lout. Here is another example of the humour:—

SAKI.

Fie; An old man like you!

OMAR.

Old! Thank goodness I *am* old. When I was young I went to school and heard the sages. Didn't learn much *there*! They said I came like water and went like wind. Horrid chilly Band-of-Hope sort of doctrine. I know better now.

[*Drinks from the jug in his hand.*

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A third Leno-ish idea is to present a third Mrs. Tanqueray as a tart and sinister platform-woman, who starves and bullies poor Aubrey, and is grossly rude to his friends.

We have discovered one rather clever thing in a book which might have been diverting and is the opposite of diverting—a song in imitation (not in parody, but in imitation) of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. It occurs in the sequel to *Patience*. We quote a couple of stanzas:—

When you once have your commission, if you want a high position in the Army of the King,
You must tout for the affections of the influential sections of the Inner Social Ring.
If you're anxious for promotion, you must early get a notion of the qualities commanders prize;
You must learn to play at polo, strum a banjo, sing a solo, and you're simply bound to rise!
For every one will say,
In the usual fatuous way:
"If this young fellow's such a popular figure in High Society,
Why, what a very competent commander of a troop this fine young man must be!"

You must buy expensive suits, wear the shiniest of boots, and a glossy hat and tall,
For if you're really clever you need practically never wear your uniform at all.
You probably will then see as little of your men as you decently can do,
And you'll launch a thousand sneers at those foolish Volunteers, who are not a bit like you!
And those Volunteers will say,
When you go on in that way:
"If this young man's such an unconcealed contempt for the likes of such as we,
What a genius at strategy and tactics too this fine young man must be!"

But the modest merits of this single piece are scarcely sufficient excuse for the shortcomings of the entire volume.

Chaucer Undefiled.

The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited from numerous manuscripts by the Rev. Walter Skeat. (Oxford, Clarendon Press; London, Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d.)

For some things we have to thank the age in which we live, and among them is the privilege of getting such an edition of Chaucer as this, at a student's price. Into a few closely-printed prefatory pages Professor Skeat has compressed all the essential information about Chaucer's work which the ordinary reader is likely to require. Besides a chronological list of his writings, stating the influences under which he worked in the three periods of his career, you have notes on Chaucer's grammar, metre, versification, and pronunciation—all of great use and value. Chaucer's pronunciation must have been a startling thing to our modern ears. Perhaps it may partly have resembled Tennyson's reading of his own poems, "mouthing out his hollow *oes* and *aes*." Thus our closed "a" sound (as in *cat*) had no existence for him. The nearest thing to it was the "a" of our *as*. The "a" in such words as *face* was pronounced long and broad, like the Continental "a," or our own "a" in *father*. So was the "a" at the end of a syllable, as in *age*. There was a long open "e," like the "a" in *Mary*; as in *clene* (clean), pronounced *claenĕ*.

But these things do not affect the actual reading of the poems. The gain here lies in the fact that, without luxurious expenditure, the ordinary lover of Chaucer has for the first time a text in which it is possible for him clearly to follow the poet's metre, without the impediments introduced by corrupt texts, or editors whose understanding of metre and study of manuscripts did not enable them to give us what Chaucer actually wrote. Dryden declared that on no theory was it possible to reduce Chaucer to metrical harmony. With the texts of Dryden's day, such a conclusion might well appear inevitable. In reality Chaucer is one of our finest masters of versification. The recollection of a few principles, not very difficult to master, will resolve his lines into a movement as strong, various, flexible, yet regular, as that of any modern poet, or of Dryden himself. The sounding of the final "e" in such words as *strengthe*, of the "e" before the final consonant in *wordes* (for example), are the chief things. Chaucer also admits, sometimes, an extra syllable before the *cæsura*, or pause in the middle of the line, which gives time for a light extra syllable to be pronounced. For instance:

"For him was léver have át his béddes heéd."

where the cæsura and extra syllable are at "lever" (*i.e.*, *liefer*). A few more *minutiæ* are all that is needed; and they are briefly and clearly stated in Professor Skeats' hints on the poet's versification. Perhaps the sole irregularity, according to later laws of versification (for the extra syllable before the cæsura is also used by Shakespeare and others) is that very occasionally a line drops the unaccented syllable of the first foot—becoming *trochaic*:

"Ginglen in a whistling wind as clear," &c.

But where each letter is so important, it can be perceived that a final "e" where none should be, or the absence of it where it should be, throws the whole line out of metre. Yet such transgressions have been frequent in previous editions. Professor Skeats' laborious restoration of a correct text has removed all such obstacles.

He has banished, too, all poems which research has shown not to be Chaucer's. Our old friends *The Flower and the Leaf* (which Dryden modernised) and *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale* disappear—as we may hope they will from all future editions of Chaucer. This is, indeed, a Chaucer not only praiseworthy for what it has, but what it has not. It is entirely unsuperfluous. If ever Chaucer can be popularised, this edition should do it.

Other New Books.

Some Feudal Coats of Arms. By Joseph Foster. (James Parker & Co. 63s.)

The mob of mankind supposes Heraldry to be as extinct as Adam, or, at most, that it survives only in poetic tradition or on carriage panels. And yet many patent and everyday things make war upon this vulgar belief. Against it the bunting of street-triumphs flickers, and flaps, and flutters: the painted and gilded arms over provision shops by "special appointment" protest; the emblazoned "Peerages" thunder. These for the obtuse senses of the herd. For the considerate eye of the "Student" and the "Man of Family," for whose delight Mr. Foster has laboured, and to whom explicitly he presents the harvest of his pains, are there not the lambent heraldries of church windows, the intimate appeal of armorial book-plates, the personal sympathy of signet rings? Is there not Mr. Foster himself, seated like "the Calligate knight *Diligence*," in old Gerard Leigh, among "bookes of ancient Jests, and deeds of Honour, and orders of Coronations, Creations, and Dubbings, studiously keeping those Monuments from wormy wemes"?

This latest stone of the monument which the indefatigable Mr. Foster is building to his own heraldic fame is as prodigal of record as an Assyrian brick. It contains no less than about 2,000 illustrations, mostly in quite spirited

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"trick," but including also baronial seals, inlaid tiles, engraved and sculptured effigies, and even combats of Greek warriors—"fine confused feeding." But all these things have their real bearing upon each other and upon Heraldry at large, and aptly assist the text, which is primarily a collection from certain heraldic rolls. The chief to which the compiler is indebted are those which preserve the names and insignia of the leaders at Falkirk, Carlaverock, the Dunstable Tournaments, the Battle of Boroughbridge, the Siege of Calais, and before Rouen, ranging in date from 1298 to 1418. The most interesting of these is that of Boroughbridge. What reader of Drayton (and every lover of England should read Drayton) can forget his glorious blazon of the knights in the action which preceded that battle, "when the crests and badges of each nobler name against their owners rudely seemed to stand"? Here are to be found "the silver saltire upon martial red" of the "valiant Nevill," the "lady's sleeve" that "high-spirited Hastings wore," the "bright crescent" of the Percy, "great Warren's blazon," and "the colours that Ross and Courtney did unfold." Has it ever occurred to the non-heraldic reader that, could modern eyes gaze upon the troubled phantasms of old battles, a herald, and a herald alone, could unerringly identify each ghostly warrior?

But Drayton has lured us from our text. It may be sufficient, however, to add that the result of Mr. Foster's collection is a really valuable alphabetical list of the full Christian and family names and simple bearings of hundreds of redoubtable warriors: a list of the greatest interest, prior "to the incubation of the College of Arms," and emphatically useful to both the heraldic student and the heraldic artist. The compiler frankly takes his stand upon antiquity—"a standpoint," as he says, "the very opposite to that of those who seek to foist on the newly-armigerous person a 'nobility' obtained by him in return for a cash payment."

In an Unknown Prison Land. By George Griffith. (Hutchinson. 17s. net.)

MR. GRIFFITH describes his book as "An Account of Convicts and Colonists in New Caledonia, with Jottings Out and Home." The jottings out and home occupy considerably more than a third of the volume, and are of so familiar an order that they cannot be regarded otherwise than as the merest padding. In a book of such outward pretension, dealing with a subject of such deep human interest, we do not in the least desire to read the impressions of the author concerning mosquitos and his casual fellow-passengers. When we come to the real matter of the book, we find the same tendency to irrelevance, the same flippancy, tempered with straining after effect. Mr. Griffith apparently had quite unusual facilities granted him by the Director of the Penal Administration for the examination of the whole French system of New Caledonia, but only to a limited extent does he seem to have availed himself of those facilities. The book is interesting, but too general and unscientific; it is, in fact, a popular publication, and in our opinion popular publications upon such subjects are of small value, and often quite undesirable. However, Mr. Griffith sets forth a good deal which the English public will no doubt be surprised to hear concerning the extreme leniency with which the average New Caledonian convict is treated, as well as the provision made by Government for his advancement as a *libéré* or *relégué*. The question of the wisdom of the system is much too wide for discussion here, but it may be remarked that in the broad tendencies of the system there is too much sentimentality and too little recognition of the true criminal instinct. Sentimentality is the most dangerous of qualities where criminals are concerned, and it must not be forgotten that it was sentimentality which abolished the lash in New Caledonia, only to establish in its place the horrors of the Cachot Noir. Still, it must be admitted that we have something to learn from French penal administration.

London Afternoons. By W. J. Loftie. (Cassell. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Loftie is a writer on London whose industry and knowledge have long ago been recognised. Here he indulges in a number of historical studies of subjects as various as "Newgate," "Ancient Rivers," "The Older City Churches," "Wren's St. Paul's," "Camberwell," etc. We agree with him that "it is a serious thing to add another to the number of London books"; but the observation need not be turned against himself. There is solid and interesting matter in these essays. Still, it is just in the rare instances in which he draws on his own recollections that he is at his best, and the following passage is, to our mind, worth any dozen pages of historical probings. Mr. Loftie is writing of London fifty years and more ago:

> I remember one street in 1843. I was a child, very young, but observant as all children are, while as yet everything seems new. . . . I was taken to see the Tower, Greenwich Hospital, the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and a Palace—I think Buckingham Palace. My recollections of the Tower are very distinct. I think there was some kind of tramway or a railway at Greenwich. But the most vivid picture I can call up is the view, westward, up hill, towards the Park gate in Oxford Street: a wide street paved with large round stones, bordered on either side by low, two-or-three storied houses; a few, very few, foot passengers, a blind man playing drearily on a tin whistle, a single vehicle rumbling up the hill, a hearse, with people following on foot, and two little children all in black. There seemed to be no other traffic. The tin whistle and the hearse were connected indelibly in my mind.

That picture of an all but empty Oxford Street, with its small every-day sights, is intimate, natural, and, as an evocation of the London of 1843, valuable.

Mediæval London. By William Benham and Charles Welch. (Seeley. 7s.)

Dr. Benham, who is rector of St. Edmund the King, in Lombard Street, and Mr. Welch, who is Librarian to the City Corporation, have produced, with the help of their publishers, a volume somewhat of the album type, but without any of the literary superficiality of albums. For although fulness is not possible in eighty pages of text, we have here a scholarly survey of mediæval London, considered first as a whole, then under the headings of "Civic Rule," "The Thames," "Religious Life," "Fortress, Palaces, and Mansions," and "The Passing of Mediæval London." By mediæval London our authors mean the London which emerged from King Alfred's reign and was consumed in the Great Fire of 1666. It is the London over which John Stow brooded with so many regrets for greater glories and more splendid pageants than even in 1600 were to be seen. The vastness of the subject almost entitles the authors to immunity from criticism. They have wisely selected typical and interesting matters for mention instead of reducing their material to a tasteless jelly of facts and dates. Dipping casually, we find the interesting story of the origin of the stone gallery which from the tower of St. Mary-le-Bow Church looks down on Cheapside. To stand in that little stone gallery when a royal pageant is proceeding to the Guildhall must have been the dream of many. Well, this gallery is a survival, or rather a repetition, of a scaffold from which royalty was wont to enjoy the tournaments in what was then the

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great square of Chepe. In the reign of Edward III. this scaffold once gave way, and the fatalities were numerous. Our present historians tell us that "it is said that the King, with true Plantagenet violence, ordered the head carpenter to be hanged, and was turned from his purpose, as at Calais, by the intercession of the Queen. It led to an alteration. The royal gallery was firmly fixed to the wall of the church, and so remained. Years later, after the Great Fire, when Wren rebuilt the church and surmounted it with its present beautiful spire, there was a stipulation that there should be a royal gallery. And there it is still; the passer-by can see it from the street." Another mediæval feature is perpetuated in the arched base on which the spire of St. Mary-le-Bow rests, for this recalls the arched chamber in the original tower in which the Court of Arches sat. The name of the church is but Sancta Maria de Arcubus anglicised.

The illustrations adorn greatly the volume, and we are particularly grateful for the admirably reproduced series of Antoine van den Wyngaerde's drawings of Elizabethan London now in the Bodleian Library. It is believed that his great drawing of London from Westminster to the Tower was made in 1561 for Philip II. of Spain, whose interest in London was explained—and extinguished—at a later period.

Shakespeare in Music. By Louis C. Elson. (Nutt. 6s. net.)

This compilation, apparently of American origin, is "animated by a desire to show how closely the great poet allied himself to the divine art." It in no way comes up to the level of the excellent little book, *Shakespeare and Music*, written some five years ago by Dr. E. W. Naylor. That was a work of real value to the scholar—learned, thorough, and methodically arranged by a competent first-hand student, both of Shakespeare and of musical literature. Mr. Elson is a much more superficial writer, and appeals to those who prefer a gossipy antiquarianism to exact science. As there are already 3,250 works dealing with Shakespeare in the Boston Public Library, there is perhaps no great harm in adding a 3,251st; but to the philosophic mind, watching the welter of unnecessary books that pours from the presses of two continents, it is always a little annoying to see a moderately well-done thing intervening between the public and a thing supremely well done. However, Mr. Elson wanders amiably through a number of topics more or less connected with each other, with Shakespeare, and with music. To name a few only: he discusses the instruments known to Shakespeare, the technical musical terms used in the plays, the position of music and musicians in Elizabethan days, the history of English dances, the songs borrowed or written by Shakespeare, the music written for the plays by composers of eminence. He quotes fully most of the texts bearing on musical points, and inserts a number of illustrative airs in modern notation. The chapter dealing with music, and Shakespeare's opinions about music, from a psychological and ethical point of view, need not be taken very seriously; it does not belong to the finer æsthetic criticism. Mr. Elson quotes from the "Merchant of Venice":

> The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus:
> Let no such man be trusted.

Here he observes: "We are not disposed to regard the last six lines of this sentence as absolute statement of fact," and proceeds to give the entertaining comment of the eighteenth century editor, Steevens:

> The present passage, which is neither pregnant with physical and moral truth, nor poetically beautiful in an eminent degree, has constantly enjoyed the good fortune to be repeated by those whose inhospitable memories would have refused to admit or retain any other sentiment or description of the same author, however exalted or just. The truth is that it furnishes the vacant fiddler with something to say in defence of his profession, and supplies the coxcomb in music with an invective against such as do not pretend to discover all the various powers of language in inarticulate sounds.

One almost feels that Steevens must have himself suffered from tone-deafness.

Chivalry. By F. Warre Cornish. (Sonnenschein. 4s. 6d.)

We are conscious of some disappointment at this last volume of the "Social England" Series. The Vice-Provost of Eton has before now proved himself a writer of charm and distinction. He is able to draw for the purposes of his present subject upon the stores of a wide reading in mediæval history and literature. The subject itself is a fascinating one. Yet the book as a whole is unsatisfactory, not for lack of incidental interest or picturesqueness of treatment, but because it is without a logical and well-planned scheme of structure. "There is not much to be done with Chivalry," says Mr. Cornish, in effect, "but to re-tell a well-worn tale":

> Much light has been thrown in modern times upon the wars of the Middle Ages, the religious and political institutions, the history of law, feudalism, and commerce. More facts are known, and a mass of mediæval literature has been brought to light since the days of Sir Walter Scott. But the facts are for the most part of the same character as those which he found in Anna Commena, Villehardouin, Froissart, and Monstrelet; and the romances and romantic and epic poems tell the same story as Sir Thomas Malory in the *Morte d'Arthur*. Little can be added to the conception of chivalry as it was evolved from mediæval records by Curne de Ste. Palaye, and set forth by Scott, Southey, and their followers, whose obligations to Ste. Palaye cannot be exaggerated. A writer, whose aim is rather to sketch a state of Society, than to chronicle a period, can do little more than clean after the harvest has been reaped.

We do not at all agree that little can be added to Ste. Palaye. The whole question can be treated in a different, and surely a more philosophic, manner than his. A picture of chivalry as an organisation of Society, based upon data drawn indifferently from chronicles and other documents of actual life, and from romances and other documents of literature, necessarily suggests a question as to its reliability. Yet such a picture is, in the main, what Mr. Cornish, no less than Ste. Palaye, gives us. His series of chapters upon "Knighthood," "War," "Tournaments," "Heraldry," and other subjects more or less connected with chivalry, is learned and interesting enough, but they do not distinguish much between the real and the imagined facts, and they leave the reader to gather for himself, with the assistance of some introductory generalities, the answer to the main question—how far was the ethical ideal of chivalry merely an ideal, reflected in romantic literature, and how far was it effectively operative in real life? Is there not some advance still to be made beyond Ste. Palaye on such lines as these?

Messrs. Cassell can be heartily congratulated on the first volume of their illustrated edition of *Social England* (Vol. I. 12s. net). The application of pictures to this fine work, edited by the late Mr. H. D. Traill and Mr. J. S. Mann, has been done with profusion and discrimination. The result promises to be a great success. We can wish no intelligent reader of history, schoolmaster, or public library a better, a more nourishing, possession than the

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six volumes of which the first is before us. The record is here brought from the Celtic twilight to the formation of Parliament in the thirteenth century. It is with the illustrations, however, that we are chiefly concerned. They range from Saxon coins to views of cathedrals and churches, from facsimiles of the writings of early authors like Caedmon to the Bayeux tapestry, and from photographs of Roman tombs and Saxon pottery to a drawing which shows how twelfth century Englishmen wore their hair and beard. A particularly fine illustration is a view of a scene on which we are glad to have looked—Hadrian's Wall, as seen from a spot near Housesteads. Inasmuch as the illustrations were not contemplated by Mr. Traill and his coadjutor, and are also in bountiful excess of the actual requirements of the text, they are made the subject of a series of preliminary notes which are in themselves of great value. The printing and workmanship of the volume are all that can be desired.

The clergyman as a guide has come to the front in recent years, and now the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes joins those of his brothers who have made it their mission to lead men up and down this world a little, as well as in the straight and narrow way to the next. His volume, *The Morning Lands of History*, is sure of a welcome, and we think it deserves it. In Rome, Athens, Syracuse, Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Cairo Mr. Hughes will be found interesting and zealous. The book is based on a journal kept by Mrs. Hughes, in which, on one occasion, she thanks God for a good porthole in her cabin. To which Mr. Hughes responds: "I echo that devout exclamation. A good porthole is invaluable in a cabin." Mr. Hughes studied with special care the battles of Salamis and Marathon, the Eleusinian Mysteries, and the site of Calvary. On the way back he visited Monte Carlo, and was admitted to the gambling rooms without a ticket, being taken for an *habitué*. Within them he saw "trembling arms" outstretched, and "extreme melancholy" on every face. Lord Rosslyn will be dismayed to learn that at the tables all is pure chance, and "there is no room whatever for skill or calculation." A useful itinerary, in which a good many occasions are brightly and briefly improved.

The late Dr. Mandell Creighton's working opinions as a bishop are embodied in a volume entitled, *The Church and the Nation*. (Longmans. 5s. net.) The title is well chosen, for it represents what is common to the largest number of these "Charges and Addresses," and what is their most constant inspiration, a desire to make clear the position and meaning of the Church of England in its relation to the life of the nation. The book is for clergymen and Church workers, but no reader is likely to dip into it without some refreshment. Whether he is handling a large problem like Biblical Criticism or The Mass, or is only enjoining country clergymen to keep their churches open all day, Dr. Creighton is brisk and engaging.

Pouchet's well-known popular science book, *The Universe; or, the Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little*, is issued in a new and revised edition by Messrs. Blackie. With its simple descriptions and glowing illustrations it is the book to give to an inquiring boy.

Among other new editions we have received from Mr. Murray a "popular impression" of the corrected copyright edition of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. This work, in its original form, passes out of copyright next week, but the edition which Darwin revised will be under copyright for some years to come, and it is now issued in a thoroughly popular shilling form by Mr. Murray.

The "Edinburgh Waverley" reaches its fourteenth and fifteenth volumes in *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *The Legend of Montrose*. Messrs. Jack can be congratulated on their unfailing punctuality.

Fiction.

The Happenings of Jill. By "Iota." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

This novel opens in the following manner:

> "Wounds must be inflicted and endured in decent silence," said Jill Devereux, her inexorable eyes fixed upon the three Fontaines; slim, delicate-moulded slips of girls, who towered like tall white lilies high above the little brown elf of a thing who swayed their counsels and controlled their persons. "Now," she proceeded, in a soft, cold tone of disbelief, "do you *ab-so-lutely* understand?"
>
> "We do ab-so-lutely understand!" shrieked the three in one thin quaver. In moments of apprehension the Fontaines always shrieked together. It seemed to endue them with a strength not their own.
>
> "Hem! That hardly sounds like it. However, come on, and let's see."

We make the quotation because in these few lines is displayed the whole book, is displayed the whole of "Iota's" production, at once so strong and so limited. Her heroines are always thus—little brown elves, creatures of powerful intellect, passionate heart, and unconquerable spirit. They are always unusual, for the reason that "Iota's" artistic talent is not broad enough to sympathise with and so to uplift the ordinary. Jill! Why Jill? Is one woman in a million called Jill? But it is just because Jill is "queer," and because it forms a piquant contrast to the aloof aristocracy of Devereux, that "Iota" has chosen it. The name illustrates her heroine. We know in advance what kind of things will occur to this Jill—how she will be misunderstood or uncomprehended, how she will suffer in marriage and out of it, how she will prove the supremacy of the human soul over all mere events, and how the fine fire of her nature will shrivel up the meannesses of others. "Iota" keeps writing the same story over and over again, evoking the same atmosphere and inducing the same catastrophes. "Wounds must be given and endured in decent silence." That sentence almost states her philosophy. And we must admit the spiritual distinction of her work. Her conceptions of womanhood, if monotonously similar, are at least noble. Jill is a rare creature, and Jill's grandmother is a rare creature; they never either of them open their mouths without proving the fact.

As for "Iota's" literary workmanship, we have on several occasions sorrowfully found fault with it. Were she not ignorant of the axioms of composition, "Iota" would have a style. She has the something which cannot be acquired, but the something which can be acquired she lacks. To say as much is to condemn her, and we are bound once more to condemn her. Greatly gifted, she is unable to use her gifts. She can neither construct a plot, nor select her material, nor write decent English. Consider the title—*The Happenings of Jill*!

Stories in the Dark. By Barry Pain. (Grant Richards. 1s.)

This is one of the books that are more pleasant to read than to write about. At any rate, the fact that, having read it, we set to work after a brief interval and read it again, glances in that direction. First of all, it is most beautifully short. These ten stories—you could look at ten photographs in the same time. And, unlike the customary photograph, they represent each of them an intellectual impression—engrave it in choice essential lines upon the memory.

Three of the stories describe the workings of a disordered mind; two suggest notions of the state of the departed; three touch imaginatively upon the preternatural. In order that a story of the preternatural may be

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really effective, it seems as though it were necessary that the reader should be at least sub-conscious of a naturalistic solution hanging in the air. It must not be a complete and satisfactory solution, of course: that would destroy the character of the story. It should give a kind of moral credibility at the very moment when we reject it in favour of the preternatural alternative. This latter, again, must not be precise, or our common sense starts up and reminds us that it involves the admission of some principle or theory that we have long since finally rejected. It is not easy, therefore, in this age to write a story of the gruesome kind which shall be at all convincing. This Mr. Pain has achieved, not in "The Moon-Stone"—the story of a girl who was drawn monthly by the influence of the moon to a certain lawn, where she danced to its music, and was finally joined by a partner whose step left the mark of a cloven hoof—but, admirably, in "The Undying Thing" and "The Grey Cat." It is not often that you find in current literature anything so strong as the tale of the monster banished, new born, to the Planting, where it lived through three generations of its family, rumoured of but rarely seen—by persons who thereafter saw nothing. This is how it was seen, by the head of the family, for the last time:

> Sir Edric rushed to the dining-room door, opened it a little and looked in. Then he turned to Guerdon, who was just behind him.
>
> "Go back to your room," he said, authoritatively.
>
> "I won't," said Guerdon. "Why? What is it?"
>
> Suddenly the corners of Sir Edric's mouth shot outward into a hideous grin of terror.
>
> "It's there! It's there!" he gasped.
>
> "Then I come in with you."
>
> "Go back!"
>
> With a sudden movement, Sir Edric thrust Guerdon away from the door, and then, quick as light, darted in and locked the door behind him.
>
> Guerdon bent down and listened. He heard Sir Edric say in a firm voice:
>
> "Who are you? What are you?"

That change in the form of the question is a good touch; and in its proper place, prepared by a skilful use of legend and suggestion, as effective as you like.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

'Twixt Dog and Wolf. By C. F. Keary.

By the author of *A Marriage de Convenance* and *A Wanderer*. The title is taken from a French poem, *Entre Chien et Loup*:

> A dog is howling at the court-yard door;
> Within, the horses drag their halter chains. . . .
> And now from a near pinewood into sight
> Steals one grey wolf.

This small volume contains three short stories—"The Message from the God," "Elizabeth," and "The Four Students." Also ten Phantasies. (Brimley Johnson. 3s. 6d.)

Lepidus the Centurion. By E. L. Arnold.

An original plot, certainly. A bored Englishman of fortune discovers in his park a Roman British tomb, and in it the body of Lepidus the Centurion. By the free gift of half his vitality the bored Englishman restores the Centurion to life, and is convinced that the Roman is a former incarnation of himself. "The dust of centuries fissured and cracked from side to side, the broad soldier forehead puckered itself into a portentous frown"—and he sneezed. Then follow situations and complications. (Cassell. 6s.)

Calumet "K." By Merwin—Webster.

The authors, Mr. S. Merwin and Mr. H. K. Webster, are engaged on the task of writing a set of novels to illustrate the romance of trade. *Calumet "K."* describes the attempt of rival capitalists and grain men "to balk the building of an elevator by a set date." The heroine is the hero's stenographer. The story begins in a businesslike way. "The contract for the two million bushel grain elevator, "Calumet K," had been let to McBride and Company, of Minneapolis. (Macmillan. 6s.)

The Eyes of Light. By Arthur Moore.

A brightly told story of modern life, in which an Oriental casket plays a part. The narrative opens in a village in Brittany, disclosing Cynthia in the act of writing a love-letter. But it is not posted. Cynthia's amatory correspondence is all deposited in an Oriental casket containing four boxes. One is already full. This casket has adventures. (Arrowsmith. 6s.)

The Princess Cynthia. By Marguerite Bryant.

This story belongs to *The Prisoner of Zenda* class. The period is nowhen, the place is nowhere, but it was called Brambria, and there the Princess Cynthia held her court. She was as "beautiful as night," and she talks thus to Sir Floridas: "You look very nice. I should never have made so picturesque a victor. Since you have done so valiantly, you may kiss my hand." The motto on the title-page is, "It is not what men are, but what fair women make of them, that is the trouble," which is more untrue than most mottoes. (Cassell. 6s.)

Peter, a Parasite. By E. Maria Albanesi.

A story of modern life with plenty of worldly characters—and Margaret. Peter was nearly forty. He never cared to remember his failures, "and whenever he thanked the Almighty for mercies bestowed (which was not often) he never failed to express deep gratitude for the luck that had saved him from sharing in the ruin and disgrace that had become Margaret's portion.

"And yet he had really cared for her." (Sands. 6s.)

Elgiva. By D. Rylls Griffiths.

Thus speaks one of the characters: "Great chief, thy son hath sent me. He bade me tell thee that Hardicanute is dead: that he died as he stood at his drink in the house of one Osgod Clapa, at Lambeth." Earl Godwin and his sons are among the characters in this long historical novel, which is a love story as well as a romance of the sword. (Unwin. 6s.)

Our Lady of the Ice. By Constance Sutcliffe.

A story of the Alps, dedicated "to my guide." "'And what does your Englishman do when he has climbed up to the top of his mountain?' demanded the little wife from the lowlands. 'He just climbs down again,' replied Max, the guide, and he saw no humour in the reply." Love and adventure come into the story, and the cover depicts a blood-curdling accident. (Greening. 6s.)

A Stumble by the Way. By L. T. Meade.

A melodramatic story of modern life; the kind of story that arouses just enough interest to carry the reader on from chapter to chapter. It begins straight away upon a love scene between Rosalind and Philip Wingate. Says Philip: "I almost wish the kind old gentleman who left me his estates had given them to somebody else. If it were not for Wych Hall and its thousands, I might work up something worth having in the Diplomatic Service, and carry you off, my darling, at once." "Oh! I can wait," answered Rosalind. (Chatto. 6s.)

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The Young Man Excogitant.

In these latter days the predominance of style over matter has been deplored by good critics. We speak inexactly, for style and matter cannot of course be considered as two entirely separate ingredients in a literary dish. A predominance of good style over good matter is impossible, and the safest of all advice about manner is, Get matter. "With brains, sir," was Wilkie's recipe for mixing his colours, and young writers have been well advised to put brains into their ink, and then let it flow naturally. But such precepts are to be considered as mere exclamations extorted by a general condition of things, and for that reason they are liable to constant revision in particular cases. Such a case is that of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the young poet and journalist whose name has become familiar of late to readers of the *Daily News* and *Speaker*. No one would think of advising Mr. Chesterton to get matter or mix his ink with brains. He has the one, and does the other.

We have spoken of Mr. Chesterton as a poet. In reviewing his *Wild Knight and Other Poems* a year ago we said that his philosophy is somewhat crude and juvenile, but that he has the poetic gift of expressing his ideas unexpectedly so that they come home with a sudden thrill. It is curious how well this serves to describe Mr. Chesterton's book of essays called *The Defendant*, just issued by Mr. Brimley Johnson. Only, we are bound to add, the crudeness and juvenility of Mr. Chesterton's matter is less tolerable in prose than in verse, and the thrills, though many, are less charged with redemption. One can always read a good deal of thought into verse, given a chance; but prose stands for what it is, and the judicious reader insists on organic and purposeful thought. This is what Mr. Chesterton does not give us. His ideas are so plentiful that he has enough to do simply to give them off. The wheels of his matter skid under the energy of his thinking, the result being much steam and glory but little motion. He is your lightning meditator, and will give you original ideas on whatever subject any lady or gentleman will be good enough to write on a slip of paper. It is this prowess as a mental gymnast that has brought Mr. Chesterton his early and well-deserved success. Weary old men have read him in the train and have said to themselves, "Bless us, how does he keep it up?" We are not old or weary, but we have asked the same question ourselves. And the answer that we have found is that Mr. Chesterton does not keep it up; that is to say, he does not keep on performing the feats of which first he appears to be master. His energy is great, but it does not move or lift. Invited, as we imagine, to see him swim the Hellespont, we discover that we are only privileged to see him splash cleverly in his bath. How cleverly he splashes readers of his articles know, and it is just because we enjoy Mr. Chesterton's work, and have faith in his future, that we are careful to point out what we think is his weakness. He must put a leash on his prancing sagacity, and assert himself among his ideas. As it is, we find it difficult to take him seriously, or to feel that he believes, or even remembers, half the clever things he says. Let him exchange this blindfold hurry of thinking for a wakeful attention to the value and direction of his thoughts, and he will delight us.

At present the only observable trend in Mr. Chesterton's furore of meditation is a desire to prove that life is happier and more curious than men suppose it to be. Which is good as far as it goes. But Mr. Chesterton seems to think that he can make the world seem fair by proving that it is so. That is a mistake. No amount of ratiocinative ingenuity of optimism, or feats of paradoxical defence, can lighten the burden. A man will not find happiness by seeking for it like a hard-thinking terrier. A curious dismalness of nothingness settles down on us after reading Mr. Chesterton's Defence of Skeletons, his Defence of Publicity, his Defence of Nonsense, his Defence of Planets, his Defence of China Shepherdesses, his Defence of Useful Information, his Defence of Farce, and his Defence of Ugly Things. The paradoxical defence is the natural device of your young man excogitant, be he the shining light of an Essay Society or a rising star in the London literary firmament. It is a good device, sparingly used; but unless it is done with almost Elian discretion and pawkiness, it is apt to suggest that the writer has adopted it as a means of laying a train of epigrammatic gunpowder with time fuses carefully adjusted.

Mr. Chesterton's defence of Skeletons is a characteristic exercise. Anyone can find something to say on such a theme. But the value of what is said will assuredly lie in some intimate and straightforward communication in which the taint of the original snap-paradox is burned up as by fire. Mr. Chesterton is remorselessly clever all through. Surely, he tells us, "the idea that its leaves are the chief grace of a tree is a vulgar one, on a par with the idea that his hair is the chief grace of a pianist. When Winter, that healthy ascetic, carries his gigantic razor over hill and valley, and shaves all the trees like monks, we feel surely that they are all the more like trees if they are shorn, just as so many painters and musicians would be all the more like men if they were less like mops. . . . Without claiming for the human skeleton a wholly conventional beauty, we may assert that he is certainly not uglier than a bull-dog. . . . One would think it would be most unwise in a man to be afraid of a skeleton, since Nature has set curious and quite insuperable obstacles to his running away from it," and so on. You turn the page to find this terribly ingenious young man begin another paragraph with: "The truth is that man's horror of the skeleton is not horror of death at all." You turn another page, and, as if he had not pirouetted enough, he makes a fresh spurt: "There is a peculiar idea abroad that the value and fascination of what we call Nature lie in her beauty." There is, indeed; and you feel that some day you will make time to hear Mr. Chesterton confute it. Just now you are feeling rather dazed by his confutations, by his statements of what "the truth is" or what "the fact is," or what "I have long thought." Besides, there are more digestible cates at hand. Mr. Chesterton is a poet, and every now and then the shuttle-clack of his brain is hushed by a burst of music. Even on the subject of skeletons he can wander into a strain of grotesque meditation at once legitimate, interesting, and touched with poetry. As thus:

> Has the poet, for whom Nature means only roses and lilies, ever heard a pig grunting? It is a noise that does a man good—a strong, snorting, imprisoned noise, breaking its way out of unfathomable dungeons through every possible outlet and organ. It might be the voice of the earth itself, snoring in its mighty sleep. This is the deepest, the oldest, the most wholesome and religious sense of the value of Nature—the value which comes from her immense babyishness. She is as top-heavy, as grotesque, as solemn, and as happy as a child. The mood

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> does come when we see all her shapes like shapes that a baby scrawls upon a slate—simple, rudimentary, a million years older and stronger than the whole disease that is called Art. The objects of earth and heaven seem to combine into a nursery tale, and our relation to things seems for a moment so simple that a dancing lunatic would be needed to do justice to its lucidity and levity. The tree above my head is flapping like some gigantic bird standing on one leg; the moon is like the eye of a cyclops. And, however much my face clouds with sombre vanity, or vulgar vengeance, or contemptible contempt, the bones of my skull beneath it are laughing for ever.

That is good, or, shall we say, on the road to be good; for little is gained by its pervasive muscularity. In his heat and swing Mr. Chesterton spoils many a good passage by phrases like "the whole disease that is called Art," and sometimes he is capable of a sort of remote bathos, as when in his Defence of Publicity he exclaims: "Along the base of every noble monument, whatever else may be written there, runs in invisible letters the lines of Swinburne:

> This thing is God:
> To be man with thy might,
> To go straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live out thy life in the light."

Our admiration of Mr. Swinburne does not carry us so far as this, and without disparaging these lines in the least we are thankful that they are inscribed on the Great Pyramid and on Westminster Abbey in "invisible" letters. The same paper yields an example of Mr. Chesterton's rather frequent falls into humorous turgidity, reminiscent rather than native: "Perhaps the most hideous and depressing object in the universe—far more hideous and depressing than one of Mr. H. G. Wells's shapeless monsters of the slime (and not at all unlike them)—is the statue of an English philanthropist." It is on such sallies that the chairman of a suburban essay society bestows his most knowing and infectious smile. Let us sandwich good points and bad as far as we may. Mr. Chesterton has one equipment of very great value to any writer: he has read his Bible. Again and again he uses the words of Scripture with effect. Take an example from his Defence of Nonsense:

> It is significant that in the greatest religious poem existent, the Book of Job, the argument which convinces the infidel is not (as has been represented by the merely rational religionism of the eighteenth century) a picture of the ordered beneficence of the Creation; but, on the contrary, a picture of the huge and undecipherable unreason of it. "Hast Thou sent the rain upon the desert where no man is?" This simple sense of wonder at the shapes of things, and at their exuberant independence of our intellectual standards and our trivial definitions, is the basis of spirituality as it is the basis of nonsense.

But then, again, how are you to endure the midnight cleverness of the Defence of China Shepherdesses, in which Mr. Chesterton seems not only to be writing by the lamp, but to be pitting his brains against his dwindling supply of kerosene. So far from objecting to the Ideal Shepherd, he would welcome an Ideal Grocer to whom we could attach delicate ideas of grocery as we do to the shepherds of Theocritus and Pope. It is when he proceeds to elaborate his grocer that we throw up our hands.

We do not think that we need multiply examples of Mr. Chesterton's too irresponsible expatiations. Reflection asks time. Of course Mr. Chesterton is not always to be taken seriously. He does not seriously believe that his onslaught on the Greek ideal of man's physical beauty counts for anything, or that he is really the protagonist of the poetry of the new knowledge in a passage like the following:

> For some mysterious reason this habit of realising poetically the facts of science has ceased abruptly with scientific progress, and all the confounding portents preached by Galileo and Newton have fallen on deaf ears. They painted a picture of the universe compared with which the Apocalypse with its falling stars was a mere idyll. They declared that we are all careering through space, clinging to a cannon-ball, and the poets ignore the matter as if it were a remark about the weather. They say that an invisible force holds us in our own armchairs while the earth hurtles like a boomerang; and men still go back to dusty records to prove the mercy of God.

He knows quite well that poetry must concern itself mainly with the things which are necessarily and usefully present in men's hearts and bosoms, and not with dimensions and operations which can never be more to men than Eternity is to Time. On the other hand, we like the malice and thrust of the epigram: "Profanity is now more than an affectation—it is a convention. The curse against God is Exercise I. in the primer of minor poetry." But this was truer ten years ago. Well, we hope we have shown that Mr. Chesterton is a very clever young essayist. There we leave him for the present. When he becomes more, —and less—clever, we shall return to him with a larger hope.

Things Seen.

Sound, Sight, and Sentiment.

THREE men were sitting alone in a room in a hamlet. On the table was a volume of *Turgenev*, open at the section called "Poems in Prose," and these companions had been reading from it in turn. One had chosen "The Old Woman," the second "The Dog," the third "The Beggar."

"The Russians take you straight to the front door," said the First Man. "Turgenev writes as if he were laying wood-blocks in a road, and he always chooses the right block. He doesn't waste time over preliminaries. How clean, how direct are the beginnings of the things we have been reading: "I was walking over a wide plain alone . . . " "Us two in the room; my dog and me. Outside a fearful storm is howling . . ." "I was walking along the street. I was stopped by a decrepit old beggar" Simple enough, but they awaken the imagination. There was silence for some minutes.

"It's very difficult," said the Second Man, "to describe things exactly as they happened. The imagination will always be colouring, and splashing in and out of the truth; but it holds the true vision somewhere, although you often have to dig for it. Suppose we try an experiment. We are all fresh from London, and its impressions. Suppose we tell, simply, some incident, something we have lately seen, or heard, or felt, that has remained with us." There was, again, silence. Then the First Man spoke:

"Mine has to do with sound—a horrible sound, that haunts me. I heard it in my sleep last night, and woke trembling. It happened in the reading-room of the British Museum, where, I suppose, in the whole course of its history, nobody had ever before raised his voice above a whisper. You know the stupor that comes over one after spending some hours there. You forget that the wind ever blew, or that the sun ever shone. You know that there is a book before your eyes; that you are surrounded by men and women with books before their eyes; that there is an odour of leather and old clothes, and a continuous murmur of shuffling feet, coughs, sniffs, and wheezings. It was late in the afternoon. I think I was dozing, when, suddenly, a piercing, long-drawn-out scream brought me back to life, as if I had been slashed across the face with a whip. Everybody started and stood up, bewilderment and fright on their faces. Then the scream was repeated. It echoed round the roof—horrible. I didn't see him carried out. I turned again to my book, but the page had no

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meaning, and I had but one wish—to get out into the open air. As I walked towards the door I saw that the table where he had been sitting was bare, and every seat was vacant. I haven't been there since. The place is inhabited—not by books, but by a scream. It doesn't leave me."

The Second Man spoke: "Mine is of sight. It is also painful—but quietly so. There is a certain street in London—a gloomy, narrow street—which is my shortest way home. But I never take it now. I was making my way home once by this street after midnight, when I came to a building, the windows of which were not dark. Yet they were not light. Behind the calico blinds a dim illumination shone that was neither light nor darkness. It was the half-light that reminds the sick of the world from which they are debarred. The shadow of a figure moved quickly behind the blind. It crossed the room again. Then two arms were thrown up—skinny arms. I crossed the road and read the brass plate affixed to the railings. It was a hospital where they treat a terrible disease.

The Third Man spoke: "Mine is of sentiment. I had been spending the evening at one of those Institutions peculiar to our time, where men and women go to be interested, instructed, and amused. It was a large building, with a hall, a library, club-rooms, lecture-rooms, class-rooms, a gymnasium, and I know not what else. My guide led me through the rooms, and everywhere, in cheerful progression, was some form of intellectual or social activity. Some were listening to a lecture; others were learning to dance or to cook; others were singing, practising gymnastics, debating, reading, playing billiards, grappling with French, and so on. It was really very encouraging. Everybody was exercising mind or body. To the individual life something was being added, of knowledge, interest, or pleasure, and each was the gainer. But it was none of these things that made the definite impression on my mind."

"Well?"

"It was something I saw by chance, as it were, something quite unofficial. To get from one part of the building to another we had to pass through a small kind of ante-room, and in it were three women, silent but happy, sewing. They were making warm garments to give to the unnoticed at Christmas-time."

The three looked at each other, and one said: "Let's have some more Turgenev."

Primal Sanities.

One hopes that the day of controversies as to the artistry of Walt Whitman is over. They have been more than usually profitless. Whether the things which he writes are to be called poems or not, resolves itself almost entirely into a question of categories; and categories are of the highest importance to those who make them. There remains the growing recognition of Walt Whitman as one of the little band of writers—they are not always the greatest, although Wordsworth, Shelley, Browning, Meredith, are of the number—who, whatever their merits or demerits for criticism, must not be denied as spiritual forces. The adequate soul at grips with the "Leaves of Grass" may be attracted or disconcerted: it can hardly be indifferent. Hence, it may be supposed, it is that so many thoughtful men of letters find it necessary sooner or later to have their say out about Whitman. It is so now with Mr. Edmond Holmes, the author of *The Silence of Love*, himself an admitted poet.* Mr. Holmes bears us out.

> Long before I had finished that extraordinary work (poem I cannot call it), the *Song of Myself*, I felt that I was face to face with an abnormally vivid and aggressive personality by which I was alternately, not to say simultaneously, fascinated and repelled. Had Whitman been a lesser man I should have read his poetry, admired its beauties, laughed at its eccentricities, shuddered at its crudities, and then laid the book aside and gone on to something else. But the very fact that his personality seemed to be wrestling with and striving to impose itself upon mine made me determine, at all costs, to understand him, to discover the secret sources of his poetry, to wrest from him the key to his heart and mind.

Mr. Holmes is inclined to talk the language of the schools, and of Hegelianism in particular, but whoso takes the trouble to translate him will find much of the truth about Whitman in the pages of his brief essay. Whitman is a spiritual force because of the immense reserve of optimism which he brings to the rescue of a humanity balanced in unstable equilibrium between the poles of exaltation and despair. His optimism, says Mr. Holmes, is "the direct outcome of physical and spiritual joy"; and "his poetry is a veritable pæan, a song of thanksgiving and triumph." Obviously this is not a wholly new note in literature. Browning has sung "the wild joys of living," and Wordsworth told us how

> The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion.

But not even Wordsworth, and certainly not Browning, has voiced the gusto of life in the large, direct, and monotonous manner so characteristic of Whitman. Coleridge called Shakespeare the "myriad-minded man." No conceivable epithet could be more inapplicable to Whitman. He is the single-minded man, the lyre of a single emotion, which he has uttered again and again in countless modes, just as the sea is one at heart beneath the infinitely various waves of its surface. The Whitman mood is that in which we are most vividly conscious of the value of life as life, of the secret something which makes for content and sanity in the recognition of what we have in common, not only with the meanest of other men, but with flowers and trees, and beasts, and dawn and sunset, and all inanimate things. To assert life and not to deny it; to yield oneself to the rhythm of existence with an abandon that accepts not life only, but death itself—"Sweet, peaceful, welcome death"; to trust immeasurably; such is the gospel, or rather the instinctive creed, according to Whitman. The pantheist's sense of his own identity with the soul of things breathes through his most intimate apprehensions of external nature. He has the ecstasy of kinship.

> I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,
> I call to the earth and sea half-held by the night.
> Press close bare-bosomed night—press close magnetic nourishing night!
> Night of south winds—night of the large few stars.
> Still nodding night—mad naked summer night.
>
> Smile O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
> Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
> Earth of departed sunset—earth of the mountains misty-topt!
> Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
> Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
> Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!
> Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd earth
> Smile. for your lover comes.

Or again:—

> By broad Potomac's shore, again old tongue
> (Still uttering, still ejaculating, canst never cease this babble?)
> Again old heart so gay, again to you, your sense, the full flush spring returning,

* *Walt Whitman's Poetry: A Study and a Selection.* By Edmond Holmes Lane.)

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Again the freshness and the odors, again Virginia's summer's sky, pellucid blue and silver,
Again the forenoon purple of the hills,
Again the deathless grass, so noiseless soft and green,
Again the blood-red roses blooming.

Perfume this book of mine O blood-red roses!
Lave subtly with your waters every line, Potomac!
Give me of you O spring, before I close, to put between its pages!
O forenoon purple of the hills, before I close, of you!
O deathless grass, of you!

Take, too, those "songs of the open road." What is at the heart of them but the last and finest expression of optimism, the willingness to trust oneself to the unknown whithersoever it may lead, even once more to death itself, in the sure and certain hope that the end will somehow be good. Here as elsewhere other men have felt as Whitman feels. The perverse Mallarmé himself, when "the flesh is weary," and he has "read all the books," cries to his heart:—

"Mais, ô mon cœur, entends le chant des matelots."

But the mood is Whitman's own, by virtue of the frequency, the intensity, with which it dominates him.

O, we can wait no longer,
We too take ship, O soul,
Joyous we too launch out on trackless seas,
Fearless for unknown shores on waves of ecstasy to sail
Amid the wafting winds (thou pressing me to thee, I thee to me, O soul),
Caroling free, singing our song of God,
Chanting our chant of pleasant exploration.
O my brave soul!
O farther, farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the seas of God?
O farther, farther sail!

Presently comes some acute person—Mr. Holmes in fact—and begins to point out the weaknesses of pantheism. Whitman finds the divine in all men and things, and argues therefrom that all men and things are therefore "on a common level, utterly regardless of the distinctions of intellect, virtue, station, or any height or lowliness whatever." He denies the gradations of the divine, and is arrogant for himself and for others.

What do you suppose I would intimate to you in a hundred ways,
But that man or woman is as good as God,
And that there is no God any more divine than yourself.

"There is," says Mr. Holmes, full of his Hegel, "a lack of idealism here. Whitman has forgotten to notice that the element common to man as man is rather the 'promise and potency' of the divine than the actualised divine itself." These are not his words, but this is the gravamen of his criticism. It is perfectly true, but then Walt Whitman's admirers are nearly all ready to admit that he is vulnerable to philosophical criticism at every possible point. He is full of theories, which are the direct translation into intellectual terms of his emotions, and may safely be disregarded. He is full of absurdities also, when his inspiration is not sufficient to purge them away. They are too flagrant to call for any attention from a serious critic. A man who can write:

How plenteous, how splendid, how resumé!

must be held to refute himself. But it is no less true that when Walt Whitman is inspired—and he is very often inspired—he can find large and classical utterance for essential human moods, and that to many a soul no lesson has been more tonic than his *cri du cœur*:

Give me solitude, give me Nature! Give me again, O Nature,
Your primal sanities.

Not as the Bookmen.

". . . and being a person who prefers life to art, and who knows it is a far finer thing to be in love, or to risk a danger, than to paint the finest picture or write the noblest book, I begin to regard what remains to me of my life as very shadowy . . . was regretting a high average of sins . . . had been recently reminded that I had outlived some friends, and wondering if I had not outlived some friendships. . . ." Thus, from his sick-bed, wrote Stevenson: upon at least two hundred pages of the Letters one may see and know the living man as clearly as one sees him there; and yet the old debate has broken out again: What manner of man was this? Of Mr. Henley and his share in this revival perhaps the less said the better: if he has dishonoured the dead, he will know it time enough. In any case, he stands for the city-folk, the super-civilised, the pedants and purists and bookmen, who could not follow Stevenson beyond the threshold of his greater self, that he found and crossed, when first he set out to drink deep of the real, the rude and turbulent life that he had thirsted for so long. Hence this welter of misunderstanding of him that they have brought upon us. These literary godfathers and godmothers would have us believe that they taught him to give us of his best. They did him and us great service—and infinite hurt. The finest that was in him is not in his books; the sponsors helped him greatly to become the most accomplished writer of his age: they taught him how to give us all of himself—except Robert Louis Stevenson. The man we know now, by and through the Letters, is not to be found in any of his volumes. In early days he fell a victim to style, precision, the chosen word, and never gained his freedom. The right word to make him the exponent of his many selves in writing was never spoken: Whitman might have spoken it; but there was no such one amongst his early guides. The things that Whitman stood for—sunshine and free air, and the naked soul of man—were truly seen and felt, too late. That was in the South Seas. He was moulded then: even his defence of Father Damien smells of the study. He was fixed by then in his literary shell; yet not irrevocably, since he knew it, and was on the way, so far as might be, to escape. If he had lived first, and had taken counsel subsequently with the bookmen, all might have been well; but fate had decreed that he should live his life wrong end foremost.

It is a case for lamentation, not for reproach: for lamentation upon what Stevenson might have been, rather than for reproach of what his literary counsellors made of him—what the dull, pedantic gods at whose feet they sit have decreed that they shall make of any man who shall chance to fall into their hands. For they are all—in a literary way without doubt, and likely enough in every other way—all honourable men. They did what they conceived to be their duty by him. Only the master was wanting: they made Stevenson a literary man; the master would have given the man himself a freer utterance, and the world would have been infinitely richer to-day.

If they who took upon themselves the charge of him made of him what they should have made, how is it that, to us who knew him not in the flesh, we find the man and truly love him, first and only in the Letters? Because the literary self was schooled to efface the living self—to efface and polish and re-write him out of recognition. Take him on one of his hundred sides alone. The sight of something pitiful, of suffering, of a child in tears, would set him crying. Who has ever cried over a page, a line, of his literary works? Who has not cried, or has not at least come to the brink of the well of tears, over his Letters? It was the bookmen who dried up the tears that should have stopt upon his pages. They dried the tears, and made him give us—what? A chiselled phrase. It was a poor exchange.

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As for the question: Would he have cheapened, vulgarised himself had he been led to give us more of his essential self—to weep, rage, bemoan, exult, fling down his phrases hot and thrilling and let them lie, and not arraign them so relentlessly in the court of Style? It is sheer blasphemy to debate it. If he had been led that way we should have now in his books the steadfast friend, the imperishable boy, the sprite, the patriot and statesman that look out upon us in fleeting glimpses from the pages of his Letters. The hand was held that should have given us all that. He, with his amazing zest of living, was meant to be a man amongst men first of all, to know and share in all the sordidness and gaiety and heroism of the common folk—to look over the edge of the world, to fear and exult in what he saw there, and to tell us of it afterwards, in his own way; not in the way of the official, the ladylike, the person of Fleet Street, Bloomsbury, and the suburbs. He should have spoken "as one having authority, not as the bookmen."

When Mr. Churton Collins—whose soul must surely be of leather—reviewed the Stevenson Letters as literary exercises, he cried, in effect if not in words, "Save me from my friends." There, doubtless by accident, and not knowing the full significance of what he said, he uttered the living truth. If Stevenson had, early enough, been rescued from the friends that marred his destiny, these lamentable controversies as to what manner of man he was would never have arisen. He would have told us himself. The Samoans—the loving barbarians that hewed the steep track and carried his body over it upon their shoulders to his grave—do not dispute amongst themselves as to what kind of a man was *Tusitala*. They know, and are silent; and amongst them he sleeps sound. Would that our warring bookmen might read a lesson from it!

HERBERT C. MACILWAINE.

Correspondence.

"The To-be-Forgotten."

SIR,—In your review of Mr. Hardy's *Poems of the Past and Present* the theory of life in the grave, as set forth in "His Immortality" and "The To-be-Forgotten" is spoken of as something new.

The following quotation from a letter written by Mrs. Lynn Linton to an unknown correspondent goes to show that an article written in the *Queen* in February, 1889, unintentionally suggested the same idea to at least one of its readers:

"I am very sorry that anything I have written should have caused you pain, but it is pain you have given yourself. You have read into my words a meaning they were not intended to convey, and have fastened on to me a declaration of opinion I had not the slightest idea of myself. The words of which you complain were simply meant to show the transitory nature of individual remembrance, which lasts for the generation only. It had nothing to do with the soul or the life beyond the grave, or any "ism" whatever. It was simply the pathetic truth, that when those who loved and remembered an unnoted little child died that child itself would be forgotten and pass into oblivion."—I am, &c.,

G. S. LAYARD.

"Ivry."

SIR,—In the ACADEMY of to-day there is a quotation from the *Rambler* consisting of a criticism of Macaulay's "Ivry," in which the writer absurdly tries to ridicule Macaulay's use of the word "cornet." He considers that a cornet must be either a kind of trumpet or a youthful commander of horse, and consequently cannot be "unfurled," &c. As, Sir, you have refrained from commenting on this criticism, possibly some of your readers may consider it justified. I would, therefore, ask to be allowed to point out that, in the *Imperial Dictionary of the English Language*, I find *cornet* (among other meanings) may be the flag or standard of a troop of horse:

"In his white *cornet* Verdon doth display
A fret of gules."

—DRAYTON.

A writer must be singularly ignorant of Macaulay to think him likely to be ignorant in such a matter.—I am, &c.,

T. V. HOLMES.

28, Crooms Hill, Greenwich Park.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 114 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best criticism of some small dramatic detail in Shakespeare's plays. We are struck by the insight shown in many of the replies. These prove that among our readers there are many real students of Shakespeare. The lady contributors to this competition have excelled. The allotment of the prize is not easy, but, after careful consideration, we award it to Miss Jessie Phillips, 48, Huntingdon Road, East Finchley, N., for the following:—

"TWELFTH NIGHT."—SCENE II., ACT IV.

MALVOLIO: "*I think nobly of the soul, and in no way approve his opinion.*"

In criticising any point in a play, one must bear in mind its effect on spectators. In the representation of "Twelfth Night" by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, his mournful enunciation of this line thrilled me as it had thrilled me when, as a child, I first read it. One suddenly left the altitude of detachment necessary to appreciate the comic side of another's woes, and for a moment flung oneself into Malvolio's position, for however comic the situation is to us, it was tragic indeed to him. The sport seemed to fall rather flat: it would have been fine fun if Malvolio, frantic for freedom, had been led on to subscribe to Pythagoras' doctrine. What scope for teasing him afterwards? But the fish did not rise Malvolio, with obstinate truthfulness, refuses to say what he does not think, and we are forced to acknowledge an element of greatness in him. And in the light of this line we see that his very faults are weak greatnesses; his colossal credulity, that arising from his own honesty, cannot comprehend the subtlety of deceit; his magnifying of his office, his taking himself so seriously, his bland waving aside of all social distinctions and seeing nothing incongruous in an union with the Countess, have all something of the sublime in them; but there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and Malvolio is always ridiculous; except that here we get the sublimity from which he has stepped, and that his faithfulness, and loyalty, and stubbornness have their root in something great in the character.

The effect of this line is to insensibly alter our conception of the man, and this was strikingly illustrated in the last scene. When Malvolio, speechless with rage, turns at bay, it was curious to note that no one laughed; or, rather, the audience *began* to laugh and checked itself, as if it were ashamed. There was a strained feeling in the atmosphere, as if everyone thought the situation was comic and demanded laughter, yet somehow they could not comfortably do so—as you see sometimes boys teasing another, when gradually something in his demeanour silences them, and they sneak shamefacedly away. So it is here, and what is it that creates that atmosphere? It is that line. Our minds unconsciously turn to the dungeon scene, and in the man baited by his enemies we see, not the gullibility and conceit, but the honest credulity of one who, when tempted to make his escape by agreeing to what he thought a lie, said simply and steadfastly: "*I think nobly of the soul.*"

This final scene is linked to that by this one line, seemingly a small point in itself, yet in its subtle psychology revealing the touch of the master's hand, lifting this part of the play out of mere farce into that highest comedy where humour is linked with sympathy. [J. P.]

Other replies are as follows:—

THE OLD LADY.

In the play of "King Henry VIII." there is a small point which seems to have been overlooked by the innumerable critics of

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Shakespeare. According to the leading authorities, this play was written in collaboration with Fletcher, "not together, but alternately, upon distinct portions of it" (Spedding).

Modern scholarship, with patient investigation, has applied certain tests, by which we can ascertain almost with certainty the scenes written by each writer, and among those ascribed to Shakespeare are act two, scene three, and act five, scene one, in both of which appears the most humorous character in the play. This is the Old Lady, a friend of Anne Boleyn, who, in the earlier scene, was present when the Lord Chamberlain announced to Anne the honour conferred on her by the King by creating her Marchioness of Pembroke.

In the later scene the Old Lady announces to the King the birth of Elizabeth. Now this old lady is the creation of Shakespeare, and as such—as the most humorous character of what was probably his last play (date about 1612)—she possesses some extrinsic interest in addition to her delightful individuality. She had been seventeen years at Court, being evidently a privileged person there, and so little in awe of the terrible King that she dared to scold his Majesty! When she informs him that the baby is as like him "as cherry is to cherry," he orders Sir Thomas Lovell to give her an hundred marks, and then hurries to the Queen.

"An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

And exit the immortal old woman who was not afraid of King Henry VIII.! ["Issor," Bayswater.]

"RICHARD III."

It would be unreasonable to expect historical accuracy in Shakespeare's historical plays, despite Bolingbroke's reliance on them, but dramatic propriety and plausibility we have surely a right to demand. How then can we account for or excuse Shakespeare's, in "King Richard III.," making the Lady Anne accept a ring from the Duke of Gloster, who has murdered her husband, within sight of the corse of her father-in-law, whom he has also slain? Considering, too, that just previously she has tried to avenge, and not unnaturally, the slaughter of her relatives, her sudden apparently motiveless inconsistency and pusillanimity are too bewildering for words, and must sink her to an unimaginable depth in the opinion of all. One can only say, like the personage in Ibsen, "People do not do these things." I fancy I have touched on the weakest spot in Shakespeare's life-work.

[A. G., Worcester.]

IAGO.

It is exactly the small things in Shakespeare which often weigh most heavily from a critical point of view, as Coleridge has pointed out in the case of Desdemona's dropped handkerchief. In the speeches which we are tempted to pass by unnoticed may sometimes be found the true key to a character, revealed in a few words of no apparent moment; or in a portion of a scene which, upon a first perusal, it might appear could have been omitted altogether without prejudice to the particular play. There is no scene more pregnant in meaning than that in which Iago, Emilia, and Desdemona discuss the merits of different women; but a surface judgment would pronounce that it does not affect the action of the play. Neither does it; yet it throws a sudden and a dramatic flash of light upon the character of Iago. After enumerating the virtues of a deserving woman, he pauses upon the words:—"She was a wight, if ever such wight were——" and when Desdemona asks: "To do what?" he answers: "To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer." The implied doubt, and the unexpected, bitter conclusion put the key-stone to the arch of villainy, and show Iago in his true light—as a non-moral man, who has not the faintest conception of virtue, nor a fragment of belief that it anywhere exists. His callousness might have proceeded from blind revenge; his advice to Roderigo, "Put money in thy purse," from a cynical spirit; but the above speech differentiates him from other villains; and if there are degrees of wickedness shows him to be the most consummate villain ever presented upon the stage. Richard III. pays to virtue the tribute of simulation, Macbeth falls slowly to lower depths, but Iago is a more perfect villain than either because of his negative limitations, for he is without pity, remorse, or honour; knowing neither love nor gratitude; and as the speech which we have quoted proves, he not only has no motion towards virtue himself, but wholly disbelieves in its existence in others.

[A. E. W., Greenock.]

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The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1544. Established 1869. 7 December, 1901. Price Threepence
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The Literary Week.

In a Christmas Supplement, which is included in the present number, we review the juvenile literature of the season, and give lists of what in our opinion are the "Six Best Picture Books," the "Six Best Story Books," and the "Twelve Best Boys' and Girls' Books."

We have received several letters during the week on the Henley *v.* Stevenson controversy, all disapproving of Mr. Henley's article. The subject continues to attract attention in the Press. Under the heading "Literary Leprosy" the *Saturday Review* published last week a characteristic article, from which we quote the peroration:

> This last instance of the fragility of literary friendship sets one thinking what it is in the pursuit of letters as a profession that so often, if not usually, in one way or another corrupts the manhood of literary men. And we speak of real men of letters in this instance; we do not refer to the miserable crowd of spurious imitators, who dub themselves "literary men." It is a painful phenomenon observed many centuries ago. Men of letters know it themselves. The title of this article is a phrase taught us by one of the best and best-known English men of letters now living; one who has lived amongst the cream of them all his life. Leigh Hunt was not the first nor the last literary leper. It is a pity they cannot be isolated and outlawed as are lepers of the flesh. We should be glad if we could say that this paltry exhibition of envy, jealousy, and spite was without parallel. Unfortunately the past makes any such statement impossible, and we are not sanguine of the future justifying it any the more. Still, it is too bad a case to ignore. If the world lets this pass, there is an end of all confidence and of any real friendship amongst authors and men of letters.

Punch published an open letter to Robert Louis Stevenson, beginning "Beloved Shade," and ending "Your Admirer." We extract two passages:

> Be sure of this, at any rate: we, who still live out our little lives in the busy haunts of men, and whose tired minds turn for refreshment to romance and poetry, and the eternal records of heroism and faith and gallant deeds, we love you as of old and reverence your name. Of all the gay and splendid souls that have flashed across our sky with a trail of glory, none was more vivid than yours, none has left a more enduring memory.
>
> One fine day there came along a rough and blustering sort of companion, and, "By heaven," says he, "what a pother they are all making about one who was after all a very poor and ordinary creature! Why, I was the man who helped him along; but for me he had never done a hand's turn to deserve fame, and, if you'll believe me, he requited me, as he did all others, most scurvily. He outsoared us, actually outsoared us all, won his way to glory while we, his betters, were left flapping ineffectual wings."

Mr. Sidney Colvin has announced his intention of dealing with the subject in his own time, which, we hope, will be soon.

THE FRIENDLY LEAD.

Further Instalments, on the Lines of W. E. H., in the *Pall Mall Magazine.*

I.—The Late Dr. Johnson.

By X X X.

It is time to speak out. After a careful reading of Mr. Boswell's so-called *Life* I am bound to put on record that the Samwell in those pages is not the Samwell that I knew. Search as I may, I find no mention of his having knocked over an old applewoman in Fleet Street one dark night and kicking her prostrate body. Why not, I ask? I miss these endearing touches. There is mention, it is true, of Samwell's losing a walking-stick in the Highlands; but I find no reference to the fact that I walked half over London one foggy day seeking it as a present for my friend. The portrait of Samwell is wholly inaccurate. There are people who knew him (I am not one of them) who do not scruple to apply to him a word of five syllables; yet who would gather so from the sycophantic pages of Mr. Boswell?

(*And so forth.*)

II.—The Late Sir Walter Scott.

By † † †.

It is time for truth: falsehood has played its part too long. The Walt of Mr. Lockhart's slavish pages is not the Walt that I knew and loved. The sickening dead-level of human kindness and gentleness which is maintained by the Walt of the book is another contribution to the mischievous and deliberate falsification of character now being prosecuted by all biographers. And where do I came in? There is mention of the success of *Waverley*, but not a word of the friendly hand that carried the manuscript from Walt's house to the publisher's. There is mention of *Kenilworth*, but I look in vain for any attribution of merit to the guide that showed Walt over the old ruin, and descanted on Amy Robsart's death. This is a colourless book. There is not a word of the orgies of the Roxburgh Club. Who would suppose from its pages that there are persons (I am not one of them) who apply to Scott a German word of twenty-four letters?

(*And so forth.*)

Last week we asked for the name of the author of some verses beginning "A fire mist and a planet," also of the originator of the saying that the pith of a woman's letter is in the postscript. We have received the following replies. Mr. Snell writes: "The verses (two out of four are printed in your paper) 'A fire mist and a planet,' appeared some years ago in the *New England Magazine*. I know that it was a November number, but I have no indication of the year." In regard to the other question Mr. Ker writes: "I see one of your correspondents wants to know the origin of the saying about a woman's postscript. This I do not know, but Clough in the *Bothie* says:

> "'Wit in the letter may prate, but wisdom speaks in the postscript.'"

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Mr. Thomas Seccombe is one of the best equipped of our younger critics, and his training as an Assistant Editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography* is one that any writer might envy. We observe that he is about to do what we cannot but think is a very real and intelligent service to George Borrow, such a service as Edward FitzGerald had the will, but not the persistence, to do for Samuel Richardson. Borrow is not an easy writer from the ordinary reader's point of view. Hence we have "Borrovians"—readers whose reading muscles, if we may use the term, have been sufficiently supple to enable them to overcome those obstacles of strangeness, fickleness, and eccentricity which undoubtedly warn off the ordinary reader from the rich pastures of *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*. Mr. Seccombe sees this, and he has had the idea to throw to the timid but estimable non-"Borrovian" reader a bait such as he cannot easily resist. This takes the form of a disengagement of the Isopel Berners episode from the two autobiographical stories we have named, and its materialisation in a volume (16mo—a good size!) to be entitled: *Isopel Berners:* Being the History of Certain Drives in a Staffordshire Dingle, July, 1825; Extracted from *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye*. Mr. Seccombe's statement of his aims—of which we have an advance copy—is lucid and valuable as criticism. It is this:

> The idea of the present volume is to detach this episode, and to present it in its unity to the twentieth-century reader. It is not addressed primarily to Borrovians; but it is hoped that it may increase their number by winning over fresh readers to Borrow. With this object in view it is much more advantageous to concentrate the attention upon a small section than to direct it over a large area, for Borrow is essentially a penetrating, rather than a plausible, writer. There is a widely-spread opinion that Borrow, like the famous egg, is excellent in parts; but that for sustained reading Borrow is dry. It is perfectly true: Borrow is dry. What needs to be appreciated is that his dryness is not that of dry rot, but the dryness of high elevation, of a somewhat solitary and craggy humour—the dryness of "Don Quixote," of "Robinson Crusoe," of "Gil Blas," of "Tom Jones," of "D'Artagnan," and of "Hadji Baba." There *is* an absence of verdure. You will not find much sentiment in Borrow; but you will find "part of the secret, brother," especially in the Dingle. For here Borrow is at his best, in the open air among the gypsies—with Jasper, Pakomovna, Tawno, Ursula, the Man in Black—above all, Isopel or Belle Berners. These are characters in the present volume, interlocutors in dialogues of the greenwood, unrivalled since the heyday of the Forest of Arden.

A full critical introduction and a body of explanatory notes complete the book, which, no doubt, will be welcomed as an inviting open door to the whole *Borrow*. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are the publishers.

Prof. T. Roger Smith writes: "You, and possibly some of your readers, may like to see the enclosed quaint epitaph, in which the poet of Bakewell (Derbyshire) has included the two concluding lines of Dr. Johnson's noble verse given on page 497 of last week's Academy:

> The vocal powers, here let us mark,
> Of Philip, our late parish clerk,
> In church none ever heard a layman
> With a louder voice say Amen.
> The choir lament thy vocal tones;
> The town, so sure here rest thy bones.
> "Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine,
> Till angels wake thee with a note like thine."

In a lively article on his "Editorial Experiences," in the *Universal Magazine*, Mr. E. T. Cook allows us to peep into some of his old post-bags. The unreviewed, he tells us—and we know it well—are artful. "I happen to know that a long review of my book will appear in the ——. I am sure your journal will not like to be behindhand." Again: "You have not reviewed my novel; but if you knew what sufferings I endure from chronic dyspepsia, and how hard a struggle it is to support a widowed mother, you would, I am sure, relent." Another of Mr. Cook's correspondents was much more practical:

> Dear Sir,—I have an interest in the book *The Old Morality* which was left at your office and advertised as per enclosed receipt. Will you kindly give me a review of it? and on your informing me of your name I shall send you a postal order for £1 as a honorarium for your trouble.—Yours very truly,
> —— (Auctioneer and Valuer).

A dentist offered to draw teeth in return for a review. Mr. Cook continues:

> I can remember a time when the increased allotment of space to literature and literary persons somewhat puzzled and irritated printers who had served their apprenticeship under a different order of ideas. On one occasion a rather long account of Matthew Arnold was sent upstairs to the composing-room. "Who is this M. Arnold?" one of the printers was heard to ask, "and how many more columns of him is the editor going to shovel up?" "Keep your hair on," a more tolerant companion replied; "you wait till old Ruskin goes off, and then you'll see something." And they did. But that was in another paper. The head printers are very important persons, I may remark, in an editor's circle. His comfort, and even in some ways his efficiency, depend not a little on their zeal and intelligence. Some of those with whom I have been fortunate enough to work had a very nice appreciation of relative literary values from a newspaper point of view. Once, in absence of mind, I sent up to the printer, in the full season, a review of Six New Philosophical Treatises. "For the August Bank Holiday, I presume?" said the printer, reprovingly. We had to publish in those days on Bank Holidays, and as nobody reads papers on Bank Holidays, we used the occasions to work off our choicest remnants of unreadable articles. But those Six Treatises did not get in. On looking into the matter, when the time came, the printer found that we had on hand Seven New Volumes of Sermons which had been waiting several months for the same auspicious occasion. Well, there were, at any rate, seven gentlemen who found that day something to read in the paper.

A writer in the *Review of Reviews* gives some extraordinary statistics of the American appetite for fiction. He assures us that the present year has seen at least six novels which run to a circulation of 150,000, one-half as many more which reach 100,000, a score with what would once have been the phenomenal circulation of 50,000, and from forty to fifty with editions of 20,000 to 30,000. Nowadays a book scarcely moves which does less. Work out this sum, add the editions of the 800 or more novels with normal editions, and there is a novel production of not less than some 3,000,000 volumes. No flood like this exists the world over. The literary statistics of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston give a public library circulation of 6,000,000 volumes a year, of which some 4,800,000 are novels. The lesser libraries will nearly double this. In all, this appetite for novel-reading calls for the issue of 3,000,000 volumes, and the circulation of fiction new and old, through libraries, is some 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 volumes. The libraries, where fiction is always 70 to 80 per cent. of the total overturn, run up to a circulation of 400,000 volumes of fiction a month in American cities. This, too, does not reckon the flood of fiction in two-thirds of the population not in cities pent and the myriad lesser circles of book circulation.

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In a single great American store—one of the five or six largest in the country—there are in a year, roughly speaking, sold 7,000 volumes of Walter Scott, 9,000 of Thackeray, 12,000 of Eliot, and close to 20,000 volumes of Dickens. George Eliot and Thackeray sell by sets. Eliot especially, a set being a cheap present. Cooper, too, in solitary volumes like the *Pathfinder*, runs past all the rest. Scott and Dickens sell by volumes. The sale of sets, while large in amount, is small by the side of the call for single volumes. No one in a position to judge would put the sale of Dickens in the current year at less than from 200,000 to 250,000 volumes. His own life saw no year of more. The writer who gives these figures adds:

> Do you doubt these figures? Do you imagine that the stacked sets of Dickens, Scott, Cooper, Thackeray, and Eliot you see in cairns in the great department-stores are there for ornament? Do you realise that every square inch of table surface in the thronged aisles in which you will jostle for two months to come is hoarded and watched for gain like the tiny squares at the bottom of the blue clay of a Kimberley diamond-trench? Nothing is there which does not sell, which has not proved to be in the struggle for bargains the fittest for buying. Remember, too, that the vast subscription-book machinery, which thirty years ago sold gilded emptiness, is now carrying to the buyer sets and sets of standard novels, so that a half-dozen, all shapely, will be disputing the field at once, teasing your curiosity with adroit postal-cards. . . . Given a certain amount of advertising in the papers, and the great department-stores must buy a certain number of a new novel, graduated to the publicity purchased in the papers, sure to awake a certain demand at the counter.

Those of our readers who so conscientiously find the best novels of the year in our recent plébiscite will be interested to hear the verdict on their selection by an American literary paper. After quoting the list, our contemporary says: "There is no mistaking the quality of the list. It is good; and a little thought and examination will show that it is a far more distinctive list than a similar canvass might have produced in America; that is, judged by the 'books most in demand.' What American list, for example, made up as the result of votes from the great reading public, would include *The Column*?"

In the *New York Times Saturday Review*, Mr. John Lane delivers himself on the literary outlook. He thinks that on both sides of the Atlantic protracted campaigns have proved a healthy stimulus, and that a severe blow has been "dealt upon the pate of the vapid." On both sides the reading public demands: (1) In fiction the telling, the clever, the pregnant; (2) in general literature the healthy, the trenchant, the true; (3) in poetry the real, the convinced, the inspired. The keynote of the demand is: "Of new work, whatever its class, let us have 'the real right thing'; revive for us the old where it surpasses the new."

A transition from the return of the Duke of York to the human and literary qualities of Hazlitt would seem to be a stiff exercise in the art of "jining flats," but it is accomplished dexterously enough by the writer of "Musings Without Method," in the December *Blackwood*. The writer's appreciation of Hazlitt (*à propos* of Mr. Dent's new edition) is careful and penetrating. The following sketch of Hazlitt's style as an essayist is well worth quoting:

> He neither corrected his proofs nor amended his judgments. There is not one of his essays which does not seem as though it were struck off at a blow. His style has the defects and qualities of his method. It is often slipshod and inaccurate; the words are sometimes tumbled down in grammatical confusion. But the meaning is never obscure, because Hazlitt always thought clearly; and the fault of expression is a mechanical fault of haste and heedlessness. Above all, he was a master rather of the phrase than of the word. That is to say, he seems to have found his phrases ready made, and did not look about him for the words which should compose them. And his phrases, once they are made, cohere without particles. The logical thread of his argument is so tightly held that he has no need of "buts" and "therefores," and the innumerable shifts of the inexpert. So that an essay of his contriving resembles the simple masonry of primitive times. The sentences fall into their places unattached, while the whole is as stable as those ancient walls whose blocks of stone fit and cohere without mortar. But, apart from its structure, there is a fire and dash in his style which defy analysis, and which proceed from a ripe mind and a vivid intelligence. He has less insight than Coleridge into general principles; he has not the imaginative subtlety which makes Charles Lamb the best critic of literature that ever lived. But he possesses qualities of which Lamb and Coleridge knew nothing. None of his contemporaries could have penned the magnificent letter to Gifford, the best piece of chastisement known to literature. No other could have written of sport, of the theatre, and of life with the brilliance and "gusto" which were always his. And it is this wide knowledge and tireless energy which make the least of his essays not merely a criticism of literature but a criticism of life to boot.

It is rather amusing to see how, in matters which are in chronic dispute between English and American readers, each side scolds each other in the same words and tones. Some Americans are angry with Dr. Van Dyke for introducing English spelling into his book of stories called *The Ruling Passion*. One protester says: "Why should the printers of Dr. Van Dyke's superbly written American stories adopt the English absurdity of spelling?" Well, we do not see why they should, and we can understand American indignation, for there was some little outcry here a few months ago when Sir Walter Besant's *East London* appeared with American spelling. "Are we," continues our writer, "to lose all that we have gained by our scholarship? Is the utterly unreasoning prejudice of a British reading public to undo the will of a twice as large American reading public? Is Great Britain for ever to dominate the immeasurably greater Britain? The statistics of book publishing show that even for British works of consequence there are ten readers in the United States for one in Great Britain. Why then should American publishers relinquish all that we have gained for a rational and scholarly spelling reform, merely for the sake of placating the prejudices of an inconsequently small British audience? Henry van Dyke will have a hundred entranced American readers to one condescending English admirer. Why not spell an American book in the American way, and incidentally teach English readers how the great majority of English-speaking people spell English?" It will be observed that this angry American cousin has not the least idea of leaving us the liberty which he demands for his own countrymen. English spelling in an American book is an outrage, but American spelling in an English book is merely a wholesome lesson to the backward and wrong-headed Briton.

The English Customs authorities, it seems, are acting with a high hand in regard to French books imported into this country. A "Literary Man" in London writes to a Paris contemporary: "Some three weeks ago I went to one of the leading foreign book-shops in the West End to ask for a work by Guy de Maupassant. To my great surprise, I was informed by one of the assistants that the book was out of stock. On showing my astonishment at a book of such a standard author (who counts among his admirers

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a celebrated man like Jules Verne) not being in stock at one of the principal French libraries, I was informed by the manager that a few days before between forty and fifty volumes by Maupassant, published by Messrs. Paul Ollendorff, of Paris, had been seized and confiscated by the English Customs at Newhaven on the ground of their being indecent." It is stated that for the last five or six months bales of books consigned to the London firm in question had been detained for weeks by the Customs, and any number of books abstracted from the same, which were published by the very first and leading Paris publishers, as Fasquelle (Charpentier), Ollendorff, Juven, Borel, Empis, Méricaut, Calmann-Lévy, and many others. "Almost any book having an illustrated cover or the word 'amour' in its title was held up and declared to be indecent"!

Mr. Sidney Lee has been this week the recipient of the following letter:

Marlborough House, Pall Mall, S.W.,
October 25, 1901.

My dear Mr. Lee,—As the King believes that the last of the Supplementary Volumes of the *Dictionary of National Biography* is published to-day, he commands me to congratulate you on the final completion of this great work.

It is one which cannot fail to be most useful to everybody, and no English library should be without a copy.

From what His Majesty has been able to read of the various articles, he is much struck by the ability and research which have been shown by the writers, as well as by the admirable and careful way in which the work has been edited.—Believe me, yours very truly,

(Signed) Francis Knollys.

As Wednesday of this week is the one hundred and sixth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Carlyle, it may appropriately be mentioned, says the *Westminster Gazette*, that, since the house, No. 25, Cheyne Row, was officially opened to the public by Mr. John Morley six years ago, as many as 16,000 persons have paid for admission. In the year just ended the number of visitors has somewhat exceeded that of the immediately corresponding period, though somewhat less than in 1899; and the United States, as hitherto, is more fully represented than any other country in the visitors' book. An interesting letter of John Ruskin's, dated "Denmark Hill, Febrauary 17, 1867," has lately been added to the manuscripts. It concludes thus: "I am ashamed of my writing. I cannot help it, unless I write so very slow that I should forget what I had to say. Sincere regards to Lady Ashbourton. Ever yours affectionately, J. Ruskin."

The little book, called *Nonsense Rhymes*, by the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse (Brimley Johnson), would, at the first blush, be ranged with those for children; but it is really for those who retain a child's sense of fun, with something of adult sophistication added. Mr. Monkhouse had a very pretty gift for nonsense: not nonsense in the highest, not nonsense with the furious rollick of Lear; but good nonsense of a sedater kind. We quote a few specimens:

There once was a girl of Lahore,
The same shape behind as before;
As no one knew where
To offer a chair,
She had to sit down on the floor.

There once was a Master of Arts,
Who was nuts upon cranberry tarts;
When he'd eaten his fill
He was awfully ill,
But he still was a Master of Arts.

Another has a quality new to nonsense verse: a touch of the uncanny:

There are men in the village of Erith,
Whom nobody seeth or heareth,
And there looms on the marge
Of the river a barge,
Which nobody roweth or steereth.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who illustrates these lyrics, follows the Lear convention very successfully. It is a promising thing for criticism when one of the ablest of the younger critics is found to have this feeling for nonsense. There are too many critics who have none.

On page 567 will be found the titles of a number of books that have interested and pleased certain readers during 1901. The following answers to our inquiry were received too late for inclusion in the list:

Dean Hole writes: "In my eighty-second year I have no longer the appetite or the power of digestion for the *pièces de résistance*, the rounds and the joints, the solid food of historic, scientific, or dogmatic literature, and am therefore unable to write as to the merits of modern publications on these erudite subjects. I retain a keen relish for the lighter refreshments, but the dishes are so numerous and the cooks so accomplished that it is difficult to make a selection; and, with hesitation and constraint, I reply to your question, and state that of the novels which I have read in this current year, *The Faringdons* strikes me as the cleverest of all, and that more recently I have been much pleased and interested in *The Casting of the Nets*."

Mr. I. Zangwill writes: "Maeterlinck's *The Life of the Bee* and Rudyard Kipling's *Kim*. But the real revelation of the year for me has been the critical and other work, uncollected in book form, of Mr. G. K. Chesterton."

The weakest part of *Kim* was the characterisation of the Russian agents. Reviewers did not treat them very seriously, but they have roused the anger of a Russian gentleman "familiar with English literature," who thus speaks his mind in the *Westminster Gazette:*

I have read Rudyard Kipling's new book, *Kim*. Good and well written book; but what a horrible passage about two Russian spies going to India! Everything about them is so imbecile and so low, that I never thought a writer such as Kipling would abase himself to such a level, the level of a penny-a-liner in a penny paper. Everything is incredible. First, two Russian agents (one of them is, nobody knows why, a Frenchman) go to make a map of the country in secret. This shows such ignorance. The maps of *all countries under English rule* are made by the Indian Survey Department; those are the best maps, and they extend straight to our Russian frontier. *Our* Survey has its maps up to the English frontier. In making these maps we took in the frontiers of both countries; we have long exchanged maps, and are exchanging them now. I *know* that, as a Russian military attaché, and I had when in London all the Indian Survey maps up to our frontier. Thus no Russian has any need to go into English possessions and make maps that we already possess. Any map, made stealthily without proper instruments, would be a sheer piece of childish stupidity, in view of these great scientific English maps made at a cost of millions of money, with the best instruments in the world, with slow care during years, and all of which we possess!

Thus, the plot of this Russian incursion is a piece of ignorance. A man attempts to speak of something of which he has not the remotest knowledge. This lowers Kipling.

Then, those two individuals are horridly cruel, and maltreat, beat, and shoot the people they come in contact with. This is again most childish of Kipling. When anyone goes into a foreign country *on a treasonable* expedition he tries to go quietly, to conciliate people, to glide on in

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silence and unobserved, but not to hustle, to beat, to shoot, and to kill those among whom he is to travel!

Then, they are made to repeat at every moment: "*We know how to deal with Orientals!*" But Kipling does not know even the meaning of this. It means that we give them (the Orientals) absolutely equal rights with Russians; that not only we never beat them, but that we give them even more protection than our own people, as they are new to our ways; that we give them all the means of being happy and rich, so that Turkestan, Korea, Bokhara, and Khiva are now the richest parts of Russia, richer than the Russian European provinces—which is even unjust—whilst in India millions are yearly dying of starvation and poverty.

The ugliness, physical and moral, of these Russians of Kipling surpasses imagination, and is meant by him as typical of Russians in general. This shows how greatly Kipling is at fault. In Russia, as in England, there is a very great number of men who are physically, morally, and intellectually beautiful.

Messrs. Macmillan have just published a volume of poems from Victor Hugo, rendered into English verse by Sir George Young, the translator of Sophocles. The selection ranges over the whole of Hugo's immense and multifarious work, and contains more than 10,000 lines of verse.

The volume of *Oxford Studies* by the late J. R. Green is mainly composed of papers on Oxford, treating of the provincial centre as well as the University, town and gown, clubs and highwaymen, politics, literature, and so forth, during the eighteenth century; it includes also an article on the early history of Oxford, and two essays from *The Saturday Review* on contemporary life of the University.

Bibliographical.

Among recent publications by the S.P.C.K. is a cheap illustrated edition of Mrs. Trimmer's *History of the Robins*, as edited by Miss Edith Carrington, and with all references to the Benson family cut out. The reprint seems to be American in origin, for the Introduction is from the pen of Edward E. Hale. In spite of the revisions and omissions, one is glad to find the *History* again in circulation in this country, for it is to be feared that English children of to-day know very little, if anything, about Mrs. Trimmer, and it may soon become necessary to annotate Calverley's lines about the song-birds:

> They need no parasols, no goloshes;
> And good Mrs. Trimmer she feedeth them.

It is one of the little ironies of life that this excellent lady should live only in Calverley and *The History of the Robins*. Where now are her works on the Catechism and the Book of Common Prayer, her abridgments of Scripture History, her *Sermons for Family Reading*, and so forth? Who now reads her biography (published in 1814)? It suffices that she did good in her own generation.

Mr. Lang's article in the *Cornhill* is one of the brightest that he has written for some time. It is full of lively allusion, of a kind, however, not always quite accurate. For instance, referring to Coleridge's view of "the secret of the painful earth," Mr. Lang says: "The world cared no more for his solution of the secret than, according to Mark Twain, housemaids care for the 'Immortality of the Soul.'" But this rather misrepresents the Yankee humorist. He is discussing the aggravating ways of chambermaids (not housemaids), and says: "They use up more hair-oil than any six men. If charged with purloining the same, they lie about it. What do they care about a hereafter? Absolutely nothing." Mr. Lang should "verify his allusions."

I do not think it has been noted lately—*à propos* to the *Paolo and Francesca* of Mr. Phillips and M. Rostand's promised work on the same subject—that Byron once thought of making the story of the lovers the theme of a poetic play. In January, 1821, the poet wrote in his Journal: "Pondered the subjects of four tragedies to be written (life and circumstances permitting)"; and these subjects were Sardanapalus, Cain, Tiberius, and Francesca da Rimini. The first two of these, of course, he lived to deal with.

It is by a curious coincidence that we are presented, almost simultaneously, with two *Anthologies of Humorous Poetry*. It is a pity, I think, that workers in this literary department do not specialise their efforts more. "Humorous" is too wide a term to live up to. Mr. Deane has recently done something in the right direction by essaying *A Little Book of Light Verse*, but even the phrase "light verse" is not sufficiently descriptive. One ought to distinguish between the broadly comic and mere banter or persiflage, and so forth. Parody certainly ought to be dealt with by itself, as being a very distinct genre. Yet there is no handy or satisfactory collection of rhythmic parody. Mr. Walter Hamilton's work in several volumes is a collection, not a selection. A really choice anthology of parody in verse would be a welcome thing; but it would *have* to be really choice. Perhaps there is nothing quite so bad in literature as a feeble parody.

It is pleasant to note the presence of the bibliographical element in the new *Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature*. That element was lacking in the previous editions, and its inclusion now is a testimony to the growing interest in things bibliographical. Of course, the bibliography of English writers is a notable feature of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. In the *Cyclopædia*, however, you get the same thing in a condensed form—in itself a benefit; and, moreover, the information is brought down to date—or, at any rate, to 1900—which is another advantage. I see, by the way, that "a complete biography" is to be one of the attractions of the "Variorum and Definitive Edition" of the works of "Omar" FitzGerald, promised by Messrs. Doubleday, of New York.

Publication is being given this week to a tragedy in verse, written by Mr. Newman Howard, of whose volume, *Footsteps of Proserpine, and other Verses and Interludes*, published early in 1898, some of us have pleasant memories. The work, we are told, is founded on the story of Gudrun of Iceland. It is, I presume, identical (save, no doubt, for some compression) with the play by Mr. Howard, called "Klarian the Icelander," of which, I notice, a "copyright performance" was given the other day. Mr. Stephen Phillips's recent success as a dramatist will no doubt cause many of our younger poets to write directly or indirectly for the stage.

The termination of the copyright in *A Tale of Two Cities* will not necessarily lead to a multiplicity of new editions of that work. The field, I should say, is already fully occupied by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who, during the last seven or eight years, have themselves sent out seven separate editions of the *Tale*, at prices ranging from half-a-crown to sixpence. There was a sixpenny edition in 1899, and another in the year following. So long ago as 1888, Messrs. Chapman brought out an edition of the *Tale* at eighteenpence.

The appearance (through Mr. Heinemann) of new translations into English of Mérimée's *Carmen* and *Colomba* reminds one of the translation of *Carmen* issued in 1896 with an introductory essay by Miss Louise Guiney. A literal version of *Colomba*—a crib, in fact—had appeared two years previously. Of *Carmen* Messrs. Routledge published in 1887 an illustrated edition, followed in 1888 by a cheap edition in their "Pocket Library." Both stories were issued by Messrs. Vizetelly in English just twenty years ago.

The Bookworm.

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Reviews.

Maeterlinck.

Maurice Maeterlinck. *Théâtre.* Three vols. (Lacomblez Bruxelles.)

Maurice Maeterlinck. *Sister Béatrice* and *Ardiane and Barbe Bleue.* Translated by Bernard Miall. (George Allen.)

THE convenient new edition of M. Maeterlinck's collected plays will be complete in three volumes. The first contains *La Princesse Maleine*, *L'Intruse* and *Les Aveugles;* the second, not yet published, will be devoted to *Pelléas et Mélisande*, with the three "marionette" dramas, *Alladine et Palomedes*, *Intérieur* and *La Mort de Tintagiles;* in the third, *Aglavaine et Sélysette* is followed by two tiny fresh pieces, *Sœur Béatrice* and *Ariane et Barbe Bleue*, of which, almost at the moment of their publication, a translation reaches us from the hand of an English poet, Mr. Bernard Miall. As to these trifles, we shall say a word anon; but we wish, first of all, to call attention to the particularly interesting critical preface with which the first volume opens. Its interest lies in the fact that it is an attempt by the poet to lay bare something of the literary ideals in the light of which his plays have been written, something of the spiritual evolution which his soul has gone through while he was writing them. It is both autobiography and criticism of a very fine and subtle character—criticism from the inside, as it were. M. Maeterlinck is able to distinguish two phases in the attitude towards life which his dramas mirror: to the first belong all the plays which precede *Aglavaine et Sélysette*, to the second *Aglavaine et Sélysette* itself. *Princesse Maleine* he seems inclined to exclude from the account as experimental and boyish. And, indeed, it has its *naïvetés*. All the early dramas, says their author, represent life under the same aspect, as the sport and toy of vast elemental forces, dimly guessed rather than known, but apparently malevolent, and the enemies of joy and peace. Youth and love collide tragically with these destinies. The sage and old dimly foresee them, but are powerless to avert. The commonest of the shapes which they take is that of death itself:

> A death indifferent and inexorable, blind, groping well-nigh at hazard, bearing away by choice the youngest folk and the least unhappy, simply because these keep themselves less quiet than those who are more wretched, and that any unusually sudden movement in the darkness attracts its attention.

M. Maeterlinck deliberately defends this pessimistic view of existence as justified by the present state of man's investigation into the problems of his being's source and aim; but he adds, with characteristic candour, that he no longer thinks it absolutely sufficient as a basis for dramatic creation. It is true, but there are other truths equally true, and perhaps, on the whole, more encouraging and more profitable to contemplate. He wishes, therefore, that his dramas should escape from the domination of death, and, as this is impossible if the metaphysical issues are to be raised, he will be content not to raise them, and to find more humble themes in the patient analysis of what humanity itself has to offer of joy, wisdom, and love. This, he says, is what he attempted to do in *Aglavaine et Sélysette*, and he is candid enough once more to admit that he failed, for death refused to be exorcised from the play. We have given a brief outline of the main argument of this pregnant little essay, which is much to be recommended to all admirers—and there are many by now—of M. Maeterlinck's work. An artist's own interpretation of his creations is not, of course, final; but it generally, as in the present case, deserves a respectful hearing.

As to *Ariane et Barbe Bleu* and *Sœur Béatrice*, M. Maeterlinck warns us against taking them too seriously. They do not claim to convey deep moral or philosophic ideas, but are of the nature of little texts begged from him by musicians as subjects for lyric embroidery. According to Mr. Miall, they are actually being set to music by a M. Gilkas. They are, in fact, slight enough, and although they are marked by many of the familiar features of M. Maeterlinck's manner, the symbolism is simple and less clouded than usual. They require a somewhat spectacular setting, such as an exceptionally poetic opéra-comique might perhaps afford. In one there are showers of jewels—emeralds, amethysts, sapphires, pearls, rubies, and diamonds—over the stage; in the other a sudden magical and luminous efflorescence of divine flowers. The more charming of the two—in its unpretending way—is *Ariane et Barbe Bleu*. The basis of the plot is, of course, our childhood's ancient fairy-tale of Blue-Beard. But Ariane does not go the way of her predecessors. She is the modern woman, ardent for light and knowledge. She goes to set her sisters free, and they will not be set free. The play, by the way, has as subtitle, *La Délivrance Inutile*. She enters the castle, with the deliberate purpose of disobedience:

> Before all things we must disobey. That is the primal duty, when an order comes with threats and is unexplained. The others were wrong, and if they were lost, it was because they hesitated.

She is an indomitable and baffled spirit. Passing the jewels by, she goes straight to the forbidden door and penetrates to the hidden caverns beneath. There she finds all her sisters, all the dear, sad, loving women of the earlier plays, Sélysette and Mélisande, Ygraine and Bellangère and Alladine. She embraces them, and bids them take heart.

> Can you not laugh yet—laugh and clap your hands?
> And all the rest are silent! What is this?
> What are you? Will you live in terror thus
> Always? I do not see you smile at all,
> While with your eyes—incredulous eyes!—you watch
> My every gesture. Will you not believe
> The joyful news? O do you not regret
> The light of day, the birds among the boughs,
> The high green gardens blowing overhead?
> Do you not know the world is in the Spring?
> I yester-morning, wandering by the way,
> Drank in the light, the sense of space of dawn,
> So many flowers beneath my every step,
> I knew not where to set my careless feet!
> Have you forgot the sunlight and the dew,
> Dew in the leaves, and laughter of the sea?
> The sea but now was laughing as it laughs
> On days whereon it knows the wind of joy,
> And all its thousand ripples approved my feet,
> Its ripples singing on the sands of light

She puts herself at their head, teaches them to break out of their dungeon, herself bursts the bars and lets the light, the divine light which they had falsely taken for a superincumbent ocean, flood in. She decks and adorns them, hangs the jewels upon them, frees them even from the constraint of their raiment, bares Sélysette's arms and lets the marvel of Mélisande's hair flow loose. Her passion and audacity master them for a while. They are on the point of leaving the castle, and then they fail her. The peasants, angered at Barbe Bleue's wickedness, have attacked him. He is brought in wounded, and the women cluster round with soft hearts and tears of pity. Ariane is herself the first to cut his bonds. But her purpose has not changed. Can they be brought to leave him?

> SELYSETTE *(running after her, and stopping her.)*
> Ariane, Ariane
> Where are you going?

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ARIANE.
Far away from here.
Down yonder, where I am awaited still. . . .
Do you come with me, Sélysette ?
SELYSETTE.
I too ?
But when will you return ?
ARIANE.
I shall not.
MELISANDE.
O !
Ariane !
ARIANE.
Are you coming, Mélisande ?
(MELISANDE *looks to and fro, from* ARIANE *to* BARBE BLEUE, *and does not reply.*)
O see the open door, the far blue hills !
Ygraine, are you not coming ?
[YGRAINE *does not turn her head.*]
Now the moon,
The stars, illumine every road. And you,
Bellangère, do you come ?
BELLANGERE (*shortly.*)
No. . . .

If *Sœur Beatrice* is less essentially Maeterlinckian in atmosphere than anything else that its author has written, that is no doubt largely, as Mr. Miall points out, because it is for once a "treatment of a legend already crystallised." It is, in fact, a version of the mediæval story familiar even to modern readers in Mr. John Davidson's *Ballad of a Nun*. Sister Beatrice flies from the convent with the Prince Bellidor. The Virgin takes her place for twenty years as doorkeeper, and when she creeps back in haggard penitence, it is to enjoy a wholly undeserved reputation for miraculous sanctity. Mr. Miall speaks with some hesitation of an "original Dutch version" of the legend, of which a translation was published in the "Pageant." It is unlikely that this is really "original." Hardly any version of a mediæval legend ever is. That of the Virgin and the Nun is one of the *Miracles de Nostre Dame* of Gautier de Coinci, who died as prior of Vic-sur-Aisne in 1236, and probably, although we have not the means of verification before us at this moment, it will be found in one or more of the collections of Latin miracles which were Gautier's models. The keynote of M. Maeterlinck's treatment of the theme is to be found in these verses, sung by the Virgin :

I hold to every sin,
To every soul that weeps,
My hands with pardon filled
Out of the starry deeps.

There is no sin that lives
If love have vigil kept;
There is no soul that dies
If love but once have wept.

And though in many paths
Of earth love lose its way,
It's tears shall find me out,
And shall not go astray.

Mr. Davidson's interpretation is quite other, more modern in tone, and yet not alien to a certain deep-lying strain of mediæval paganism. The "Ballad of a Nun" is the apology of wantonness, the full-blooded vindication of the imperious human instinct. And Gautier de Coinci again celebrates neither love nor humanity. His nun is such because, through the years of her sinning, she never forgets to drop her pious prayer to the Virgin, morning by morning.

Mr. Miall's translation is a puzzle. He explains in the preface that he has written in blank verse in the most suitable metre to represent the "unrhymed alexandrines" of the original. We have no quarrel with that. The odd thing is that the originals are not in alexandrines at all, rhymed or unrhymed, but almost wholly in prose. It is just possible that M. Maeterlinck may have rewritten the plays since Mr. Miall saw the manuscript, and this might also explain how the Ariane of the French version becomes Ardiane in the English. If so, Mr. Miall has been unlucky in not having the opportunity of handling the plays in their final form. Obviously the deliberate choice of blank verse for the translation of prose originals would have been out of the question. We still doubt, however, for the translation, apart from its form, follows with considerable fidelity the French text before us. Mr. Miall is in sympathy with M. Maeterlinck and his rendering catches the spirit of the plays well enough. Accurate it certainly is not. There are two or three grammatical blunders in the very first speech of *Sister Béatrice*, including the amazing one by which *Un jour il m'a parlé de Paul et de Françoise* becomes,

One day
They spoke of this to Francis and to Paul.

Any fourth form boy would get his knuckles rapped soundly for the two "howlers" in this. And has Mr. Miall never heard of Paolo and Francesca ?

Patriotism and Poetry.

Patriotic Song. Edited by Arthur Stanley. (Pearson. 5s.)

FROM the time of the legendary Tyrtæus down to the present day patriotism has been accounted one of the prime motives of song. Assuredly England has never been lacking in patriotism, even to a somewhat blatant degree, while in poetry she is foremost among the nations. One would expect, therefore, a collection of English patriotic verse to be very rich in poetry. Yet we must own to some feeling of disappointment in turning over the leaves of this collection, *Patriotic Song* (Pearson), which Mr. Arthur Stanley has evidently striven hard to make representative. Perhaps the patriotism of the poets in general finds vent rather indirectly and in passages than in poems devoted directly and exclusively to the love of country. Certainly this collection is far from impressing us as the fine flower of poetry, though inevitably it contains much fine poetry. Nor has Mr. Stanley spared to fling the net wide. Not satisfied to include merely English patriotic verse, he has embraced that of Ireland, Wales, Scotland (including Jacobite songs, which hardly come under the strict head of patriotism), and the British dependencies—India, Australia, New Zealand, and even South Africa. Nay, apparently it matters not to him what country is celebrated, provided it be by an English-speaking poet. Perhaps this very width of the net impoverishes the impression produced by the collection.

Canada and South Africa, for example, yield not one true poem of the patriotic order. It is sweeping, but true, The patriotism is unimpeachable, but not so the poetry. New Zealand is little better, and Australia not fertile. Wales, again, draws blank, or nearly so. Coming to individual poems, our objections are many. What claim has Adam Lindsay Gordon's hunting-song to a place in patriotic verse? How does Marvell's *Bermudas* come under that heading? Why is T. E. Brown's *Land-Ho!*—a religious poem—in the collection? And why include poems the patriotism of which is nowise British—such as Byron's *Isles of Greece*, or Mrs. Browning's *The Forced Recruit*—yet omit others of a like kind? Once open the door in this direction, it seems arbitrary to stop at a couple of poems.

Taking, then, objections on other grounds, why are Dibdin's poems arranged in two batches, separated by those of other writers; whereas the rule of the book is to keep each author's poems together? It is clear that Mr. Stanley has been lenient with regard to poetic quality, in order to repre-

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sent as many recent writers as possible. But there can be no such excuse for the inclusion of early work, or inferior work of great poets, where it was quite possible to secure only poems of good quality. Why, then, include such a snatch as *Here's a Health Unto His Majesty*—a Cavalier lyric, alike contemptible in quality and quantity, a single witless stanza? Is *Down Among the Dead Men* a patriotic poem worth reading, divorced from its music? Dryden's *Song of King Arthur* is one of the most vilely bad songs that even Dryden ever wrote—and Glorious John was never lucky in his songs. The National Anthem is fiddler's poetry. Wordsworth is represented by several sonnets, but not, surely, by all that might and should have been included. "Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour," for example, should surely have found a place: we doubt, indeed, whether search would not discover almost as many deserving of quotation which have been omitted as those which have found a place. *Fair Star of Evening* is another that immediately leaps to mind. In *Men of Kent*, by-the-way, "her haughty bow" is misprinted for "her haughty brow." Campbell, on the other hand, is represented not only by his fine and few patriotic lyrics, but by *Men of England*—a quite unworthy specimen. We fear, indeed, that poems have too often been admitted merely on the authority of a name. But last, and most surprising, why is Gerald Massey's poem on *The Revenge* inserted, yet Tennyson's *Ballad of the Revenge* omitted? We do by no means hold Tennyson's poem so high as it is customary to hold it. To our thinking, it is far from being among his best work, or inspired throughout. But it puts Gerald Massey's poem completely out of court—and that without denying to Massey a certain merit, of no very high kind.

Mr. Stanley's collection is none the less interesting, if far from impeccable. To quote the many poems in it which are known to every average reader of English verse would be idle. More profitable is it to notice some that are less, if at all, known. Drayton's fine *Ballad of Agincourt* we have all read. But how many know the anonymous poem which Mr. Stanley gives, and which has a spirit of its own, though greatly inferior? If it be the earlier of the two, it would certainly seem as though Drayton had taken his inspiration from it, as regards form:

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Where English slew and hurt
All their French foemen?
With their pikes and bills brown,
How the French were beat down,
Shot by our Bowmen?

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Never to be forgot,
Or known to no man?
Where English cloth-yard arrows
Killed the French like tame sparrows,
Slain by our Bowmen?

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?
Dear was the victory bought
By fifty yeomen.
Ask any English wench,
They were worth all the French:
Rare English Bowmen!

The number of archers, by-the-way, seems slightly unhistorical. Passing over Marvell's great Cromwellian Ode, and much else, Dryden's verses on London in 1666, very characteristic of his early style, have one stanza curiously and strikingly appropriate to the present posture of England's affairs:

Already we have conquered half the war,
And the less dangerous part is left behind;
Our trouble now is but to make them dare
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

Save for the style, it might have come from a present-day poet, writing on the most recent aspect of the Boer War. Dibdin makes an excellent figure in this collection. At his best when he least strove to be "poetical" in the manner of his day, his thoroughly vernacular songs have much which enables us to understand that he must have been the sailors' Kipling of his time. In *Tom Tough* even the metre suggests that of Kipling's fine *Last Chanty*, which begins:

Thus spake the Lord to the jolly, jolly mariners.

This is Dibdin's poem:

My name, d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've seed a little sarvice,
Where mighty billows roll and loud tempests blow;
I've sailed with valiant Howe, I've sailed wi h noble Jarvis,
And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung out "Yo heave ho!"
Yet more shall ye be knowing—
I was coxswain to Boscawen,
And even with brave Hawke have I nobly faced the foe.
Then put round the grog—
So we've that and our prog,
We'll laugh in Care's face, and sing "Yo heave ho!"

But the worst on't was that time when the little ones were sickly,
And if they'd live or die the doctor did not know;
The word was gov'd to weigh so sudden and so quickly,
I thought my heart would break as I sung "Yo heave ho!"
For Poll's so like her mother,
And as for Jack, her brother,
The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe;
But in Providence I trust,
For you see what must be must,
So my sighs I gave the winds and sung out "Yo heave ho!"

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,
For I've only lost an eye, and got a timber toe;
But old ships must expect in time to be out of commission,
Nor again the anchor weigh with "Yo heave ho!"
So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs—
For my boy shall well revenge my wrongs,
And my girl shall breed young soldiers, nobly for to face the foe;
Then to Country and King
Fate no danger can bring,
While the tars of Old England sing out "Yo heave ho!"

It is somewhat marred by the conventional ending; but it shows the true test of art—if it be translated into literary English the force disappears, as from a song of Burns. Not a few, however, may know Dibdin; but we doubt if many know Sydney Dobell's *Sea Adventure*. Yet it has the true ring.

A greater contrast could not be than between verse such as *Tom Tough* and *Sea Adventure* and the strange muse of Blake. Yet from his *Jerusalem* we may take our final quotation. It is patriotic in another sense than that understanded of "Maffickers":

England, awake! awake! awake!
Jerusalem thy sister calls!
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
And close her from thy ancient walls?

Thy hills and valleys felt her feet
Gently upon their bosoms move:
Thy gates beheld sweet Zion's ways;
Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again:
Our souls exult; and London's towers
Receive the Lamb of God to dwell
In England's green and pleasant bowers.

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

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And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear: O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

It will be seen there is various pasture enough in Mr. Stanley's book. Its error, on the whole, is to embrace too much rather than too little.

A Little People.

Finland As It Is. By Harry De Windt. (Murray. 9s. net.)

Mr. De Windt is an accomplished traveller, and possesses that cheerful spirit which grumbles at obstacles whilst really enjoying them. He is a pleasant guide, and this book about a country so individual, so well-conducted, and so naturally beautiful as Finland, should send a good many people to a new holiday ground. And such a holiday is well within the means of the travellers who annually swarm to Switzerland, to live in huge hotels, to be bored by their table companions, and to snatch such delight as may be possible from mountains exploited out of their natural sanctity. To those who take the sea route to Finland by way of Hull three weeks may be spent in the country for a cost little exceeding five-and-twenty pounds.

Mr. De Windt gets us into tune for appreciating Viborg and Helsingfors by depreciating St. Petersburg, which he calls—and not without reason—"the dullest capital in Europe . . . the city of gloom on the banks of the Neva." We like Mr. De Windt's candour; it is equally conspicuous when he is writing of the country which he elects to praise. It is something to find in a guide-book no trace of the special pleader. From Viborg, the frontier town of the Grand Duchy, Mr. De Windt takes us by way of the Saimá Canal to Imatrá, and so by easy stages to Villmanstrand, Nyslott, Helsingfors, and Tammerfors up to Tornea, in the far north. Everywhere the traveller appears to have been received with the utmost hospitality and an earnest desire to convince him that Finland is the finest country in the world. And in many respects it is remarkably advanced: the means of communication are excellent and cheap, the towns imposing and prosperous, the people moral and industrious. A dairy farmer, who manufactures butter which reaches the English market as "Danish," entertained Mr. De Windt in a manner which suggests charming possibilities:

> We sat down in his pretty little dining-room, with its tinted walls, proof engravings, and French windows opening on to the garden, to as dainty and well-served a meal as you could enjoy in the Champs Elysées; for the snowy napery, bright silver, and bowls of cut flowers were more suggestive of Mayfair than a lonely farmhouse in far-away Finland! Everything was perfect—from the dish of freshly-caught trout that commenced the meal, to the wild strawberries and iced junket with which it ended.

The wife of this happy agriculturist was also an accomplished performer on the zither.

Mr. De Windt tells us with what dismay and sorrow the Tsar's manifesto of February, 1899, was received in Finland, and how on the following Sunday Helsingfors was black with mourning. But Mr. De Windt, with a reticence both wise and rare, does not venture to obtrude his own opinion of that much-debated edict. "Personally," he says, "I am of opinion that this matter is one for settlement by Russia alone, and that the interference, therefore, of other nations savours strongly of impertinence." This we take to be the only sensible attitude, and certainly the best in the interest of this little people themselves.

To the sportsman who is content with fishing and small game Finland is a paradise of fin and feather. Trout and salmon swarm in the lakes and rivers, and permission to fish is readily obtained. We feel a kind of glorified envy for the Englishman who at Isirka-Kemi landed two hundred grayling in the course of a summer afternoon. The appendices to the volume give a rough sporting vocabulary, and a list of the best hotels, etc., in the principal towns of Finland. Also, Mr. De Windt prints a list of tours occupying times varying from four to fifteen days, with estimates of their cost.

The "Literary" Theatre.

The Tale of a Town and *The Enchanted Sea.* By Edward Martyn. (Kilkenny: O'Grady. London: Unwin. 5s.)

Despite all explicatory manifestoes, we have never been able to comprehend what is meant by the "literary" theatre, which Messrs. Yeats, Moore, and Martyn are alleged to have established in Ireland. An Irish theatre (racially and subjectively Irish) there certainly is, since Mr. Yeats has written "The Countess Kathleen" and "The Shadowy Waters," both of them works whose beauty is destined to outlast this generation. But these plays are no more literary than Shakespeare, and probably the brave is not yet born who will have the insolence to call Shakespeare a literary dramatist. As for Mr. Martyn, we think we begin to see that his "Heather Field" was accepted with too much good-nature. Almost anyone who had read Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and who possessed brains, a pen, and some facility in letters, might become a playwright in the sense that Mr. Martyn is a playwright. Mr. Yeats knows his business perfectly: he is aware of the craft of the stage; he is a finished artist, a philosopher, and a moralist. It would matter nothing were he Saxon instead of Celt. His capital is genius. Mr. Martyn's capital is his Celticism. Mr. Martyn does not know his business; he is not even an efficient sentence-maker; his notions of the theatre are based on no understanding, and no deeply-felt principle. He will imitate Sardou as readily as Ibsen, and Ibsen as readily as Maeterlinck. He has the amateur's crudity, and if he has achieved any success of esteem it is because we are so accustomed to a silly drama of stale ideals, that anything fresh, anything sincere, impresses us as being worthy; we forget that there can be no dramatic worth without dramatic competence. Worth does not go with bungling. Mr. Martyn seems to have started on his career as a dramatist with little outfit save patriotism, spirituality, and an indifferent acquaintance with some famous modern plays. Such outfit is insufficient, and its insufficiency is demonstrated in a play like "The Enchanted Sea," where an impossible idea is worked out in sprawling action, where a realistic convention takes turn and turn about with a convention as boldly idealistic as that of Maeterlinck, and whence nothing emerges save a vague suspicion that Mr. Martyn's heart is in the right place. Listen to this:

> Agnes. I assure you, Commander Lyle, I have a great regard for you.
> Lyle (*chagrined*). No—but perhaps you will have, some time—when I may be of help to you.
> Agnes. When—?
> Lyle. When you come back to the real world.
> Agnes. Am I not in the real world?
> Lyle. No—you are in a world of shadows.

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AGNES (*with a wan look*). We all follow shadows here.

LYLE (*tentatively*). Miss Font, there is something about you that tells me you are not made to waste your life on shadows any more than I am.

AGNES. Like us all, you, too, are after shadows.

There you have a specimen of the interminable Ibsenesque chatter which the characters indulge in. *With a wan look!* It would have been more honest to preface the play with a stage direction that the poor heroine must wear a "wan look" continually, condemned as she is to expose her borrowed and facile far-away-ism through four mortal acts. As for the plot:

MISS FONT (*with a veiled look*). I have suspected it for some time, and now I am sure that this strange boy is not the real Guy, son of Piers Font.

AGNES (*mystified*). Not the real Guy—who is he, then?

MRS. FONT. Don't you understand? Don't you notice how odd and fairie-like he is?

AGNES. Mother, you are not serious. You don't mean——

MRS. FONT. Yes, girl, I know, he is an evil spirit changed in place of the real Guy, whom the fairies have taken.

AGNES (*with a quiet conviction*). Mother, you do not believe this.

But she does believe it. Such themes are merely absurd when forced into an apparatus of modern realism. They cannot be treated as Mr. Martyn has tried to treat this one, and if Mr. Martyn had any vital knowledge of dramatic art he would have known as much. We do not actively dislike "The Enchanted Sea" because its theme is queer, or because it is aggressively and crudely Celtic, or because the people in it talk as no real people ever did or could talk, or because its philosophy is often shallow and often foolish. (We recognise in it a spirit not by any means without fineness and the love of justice.) We actively dislike it because it does not convince, because it is not dramatic, and because it is clumsy and pretentious. It aims at certain effects, and fails, through incompetence, to achieve them. That is all, and it is more than enough to render the play nugatory, even did the loftiness of Mr. Martyn's purposes outsoar the Eiffel Tower.

"The Tale of a Town," it appears from a preliminary note, was the basis of Mr. George Moore's "The Bending of the Bough." Surely this fact should have been stated when Mr. Moore's piece was published. The two plays are naturally very similar, and as we have already discussed "The Bending of the Bough" we need not discuss its ancestor.

Fiction.

The First Men in the Moon. By H. G. Wells. (Newnes. 6s.)

HERE Mr. Wells returns to the kind of subject in the treatment of which he first won success. Though he can apply his faculty for the pursuit of intricate analogy to the workings of souls, or, at any rate, of brains, can convince and lay hold, it is in the action and interaction of physical laws and the possibilities of matter that he stands alone.

The hero of this book is the law of Gravitation. Mr. Wells, making his morning meditation upon this dogma of Physical Science, has hit upon the happy hypothesis: Suppose just one thing in the world to break loose from the law which moves everything in the place where it is, so that at a given moment it could not be elsewhere. That, we believe, rather than any passion for exploiting the moon, which (once by balloon and once by gun) has twice already been visited, is the germ of the story. The journey in the isolated sphere abounds in such delightful consequences as any of us might have foreseen, but certainly should have missed. The voyagers land upon a body whose "pull" is no more than one-eighth that of the earth, as that to fall over a thirty-foot cliff is to float down like a snowflake. The process of the lunar day (a fortnight long, of course) is wonderfully imagined; the first show of the Corona interspersed by atmosphere; the mounds and hummocks of seeming snow reeking up in grey vapour, and in a few moments, as the sun light strode on with seven-leagued boots, spreading a blue firmament beneath the blackness of the star-spangled void; presently the movement of stirring vegetable life making haste to spring, and flower, and seed against the time of returning darkness fourteen days later.

The inhabitants dwell—there remains no doubt when once you have read it here—in a system of galleries and chambers with which the lunar frame is burrowed. As the environment suggests, they are rather antlike than human. They are extremely differentiated according to the various functions assigned to them in the social order, and many of them are of enormous intellectual capacity. The intercourse, which is telegraphed in fragments, between their captive and the earth that it was no longer possible that he should ever reach, gives occasion for a certain amount of satire, in which the author seems divided between a purpose of showing, by the method of reduction to the absurd, the iniquity of our social system, and an intention of deriding us for that we have not yet carried it out to its furthest consequences. Here is the description of the Grand Lunar as he appeared in the midst of the learned court of interpreters, engineers, understanders, rememberers, and whatnot:

> At first [signals Cavor], as I peered into the radiating glow, this quintessential brain looked very much like an opaque, featureless bladder, with dim undulating ghosts of convolutions writhing visibly within. Then, beneath its enormity and just above the edge of the throne, one saw, with a start, minute elfin eyes peering out of the glow. No face, but eyes, as if they peered through holes. At first I could see no more than these two staring little eyes, and then below I distinguished the little dwarfed body and its insect-jointed limbs, shrivelled and white. The eyes stared down at me with a strange intensity, and the lower part of the swollen globe was wrinkled. Ineffectual-looking little hand-tentacles steadied this shape on the throne. . . .
>
> It was great. It was pitiful.

But the main interest of the book, to our mind, ends with the race for the sphere, against the scorching cold of the on-sweeping night.

The Firebrand. By S. R. Crockett. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"HE licked his lips slowly, and smiled; a tiger does that when, after a full meal, he moves the loose skin over his neck twitchy-ways, and yawns with over-fed content." Further—"His heart hasted forward to Dolores and overleaped boundaries, as a dog leaps a wall." Further—"Go home, fool," hissed a voice in his ear, "Your wife is with her lover." Further—"God's blood, for this I will have your life." Further—"He threshed through the tangle as an elephant charges through the young jungle." Further—"The Albacete dagger was driven deep between the shoulder-blades; the young, lithe body drew itself together convulsively, as a clasp-knife opens and shuts again; there was a spurt of something hot on Ramon's hand . . . "

During a pause for breath we may fitly recall a line from Mr. Iwan Müller's parody of Swinburne's *Dolores:*

> And bathe brutal butchers in blood.

And these final lines:

> But you came, O you procuratores,
> And ran us all in.

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To continue: "She danced the dance of her native Andalucia with a verve and abandon which she had never excelled. And—*Ping! Ping!* Two rifles' bullets sang close past the brigand's head as he lay in his rocky fastness. And—the secret of the hidden passage was safe with him. And—he drew a bead on the exposed limb; the piece cracked, and with a yell the owner rolled back."

In such wise the narrator threshes through the tangle of Carlist agitations (The deep, underlying anger leaped up fiery red into the eyes of the guerilla chief), until at last (the vultures slowly and reluctantly withdrew on heavy flapping pinions) he arrives thus at serenity:

"Rollo," she said, softly, "you can come up when you like—when you have quite finished your politics—just to look at baby. He has not seen you since morning."

In pursuance of his expressed intention to "uphold the banner of belief in the field of fiction," Mr. Crockett produces with admirable regularity some three books per annum. He may at least be congratulated on his industry. And there can be no doubt that *The Firebrand* is much less tiresome than, for instance, *The Lilac Sunbonnet*.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

THE HOUSE DIVIDED. BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

Mr. Marriott Watson is faithful to the eighteenth century. In his new romance he gives a stirring picture of English county and Court life in the reign of George the Second. Aventures abound. "'Are you from the brig White Rose?' called out the lawyer, above the clatter of their landing. 'Aye,' said one, and they all turned to peer into the mist at the speaker. 'Out of Boston in his Majesty's colony of Massachusetts?' inquired Kempe. 'Aye,' was the answer again." (Harper. 6s.)

THE VELVET GLOVE. BY H. S. MERRIMAN.

"I know that Juanita has inherited a fortune from her father. I know that the Carlist cause is failing for want of money. I know that the Jesuits will get the money if they can." We need only say further that the motto on the title page is: "Now put your shields before your hearts; and fight. . . ."; that the story begins and continues in the Peninsula; and that it is by the competent author of *The Sowers*. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY. BY RALPH CONNOR.

Mr. Connor's former story, *The Sky Pilot*, was received with enthusiasm in certain quarters. *The Man From Glengarry* is longer and more ambitious. It deals with the life of a Scottish Highlander among the lumbermen of Canada. "In the Canada beyond the Lakes," says Mr. Connor, "where men are making empire, the sons of these Glengarry men are found—men with the fear of God in their hearts." (Hodder. 6s.)

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD'S ADVICE. BY F. C. PHILIPS.

A collection of thirteen short stories and sketches by the author of *As in a Looking Glass*. The tale which gives the title to the volume comes to an end on the twentieth page. Others are called, "You Don't Always Know Your Luck," "Not So Bad, After All," and "Our Honeymoon." They are all slight, unaffected, and, to the unexacting, sufficiently interesting. (Macqueen. 6s.)

THE FIELDS OF DULDITCH. BY MARY E. MANN.

This is one of those deserving books of which we have welcomed more than one this year, wherein the author sets down the life that is passing near at hand. The place in this case is Dulditch, a name chosen with intention. In a series of sketches Mrs. Mann describes incidents in the lives of the people about her, and the effect of their environment upon them. Among the titles are "Our Mary," "A Dulditch Courting," "David Peck's Love Affair." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

IN OLE VIRGINIA. BY T. N. PAGE.

A new volume in the Dollar Library. "One afternoon in the autumn of 1872 I was riding leisurely down the sandy road that winds along the top of the watershed between two of the smaller rivers of eastern Virginia. . . . I was aroused from my reflections by hearing someone ahead of me calling 'Heah!—heah!—whoo-oop! heah!' Turning the curve in the road, I saw just before me a negro standing with a hoe and a watering-pot in his hand." (Heinemann. 4s.)

JOE WILSON. BY HENRY LAWSON.

A collection of stories and sketches by this popular Australian writer and poet, under such titles as "A Double Buggy at Lahey's Creek," "Poisonous Jimmy Gets Left," "The Buck-Jumper." At the beginning are some verses called "The Author's Farewell to the Bushmen," and at the end more verses called "The Never-Never Cauntry." (Blackwood. 6s.)

SPORT AND SPANGLES. BY BYRON WEBBER.

Thirteen stories about—sport and spangles. The dedication is to Mr. John Corlett: "You and I have been actively engaged in one of the vocations of Sport for a good many years; and both of us know something about Spangles. Our acquaintance, which began in the sixties, became comradeship in journalism, and ripened into a friendship that has never for a single moment been weakened or impaired. For that matter, whenever we find ourselves chatting about old times, I feel that we are nearer to each other than ever. So many 'boys of the old brigade' to which we two belonged have passed away! Simply on the ground of our old friendship, I inscribe this little volume to you." (Chatto and Windus. 2s.)

ARDNARIGH. BY MELVILLE GRAY.

The sub-title is "A Novel Drawn from Real Life," the dedication is, by permission, "To the Vicar of S. Andrew's, Newcastle-on-Tyne." The story is long and the characters are numerous. Here is the opening of Chapter 10: "It is the London season of 1880. Doris and Freda have both entered on their nineteenth year; they have bid farewell to the schoolroom, and to-night, the first of April, are to make their first appearance in Society at the Duchess of Walmiston's ball." (Drane. 6s.)

THE ORLOFF COUPLE AND MALVA. BY MAXIM GORKI.

More Gorki, with another portrait (his hair is rather blacker this time), and with another biographical note, by Miss Dora Montefiore, who, assisted by Miss Emily Jakowleff, has made the translation. Of the two stories in this volume, *The Orloff Couple* fills 130 pages, and begins: "Almost every Saturday, just before supper-time, the dirty old house of the merchant Petounukoff was the scene of a violent and murderous attack." *Malva* has 91 pages. It begins: "The sea laughed." (Heinemann. 6s.)

We have also received: *Lady Joan's Companion*, by Florence Warden (Digby, Long. 6s.); *King Midas*, by Upton Sinclair (Funk and Wagnalls Co. 6s.); *Borrel's Bog*, by F. Hainsworth (Drane); *Gèlta*, by Nadage Dorée (Simpkin, Marshall.)

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HANNAH MORE. *By Sir Henry Raeburn*

equally independent method. Raeburn certainly struck original paths. More than his great English contemporaries is he painter and not draughtsman. His portraits

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were executed directly with the brush; he modelled with pigment, and therefore attempted and solved many of the problems that are exercising the "moderns" of this day. That he went no further than he did is possibly due to his northern origin. History has yet to show us a Scotchman devoting his life to the passionate pursuit of any art. The youthful ardour, as of a lover pursuing a beloved mistress—the youthful ardour of a Rembrandt or a Tintoretto has rarely found its counterpart north of the Tweed. Raeburn loved his work with the comfortable, the easy affection that a husband bestows on his wife.

Giovanni Segantini. By L. Villari. (Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.)

It is only a matter of four or five years since those who are interested in modern art awoke to the fact that Italy had at last produced a master. At the International Society's opening exhibition in 1898 hung one of his most characteristic paintings, the first ever seriously shown at a London gallery. On September 28, 1899, Giovanni Segantini died, "in a little deserted shepherd's hut" below the summit of the Schafberg, one of those Alpine peaks he had served so well. He was barely forty-one years old. "The body was carried down the mountain side," writes Signor Villari, "and then along the valley to the Maloja cemetery, where it was buried. The whole of the Engadine mourned for the death of its great artist, and his fellow artists and the lovers of art throughout Europe were sad."

Thus ended a career paradoxically complete; prematurely outraged and yet full to the final touches. For the rest is speculation. Segantini died a child—as he had begun. He passed through the three ascentional stages of the art we know him by. Mr. Villari names these "periods." But may he not, instead, have been on the verge of a second period when death took him?—to be followed by a third. He was about to see the world, of which he had known but a corner; he was preparing for new flights, an abandonment of the old childlike ways he trod so well and whose riches he had exhausted. Who knows what new ambitions, what new mountain ranges might not have arisen beyond those Alps that, so far, had held him?

The briefest glance at a career thus cruelly robbed of its climax is all that is permitted to us. It was of a simplicity almost Biblical, so little did the vulgar stress of our modern competitive life enter into it. Segantini was always alone, as individual, as worker. Born in the Italian Tyrol, motherless at the age of five, the son of a village carpenter, we follow him to Milan, where for close on a year he lived with his half-sister, a work-girl, who of a morning left him to his thoughts, and of an evening put him to bed. They lived in an old tenement-house, and most of the child's day was spent looking out of the landing window. He listened to the gossips of the place, rummaged about among his sister's things, was frightened by mice, and received a severe thrashing for tearing up bits of white paper and improvising a miniature snowstorm from the landing window. He overheard also how a young man had set out from Milan and walked to France. "It was, then, possible to leave that landing and go forth far away?"



IN THE SHEEP-FOLD. *By Segantini.*

quotes Signor Villari from the lively account Segantini has himself given us of those days. He knew the road by which Napoleon's troops had entered the city, he knew also that it led to France. "The idea of going to France by that road has never left me since. It refreshes my spirit, and fills it with new and smiling visions, leading my thoughts to green things, blue skies, mountains, glittering brooks, free light and to the sun." Segantini was at last about to realise this lifelong idea when the end came. As a child he got no further than a day's march. With a piece of bread in his pocket, he left Milan and set forth along the high road, stopping to drink at streams and springs. With nightfall came a thunderstorm, drenching the little lad who had fallen asleep by the roadside. A lantern flashed in his face, he heard voices. Two countrymen had found him. They took him home in their cart and put him to bed. Next day he told them that "if they brought him back to Milan he would run away the day after." They were kindly folk and kept him, only he must make himself useful. He was barely seven years old, and had become a swine-herd.

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A few years later he returned to Milan, going to the Brera evening school to study ornamental drawing and getting a living by day as best he could. "For a time he was even shut up in the Patroneto for abandoned children." He had no money to buy colours. Arrested by the police, and confined for several years in this reformatory, he worked as a cobbler. Still, he could draw. Later, one of the Brera professors gave him a box of water-colours, and "a grocer of his acquaintance gave him his first oil-colours to paint a sign for him." Now he was free again and a rebellious Academy student. He attracted the attention of Signor Vittore Grubicy, "the artist and art critic who became for many years his guide, philosopher, and friend." In 1882, at the age of twenty-four, he went north to the Brianza, the highlands round Como. "Here he began to study nature in all its forms and the life of the peasants." He was Millet with a different background. He went yet further north to Savognino, in the Engadine. He drew level with the high mountains, which he now began to paint as no one has painted them before or since. He evolved a new technique, a new palette. The primitive life of these forlorn plateaux where spring and summer are a vivid, short-lived radiance, and winter an eternity, fascinated him. Alone on these heights, in these solitudes, he saw visions. He was realist and poet, mystic and naturalist. He created a new world of pictorial forms and sent it down into the valleys. He was jeered at or applauded till, at last, his fame became a settled thing. For France, his beloved France, he was painting a masterpiece; a series embracing the whole sweep of Alpine life. And here he succumbed to a chill brought on by a draught of melted snow. A fever followed, "peritonitis set in, and an operation attempted as a last resort proved useless." He was painting his contribution to the Paris Exhibition of 1900. "I shall accompany it to Paris myself," he said in a speech reported by M. de la Sizeranne. "Then I shall make a tour round Europe and see the museums which I have never seen. I shall see the great masters of whom I have heard so much, and the great cities whence the books and newspapers come, I shall see the faces of unknown friends who have written to me, and the houses which shelter my pictures. But, above all, I shall visit France. That is my dream!" It was the old dream that had sent him tramping down the white road thirty-four years before, with a crust of bread in his pocket. A month later he was, indeed, face to face with "the great masters of whom I have heard so much."

Signor Villari's book is a just and faithful record of an untiring and beautiful life.

Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century. With Biographical Notices. Edited by Max Rooses. Translated by F. Knowles. With Six Etchings by Ph. Zilcken. (Sampson Low. £2 2s.)

This volume is the fourth and last of a series that deals exhaustively with the revival of Dutch painting during the bygone century. The main feature of the series is a succession of admirable reproductions from the work under notice, and we cordially recommend these handsome folios to those who would like a richly illustrated souvenir of a favourite school. In the present volume the chapter treating of Matthew Maris is of most value. Other artists whose work is considered and reproduced are de Bock, Allebé, Bilders, Martens, Mrs. Mesdag-van Houten, Korff, Poggenbeek, Wysmuller, Voerman, Offermans and Van Essen. In each case we have a portrait and a brightly written paper —equivalent to a good magazine article—on the painter selected. While doubting the advisability of putting so much work of secondary importance before a public that hardly knows its own masters, we cannot but praise the spirit and patriotism that originated this enterprise in Holland.

Fra Filippo Lippi. By Edward C. Strutt. (Bell. 12s. 6d. net.)

A WELL-WRITTEN and scholarly life of Fra Filippo Lippi was something of a want, and we congratulate Mr. Strutt on having successfully carried to definite issue a task that offers more opportunities to the moralist than to the historian. Fra Filippo is one of those scandalous yet agreeable figures that, deprived of their proper background, are wholly diabolical in an age like our own. But seen rightly, this typical product of the Renaissance assumes human proportions, and is little more than another leading actor in the drama of his day. Fra Filippo acted a part not at all monstrous in his time and period, and we thank Mr. Strutt for a sane exposition of this not too obvious fact. The painter's work is handled with an equal discrimination; indeed, we find everywhere evidence that our author is capable of giving the *artist* his due and leaving the *man* to speak for himself.

Mr. Strutt has been at particular pains to verify the Lucrezia Buti incident, and we may fairly take his account as authoritative. The story as recounted here dispels much of the romance that has gathered round the outlines handed down by Vasari. Lucrezia seems to have fled the convent where she was sitting to Fra Filippo for a Madonna not so much out of love for the painter as from a distaste for the monastic life, which the selfishness of her relations had imposed upon her. The convent was a convenient means of evading the keep and dowry of a young girl. The premium was but fifty pieces of gold, and with this payment ceased all responsibility for the girl's future. Lucrezia was not to be so easily put away.

French Furniture and Decoration in the XVIIIth Century. By Lady Dilke. (Bell. 28s. net.)

LADY DILKE has followed up her *French Painters*, her *French Architects and Sculptors of the Eighteenth Century*, with a no less comprehensive work on the Furniture and Decoration that went hand-in-hand with the early triumphs of the Paris Academy. Her third volume, no less than her first and second, is indispensable as a work of reference. The period is too crowded for anything else in so compact a space. And thus those that wish to linger in more leisurely fashion over the great masters who invented the "Style Louis XV." and the "Style Louis XVI." may find Lady Dilke an industrious and capable guide to fields more spaciously handled by other and profounder writers on the same theme. But Lady Dilke, backed by the innumerable recent reproductions that enliven this handsome volume, is a capable instigator to wider studies; and more, her followers will have the advantage of profiting by a taste, cultivated, distinguished, and not to be bullied into parrot-cries by the vagaries of fashion and the sale-rooms. A final comparison between the present possessors of the objects dealt with, and the French aristocracy who were, if not the actual creators, at least frequently the collaborators of artist and craftsman, is of special interest. "They were fit to co-operate," writes Lady Dilke, "as they did co-operate, in the fulfilment of what has been described as the 'mission' of the French aristocracy of that day, by directing the arts of the nation. Not content simply to run up prices at sales under the guidance of dealers, these men understood that it lay in their hands to develop '*les elemens du travail contemporain, d'alimenter l'art du présent et de préparer l'art de l'avenir.*' In this exercise of their taste and their intelligence is to be found the apology for their reckless prodigality, but the combination of circumstances by which individual luxury rendered service to the State does not seem likely, at least in our day, to be repeated."

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Stories of the Tuscan Artists. By Albinia Wherry. (Dent. 10s.)

We heartily recommend this beautiful volume to such parents as would have their children take an intelligent interest in other matters than cricket or hockey. It awakens and stimulates, and the boy or girl fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Donatello or Botticelli through these charming reproductions and gracefully-written chapters will owe the author a debt that is not easily repaid. Step by step Mrs. Wherry builds up the whole fabric of Tuscan art, shows us Giotto and his master Cimabue, the Pisan group, Fra Angelico and Ghiberti, Brunelleschi the architect, Della Robbia the sculptor, and those four inimitable painters who inspired our own pre-Raphaelites. The book is just the sort of thing to place in the hands of a boy or girl touring in Italy, and for those less favoured it has an almost equal value, in that our home treasures are drawn upon wherever possible, and the reader, in default of Florence or Pisa, is sent to Kensington or the National Gallery. The wealth of anecdote and legend, interspersed with the purely æsthetic information, is calculated to allay whatever suspicions the youthful reader may harbour against a work of instruction.

Japan: A Record in Colour. By Mortimer Menpes. Transcribed by Dorothy Menpes. (A. & C. Black, London. 20s. net.)

This is, in its way, the most charming and delicate study of Japan which has yet been published. Of course, that way is largely a pictorial way, and the main value of the book lies in the opulent illustrations in colour furnished



Bearing Burden. *By Mortimer Menpes.*

by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, and reproduced by a process that suggests the charm and daintiness of the originals. He does not, perhaps, see Japanese life and scenery very deeply: it is the superficial child-like charm of the people, the superficial daintiness and glow of harmonious colour in the landscape which takes hold of him and which he records. He makes small attempt at broad effects; it is little bits, little impressionistic nooks and patches of scenery, upon which he seizes. But how flower-like, how tender in their bright harmonies they are! Take, for instance, *Flower of the Tea*, with its deep, soft effect, or that night study of two charming little Japs by artificial light, *In the Light of the Lantern*, which has the glow of peaches and purple grapes. It is easy to see that Mr. Menpes's art has blended with European methods much derived from the art of the Japanese themselves, and very successfully. Miss Menpes's text is a bright and informing companion to the illustrations, and her enthusiasm for things Japanese is discriminating. She animadverts, justly, on the vanity of the attempts to apply Japanese methods of decoration to our sombre and uncomfortable English homes. She warns us against the delusion that Japan is being Westernised—she is merely picking our brains. She will turn out English art for the English market, but for home consumption she hates it. A beautiful and unique artistic record of travel is this.

The Story of Stories. By R. C. Gillie. (London: Adam & Charles Black. 6s.)

This is purely and frankly a Life of Christ for children. The author's aim has been not merely to present a series of incidents, but to weave the Gospel incidents into a connected narrative, emphasising "the transitions in His life and the hinge-points in His ministry," in such manner as children may understand. We have little for the result but praise. The language is simple and unaffected; there is but slight expansion of the evangelical narrative, and sparing use of the pictorial element—which is a good and infrequent trait in such attempts. Now and then Mr. Gillie does not escape a violence or incongruous picturesqueness of phrasing in his expansion; but this is infrequent. The story is at once clear, instructive, and well within a child's comprehension. A good book is made further attractive by admirably chosen illustrations from the great Masters, calculated to educate children's eyes along with their minds.

British Sculpture and Sculptors of To-day. By M. H. Spielmann. (Cassell & Co., London.)

It is a curious proof of the national indifference to sculpture that we should have had to wait till the present moment for any book on the British sculptors of our own time, and we are grateful to Mr. Spielmann for this volume. His criticism is cultivated and discerning; but more than the criticism will the numerous illustrations speak for themselves, and convincingly show the reader what a school of sculpture we now have in England. The splendid *Teucer* of Mr. Thorneycroft, Mr. Brock's *Genius of Poetry*, and the many striking works of Mr. Gilbert—the most imaginative sculptor of them all—would alone suffice to impress the student. It is a revelation of talent for which, probably, few will be prepared.

Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare. Edited by Dr. Furnivall. (Raphael Tuck & Sons. 21s.)

This edition is something of a puzzle. Dr. Furnivall's introduction and notes have a certain prattling simplicity as of one condescending to the nursery, and Mr. Copping's illustrations rather suggest that the entertainment of children was in his mind; but are books intended for children bound in white cloth? and are they divided into two volumes? and do they cost a guinea? and should they contain Dr. Furnivall's portrait? Dr.

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Furnivall not only smiles at the reader from the photogravure plate which serves as a frontispiece for volume two (the portrait of the Lambs is mere ordinary process), but he also tells some tales which the Lambs omitted, so that, henceforward, it will be impossible to mention them apart. Were the edition made more cheap and compact we should have only the highest praise for it. At it is, schoolmasters ought to find Dr. Furnivall's notes of great service. His simple expository way is excellent.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus issue an extremely handsome small quarto edition of that fine novel, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, with sixteen photogravure and eighty-four other illustrations by Mr. Matthew B. Hewerdine. An excellent Christmas present. 10s. 6d. net.

New editions, suitable for gifts, are very plentiful this winter. There are Library editions of the Masters, such as Messrs. Jack's "Edinburgh" edition of the Waverley novels, bound in their sober buckram covers, but opening on pages of plain resplendence and on frontispieces of great interest, executed in the finest photogravure; the same firm's "Windsor" Shakespeare; Messrs. Blackwood's "Library," and "Warwick" editions of the works of George Eliot; Messrs. Constable's pocket edition of Mr. Meredith's novels, and their new edition of Mr. Birrell's *Boswell*, in six volumes; Messrs. Macmillan's delightful "Eversley" series, to which a new volume of Edward FitzGerald's Letters has just been added; and Messrs. Smith, Elder's Library edition of the Brontës. Nor could there be a better Christmas gift than the first four parts of the "Edinburgh Folio" Shakespeare now being issued, with Mr. Henley's notes, by Mr. Grant Richards.

In the "dainty" division Mr. J. M. Dent is to the fore with a three-volume *Vanity Fair* in his new edition of Thackeray's works. Some of us may think that Thackeray's own pictures and those of his first illustrators are worth any conceivable efforts by artists of to-day, and may find it difficult to associate wreaths, and knots, and other prettinesses of design with Thackeray's virile work; but if you want Thackeray in a new dress and a dainty, Mr. Dent's edition is the newest and the daintiest. Its cost is 3s. net per volume. Mr. Dent also issues this Christmas, at 5s. net, a very handsome illustrated and rubricated edition of Mrs. Jameson's *Shakespeare's Heroines*, with decorative designs by Mr. R. Anning Bell.

A very satisfactory new edition is Messrs. Newnes' volume of Milton's works, in limp leather, and in a long coat-pocket shape, with an etched portrait of Milton by Mr. E. J. Sullivan—a marvel of compact and elegant book-making at the price, which is three shillings.

Messrs. Warne and Co. have placed on the Christmas market a really good illustrated edition of Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, with many excellent drawings by different artists. This is a first-rate gift book at six shillings.

A very white, very handsome edition of *The Dolby Dialogues* is issued by Messrs. Nisbet at half-a-guinea. The illustrations are of the smartest, and the white cover is sprinkled with ostrich feathers in gold. The emergence of this volume from brown paper on a breakfast-table must inevitably be a success for the giver.

We have already referred to the *Omar Khayyam Calendar* issued by the De La More Press. The same illustrations, by Miss Blanche McManus, appear in the volume-edition of the poem issued by the same firm. FitzGerald's first translation is followed. This is a capital present. The price is 5s.

Mr. Heinemann issues a new edition of Mr. Howells' *Italian Journeys*, with over a hundred illustrations by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

Books for Children.

In order to simplify the task, both for writer and reader, of dealing with so large an output of juvenile literature, we have divided this article into three groups, and as a convenient, if not final, classification, we are, as we did last year, calling those books which make their principal appeal through their pictures, and are aimed at quite small children, "Picture Books"; those books aimed at children between, say, seven and thirteen, which consist of stories and illustrations, the principal appeal being through the story, "Story Books"; and those books which make the story everything, and give the artist only a minute opportunity, or none at all—aiming to fill the gap between "Story Books" and romance proper—"Tales for Boys and Girls." At the end of each section we name what seem to us the six best books in it: thus, the Six Best Picture Books, the Six Best Story Books, the Six Best Tales for Boys, and the Six Best Tales for Girls.

Picture Books.

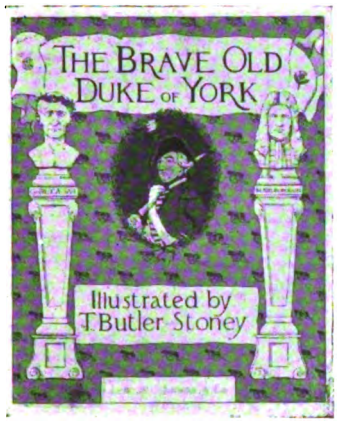
This is not a good year for picture books. We miss from the majority that have reached us that care and thought that should go to this kind of literature. Probably, however, to no picture book for children for many years has so much cleverness gone as to *Old King Cole's Book of Nursery Rhymes* (Macmillan), with illustrations by Mr. Byam Shaw. Mr. Shaw is not an ideal illustrator for children: he has a certain severity of manner, and his desire to be decorative overcomes his desire to be gay and amusing; but this is a remarkable effort. Probably it will find its way more often into the drawing-room than the nursery. In a very different style of decoration, yet perhaps equally painstaking, are Mr. Walter Crane's Toy Books, which Mr. Lane is reissuing. No one so lavishly spreads his colours as Mr. Crane—a short cut to the nursery's heart.

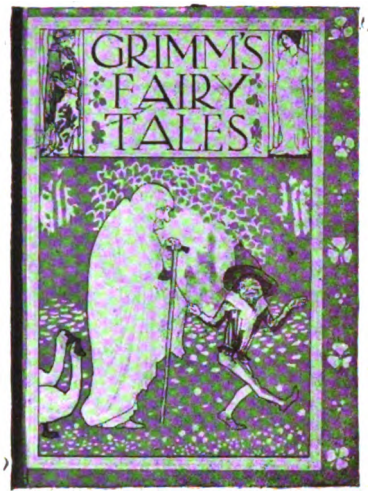
One great fault of the ordinary picture book on the grand scale (as opposed to the toy books of our youth, which really gave—and still give—full value) is its meagreness of entertainment. Take, for example, *The Brave Old Duke of York* (Sands), illustrated cleverly by T. Butler-Stoney—the whole book consists of plates to the well-known eight-line verse. There is nothing to it. Nor is there much to *The Old Irishe Rimes of Brian O'Linn* (Macmillan), by S. Rosamond Praeger, charming as it is; nor to *Proverbial Sayings* (Wells Gardner), by Mr. Gordon Browne; nor to *Clean Peter* (Longmans), by Ada Wallas. The same remark applies to Mr. Cecil Aldin's *Ten Little Puppy Dogs* (Sands), but the subject is so good and the drawing so happy that it will probably enjoy long life in many homes.

More matter is offered by Mr. Henry Mayer's *Adventures of a Japanese Doll* (Richards) and Mrs. Ames's *Bedtime Book* (same publisher), but we cannot find ourselves much interested in either. Mr. Mayer by no means repeats the success of his *Trip to Toyland*, not because his pictures are less clever, but because his story has less dramatic life. Mrs. Ames cultivates that style of indifferent drawing of which children, we think, should be offered only very occasional supplies. Her verses also are very elementary. *The Bogey Book* (Eyre and Spottiswoode), which might be mentioned in connection with the *Bedtime Book*, is enforced by a better ambition to be interesting, and occasionally its pictures are absorbing; but it is very unequal. The authors do not seem to be quite ready to appear in public.

From Mr. John Hassall come two facile exercises: *A Naval Alphabet* and *The Pantomime A B C*, both published by Messrs. Sands. *A Naval Alphabet* is an excellent companion to the *Ships*, by Mr. Seppings Wright, by the same publishers; but we cannot admire *The Panto-*

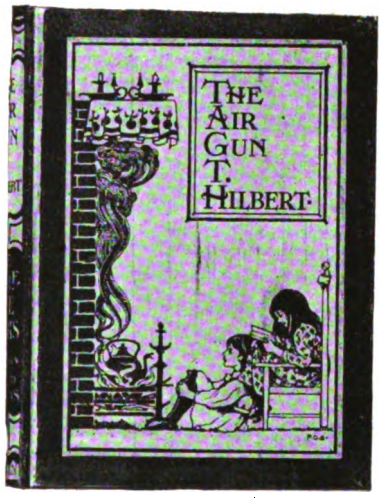
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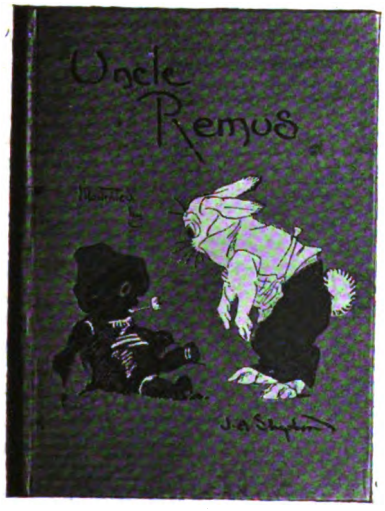
















Some Children's Book Covers.

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mime A B C, the tone of which is far too sophisticated and realistic for children. This, for example, is a piece of unpleasant irony, quite out of place in the nursery:

B is the "ballet" you'll notice appear,
To pirouette, posture and pose;
Which must be conducive to long life, it's clear,
As the Average Ballet Girl shows.

The age of ballet girls is not a subject for children to examine—children, indeed, to whom a pantomime is real! The author of the very unnecessary and disagreeable cynicisms in this book is Mr. Roland Carse.

The chief nonsense book of the year is *Nonsense! Nonsense!* (Blackie), written by Mr. Walter Jerrold, and illustrated by Mr. Charles Robinson with a wealth of colour. When engaged on nonsensical ideas, Mr. Robinson seems to us to lose by not taking pains. He seems to mistake slap-dash carelessness for fun. Mr. Jerrold is only occasionally inspired; certainly not when he wrote this:

There was an old mother named "Peter"
Whose husband would frequently cheat her,
Punch her head and her nose,
And stamp on her toes,
And thrash her, and kick her, and beat her.

And technically his rhymes might be much better. Mr. Edward Chesterton's *Sandy Van Haeden* (Johnson) is better nonsense, but the pictures are very poor.

One of the best of the picture books, where high pressure of invention and cleverness is often rather a disadvantage than a service, is *Faithful Friends* (Blackie), an admirable book for a small child. With these we would group the bound volume of *Bo-Peep* (Cassell).

Among the good animal picture books come *The Animals of Æsop* (Low & Co. 10s. 6d.), pictured by J. J. Mora; *The Animal Book* (Blackie), illustrated by Mr. F. Specht, with an excellent cover by Mr. Hassall; Mr. H. B. Neilson's *Animal A B C* (Blackie), a purely comic work; and the *Topsy Turvy Tales*, by the same illustrator, written by Mr. S. H. Hamer, and published by Messrs. Cassell, a new number of a good and popular series of collaborations by these gentlemen.

Toy books a-many, of the old-fashioned kind, have reached us from Messrs. Warne and Messrs. Nelson. Chief among Messrs. Warne's books we would mention *Baby's Animal Picture Book* and *The Little Folks' Book of Birds*; Messrs. Nelson take bolder flights into actuality, one of their books being called *Up to London to See the King*.

We have placed *The Children's London* (Leadenhall Press) under the heading of Picture Books, because to many children its pictures are likely to be its most interesting feature; but it is a serious work, containing much good informing matter about London from the interesting point of an intelligent, educated child. The author is Miss (or Mrs.) Charlotte Thorpe.

The Six Best Picture Books.

Mr. Shaw's *Old King Cole's Book of Nursery Rhymes*. (Macmillan.)
Anon's *Faithful Friends*. (Blackie.)
Mr. Smith's *The Animal Book*. (Blackie.)
Miss Thorpe's *The Children's London*. (Leadenhall Press.)
Mr. Aldin's *Ten Little Puppy Dogs*. (Sands.)
Mr. Hassall's *A Naval Alphabet*. (Sands.)

Story Books.

This year sees the issue of two deliberately-planned Christmas stories in the Dickens manner, bold attempts to recapture the old Christmas altruistic thrill: *Santa Claus's Partner* and *The Man Who Knew Better*. They are curiously similar, for the reason, probably, that the formula for a Dickens' Christmas story does not change. It seems beyond alteration that there must be a curmudgeon or miser whose character, whatever his age, health, and crystallisation may be on, say, December 20, shall, by December 25, have undergone a complete change, so that he blossoms forth a beneficent and acceptable philanthropist and humorist. Of the two books on this theme, *Santa Claus's Partner* (Grant Richards), by the American novelist, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, is the better. It is, indeed, admirably done—a kind of literary version, by prevision, of *A Message from Mars*. Mr. Tom Gallon, the author of *The Man Who Knew Better* (Constable), and the most inveterate of our younger Dickensians, is not so successful; but his story has many kindly passages, and Mr. Gordon Browne has put pleasant pictures to it.

Mr. Andrew Lang, in his adventures on the chromatic scale, this year reaches violet; and *The Violet Fairy Book* (Longmans. 6s.) is worthy its predecessors. Where the stories come from, and how many there are still to come, are problems which we cannot begin to answer. It is Mr. Lang who can find them if any one is able. Mr. H. J. Ford is again the illustrator, and this year he has worked to a large extent in colours with excellent results. The book is wholly charming.

Mr. J. M. Gibbon has collected, under the title of *The Reign of King Cole* (Dent. 6s.), a number of well-known fairy tales from various sources, joined by a string of commentary associating them with King Cole. Whether or not children value this very transparent device we cannot say. Personally we do not. But the collection is a capital one, and Mr. Charles Robinson has provided many spirited pictures.

Other collections of fairy tales include *Grimm's Fairy Tales* (Dent), illustrated by Mr. Anning Bell with much charm but little dramatic power; *Fairy Tales from Hans Andersen* (Wells Gardner), illustrated spiritedly by Mr. Gordon Browne; *Queen Mab's Fairy Realm* (Newnes), being a collection of modern fairy tales (the literary rather than the traditional variety), by many authors and illustrators; and *Fairy Tales from the Swedish* (Heinemann), a translation by Mr. Brækstadt chiefly of folk-lore stories. Here also we would mention *Old Ballads in Prose* (Longmans), by Eva March Tappan, a prose paraphrase for children of certain numbers in the *Percy Reliques* and other collections, of which we cannot feel that the prose has any attractions above the original verse; and lastly, for smaller children, Messrs. Warne's *Our Favourite Fairy Tales* and *Our Favourite Nursery Tales*, two capital cheap little books.

Among original fairy tales the first place must be given to Miss Evelyn Sharp's new Wymp book, *Round the World to Wymp Land* (Lane), in which we meet again, after too long an absence, the little creatures whom Miss Sharp has invented—thus taking her place among the constructive mythologists. We cannot offer so warm a welcome to *A Real Queen's Fairy Book* (Newnes), by Carmen Sylva, for, though lavishly illustrated and attractively prepared, the stories are not too suitable for children, nor are they very attractively told. A strained sense of beauty is not the best passport to the nursery. Another collection of original fantastic stories is by Miss Myra Hamilton, entitled *Fancy Free Land* (Chapman & Hall), where much ingenuity has been expended, but too little disciplined, we feel, by probability—for even in a fairy story some law must be observed. *Nine Unlikely Tales* (Unwin), another original work, by E. Nesbit, is rich in high spirits, but not always as free from vulgarity as one could wish.

Mr. G. E. Farrow, who must by this time have a large public of his own, is represented this year by two stories, both published by Messrs. Pearson: *The New Panjandrum and Baker Minor and the Dragon*. Mr. Farrow is

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an artist in high spirits, and his comic invention never seems to fail him. We must confess that he is a taste which we have never thoroughly acquired, but so many boys and girls find him good company that criticism falters. Another work in the same kind is *Wonders in Monster Land* (Allen), by E. D. Cuming, where the curious may read of mammoths and extinct creatures, including the Oh-don't-op Teryx. The illustrations are by Mr. J. A. Shepherd.

Two new series of children's books begin this autumn. One is "The Little Blue Books for Children," edited for Messrs. Methuen by Mr. E. V. Lucas, who originated the Dumpy Series for Mr. Grant Richards. The first of the three volumes already published is a selection from the stories of Jacob Abbott, under the title of *The Beechnut Book*, which deals in a fascinatingly detailed manner with the life and interests of a number of American children and their ingenious friend and leader, Beechnut. The second, entitled *The Airgun*, by T. Hilbert, is a spirited and convincing story for boys, in which girls are not unlikely to be interested. The third, *The Castaways*, we review, elsewhere. This series is aimed at those children who want stories of the everyday affairs of life, as well as of the doings of fairies and princesses. The illustrations should, we think, be particularly satisfying to them, as they represent very simply children and things as they really are. The cover design, by Mr. F. D. Bedford, adds to the charm of the series.

The other new series is "The Larger Dumpy Books" (meaning less dumpy) put forth by Mr. Grant Richards to accompany his smaller series. The first three volumes are *Pillow Stories*, prettily told and prettily illustrated, by S. L. Heward and Gertrude M. Bradley; *Holidays and Happy Days*, with quaintly charming pictures in colours, by E. F. Mason, representing Old English customs and festivals, but a shade too serious and patronising in its letterpress; and *The Six-Inch Admiral*, a work for which we cannot find much praise, illustrated by photographs of dummy figures intended to suggest real life but not doing so.

In the Dumpy Books, Mr. Thomas Cobb, who understands as well as anyone the art of telling a direct story for children, has an excellent tale, *The Little Clown*; Miss Tourtel, in *A Horse Book*, depicts the horse with unusual accuracy, but lacks spirit in her rhymes; Mr. J. R. Monsell offers a nonsense story, *The Pink Knight*, better illustrated than invented; and Mr. Henry Mayer draws in *Little People* some very pleasant characteristic figures of the natives, to which Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, that satirist in grain, supplies verses which, while always ingenious, too often trend upon sophistication and irony. Altogether the new doses in this homœopathic library, as we might call the "Dumpy Books," are very palatable.

With these may be grouped *The Story of Little Black Mingo* (Nisbet), by Helen Bannerman, whose *Little Black Sambo* is in so many homes. It is an agreeably absurd history, but a second crop from the same field is rarely so rich as the first.

To come to quieter stories by ladies, Mrs. Farmiloe's *Little Citizens* (S.P.C.K.), written and illustrated by herself, is a collection of pretty stories of poor London children; and Mrs. Molesworth's two volumes for this Christmas, *The Wood Pigeons and Mary* (Macmillan) and *"My Pretty" and Her Little Brother "Too"* (Chambers), have her old charm. We cannot say quite so much for Mrs. L. T. Meade's new story, *Cosey Corner; or, How They Kept the Farm* (Chambers), which is rather forced and not too interesting. A brighter book is *Those Twins* (Blackie), by Elinor Davenport Adams, in which we read of the efforts of two ingenious and purposeful, if somewhat incredible, young reformers who set out to make a man of a too casual cousin. In *Private Bobs and the New Recruit* (Dent), by Mrs. Henry Birchenough, two other adventurous children will be found who, fired partly by military ardour, determined to visit the Jubilee. Lord Roberts, whose connection with children, real or fictitious, has already been exploited quite enough, plays a part in the narrative.

A more serious work than any yet named is *Saints of Italy* (Dent), being certain legends of the Saints retold by Ella Noyes, and illustrated by pictures after the old Masters. The narrative manner is simple and interesting, and the stories will lend wonder to Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Seton-Thompson has taken his place as one of the first writers of stories for children. Indeed, as the historian of American wild animals he comes very nigh Mr. Kipling as the historian of the jungle, although the sense of wonder which permeates the Indian tales is lacking. In *Lives of the Hunted* (Nutt) Mr. Seton-Thompson tells with pen and pencil several more of his moving stories of beasts, but they are less wild than before—no longer bears and stags, but rams and sparrows and pups and rats, with a coyote thrown in to maintain the tradition. Some of the same territory which Mr. Seton-Thompson has made his own is explored very acceptably by Mr. William J. Long in *Secrets of the Woods* (Ginn and Co.).

Another animal book from across the Atlantic is our old friend *Uncle Remus* (Grant Richards. 6s.), printed in large type, and supplied with a number of grotesque drawings by Mr. J. A. Shepherd. Our own feeling is that Mr. Shepherd would be a much better illustrator if he were not so grotesque; but very possibly the nursery differs.

Before leaving animal story books we should mention *The World of Animal Life* (Blackie), edited by Mr. Fred Smith; and *Strange Adventures in Dicky Bird Land* (Cassell), by Mr. R. Kearton, illustrated by photographs by Mr. C. Kearton. Other animal books will be found under the heading "Picture Books."

Music, poetry, and the drama for children are supplied in the *St. Nicholas' Book of Plays and Operettas* (Warne), a good collection; in Mr. Alfred Scott Gattey's *Domestic Ditties* (Pearson), with music by the author; and in *Pater's Book of Rhymes* (Sherratt and Hughes), a work not by the late Walter Pater, but by His Honour Judge Parry.

The Six Best Story Books.

Mr. Lang's *Violet Fairy Book*. (Longmans.)
Mr. Gibbon's *Reign of King Cole*. (Dent.)
Mr. Page's *Santa Claus's Partner*. (Richards.)
Mrs. Molesworth's *The Wood Pigeons*. (Macmillan.)
Mr. Seton-Thompson's *Lives of the Hunted*. (Nutt.)
Miss Sharp's *Round the World to Wymp Land*. (Lane.)

The following are three verses from the forthcoming *Ballad of Mr. Rook*, written by Mr. George Wyndham to amuse his little boy, Percy, during a period of convalescence spent at Clouds, the seat of the Hon. Percy Wyndham. At Clouds the rooks were fed through the winter, but took flight in the spring:

All flew away. Ah no, not all!
For one bird had a heart
Responsive to a loving call
And could not so depart.

Old Mr. Rook loved well the wood
Where he was wont to nest,
Yet beat his heart in gratitude
Beneath his glossy breast.

"Shall I," quoth he, "who brought these crowds
"To feast here as they pleased,
"Leave now the kindly house of Clouds
"Where all our pain is eased?"

It is the nest-building of the grateful rook in the woods at Clouds that the ballad of the Irish Secretary celebrates.

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Tales for Boys and Girls.

THE great activity of the present publishing season is reflected in the output of the boys' and girls' story books which are peculiar to this time of the year. They come as surely as the chrysanthemums, and in the same wealth of colour. Last year the list of these books ran to eighty-eight titles. This year the number is nearer one hundred and twenty. To the adult mind there is a wonderful sameness about these stories of war, adventure, school life, and the home. But we very much doubt whether to their proper readers they seem at all monotonous. After all, they are addressed to readers between the ages of eight and fourteen. Grant to each reader the generous allowance of six stories a year, and it will be seen that the boys' writer can very safely ring the changes on battles as old as Marathon and as new as Eland's Laagte; on sea fights in which the Viking spear is hurled and on sea fights in which the stealthy submarine creeps under the hull of the ironclad; on the dripping scalps with which Long Feather or Blazing Arrow adorns his wigwam, and on the most approved method of dispersing a crowd of alligators on the mud flats of the Amazon. Time cannot stale nor custom wither the infinite variety of the Ranch, the Pampas, the Deep Sea Pearl Fishery, or the lower decks of a Slave Dhow. And, as a matter of fact, these good old elements maintain their supremacy. It is only little by little, and in spite of many reactions, that modern conditions, inventions, and scientific results get themselves embodied in the everlasting multi-coloured romance of life which year by year is hewn into appropriate lengths and bound up in prize books. We notice, for example, that in a year when the drift of narrative naturally sets toward South Africa, China, and the Saxon kingdom of Wessex, we are nevertheless presented with quite a number of Red Indian stories of the good old type. While American statesmen and philanthropists are considering benevolent devices for keeping the poor Indian alive, your boys' story-teller still finds it profitable to represent the Redskin in the act of swinging his tomahawk over the white man's head. Under the class of British soldiering, again, we find that the material offered by the war in South Africa is used but sparingly. Last year seven books were dedicated to the campaign. This year there are but eight, and we note a strong disposition to return to the War in Egypt, the Indian Mutiny, the Crimea, and other earlier theatres of British prowess.

The catalogue of juvenile stories which lies on our table is necessarily long, but it has its own statistical and classificatory interest. Here it is:

Home.

Chadwick (W. E.), Ethel Hardman: A Story of Self Discipline(S.P.C.K.)
Bramston (M.), Golden-Hearted(S.P.C.K.)
Macsorley (Catherine M.), An Irish Cousin(S.P.C.K.)
Mallandaine (Catherine E.), Like Cures Like(S.P.C.K.)
Mallandaine (Catherine E.), In Luck's Way(S.P.C.K.)
Curry (E. S.), A Girl's Resolve(S.P.C.K.)
Jacberns (Raymond), Robin(S.P.C.K.)
Le Feuvre (Amy Le), A Cherry Tree ...(Hodder & Stoughton) 2/0
Keith (Leslie), Penance(Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0
Haverfield (E. L.), Jim's Sweethearts(Nelson) 2/6
Synge (Mrs. Hamilton), Dickie(Nelson) 1/6
Adams (Elinor Davenport), On Honour(Nelson) 2/6
The Author of "Val," Two of a Trade(Nelson) 1/6
Percival (Leila), Professor Archie(Nelson) 1/0
Clarke (Mrs. Henry), A Lad of Devon(Nelson) 1/0
Clarke (Mrs. Henry), Into Stormy Waters (Sunday School Union) 1/6
Tynan (Katharine), A Girl of Galway(Blackie) 6/0
Heddle (Ethel F.), An Original Girl(Blackie) 6/0
Chappell (Jennie), Terrie's Travels(Blackie) 5/0
Callwell (J. M.), A Little Irish Girl(Blackie) 2/6
Meade (Mrs. L. T.), A Very Naughty Girl(Chambers) 5/0
Meade (Mrs. L. T.), Girls of the True Blue(Chambers) 6/0
Strafford (Mary), Mrs. Hammond's Children (R. Brimley Johnson) 3/6 net
Mills (Mary E.), A Troublesome Godchild (Griffiths Farran) 3/6
Skrine (Mary J. H.), The World's Delight(Lane)
Nesbit (E.), The Wouldbegoods(Unwin) 6/0
Arnold (Mrs. S. G.), Two Busybodies(Unwin) 6/0
Delaire (Jean), Two Girls and a Dream(Ward, Lock) 3/6

School.

Timlow (Eliz. W.), A Nest of Girls, or Boarding-School Days(Chambers) 6/0
Home (Andrew), Out of Bounds.....(Chambers) 3/6
Sharp (Evelyn), The Youngest Girl in the School (Macmillan) 6/0
Mansergh (Jessie), Tom and Some Other Girls.....(Cassell) 3/6
Coombe (Florence), For the Old School.....(Blackie) 2/0
Swainson (Frederick), Acton's Feud(Newnes) 3/6
Edwards (R. W. K.), Dick Vaughan's Term (Wells Gardner) 2/6
Cartwright (John), The Chronicles of Durnford (S.P.C.K.)
Barrow-North (H.), Jerry Dodds, Millionaire, A School Yarn of Merriment and Mystery(Chambers) 3/6

History and Historical Fighting.

Henty (G. A.), To Herat and Cabul(Blackie) 5/0
Henty (G. A.) At the Point of the Bayonet(Blackie) 6/0
Elrington (H.), In the Days of Prince Hal.....(Blackie) 1/6
Baring-Gould (S.), Grettir the Outlaw.....(Blackie) 3/0
Brereton (Captain F. S.), A Gallant Grenadier...(Blackie) 5/0
Pollard (Eliza F.), The Doctor's Niece.....(Blackie) 3/6
Miles (Alfred H.), Fifty-two Stories of Courage and Endeavour for Girls(Hutchinson) 5/0
Miles (Alfred H.), Fifty-two Stories of Greater Britain (Hutchinson) 5/0
Everett-Green (E.), True Stories of Girl Heroines (Hutchinson)
Whishaw (Fred.), The Lion Cub: A Story of Peter the Great(Griffith Farran) 3/6
Everett-Green (E.), For the Faith.....(Nelson) 3/6
Everett-Green (E.), In Fair Granada(Nelson) 5/0
Havens (Herbert), For the Colours(Nelson) 6/0
Glasgow (Geraldine), The Queen's Shilling(Nelson) 1/0
Poynter (H. May), Madamscourt(Nelson) 2/0
Marshall (Beatrice), Old Blackfriars(Seeley) 5/0
Fenn (C. R.), For the Old Flag(Sampson Low) 2/6
Davidson (Mary M.), Edward the Exile (Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0
Gilliat (Rev. E.), God Save King Alfred(Macmillan) 6/0
Perry (Walter), The Boy's Odyssey.....(Macmillan) 6/0
Wood (Walter), With the Flag at Sea.....(Constable) 6/0
Laughton (John K.), Sea Fights and Adventures.....(Allen) 6/0
Smith (G. Barnett), Heroes of the Nineteenth Century (Pearson) 5/0
Berrey (R. Power), The Boy's Book of Bravery (Pearson) 5/0
St. Leger (Hugh), Billets and Bullets.....(Griffith Farran) 3/6
Stephens (Robert N.), Captain Ravenshaw: A Romance of Elizabethan London(Ward, Lock) 6/0
Stables (Gordon), With Cutlass and Torch.....(Nisbet) 5/0
Marchant (Bessie), In Perilous Times.....(Gall & Inglis)
Johnston (William), Under the Sirdar's Flag.....(Partridge) 2/6
Weedon (L. L.), Little John Cope.....(S.P.C.K.)
Henty (G. A.) and Others, Courage and Conflict (Chambers) 5/0

Adventure.

Burnham (Hampden), Jack Ralston, or the Outbreak of the Nauscopees(Nelson) 5/0
Cameron (Verney Lovett), Three Sailor Boys.....(Nelson) 1/6
Forester (F. B.), Held to Ransom.....(Nelson) 5/0
Cowper (W.M.), "The Brown Bird" and Her Owners (S.P.C.K.)
Daunt (Achilles), Out on the Llanos.....(S.P.C.K.)
Hinkson (H. A.), Sir Phelim's Treasure(S.P.C.K.)
Kenyon (C. R.), The Argonauts of the Amazon (Chambers) 3/6
Ellis (Edward S.), Blazing Arrow(Cassell) 2/6
Ellis (Edward S.), The Chieftain and the Scout(Cassell) 2/6
Walkey (S.), With Redskins on the Warpath(Cassell)
Whitmarsh (Lieut. H. P.), The Young Pearl Divers (Macqueen)
Hope (A. R.), An Album of Adventures.....(Black) 5/0
Lampen (C. Dudley), O'Callaghan the Slave Trader (Digby, Long) 3/6
Mackie (John), The Heart of the Prairie(Newnes) 3/6
Munroe (Kirk), Longfeather the Peacemakers(Newnes) 3/6
Marchant (Bessie), Three Girls on a Ranch(Blackie) 2/6
Samson (John), In the Dictator's Grip(Blackie) 3/6
Stables (Dr. Gordon), In Quest of the Giant Sloth ...(Blackie) 3/6
Roper (Edward), Ice-Bound(Partridge) 2/6
Oxley (J. Macdonald), Norman's Nugget.....(Partridge) 2/6
Graydon (W. M.), On Winding Waters(Partridge) 2/6

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South Africa.

Moxon (William), Stories from South African History (Griffiths Farran) 3/6
The Author of "In Lion Land," The Cape and Its Story (Nelson) 2/6
Henty (G. A.), With Roberts to Pretoria(Blackie) 6/0
Burrage (E. H.), Carbineer and Scout(Blackie) 2/6
Fenn (George Manville), The Kopje Garrison(Chambers) 5/0
Allen (Phœbe), Mafeking Day(S.P.C.K.)

China.

Marchant (Bessie), Among Hostile Hordes ...(Gall & Inglis)
Brereton (Capt. F. S.), The Dragon of Pekin(Blackie) 5/0
Squire (Charles), The Great Khan's Treasure(Blackie) 3/6
Fenn (G. Manville), Ching the Chinaman(S.P.C.K.)

Natural History.

Ensign (H. L.), Lady Lee, and other Animal Stories (McClurg, Chicago) $2
Smith (Fred), The Boyhood of a Naturalist(Blackie) 3/6
Cochrane (Robert), More Animal Stories(Chambers) 2/o
Giberne (Agnes), The Mighty Deep and What we Know of It (Pearson) 5/0
Hewett (Rev. G. M. A.), The Open Air Boy(Allen) 6/0

New Editions.

Abbott (Jacob), The Beechnut Book, Ed. by E. V. Lucas (Methuen) 2/6
Collingwood (Harry), The Pirate Island(Blackie) 3/0
Kuppord (Skelton), Hammond's Hard Lines(Blackie) 1/6
Verne (Jules), An Antarctic Mystery(Sampson Low) 2/6

When it comes to discussing the literary merits of these stories the critic finds himself at a standstill in a veritable jungle of equality. The art of writing boys' books is thoroughly understood up to a point by publishers and authors. In the mass, these books are written to pattern. The pattern is good as far as it goes. It is perfectly understood how a hunt for secret treasure should be developed, how a school rebellion should be engineered, or how the ingredients should be mixed in a tale of the Incas. The very jokes, quotations, and little asides of the narrative maintain a certain sameness, a certain reminiscence of the established pattern. So that beyond stating that a given story is concerned with Garibaldi's wars, or with the capture of the hero by Spanish banditti, or with gold seeking in Australia or in New Mexico, or with a quest for the Antarctic Pole, or with hunting on the great Caribou Barrens, or with wild doings in Russia under Peter the Great, or with the early heroes of Iceland, there is usually a plentiful lack of opportunity for anything like intimate criticism.

Nevertheless, the conscientious reviewer will not be denied. The elect must be found. We have no doubt whatever that the best boy and girl story published this year is Mr. Thomas Cobb's *The Castaways of Meadow Bank*. This story, of only one hundred and ninety-one small square pages, takes its place in the series of "Little Blue Books for Children," which Mr. E. V. Lucas is editing for Messrs. Methuen. The peculiar merit of Mr. Cobb's story is its naturalness. Its main and, indeed, only incident is the imprisonment of three boys and a girl in a house entirely cut off from civilisation by the flooding of a river. There is nothing either sensational or improbable in their launching of a boat on the dangerous waters during the absence of their guardians, in their helpless drifting down the stream, or in their growing alarm. These things are told with that gripping simplicity which Defoe used with unrivalled effect in *Robinson Crusoe*. The sighting of Major Stanley's deserted mansion, now an island in the grey leagues of water, and the entry of the party by an upper window, prepare us for the gist of the tale: a "desert island" experience not too long or severe for the discreet blending of comedy and tragedy. Nothing could be better than the description of the plight of these boys and girls when the stupidity of the youngest has allowed their boat to escape down stream, leaving them prisoners in the bedrooms of the deserted country house whose staircase descends into many feet of water. The debates on their situation, their gradual wakening from dismay to action, the allotting of sleeping quarters and the economic distribution of biscuits—the only supplies immediately discoverable—are the small and obvious points of the situation. These, however, are developed by Mr. Cobb with so much proper detail, and with so much knowledge of the boy and girl character, that the story lays hold of the mind of a grown man. Ceasing to think of it merely as a story for juveniles, one finds it a capable study in juvenility, a duality of merit which we believe is the hall-mark of all first-rate stories for the young.

Moreover, Mr. Cobb brings to his story-telling none of that secondary literary attitude—excellent and delightful in itself—which distinguishes, say, the work of Mr. Kenneth Grahame, or, in a somewhat different way, Mr. G. S. Street. His full and intimate understanding of his boys and girls prefers to go unassisted by descriptive interludes or little ironic asides to any adult reader who may happen to be about. So tight, bare, and businesslike is his method that it might be expected to emerge in a certain coldness. This, however, is not the case, and the explanation is that Mr. Cobb's sympathy is warmly implicit.

Quite different in its methods and effects is the story which we should place next to his in merit. This is Miss Evelyn Sharp's *The Youngest Girl in the School* (Macmillan), a most amusing story, full of humorous insight into the boy and girl world, and for that matter into the grown-up world, too. That it will appeal to boys and girls we have no doubt, for the incidents are plentiful and of the right kind. But the story is sophisticated. It is written as to be a kind of jocular, entirely pleasant victimisation of boys and girls for the amusement of grown-ups. The conventional funny story about children which goes the rounds of the newspapers is frequently recalled in the dialogue. You feel that the talk has been dressed up and improved upon, prepared, as it were, for the Press, and spiced with something of the narrator's inward comment. For instance, when the Berkeley boys and girls are discussing the expected advent of their Aunt Anna, who is to take charge of them all during their father's absence in America, the sententious Kit predicts his Aunt's various revolutionary arrangements:

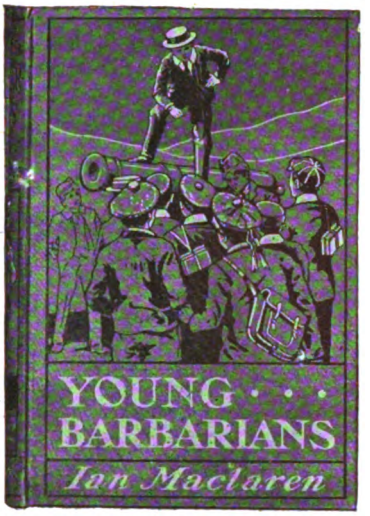
> "First of all," said Christopher, with an air of confidence, "she'll see that Egbert has a crammer next summer holidays; and he'll either have to get that scholarship or he doesn't go to Oxford at all! She'll talk about discipline and things like that. Aunts always do talk about discipline, when it's for other people's children. . . . As for Wilfred, she'll upset all his ambitions before he can turn round. Do you suppose she'll encourage his messing about with things in saucepans, just because he wants to be a doctor? Not she! She'll talk about some rotten business in the City instead. Aunts always know millions of places in the City, where they can shove their unwilling nephews. . . . Then she'll pack Robin to a preparatory at Brighton—never knew an aunt yet who didn't want to send you to a preparatory at Brighton!"

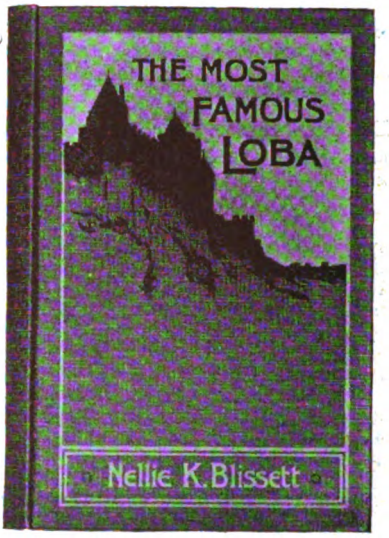
Here you observe that infusion of the writer's mind in the minds of her juvenile characters, for when everything is allowed for the precocity and pomposity of the very young Kit, his generalisations on the subject of aunts are in form and substance those of a literary adult writer.

Casting round once more for a nugget, we alight on Ian Maclaren's Scottish school story, *Young Barbarians* (Hodder & Stoughton). We sense a certain machine-made quality in this well illustrated story. Perhaps it is the reminiscence of "Kail Yard" workmanship, the "Kail Yard" dependence on dialect, and the "Kail Yard" deliberation in long semi-humorous passages, that contributes to this feeling. One feels, too, that if the word

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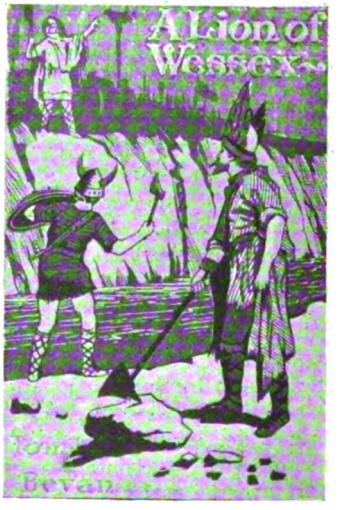






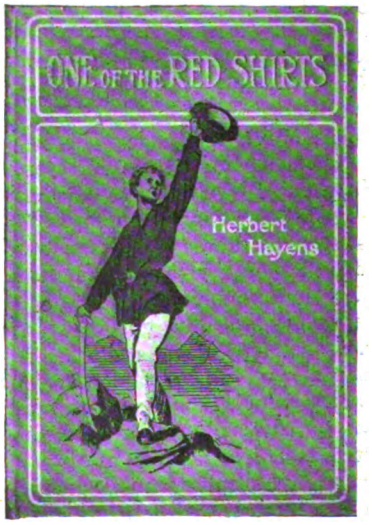












Some Boys' and Girls' Book Covers.

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departure could not be printed "depairture," the humour of half a chapter might crumble in the dust. And as regards Ian Maclaren's literary attitude, as we may call it, there is this to be said: It is thoroughly conventional in its geniality and full waistcoated, rather overdone, toleration of the pranks and escapades of schoolboys. In consideration of certain boy virtues, these are benevolently encouraged in the most approved "boys-will-be-boys" fashion, and the sufferings of junior masters and local tradesmen are fair game throughout. This is all right in moderation, but this playing up to the schoolboy can be just a little unctuous. The baiting of junior masters and bailies is not the stuff of which the best school stories are made, though it enters in some just proportion into them all. Nevertheless, *Young Barbarians* is undeniably one of the best boys' school stories of the year, and we may point out for particular praise the chapter called "The Famous Victory," in which the Seminary boys and the Free Kirk school indulge in a snowball fight, both sides showing very good tactics. During the fight the whereabouts of the powers that be are humorously described as follows:

> As for the police, who were not numerous in Muirtown, and who lived on excellent good terms with everybody, except tramps, they seemed to have a prophetic knowledge when a snow-fight was coming on, and were detained by important duty in distant streets. It was always, however, believed by the Seminary that two of the police could be seen, one at the distance of the bridge over the Tay, the other at the far extremity of Breadalbane Street, following the fight with rapt attention, and in the case of the Pennies winning, which had been their own school, smacking their lips and slapping their hands under the pretence of warming themselves in the cold weather, and in the event of the Seminaries winning marching off in opposite directions, lest they should be tempted to interfere, which they would have considered contrary to the rules of fair play, and giving their own school a mean advantage. Perhaps some ingenuous modern person will ask, "What were the masters of the Seminary about during this hour?" The Rector was sitting by the fire in his retiring-room, reading a winter ode of Horace, and as faint sounds of war reached his ears he would stir the fire and lament, like the quiet old scholar that he was, that Providence had made him ruler of such a band of barbarians; but he would also cherish the hope that his barbarians would not come off second. As for Bulldog, his mind was torn between two delights—the anticipation of the exercise which he would have next day, and the pleasure which his lads were having to-day—and nothing more entirely endeared Bulldog to his savages than the fact that, instead of going home to dinner during this hour, which was his usual custom, he contented himself with a biscuit. He was obliged to buy it in a baker's shop in Breadalbane Street, from which he could command a perfect view of the whole battle, especially as he happened to stand in the doorway of the shop, and never returned to school till the crisis of war was over. He was careful to explain to the school that he had himself gone for the purpose of identifying the ringleaders in mischief, and it was on such an occasion that Speug, keeping his right cheek immovable towards Bulldog, would wink to the assembled school with irresistible effect.

Miss Katharine Tynan's story, *A Girl of Galway* (Blackie), is pleasant reading, and, like *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, it is concerned with the redemption from solitude and stinginess of a wealthy but soured old man, Sir Delvin Grace, who has shut himself up in his ancestral home in the deep woods of Corofin, with five miles of carriage-drive between his front door and his lodge gates. How she fulfils her promise to her mother to reconcile Sir Delvin Grace with his son (her father), and how she advances in her own career of young womanhood amid lovely and beautiful surroundings, are the elements in the story, which is written with all Miss Tynan's usual grace, and with an ever-present sense of the language and companionship of the woodlands.

Home and School Stories.

Turning now to the larger mass of books before us, we can cordially recommend Miss Ethel F. Heddle's story, *An Original Girl* (Blackie). It is a story of London life. The heroine, Christobel Beauchamp, makes her living by typewriting in an office till chance throws her across the path of Lady Anne Prideaux, her grandmother. Her mother had made a *mésalliance*, marrying an actor, the Mr. Beauchamp of the story. Lady Anne desires to adopt Christobel, but the girl returns to her father, who sadly needs her help. The story tells how the poor actor at last receives his "call," and ends with the promise of good fortune for Christobel, her many friends, and Donald Ramsay, her devoted lover.

Schoolgirls will thoroughly appreciate Elizabeth Westyn Timlow's story of American school life, called *A Nest of Girls* (Chambers). This is quite the schoolgirliest story that we have read. Perhaps, indeed, the incidents, intrigues, and escapades which go on at Mrs. Conway's establishment at 67, Tupelo Street, Elm City, are a little exaggerated and somewhat too suggestive of a later stage in the lives of her characters. The story, however, is thoroughly wholesome and feminine. *Acton's Feud* (Newnes) is a rough-and-tumble football story of public school life, full of incident and plot. Boys will like it.

History and Battle.

Among stories of battles and historical incident Mr. G. A. Henty's *At the Point of the Bayonet* (Blackie), a tale of the Mahratta War, stands out as a thoroughly virile and skilful boys' tale. The same may be said of Mr. Fred Whishaw's *The Lion Cub* (Griffith Farran), a rousing story of court intrigue and street fighting under Peter the Great. The second chapter contains a tremendous description of a revolution conducted by the Streltsi archers under the walls of the Kremlin. A leading incident is the throwing over a balcony to the howling mob below of the royal favourite, Dolgorouki, who falls among the spears beneath.

> Then, as those have attested who witnessed this tragedy, the most extraordinary and horrible thing happened. For scarcely had the doomed General fallen among the infuriated soldiers than his body was cut into shreds, and thrown hither and thither until there was not a particle of it to be found; every bit of him had been sliced with swords, trampled into the dust underfoot, and lost.
>
> "My children, my children—what have you done?" wailed old Matveyeff, hiding his eyes.
>
> He had better have remained silent.
>
> "Throw down Matveyeff also!" the crowd shouted. "He sided with Dolgorouki."
>
> The men on the balcony seized the old man, and were about to cast him among the frenzied soldiers. Then a woman ran out upon the balcony and held their arms this was the Tsaritsa.
>
> Then Ivanoff and the rest raised old Matveyeff, and cast him, a most innocent victim, among the yelling mob; and in a moment he had shared the fate of Dolgorouki, and there was not any portion of his body remaining that would have been large enough for the meal of a dog.

The boy who has got to this early point in the story is not likely to lay it down.

Two stories dealing with the career of Alfred the Great, both thoroughly interesting, are the Rev. E. Gilliat's *God Save King Alfred!* (Macmillan) and Mr. Tom Bevan's *A Lion of Wessex* (Partridge). Mr. Gilliat's book is particularly well printed and illustrated, and is emphatically one of the books of the year for a boy. We need not stay to inquire too closely whether the following conventions of language are minutely true to the period:—"'Wife,' said the freeman, to a buxom lady who came in from the kitchen, 'when will our supper be ready? for we be for-

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spent and a-hungered.' 'Good man, rest you easy awhile; brewing meats may not be hurried, ye wot; but here cometh Egwina with a brew of pigment that shall give you a merry foretaste of that which shall follow.'" We wonder how many boy readers will recognise this "pigment" as the highly spiced wine, sweetened with honey, which our forefathers quaffed round their hearths.

We can but mention as excellent story books of a familiar type Mr. Herbert Hayens's *One of the Red Shirts* (Nisbet), a story of Garibaldi's revolution; Captain F. S. Brereton's *A Gallant Grenadier* (Blackie), a story of the Crimean war, in which the plucky hero, beginning as a schoolboy, ends as one of the heroes of the Charge of the Light Brigade, and also discovers the long withheld secret of his birth. Enough to say, in the author's words, that Phil Western falls on his feet. Two historical romances of a quieter kind, yet full of colour and interest, are Miss Beatrice Marshall's *Old Blackfriars* (Seeley), a tale of the days of Sir Anthony Van Dyck; and Mr. Robert Neilson Stephens's *Captain Ravenshaw; or, The Maid of Cheapside* (Ward, Lock), a romance of Elizabethan London. The illustrations to Miss Marshall's story are particularly good, and include several charming realisations of Old London. The frontispiece alone of Miss Everett-Green's *In Fair Grenada* (Nelson) will be enough to tempt any imaginative boy, to whom a cavalcade with banners and men in armour passing through a Moorish arch into a red-tiled city of the romantic Spain of yore suggests high adventure and gallant deeds.

Adventure.

We have already referred to the presence of several Red Indian stories in our collection. Two of these—namely, Mr. Kirk Munroe's *Longfeather the Peacemaker; or, The Belt of Seven Totems* and Mr. John Mackie's *The Heart of the Prairie*—come from Messrs. Newnes, and are excellently illustrated. Mr. Mackie can lay claim to truthfulness of detail, inasmuch that he lived for some years in that wild and fascinating portion of the "Great Lone Land" as a police officer in charge of a part of the frontier. His cowboys, Indians, and policemen, not to mention his bears and smugglers, are therefore his old friends. Another writer who knows this field of romance is Mr. Edward S. Ellis, whose two stories, *The Chieftain and the Scout* and *Blazing Arrow*, are issued, with thrilling illustrations, by Messrs. Cassell.

Mr. C. R. Kenyon's *The Argonauts of the Amazon* (Chambers), we must own, held us by its alligator stories, its rescue of an Inca's daughter, and its night scenes on the great river. In *The Quest of the Giant Sloth* (Blackie) that thoroughly experienced purveyor of boys' tales, Dr. Gordon Stables, tells how his hero and his boy companions set out to find the Giant Sloth. The extreme youthfulness of the little band will be considered no drawback by the readers of this fearsome story of wild animals, Indians and hidden treasure. A story on similar, though less extravagant, lines is *Out on the Llanos* (S.P.C.K.), by Achilles Daunt; it is concerned with juvenile adventures in the wilds of Colombia, S.A.

South Africa and China.

The Boer war is in strong hands. Mr. Henty, Mr. Hayens, and Mr. G. M. Fenn all contribute stories, as our list shows. Nothing at this date, however, need be said about these narratives, which are sufficiently described in their titles and the names of their authors. Captain F. S. Brereton's spirited story, *The Dragon of Pekin* (Blackie), recounts the recent troubles in China; tells how Bob Duncan, the hero, and his friend, Charlie Dashwood, determine to capture one Sung, a rascally Chinaman, who many years ago murdered the latter's father and stole some valuable papers. Unfortunately, while they are engaged in the chase, the Boxers break into open rebellion, and Sung, becoming one of their leaders, captures Bob's father. Meanwhile the hero and his friend have entered the besieged Legations in Pekin, from which they volunteer to carry despatches to Tientsin. On their way they separate, to encounter many adventures, one of which brings Bob very near to death. Mr. G. M. Fenn's story, *Ching the Chinaman* (S.P.C.K.), is less topical, but is full of humour and thrilling adventures. Chinese junks full of cut-throat pirates, plenty of pidgin English, lots of main-deck jokes on H.M.S. Goshawk, and Ching as the ship's guide—these are the fare, and there are more than five hundred pages of it.

Natural History.

Natural history has its own little pile of books. The first volume in Mr. George Allen's "Young England Library" is the Rev. G. M. A. Hewett's *The Open-Air Boy*, and a pleasanter guide to every-day natural history and juvenile sport we have no wish to see. The chapter on "Ratting, Rabbiting, and the Like," will be a joy to boys, though some of their aunts are sure to object to the encouragement given to trapping and catapulting. The author writes from experience, his own open-air accomplishments being of the most varied kind. On page 39 he assures us that he has himself seen an adder take her young into her mouth when danger was near—a point of natural history much in dispute. A book on rather similar lines is Mr. Fred Smith's *The Boyhood of a Naturalist* (Blackie). The author, who has devoted the best energies of his life to the study of Nature, takes the reader with him in the long rambles in which he spent the happiest hours of his boyhood; slipping away, if possible, unobserved from the cricket field, and braving the wrath of his schoolfellows, to wander through field and copse, by stream and hedgerow, a humble observer of the myriad forms of life to which they give shelter. No reader, old or young, can fail to be charmed with the freshness, vivacity, and humour of the narrative. In *The Mighty Deep* (Pearson) Miss Agnes Giberne has given the result of a minute study of the constitution, physical conditions, and various phenomena of the restless ocean, and has explained in lucid terms and in a captivating style the laws which govern wind and water, and the unceasing conflict waged between land and sea. She has not confined her attention to superficial phenomena, but has delved into the depths and has brought up strange creatures from the deep abyss. She illustrates how the ocean has its beauties as well as its terrors, its living flowers and light-giving fish, its monsters, diatoms, and oddities. The book is admirably adapted for the young. In *Lady Lee and Other Animal Stories* (McClurg, Chicago) we follow the career of a beautiful horse, not without being reminded of *Black Beauty*. In the other stories the fortunes and habits of various domestic animals are sketched. The illustrations, which are highly finished photogravures, include a portrait of the lamented Jumbo.

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Literature in 1901.

Some Memories and Impressions.

WHEN the present year opened the literary world was flocking to Her Majesty's Theatre to see Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Herod," and to discuss between the acts the authorship of *An English Woman's Love-Letters*, a book which enjoyed a success of mystery greatly beyond its actual deserts. These were not, however, the only Letters under discussion in January. Prince Bismarck's letters to his wife, and Friederich Nietzsche's Letters were published in Germany.

The *Thrush* began this month its career as a repository of fugitive verse, and *Celtia* arose to tell us that "the Celtic race has unlimited resources of powers and vitality." It must be admitted that these resources have been conspicuous throughout the year, which has seen an advance in the Celtic movement.

London was solemnised by the death of Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London. "He tried to write true history" was the epitaph he desired. Hardly had he been laid to his rest when the serious illness of our beloved Queen Victoria was announced. On Tuesday evening, January 22, the news of the Queen's death was received in London.

The principal books under review in January were Mr. C. Lloyd Morgan's *Animal Behaviour*, Mr. Leslie Stephen's *The English Utilitarians*, a second and revised edition of Mr. J. G. Fraser's *The Golden Bough*, the first volume of Mr. Duncan C. Tovey's edition of *The Letters of Thomas Gray*, and Professor William Knight's *Lord Monboddo and some of his Contemporaries*. To these we must add Mr. W. B. Yeats's long dialogue-poem, *The Shadowy Waters*. Shadowy, dreamlike, and unsubstantial, this poem could appeal only to the few. These were addressed by the poet:

> I have made this poem for you that men may read it
> Before they read of Forgael and Dectora,
> As men in the old times, before the harps began,
> Poured out wine for the high invisible ones.

Meanwhile poetry suffered a loss by the death, at Rome' of Mr. Frederic Myers. By the death of the Rev. H. R. Haweis the literary and artistic world lost a familiar and honoured figure. As the month of gloom went out, Dr. Furnivall, who had attained his seventy-fifth birthday, was the recipient of a striking testimonial in the form of *An English Miscellany*, a volume of essays, to which many scholars contributed.

Mr. Bernard Shaw explained how he came to write plays. His health broke down, and he was too weak to work.

FEBRUARY.

This month opened under an abiding sense of the nation's loss, and a growing interest in the circumstances of the accession of Edward VII. Many elegies on the late Queen were written, those of Mr. Hardy, Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Henley exciting most interest. Nothing better than these lines by Mr. Henley was written:

> Tears for her—tears! Tears and the mighty rites
> Of an everlasting and immense farewell,
> England, green heart of the world, and you,
> Dear demi-Englands, far-away isles of home,
> Where the old speech is native, and the old flag
> Floats, and the old irresistible call,
> The o'er-word of so many ages of years,
> Makes men in love
> With toil for the race, and pain, and peril, and death!
> Tears, and the dread, tremendous dirge
> Of her brooding battleships, and hosts
> Processional, with trailing arm; the plaint—
> Measured, enormous, terrible—of her guns:
> The appalling throb of bells; the blare
> Of mourning trumpets; the discomforting pomp
> Of silent crowds, black streets, and banners-royal
> Obsequious!

The *Empire Review*, a magazine devoted to Imperial interests, was launched by Messrs. Macmillan, and the *New Liberal Review*, edited by Mr. Cecil B. Harmsworth and Mr. Hildebrand A. Harmsworth, also made its appearance. The first number of the latter review contained an important appreciation of Mr. Kipling's verse by Professor Dowden.

As a whole this month was not rich in literary interests, but a few circumstances may be noted. Dr. Joseph Wright succeeded Professor Max Müller in the chair of Comparative Philology at Oxford, and Mr. A. C. Bradley succeeded Professor Courthope in the Chair of Poetry. Dr. Wright, it was announced, had begun to collect phonographic specimens of English dialects in connection with his *English Dialect Dictionary*. Guesses at the authorship of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* continued to amuse the town, and the ACADEMY published an article attempting to show by internal evidence that Mr. Laurence Housman was the author—a suggestion that has never been denied. Mr. Meredith expressed his dislike of "Atkins" as the sobriquet of the British soldier, in these two stanzas published in the *Westminster Gazette*:

> Yonder's the man with his life in his hand,
> Legs on the march for whatever the land,
> Or to the slaughter or to the maiming,
> Getting the dole of a day for pay.
>
> Laurels he clasps in the words "Duty done,"
> England his heart under every sun—
> Exquisite humour! that give him a naming
> Base to the ear as an ass's bray.

The outstanding books of February were Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Three Plays for Puritans*, Mr. W. Ashton Ellis's authorised version of Glaesnapp's *Life of Richard Wagner*, Major Pond's amusing book, *Eccentricities of Genius*; Prof. Dowden's *Puritan and Anglican*, Viscountess Knutsford's *Life and Letters of Zachary Macaulay*. Mr. John Davidson's poetic drama, *Self's the Man*, the third volume of Prof. Gardiner's *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate*, the second volume of the *Encyclopædia Biblica*, Mr. William Heinemann's three-act play, *War*, and Mr. Henry James's curious novel, *The Sacred Fount*. We could not help suggesting that Mr. Henry James was turning his searchlight on himself when he makes one of his characters say to another: "You're carried away—you're abused by a fine fancy: so that, with your art of putting things, one doesn't know where one is—nor, if you'll allow me to say so, do I quite think *you* always do. Of course, I don't deny you're awfully clever. But you build up—you build up houses of cards."

A London morning paper was wiser than it knew in referring to Omar Khayyam's "FitzGerald."

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March.

March came in like a lion, the lion being Mr. Churton Collins. His roar was entitled *Ephemera Critica*, and it was no sooner uttered than the literary arena was filled with dust and shouting. Plain-speaking on the subject of accuracy in critics was followed by plain-speaking on the subject of glass-houses; in short, there was a good healthy scrimmage. Other events were few. The establishment at Colinton of a home for unfortunate authors and artists with the funds generously bequeathed by Sir William Fraser, of Edinburgh, excited considerable interest.

The literary world was amused by the reports of the lengths to which a committee of lady censors had gone in the exclusion of modern novels from the Boston Public Library on faddist grounds. Such stories as Mr. Henry James's *The Two Magics*; Miss Mary E. Wilkins's, *The People of Our Neighbourhood*; and Sir Walter Besant's *The Changeling*, were rejected for frivolous or irrelevant reasons. Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Eleanor* had been ruled out because "girls of to-day would cast about for Manistys, as girls of a bygone day did for Rochesters."

By the death of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, at her home at Otterbourne, near Winchester, the literary world lost a writer supreme in her own sphere. It was recalled how powerfully her early and best novel, *The Heir of Redclyffe*, had affected William Morris and his friends at Oxford in 1853.

Mr. Kipling's new story, *Kim*, was by this time running strongly in *Cassell's Magazine*. In the *Pall Mall Magazine*, Mr. Archer's "Real Conversations" were recognised as new and excellent in journalism. They have been one of the good things of the year.

The chief books of March were: the first three volumes of a new and revised text of Ibsen's prose dramas, under the editorship of Mr. William Archer; a brochure on Lord Macaulay by Professor Jebb; Mr. Churton Collins's *Ephemera Critica*, already mentioned; The Right Hon. Sir Edward Malet's entertaining book of reminiscences; Sir Henry Craik's *A Century of Scottish History*; the Rev. H. C. Beeching's *Two Lectures, Introductory to the Study of Poetry*, and in fiction the very popular *Eben Holden* of Mr. Irving Bacheller. Mention should also be made of Mr. Charles Whittuck's rather remarkable critical study, *The Good Man of the Eighteenth Century*—an original idea worked out with ability.

Mr. George Moore wept over London, and removed his household effects to Dublin. He explained, later, to Mr. Archer, that the moral atmosphere of London was unbearable.

April.

One of the earliest excitements of April was the extraordinary recovery, by Messrs. Agnew, of Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, which had been cut from its frame in Bond Street, and stolen, twenty-five years before. The picture has since been sold to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

Dr. Murray was entertained by the Authors' Club, and delivered himself of some interesting remarks on the work of a lexicographer. The audience relished Dr. Murray's confession that, in consequence of his labours on the *New Oxford Dictionary*, he stood before them almost entirely ignorant of current English literature.

At Messrs. Sotheby's the valuable library of the late Sir William Augustus Fraser, Bart., was dispersed in an eight days' sale.

Three deaths left gaps in different circles. Mr. George M. Smith, the princely publisher of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, passed away at the age of seventy-seven. Keen regret was felt at the death of "W. V.," the little daughter of Mr. William Canton, known to thousands of readers in *W. V.: Her Book* and *The Invisible Playmate*. Dr. Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, died full of years and works. The character of this profound historian was more many-sided than was generally known, and this was brought out in many anecdotes. His caustic wit was recalled in his classic epigram on Froude and Kingsley:

> While Froude instructs the Scottish youth
> That parsons never tell the truth,
> The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
> That history is a pack of lies.
> One plain reflection solves the mystery—
> That Froude thinks Kingsley a divine,
> And Kingsley goes to Froude for history.

The more memorable books of April were: *Ideals in Ireland*, edited by Lady Gregory, and consisting of papers by members of the Gaelic League; Mr. W. D. Howells's *Literary Friends and Acquaintances*; Mr. H. B. Irving's *Studies of French Criminals of the Nineteenth Century*; George Paston's *Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century*; *A Subaltern's Letters to His Wife*, one of the best books on the camp life in the Boer War; Mrs. C. C. Stopes's *Shakespeare's Family*, a work of patient and minute research; Mr. W. J. Stillman's *Autobiography of a Journalist*; Mr. Archibald Stodart-Walker's monograph on Mr. Robert Buchanan; and Mr. W. B. Yeats's new revised edition of his poems. In fiction we had Mrs. Grand's *Babs the Impossible*.

Mr. Philip James Bailey, the author of *Festus*, was once more proved to be alive and well at Nottingham, after a Professor of English Literature had calmly stated that he died in 1856.

May.

The excommunication of Count Tolstoi by the heads of the Greek Church had not ceased to shock his admirers when the Count issued a calm, grave, and fearless reply, in which he said: "I cannot believe otherwise than I do believe at the moment when I am preparing to return to this God from whom I came. . . As for returning to the doctrines from which I emancipated myself at the price of so much suffering, I cannot do so. The bird that has taken its flight can never return to the shell out of which it came."

Grave accounts of the health of Dr. Ibsen, since moderated, gave much concern to his admirers.

Mr. Kipling's suit against Messrs. Putnam's Sons for breach of copyright, which had been in train nearly two years, ended in a verdict for the defendants—a result which had been pretty generally anticipated.

Considerable surprise was felt when it became known that Mr. Murray had transferred his well-known series of topographical handbooks to Mr. Stanford. This famous series was founded by Mr. Murray's father in 1836, and has been consistently developed and improved since. It now includes nearly sixty foreign and home guide-books.

Enter *The Candid Friend*, Mr. Frank Harris's new weekly.

The May picture exhibitions were not strong in literary portraits, but at the New Gallery Mr. John Collier's portrait of Mr. Kipling attracted much attention, and Mr. E. A. Ward's portrait of Mr. Stead was also a good deal noticed. At the Academy there was Mr. Hugh G. Riviere's portrait of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. Hugh de J. Glazebrooke's of Mr. Frankfort Moore.

The proposal was made, and is now being carried out, to erect a memorial to the late Mr. R. D. Blackmore in Exeter Cathedral.

Mrs. Aria's great literary "rally" in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital resulted in *The May Book*, a particularly choice collection of literary and artistic work.

More than ordinary interest was taken in the announcement, by Mr. Dent, of an annotated edition of the complete works of Hazlitt.

The chief books under consideration in May were: *Colloquies of Criticism; or, Literature and Democratic Patron-*

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age, a set of clever conversations on fiction, which turned out to be from the pen of the versatile Mr. Mallock; Alfred Dreyfus's *Five Years of My Life*, a disappointing production; the *Further Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff*, including her curious correspondence with Guy de Maupassant; the rather wearisome and unimportant *Love Letters of Victor Hugo;* Mr. Henry W. Nevinson's *The Plea of Pan;* Mr. Herbert Paul's admirable volume of critical essays, called *Men and Letters;* Mr. Paterson's (Benjamin Swift) philosophical speculations on the existence of evil, called *The Eternal Conflict;* the biography of Mrs. Lynn Linton, by Mr. Layard; and in fiction, "Zack's" *The White Cottage*, and Mrs. E. L. Voynich's *Jack Raymond.*

Contempt for London showed signs of spreading from Mr. George Moore to Mr. W. B. Yeats.

JUNE.

The month opened piquantly with the news that a literary lawsuit, still to be tried, was pending between Mr. Hall Caine and Messrs. Pearson, owing to Messrs. Pearson's refusal to continue the serial publication in *The Lady's Magazine* of Mr. Hall Caine's story, *The Eternal City*, Mr. Caine having refused to delete certain passages which Messrs. Pearson thought unsuitable to their particular class of readers.

At the annual meeting of the Dante Society, Mrs. Craigie gave a lecture on "Dante and Botticelli," in which she said that "with every appreciation for the art of Walter Pater and the enthusiasm of John Addington Symonds, she felt bound to say that both writers had entirely failed to comprehend the Roman Catholic spirit in the Renaissance," supporting her position, of course, by argument.

Mr. Jules Verne began his ninety-ninth book.

The retirement of Sir John Tenniel from *Punch* had taken place in the first week of January, and now a worthy tribute was offered him in the form of a dinner, which was a brilliant success, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Choate, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Birrell, and others being present.

A unique copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress* fetched £1,475 at Sotheby's, given by an American buyer.

By the deaths of Sir Walter Besant and Mr. Robert Buchanan literature suffered two very dissimilar losses. The first left a gap in the organised and prosperous literary life of London; the second is remembered as a literary man of great and varied abilities, in whom volcanic energy and Bohemian easy-goingness alternated. The one had moderate abilities, a great and steady benevolence, and a well-balanced mind; the other had great abilities, much hidden kindliness, and a mercurial temperament. They represented opposite sides of the literary life, and their deaths were announced on the same day.

The more remarkable books under review in this month were: M. Maeterlinck's *The Life of the Bee*, in Mr. Sutro's translation; Mr. Rashleigh Holt White's *Life of Gilbert White of Selborne;* Mr. John Davidson's *The Testament of a Vivisector*, the first of a series of poetical "testaments"; the very amusing reminiscences of George Hodgy, the "Hodgy" of the Turf; Mr. W. J. Courthope's highly academical lectures, *Life in Poetry, Law in Taste;* Mr. J. K. Huysman's life of St. Lydwine le Schiedam; Mr. E. L. S. Horsburgh's *Girolamo Savonarola;* Mr. Meredith's new volume of poems, *A Reading of Life;* and Mr. George Gissing's *By the Ionian Sea*, a book of intimate travel impressions of singular distinction. In fiction, Mr. George Gissing's *The Charlatan*, Mr. Winston Churchill's *The Crisis*, Mr. Neil Munro's *Doom Castle*, and Mr. M. P. Shiel's *The Lord of the Sea.*

In spite of heroic efforts on the part of Dr. Robertson Nicoll and other writers, the two Winston Churchills became mixed in the public mind. Only time can disentangle them completely.

JULY.

A quiet month. The closest of links with Matthew Arnold was broken by the death of his widow. She was Frances Lucy, daughter of the late Sir James Wightman. Three children survive her.

After more than forty years' service in the offices of the Board of Trade, Mr. Austin Dobson resigned his post of Principal of the Fisheries and Harbour Department.

Enter, the *Tatler.*

Enter, the *Connoisseur.*

The chief books were: Mr. Andrew Lang's *Magic and Religion*; Sir Walter J. Sendall's complete edition of Calverley; Vol. I. of Dr. George Brandes' *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*; Count Lützow's translation of *The Labyrinth of the World*, by the seventeenth century Bohemian writer, Komensky; and, in fiction, John Oliver Hobbes's *The Serious Wooing*, Mr. George Moore's *Sister Teresa*, and *The Inheritor*, a clever satirical allegory by Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer.

Mr. Kipling was with the Fleet.

AUGUST.

The seaside month passed very quietly in London. The death of the Empress Frederick aroused in England much sympathy.

Mr. Hall Caine's novel, *The Eternal City*, enjoyed a "boom," despite the opinion expressed by one literary gossiper that "it requires positive courage to say an appreciative word concerning Mr. Caine in a literary club to-day."

An exhibition of relics and MSS. of the Alfred period was opened at the British Museum in anticipation of the Winchester celebrations.

Among the books of this month may be noted Vols. III. and IV. of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's *A History of the Four Georges and William IV.;* Mr. T. Sturge Moore's very promising poetic tragedy, *Aphrodite against Artemis;* Prof. Skeat's valuable *Notes on English Etymology;* Mr. Meredith Townsend's *Asia in Europe;* and, in fiction, Mr. Anthony Hope's *Tristram of Blent* and Mr. Eden Phillpott's volume of Dartmoor stories called *The Striking Hours.*

Mr. W. J. Howells made the discovery that "many people read books in the fear of being found out not to have read them."

SEPTEMBER.

This month was clouded by the tragic death of President McKinley. In the literary world there was very little activity. July, August, and September are fallow months of the literary year. Would these were all! Throughout the month the distant roar of the "autumn season" could be heard. We believe that some publishers have since realised that the time allotted to active publication this autumn has been rather short.

The Bookman completed the first ten years of its life.

The month produced Mr. Samuel Cowan's *Mary Queen of Scots;* Vol. III. of Mr. John Beattie Crozier's *History of Intellectual Development;* Mr. E. A. Bennett's interesting critical examination of current fiction, entitled *Fame and Fiction: An Enquiry Into Certain Popularities;* Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham's characteristic book on the Jesuit rule in South America, *A Vanished Arcadia;* and, in fiction, *Sir Richard Calmady.*

A well-known novelist declared: "There has never been a really good English novel written; they are all simply about classes, not about humanity."

OCTOBER

Brought with it the announcements of publishers. These were classified in our issue of October 5, and we remarked that, though the harvest was plenteous, books of compel-

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ling and obvious importance did not seem to be more numerous than usual. We believe that the experience of the present season will lead many publishers to consider seriously whether their own interests and those of literature are served by what has come to be almost a one-season system of publishing. The restoration of the spring publishing season to something like its olden importance would be welcomed, we feel sure, by booksellers, critics, and the best classes of readers.

The first important literary event of the month was the publication of Mr. Kipling's *Kim*. The critics differed considerably in their estimates of this book, some finding it rather formless, but others were content to see in it a kinematograph of the Indian people. Whatever judgment may be passed on *Kim* as a whole, there is no doubt of the splendour of many passages.

In oritical work Mr. William Archer took the honours of October with his *Poets of the Younger Generation*, a conscientious but not unified survey of thirty-three living poets.

Mr. John Morley delivered a fine address at Manchester on Mr. Gladstone, to whose *Life* he is devoting his best energies.

A striking memorial of Mr. Ruskin was created by the gift of Mr. Henry Willett to the Ashmolean Natural History Society of Oxfordshire of a piece of wild ground, to be known as "The Ruskin Plot." The plot consists of woodland, marsh, and water, and it is to be kept for all time as an asylum for wild creatures.

The study of Dante has been noticeably vigorous during the year, many critical works and texts having appeared. Among seventy new members added to the Dante Society were H.R.H. the Duke of Abruzzi, Count Costa, Count Plunkett, Lord Windsor, Mr. Choate, the Archbishop of Armagh, Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, Mr. Paget Toynbee, Mr. Asquith, and Prof. Saintsbury. The Dante cult was never more prosperous than now.

The rumours of Dr. Ibsen's serious illness were partly allayed by the announcement, on the authority of Mr. William Archer, that, so far from being *in extremis*, Ibsen is "able to take daily drives, and is in very fair health for a man of his years." Nevertheless, the alarmist accounts have recently been revived in some quarters.

Among books of the month were: Mr. H. Fielding's *The Hearts of Men*, an original inquiry into faith and conduct through the religions of the East; the *Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget*; D'Annunzio's play, *Gioconda*, translated by Mr. Arthur Symons; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Vivian's *The Romance of Religion*; Mr. Ernest Fletcher's valuable addition to our knowledge of that great talker, James Northcote; Mr. Andrew Lang's *The Mystery of Mary Stuart*; and last, not least, Mr. Graham Balfour's *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*. In fiction we had Mr. W. W. Jacobs's very amusing and already greatly successful *Light Freights*; and Mr. Maurice Hewlett's *New Canterbury Tales*.

A German translator rendered "Vengeance is mine; I will repay" in Count Tolstoi's inscription to *Anna Karénina*: "Revenge is sweet; I play the ace."

NOVEMBER.

This has been a great year for Count Tolstoi. His illness, his excommunication, and his continued activity have kept him in a strong light. Two new collected editions of his works have been undertaken by Mr. Heinemann and Mr. Grant Richards, and the issue of both editions has begun. Mr. Heinemann's translator is Mrs. Garnett, who has been the best interpreter of Turgenev to English readers.

Enter *Samhain*, the organ of the Irish Literary Theatre.

Considerable interest was taken in the Unit System of publishing which is about to be tried in this country by Mr. Howard Wilford Bell. By the "unit" system the price of a book is regulated by its size. Thus a unit is twenty-five pages, and the price per unit ½d. or 2d. per 100 pages. The paper cover will cost 1d. in addition to the cost of the total number of units, the cloth binding will be 5d. additional, the leather binding 10d. additional. The price of the single volume, therefore, will be regulated by the number of units it contains.

Something has been heard of the introduction of the "big circulation" from America by the sale of books in stores and drapery shops, and their advertisement on a scale not hitherto tried in this country.

The year has seen a renewal of interest in Samuel Richardson, and on November 20 a bust of "the father of the English novel" was unveiled in the St. Bride's Institute by Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins.

The last week of the month was troubled by Mr. W. E. Henley's remarkably outspoken article on Robert Stevenson in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. In it Mr. Henley has acted as the *advocatus diaboli* of Stevenson's fame, opposing himself to those who have inclined to canonise his friend. A hot discussion has followed, in which Mr. Henley has been roundly lectured by many defenders of Stevenson. Mr. Sidney Colvin has expressed his intention of replying to Mr. Henley, and Mr. Henley himself has said that he may one day return to the subject. At present the situation may be described as one of great soreness.

The month was rich in interesting books. We had: Dr. Richard Garnett's *Essays of an Ex-Librarian*; the vivid *Letters* of John Richard Green; Mr. Samuel Butler's *Erewhon Revisited*; Mr. Edmund Gosse's "ironic fantasy," *Hypolmpia*; M. René Vallery-Radot's *Life of Pasteur*; Mr. Frederic Harrison's *George Washington and Other American Addresses*; the eighth edition of Mr. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*, with a new "summary of the argument"; Mr. Henley's new volume of poems, *Hawthorn and Lavender*; Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Poems of the Past and Present*; Mr. H. G. Wells's remarkable book—the most original book of the year—*Anticipations*; the *Life of Lord Russell of Killowen*; and "Linesman's" very memorable *Words by an Eye-Witness: The Struggle in Natal*. At the close of a year of anonymity mysteries the identity of "Linesman" is exciting much curiosity. We have heard his book fathered on Mr. Kipling! To the foregoing must be added Mr. Lang's *Alfred Tennyson*; Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson's *Dreams and their Meanings*; Mr. George Bourne's *The Bettesworth Book*, being "talks with a Surrey peasant," a document of singular interest; and Mr. G. K. Chesterton's luxuriantly clever book of essays, *The Defendant*.

In fiction we had in November Mr. Hichens's *The Prophet of Berkeley Square*; Mr. Weyman's *Count Hannibal*; Mr. Neil Munro's *The Shoes of Fortune*; "Zack's" *Tales of Dunstable Weir*; Mr. Gilbert Parker's *Right of Way*; Mr. Wells's *The First Men in the Moon*; and Mr. George Douglas's *The House with the Green Shutters*. The last-named novel has at once attracted wide attention by its almost Zolaesque treatment of Scottish life in contrast with that of the romantic "Kail Yard" school. The presentation to English readers of Maxime Gorki, the Russian "tramp novelist," has been a feature of the year. His novel, *Foma Gordyeef*, is still under review.

Many matters of interest have necessarily dropped through the meshes of this survey. The completion, for example, of Mr. Murray's definitive edition of Byron's *Letters*, edited with complete success by Mr. Rowland E. Protheroe, is a matter for congratulation; also the completion of the Supplementary Volumes of the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

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The Old Quest.

If this world does not end in a cataclysm, the last man will probably spend his last day seated on a mountain-top, explaining his theological views to the craters. That is, on the supposition that the bent of his mind will be metaphysical, and there is every reason to suppose that it will be so. The last dexterity quieted by Nature will be man's interpretation of the riddle of existence. In the incaculable number of bricks brought to this soaring edifice of human ingenuity (interstellar space would not hold its towers), one deduction is self-evident—the value of any contribution lies in the sincerity, the heart, and the brain-power of the individual offering it. We will take as an example the effect on an anonymous writer in a morning newspaper, and on an ex-Ambassador, of reading the *Rubaiyat*. Here, in parallel columns, are the contributions of the *Standard* and of Mr. John Hay:

The *Standard*.	Mr. Hay.
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Being a reprint of the first translation by Edward FitzGerald . . . A quaint volume, which will give young people a fair idea of the wealth of diction of Eastern poets.	The many cannot but resent that air of lofty intelligence, that pale and subtle smile. But he will hold a place for ever among that limited number who, like Lucretius and Epicurus—without rage or defiance, even without unbecoming mirth—look deep into the tangled mysteries of things; refuse credence to the absurd, and allegiance to arrogant authority; sufficiently conscious of fallibility to be tolerant of all opinions; with a faith too wide for doctrine, and a benevolence untrammelled by creed; too wise to be wholly poets, and yet too surely poets to be implacably wise.

There you have two minds working upon the same material—and the results. In this case the ore that is cast into the crucible is of a definite and concrete kind, but when the ores are compounded of nothing less than as much of the Eternal Verities as man can envisage, the result is apt to be received with suspicion by those who have their own ideas on such subjects. It is not easy to put the Eternal Verities into a corked bottle. Nor is it altogether wise to make a book of one's gropings through speculative theology that have led to an apparent resting place. Some readers may be edified and helped, but the many will receive the confession with grave reproach, if not with active hostility. How hard it is for those who have accepted the precepts of a particular belief to sympathise with those who have not accepted them. Of Mr. Fielding's sincere and deeply religious book, *The Hearts of Men*, the *Spectator* permitted itself to say: "It is difficult to write coolly of such a repulsive cult as Mr. Fielding dignifies by the name of religion;" and another journal, also the organ of a denomination, spoke of the volume as "a book that cannot possibly be regarded as a serious contribution to religious thought."

We have been led to these remarks through finding in three books that have recently been published, chapters wherein the authors, pursuing the old quest, offer to the world their conclusions. The pilgrims are Mr. Birrell, Mr. Wells, and the late Mr. Max Müller: the books are called *Miscellanies*, *Anticipations*, and *Last Essays*. Mr. Birrell is the sage of the present moment; Mr. Wells of a hundred years hence; Mr. Max Müller of some thousands of years ago. Mr. Birrell has the legal mind, plus humour, and a love of literature and good writing. He is one of the most attractive essayists of the day, and we would not have him changed. The essays in this volume are all stimulating, and whether he is writing on "John Wesley" or on "What Happened at the Reformation," there is not a dull page. But Mr. Birrell has the legal mind and the lawyer's disinclination to say "Yes, a spade is a spade!" In the paper called "Christian Evidences," with which we are concerned just now, it is impossible to say that at any given place Mr. Birrell is speaking in his own person. No doubt he is playfully in earnest when he writes that the Christian religion is closely bound up with our admirable Common Law, with our educational system, so admirably well-adapted (in the opinion of the rich) to make the poor contented with their lot; but Mr. Birrell would not dream of saying anything so naughty in his own person. Oh, no! He prefaces the statement with the remark that there are many well-credited citizens who would not scruple to say so. The paper is bright and buoyant. Its very irresponsibility belies any idea of irreverence. It is like the speech of a genial orator with a digestion so admirable, and a majority so unassailable, that the most profound subjects become merely a little more important than luncheon, and a little less important than dinner. "Prove the Gospel miracles," cries this light-hearted pilgrim, "and then you have simply *got* to believe in the whole cycle of Christian doctrine. You cannot help it. You may believe and tremble, as do the devils; or you may believe and rejoice, as do the saints. But believe you must."

Mr. Birrell prattles on prettily. "It is now thought, and even felt, to be indelicate to drag dogmas down into the arena of strife," but "no man is going to be put off his faith in God on account of a Gadarene swine." True. Then Mr. Birrell leads you to what he calls "the starting-point in the race for faith," fires the pistol, and while you are stumbling along the course he proceeds to announce a short cut in these words:

> You believe in Conscience, "the aboriginal vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings;" but Conscience not only makes cowards of us all, but theists of a good many. Whence came this love of justice "dwelling between the endless jar of right and wrong"? From believing in Conscience you come to believe in God. Believing in God, you chance one day to recognise in the reported words of Jesus the notes of Deity. Never man spoke like this Man. You believe Christ to be Divine. Believing Him to be Divine, it is impossible to believe that—
>
> Far hence He lies
> In the lone Syrian town,
> And on His grave with shining eyes
> The Syrian stars look down.
>
> No; He rose from the dead, not because to rise from the dead is a convincing thing to do, but because, being Divine, He could not do otherwise. Had He not risen, He would not have been God. Having risen, it seems to follow, as the night the day, that the Spirit of God should remain upon the earth God had visited, to work upon the hearts of men all down the ages.

How simple!

Mr. Wells is serious, if not very convincing, in the last chapter of his *Anticipations*, wherein he considers the faith and morals of the men of the New Republic one hundred years hence. Quite inevitably, he says, they will be religious men. They will believe in God, but they will presume to no possibility of knowledge "of the real being of God." It will be a world without doubts, without sentiment, without pity. Men will deal "simply and logically not only with the business of death, but with birth." Everything will be reduced to one dull utilitarian level. The men of the New Republic will not indulge in any "defective claptrap" like "that something, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness."

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It will be a world for the capable.

> And for the rest, those swarms of black, and brown, and dirty-white, and yellow people, who do not come into the new needs of efficiency? Well, the world is a world, not a charitable institution, and I take it they will have to go. The whole tenor and meaning of the world, as I see it, is that they have to go. So far as they fail to develop sane, vigorous, and distinctive personalities for the great world of the future, it is their portion to die out and disappear. The world has a purpose greater than happiness; our lives are to serve God's purpose, and that purpose aims not at man as an end, but works through him to greater issues.

"Our lives are to serve God's purpose." Well, the New Man who, according to Mr. Wells, "will presume to no possibility of knowledge of the real being of God," appears to have made up his mind as to what His purpose is pretty conclusively. In the history of the world it is curious how often the purpose and will of God has coincided with the purpose and the will of man. In that respect the New Man is much like the Old. Perhaps Mr. Wells will oblige us with the date when Present Man will cease to think that it is a better thing that the People of the Abyss should "go" than that they should be succoured. Loving the Brotherhood may be a surer way of understanding the will of God than Mr. Wells's "spacious scheme" for the "elaboration of that future world state to which all things are pointing." And it will be a long time before the millions whose place is something between the People of the Abyss and the Elect of the New Republic will cease to find meaning and consolation in the feeling expressed in Matthew Arnold's well known lines:

> But at the end, to her pure soul
> All tie with all beside seem'd vain and cheap,
> And union before God the only care.

Possibly Mr. Wells would also call that "defective claptrap!"

Mr. Max Müller looks before and after. The last article in his *Last Essays* is called "Is Man Immortal?"—"a fitting farewell," in his son's words, "to the world which he was always trying to instruct and improve." For Mr. Max Müller's argument we must refer our readers to the book. It is distinguished by patience, humility, and a wide sympathy. His happy belief was "that it will be with the soul hereafter as it has been here, and that the soul, after its earthly setting, will rise again, much as it rose here."

We end by copying out the conclusion of Mr. Max Müller's question. It is one man's view, but it is the view of one who looked deep into the "tangled mysteries of things," and found his answer not in "arrogant authority," not in any special revelation to any race, but in the perpetual revelation that always has been, always is, upspringing in the hearts of men.

> Our soul here may be said to have risen without any recollection of itself and of the circumstances of its former existence. It may not even recollect the circumstances of its first days on earth, but it has within it the consciousness of its eternity, and the conception of a beginning is as impossible for it as that of an end, and if souls were to meet again hereafter as they met in this life, as they loved in this life, without knowing that they had met and loved before, would the next life be so very different from what this life has been here on earth—would it be so utterly intolerable and really not worth living? Personally I must confess to one small weakness. I cannot help thinking that the souls towards whom we feel drawn in this life are the very souls whom we knew and loved in a former life, and that the souls who repel us here, we do not know why, are the souls that earned our disapproval, the souls from which we kept aloof, in a former life. But let that pass as what others have a perfect right to call it—a mere fancy. Only let us remember that if our love is the love of what is merely phenomenal, the love of the body, the kindness of the heart, the vigour and wisdom of the intellect, our love is the love of changing and perishable things, and our soul may have to grope in vain among the shadows of the dead. But if our love, under all its earthly aspects, was the love of the true soul, of what is immortal and divine in every man and woman, that love cannot die, but will find once more what seems beautiful, true, and lovable in worlds to come as in worlds that have passed. This is very old wisdom, but we have forgotten it. Thousands of years ago an Indian sage, when parting from his wife, told her in plain words: "We do not love the husband in the husband, nor the wife in the wife, nor the children in the children. What we love in them, what we truly love in everything, is the eternal âtman, the immortal self," and, as we should add, the immortal God, for the immortal self and the immortal God must be one.

These are days of freedom. We can choose the freedom that is weariness, or we can choose that service which is perfect freedom, going about our work, as Pater said of Leonardo da Vinci, like men "upon some secret errand," meeting the last event

> After the high Roman fashion,
> And make death proud to take us.

Things Seen.

With the Demonstrators.

Early in the afternoon the streets that converge upon the Park were expectant and anxious—expectant as regards the sightseers, anxious as regards the police inspectors: sallow men, quiet but watchful, who moved to and fro, murmuring instructions to subordinates. The atmosphere was charged with excitement; the dwindling traffic gave to the streets an air of unusualness, and over all brooded the oppression of a sunless, Sunday winter afternoon in London. There was something of menace, too. For a mob is capable of anything, and this mob would number many thousands.

I saw it first in Pall Mall, surging towards where I stood, sombre, save for the gaudy banners bobbing and swaying above the heads. A mob in the aggregate may seem alarming, but the unit is trivial. No self-conscious man ever took part in a procession without feeling ridiculous. Particularly is this so with him who supports a banner pole. He has nothing to do but to hold the banner aloft for the edification of the onlooker. And the onlooker at a demonstration is often critical, sometimes contemptuous, and always amused. The staggering supporter of a banner that depicts, in garish colours, a scene from Scriptural history, or a melodramatic warning to the drunkard, may regard the smile of amusement from the club windows of Pall Mall or St. James's Street with complacence, but it must be hard for him to witness the smiles of his inactive fellow-demonstrators. The banner-holder must have something of the heroic in him. That I learned when I joined the deputation from the "United Order of Total Abstinent Sons of the Phœnix," and marched with them, under their banner, through the packed streets. Every face of the thousands of faces that lined the route wore its particular smile of amused superiority. They may all have been sympathisers with the demonstration, but unless you are actually demonstrating you stand detached on a higher plane. The Court is watching the mumming of the Court servants. It was my first experience as a demonstrator, and though the Sons of the Phœnix began by replying to the witticisms of the crowd, by the time we reached Hyde Park fatigue had done its work, and to the boy who, pointing to our banner (it was torn and in holes), cried: "Hi! which of you was hungry when you came out?" they made no reply.

All sense of individuality had long left me. The aspect of life was entirely changed. The world had become a

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mob that had no outskirts, with a few trees and a sky overhead. On either side it surged. There was nothing to be seen but faces, pinched, curious, and amused, and ahead the narrow way that was made for us to pass along. We moved forward automatically, without speech, and certainly without enthusiasm. The only diversion was a hawker who suggested that I should buy a coloured picture called "Let 'em All Come!" representing a belligerent lion trampling on the prostrate body of Mr. Kruger, and, concurrently, gnawing a Chinaman. This was one penny. With the other hand, for the same sum, the hawker offered me a rosette, with the remark that they were "good old Buller's colours." But ere I had time to refuse he was gone, like a ship in the night. On we marched, our banners waving. Whither? Nobody quite knew, except that our destination was one of the six platforms. But we never found the platforms, for when we had surmounted the upland that overlooks the Serpentine we were confronted by a cordon of mounted policemen barring the road. The banners in front swayed, staggered, stopped, and we did likewise. Those behind closed up, and in a moment banner-holders, demonstrators, and onlookers were wedged together in a mighty swaying mass. We could not advance, we could not retire, but we could go sideways; and sideways we went, scattering like an army in a panic. Then followed what to a spectator newly come upon the scene must have been a strange phenomenon. High above that huge, leaderless mob waved the banners, looking, in the gathering darkness, like the outstretched wings of great birds. They moved hither and thither, trying various trails that might lead them to the platforms, and as they turned now to the right, now to the left, now doubling in their steps, the crowd followed, making wild rushes like silly sheep. That part of the park is crossed and recrossed by railings, and to see some thousands of people rise almost at the same moment, clamber over a railing, drop down the other side, run a few yards, and then return and repeat the operation —why, it made demonstrating quite worth the doing.

The evening drew in, the mist began to rise, and still those banners waved aloft in their forlorn quest. I know not if any Sons of the Phœnix, any of the Foresters with axes in their hands, any of the active youths who carried money boxes labelled "Memorial to General Buller," ever found the platforms. Thousands, like myself, certainly did not. Slowly the waving banners lost their power to beckon. An alternative, to go home, spread like Rumour, and soon the demonstrators were following one another to the roads. On the way I saw the one man who was not in a hurry. He was leaning against a lamp-post, and as the demonstrators streamed past him, he kept repeating, in a genial voice, "God bless you all!" He was not quite sober.

Favourite Books of 1901.

Some Readers.

In accordance with our custom, we sent last week to a number of well-known men and women a request that they would name the two books which, during the past year, they have read with most interest and pleasure. A large number of replies have already been received, some of which we print below.

The Bishop of London.

Rigg's *Anselm of Canterbury.*
Bishop's *The Yangtze Valley and Beyond.*

The Lord Mayor.

The History of Sir Richard Calmady.
The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen.

Lord Glenesk.

Kipling's *Kim.*
Bagot's *Casting of Nets.*

Sir Charles Dilke.

In past years it has happened that I have been able to name two books that have "pleased and interested" me, by calling in the foreigners. This time the only book I wish to name is English. The non-American parts of *The Naulahka* had hitherto lived for me as the writing which brought back India. *Kim* has the same charm and power, and involves a wider pageant.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton.

During the past year my reading (until the appearance of Mr. George Meredith's splendid volume of poems, and Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Poems of the Past and the Present*) has been confined almost entirely to books on natural science—books which, as I get older, have a growing interest for me; so I have no opinion whatever to offer as to which books in pure literature published in 1901 are the most deserving of praise. I have, however, read two stories with very great interest and pleasure—John Oliver Hobbes's brilliant novel *A Serious Wooing*, and a lovely little Irish story called *The Wooing of Sheila*, by Grace Rhys—a writer whose name, I think, is almost unknown. At present I have not been able to take up either of the two books which seem to have attracted the most attention during the year—Lucas Malet's *Sir Richard Calmady*; Mr. Hall Caine's *Eternal City.*

Sir Douglas Straight.

Lord Russell of Killowen's Biography.
Sir Richard Calmady.

Archdeacon Sinclair.

Bernard Holland's *Imperium et Libertas.*
Reginald Blomfield's *Short History of Renaissance Architecture in England.*

Professor Skeat.

My business is to explore old authors; and for this particular purpose new books afford small help.

Mr. Arthur W. Pinero.

George S. Layard's *Life of Mrs. Lynn Linton.*
R. Barry O'Brien's *Life of Lord Russell of Killowen.*

Mr. Herbert Beerbohm-Tree.

I must confess that I have not had leisure to read any new book during the present year.

Mr. Edmund Gosse.

Of recent English books those which seem to have interested me most are:—Mr. Hardy's *Poems of the Past and of the Present*, and Mr. Wells's *Anticipations.*

Mr. F. J. Furnivall.

I hardly ever get time to read a new book. Of the very few I have read, I think highest of G. M. Trevelyan's *England in the Age of Wycliffe*, second edition, 1901, and Professor G. C. Macaulay's edition of Gower's *Vox Clamantis*; but Boas's edition of Kyd's Works is a first-rate bit of work.

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Dr. Richard Garnet.

Letters of John Richard Green.
Bernard Holland's *Imperium et Libertas.*

Mr. R. Whiteing.

Sorry to say I have read but little during the period, and little of that of moment, with one or two exceptions it would be unfair to name.

Mr. Frederic Harrison.

The Dictionary of National Biography. Three vols. Supplementary edition.
Maurice Hewlett's *The New Canterbury Tales.*

Mr. Oscar Browning.

Rudyard Kipling's *Kim.*
Byron's Letters. New edition.

Mr. Augustus Jessop.

Frank T. Bullen's *A Sack of Sharings.*
Letters of John R. Green.

Dr. Joseph Parker.

In fiction : *The Master Christian* and
The Eternal City.

The Revd. Father Ignatius

Has not liked any of the new books this year (he has read), but he admired some very grand passages in Mr. Hall Caine's *Eternal City.*

Mr. Stephen Gwynn.

Sir Richard Calmady and *The Shadowy Waters* (if that comes in). Perhaps *Kim* should figure; but it was less novel, less of an addition.

Mr. Laurence Binyon.

George Santayana's *Poetry and Religion.*
T. S. Moore's *Aphrodite Against Artemis.*

Mr. Arthur Symons.

W. B. Yeats's *The Shadowy Waters.*
George Moore's *Sister Teresa.*

Mr. Wm. M. Rossetti.

W. J. Stillman's *Autobiography of a Journalist.*
Lord Rosebery's *Napoleon : the Last Phase.*

"Ian Maclaren."

Kim, and Gore's *Body of Christ.*

Mr. W. B. Yeats.

Binyon's *Odes,* because of the poem in it about Tristram and Iseult, which seems to me perhaps the most noble and pathetic love poem on an old theme written in my time; and Sturge Moore's *Aphrodite Against Artemis,* which is powerful, with a beautful constrained passion. I have read only one other book published during the year, but cannot think, from what I hear, that had I read many I would have thought otherwise.

Mr H. C. Beeching.

Dr. Moberly's *Atonement and Personality.*
Mr. Kipling's *Kim.*

Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll.

I think the two books which have most pleased and interested me during the year are *Kim* and the first volume of *Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature.* I was very much interested in *Sir Richard Calmady,* but it can scarcely be called a pleasing book.

Mr. Sidney Webb.

H. G. Wells's *Anticipations.*
Dr. A. Rabagliati's *Aphorisms, Definitions, Reflections, and Paradoxes.*

Mr. F. C. Burnand.

Difficult to make a summary of year's books, and to select. Mr. Jacobs's *Many Cargoes* has pleased me most, as far as I can recollect; but interested me—well, *The Life of Sir Charles Russell,* i.e., *Lord Killowen,* without doubt.

Mrs. Craigie.

Thomas Hardy's *Poems.*
Viscount St. Cyres' *François de Fénelon.*
Frank Norris's *The Octopus.*

"Lucas Malet."

Rudyard Kipling's *Kim,* and
Herbert Trench's *Deridre Wed and other Poems.*

Miss Katherine Tynan.

I read very few new books in 1901, but two in which I was much interested occur to me at the moment. They are Miss Julia Crotty's *The Lost Land* and Mr. Barry O'Brien's *Life of Lord Russell of Killowen.*

Miss M. E. Braddon.

For novels in 1901, of which I read very few, I would name Arthur Morrison's *Cunning Murrell* and Maxwell Gray's *Four-Leaved Clover.*

"Rita."

Anonymous's *Shams,* and
Hall Caine's *The Eternal City.*

Mr. Maurice Hewlett.

Andrew Lang's *The Mystery of Mary Stuart.*
A. E. W. Mason's *Clementina.*

Mr. H. G. Wells.

I know not which two of these three :
W. E. Henley's *Hawthorn and Lavender.*
G. Archdall Reid's *Alcoholism.*
G. B. Shaw's *Three Plays for Puritans.*

Mr. C. F. Keary.

G. Gissing's *Our Friend the Charlatan.*
Mrs. Clifford's *A Woman Alone.*

"Benjamin Swift."

Alfred Hodder's *The Adversaries of the Sceptic.*
Komensky's *Labyrinth of the World.* Lützow's Translation.

Mr. Bernard Capes.

Of the few I have read, decidedly Lord St. Cyres' *Fénelon* and Mr. Henley's *Hawthorn and Lavender.*

Mr. Max Pemberton.

Tales from Tolstoi.
W. W. Jacobs's *Light Freights*

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Dr. J. Clifford.

Adolf Harnack's *What is Christianity?*
James Moffatt's *The Historical New Testament.*

Mr. F. Bullen.

With much regret and some shame-facedness I confess that I haven't read any new books this year except *Kim*, in which I took the very keenest possible delight. I did try to read two or three of the much advertised and tremendously successful (in a financial way) books of recent publication, but found them such unutterable twaddle that I gave them up, and fell back on Dickens and Thackeray, as usual.

Mr. E. V. Lucas.

Mr. Hardy's *Poems of the Past and Present.*
Dictionary of National Biography. Supplement.

Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry.

Sir Edward Malet's *Shifting Scenes.*
Dean Hole's *Then and Now.*

Mr. Clement K. Shorter.

If by the two best books of the year you mean by *new* authors, then I name (1) George Douglas's *The House With the Green Shutters*; (2) Lady Ilchester's *Lady Sarah Lennox.* If by authors of established reputation, (1) Lucas Malet's *Sir Richard Calmady*; (2) Dr. Gardiner's *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, 1654-56.*

Mr. Geo. R. Sims.

The House With the Green Shutters.
Despair's Last Journey.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan.

In poetry: Mr. Henley's *Hawthorn and Lavender.*
In fiction: Mr. Shan Bullock's *Irish Pastorals.*

Mr. Robert Blatchford.

R. B. Suthers' *A Man, a Woman, and a Dog.*
George Haw's *To-day's Work.*

Mr. Max Beerbohm.

If in 1901 the firstlings of only two among my personal friends had been shown to the public, I should be yielding as gladly as anyone else to your annual temptation. But this has been a *wanderjahr* for my personal friends, in that no fewer than six of them have "commenced author." The pleasure of awarding two wreaths is not so keen as the pain of inflicting four wounds. So you will excuse me.

Mr. Arthur Waugh.

Professor Courthope's *Life in Poetry, Law in Taste.*
Andrew Lang's *Alfred Tennyson.*

Mr. Clarence Ro o.

H. G. Wells's *Anticipations.*
Frank Norris's *The Octopus.*

The Tedium of Irreverence.

When we were fifteen how good the *Ingoldsby Legends* were!—the last word in broad fun, in rounded expletive (this side profanity), in high spirits, in genial mockery. We remember posing a clerical master, who pointed out their unsuitability for Sunday afternoon reading, by remarking innocently that a clergyman had written them—a challenge he preferred not to take up; and we read on unhindered.

But now? It would be a very dull Sunday that would drive Ingoldsby into our hands, and we have discovered that they do not bear the maturer scrutiny. The fact is, Barham is not good enough. As one grows older one requires some penetration of the surface even from a comic rhymester, and Barham effects none. He remains outside everything with a persistence probably unequalled by any writer who has stood equally the test of time. And that Barham has stood the test of time, for sixty years at any rate, is proved by this edition in Mr. Grant Richards's World's Classics—a popularity genuine enough in its way, and to be accounted for by the fact that schoolboys read books, and that many men remain schoolboys.

The chief point in the indictment of Barham is his want of reverence. A man must have reverence for something, or he becomes a bore; and we cannot find what it is that Barham thought lovely and of good report. A whole long book of irreverent japes can be the most tiring thing in literature. Barham was the first of the "funny men," in the sense in which Arnold used the term when he spoke of the funny man as being America's "national calamity." His treatment of death—in "The Knight and the Lady," for example, and "The Lay of St. Gengulphus"—makes him the ancestor of Max Adeler and Mark Twain, and all the other comic writers to whom death has equally been a joke. When one is at school, and immortal, death can be treated thus and excite no resentment. But after a while, when one has met death—when one has begun to die—one recoils from this kind of levity. Barham is full of it.

His treatment of other people's religion is equally jocular and flippant. To be a Roman Catholic was to Barham, the Minor Canon of St. Paul's, as it had been to Southey, the *Quarterly* reviewer and Churchman, some years before, the height of ludicrousness. A Roman Catholic is always fair game; while to Barham such amusing small fry as Quakers and Methodists existed, of course, only to be pilloried. To group Southey with Barham as wanting altogether in reverence would be absurd; Southey had a mind capable of nobility. But in this matter of ridiculing Rome he had certainly set a fashion which Barham afterwards extended more humorously. Personally we do not mind in the least; religions, if they are worth anything, can take care of themselves. The only point which we wish to make is that Barham's want of reverence becomes wearisome. Reverence is necessary.

Another verity which these Legends illustrate is the value of form. For a while a man may throw the reins on Pegasus's neck, but he must not do it too often. Barham's irregular metres and hand-to-mouth rhyming scheme are immoderately tiring after a while. We long for severe limits and obedience to some law. But irreverence and lawlessness are natural companions. Not but that an occasional exercise in happy-go-lucky verse is unamusing: it is the continual repetition that wears one's nerves. Barham did not stop at looseness of form; he went on to looseness of narrative. Such a digression as this, for example (which in the present edition is erroneously printed), simply makes one's head ache:

All *Preux Chevaliers*, in friendly rivalry
Who should best bring back the glory of Chi-valry.—

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—(Pray be so good, for the sake of my song,
To pronounce here the ante-penultimate long;
Or some hyper-critic will certainly cry,
"The word 'Chivalry' is but a rhyme to the eye."
And I own it is clear A fastidious ear
Will be, more or less, always annoy'd with you when you in-
-sert any rhyme that's not perfectly genuine.
As to pleasing the "eye," 'Tisn't worth while to try,
Since Moore and Tom Campbell themselves admit
"Spinach
Is perfectly antiphonetic to Greenwich.")—

We can be amused by such asides once, but when repeated continually they are (after the teens) past bearing.

But we must be fair. Granting his lawlessness of form and his want of reverence, Barham did some very clever and adroit things, and some impressive things, too. If we had to pick out one of these Legends as best of all, we should, we think, point to "The Execution"; for there Barham's most successful exercise in serious interlude is to be found, allied to his usual high spirits and comic resource. The whole is a very successful piece of grotesque art. As a sustained humorous effort, uninjured, as are too many of the Legends, by discursiveness and topical allusion, we should name "The Jackdaw of Rheims" as perhaps the best; and popular opinion, we fancy, would be with us. In another vein "The Truants" is very happy, and it shows its author as a wit to better advantage than do the usual quips of his pen. In sustained gruesomeness, done lightly, "Hamilton Tighe" would be hard to beat, and the conclusion of it has a certain quality of eeriness comparable to the dark horrors of *Admiral Guinea*, and Old Pew's grim memory in *Treasure Island*. Barham never, in pure narrative, did anything better than these lines:

There's an old Yellow Admiral living at Bath,
As grey as a badger, as thin as a lath;
And his very queer eyes have such very queer leers,
They seem to be trying to peep at his ears.
That old Yellow Admiral goes to the Rooms,
And he plays long whist, but he frets and he fumes,
For all his Knaves stand upside down,
And the Jack of Clubs does nothing but frown:
And the Kings, and the Aces, and all the best trumps
Get into the hands of the other old frumps;
While, close to his partner, a man he sees
Counting the tricks with his head on his knees.

In Ratcliffe Highway there's an old marine store,
And a great black doll hangs out of the door;
There are rusty locks, and dusty bags,
And musty phials, and fusty rags,
And a lusty old woman, call'd Thirsty Nan,
And her crusty old husband's a Hairy-faced man!

That Hairy-faced man is sallow and wan,
And his great thick pigtail is wither'd and gone;
And he cries, "Take away that lubberly chap
That sits there and grins with his head in his lap!"
And the neighbours say, as they see him look sick,
"What a rum old covey is Hairy-faced Dick!"

That Admiral, Lady, and Hairy-faced man
May say what they please, and may do what they can;
But one thing seems remarkably clear,—
They may die to-morrow, or live till next year,—
But wherever they live, or whenever they die,
They'll never get quit of young Hamilton Tighe!

As an absolute master of rhyme Barham's place is unique. No one has beaten him there, although Calverley, for instance, is cleaner in workmanship. This is most happy:

Madge Gray was picking The breast of a chicken,
Her coal-black eye, with its glance so sly,
Was fix'd on Rob Gilpin himself, sitting by
With his heart full of love, and his mouth full of pie;
Grouse pie, with hare In the middle, is fare
Which, duly concocted with science and care,
Doctor Kitchener says, is beyond all compare;
And a tenderer leveret Robin had never ate;
So, in after times, oft he was wont to asseverate.

The easiest prose could not arrange the incidents better or express them more clearly. Here is another example of dexterous rhyming:

In vain did St. Dunstan exclaim, "*Vade retro Strongbeerum!—discede a Lay-fratre Petro!*"—
Queer Latin, you'll say, That prefix of "*Lay*,"
And *Strongbeerum!*—I own they'd have called me a blockhead if
At school I had ventured to use such a Vocative.

But, master of his instrument as he always was, and amusing as he often is, Barham's day is over as far as we are concerned. His reign was absolute at school, but he carries no authority into our later years. For a man to do that he must think that something is worth being serious about.

One very useful, or, at any rate, entertaining, end which the *Ingoldsby Legends* might be made to serve is to supply the basis for an elaborate structure of annotation, which, when completed, would approach to something like a social history of the London of the first three decades of the nineteenth century. Barham is packed with allusions to public men, institutions, customs, slang, and so forth, many of which are now recondite. How many readers, for example, know (to choose instances at random from these pages) the books called Fleta and Bracton, which the Squire of Tappington was reading (on page 47)? Who knows how Mr. Greenacre served Mrs. Brown (page 70)? Or who were Alderman Curtis and Alderman Brown (page 75)? Or where Mr. Ainsworth describes a storm (page 125)? Or why Payne Collier would read "swilling" for "swelling" (page 173)? Or who was the Mr. Levi that jumped off the Monument (page 251)? Almost every page offers a similar problem. The book, of course, is not worth this annotation; but (if undertaken) the result ought to be informing, quaint, and readable.

Pegasus at Tattersall's.

The Laureate was absent. He had, it appears, entertained a wish to buy the horse by private treaty, and with that purpose met Mr. Tattersall in a confidential interview. But what happened there had permanently damped his ardour. The character of Pegasus, it seemed, was too unsound. Mr. Austin required a cob invariably quiet to ride or drive, and Pegasus, it could not be denied, has now and again kicked over the traces.

However, the illustrious official passed from Mr. Tattersall's office to the stable to view the animal. "Lor!" said one of the grooms afterwards, "you'd think as what he'd never seen a norse before." "Is that Peg.?" he says. "In course it is," says the governor. "Amazing," says the gent; "why, I'd no idea he was like that. This clearly ain't the mount for me," he says, and off he goes.

From the same groom came information concerning the visit paid to Pegasus in his stall by Mr. Swinburne. "Yes," said he, "there was another gent; a thin one with a red beard. He seemed to have knowed the horse before; spoke about the rides he'd once had on him, and such like, though why his riding days should be over I can't see. But he spoke as if they were. And the 'orse seemed pleased to see him too; whinnied when he stroked him, and behaved pretty-like."

Pegasus was also said to have taken a piece of sugar from Mr. Austin Dobson's hand.

The animal was led into the hall by Mr. William Archer, who, though he seemed familiar with its character, was not

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wholly at his ease; and, after narrowly escaping an unexpected frolic with its heels, relinquished the halter to a groom with apparent relief.

Mr. Tattersall opened proceedings by stating, to the dismay of some of the company, that a reserve (which he did not specify) was placed upon Pegasus. He then called upon Mr. Edmund Gosse to dilate upon the extraordinary virtues of the animal. Mr. Gosse complied with his customary readiness. Climbing to the rostrum, he pulled from his pocket a paper, which contained, he said, a few quatrains written for the occasion, in the manner of FitzGerald's translation of Omar Khayyam, and these, he added, he proposed to read. Doubtless he would have done so if a voice, which some persons present affected to recognize as that of Mr. Churton Collins, had not called out, "Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses."

Mr. Gosse's place was taken by Mr. Watts-Dunton, who, profiting by Mr. Gosse's discomfiture, wisely made no mention of the sonnet sequence which was in his inside pocket, but plunged at once into a disquisition on the nature of the animal, which was only brought to a conclusion by a cry: "Here, that'll do: this is an auction-room; this ain't a blooming Athenæum. Besides," added the speaker, as an afterthought, "the 'orse is listening."

The sale then began.

The first bid was five shillings, from a gentleman who announced himself to be the editor of *The Thrush*, and who, on finding that the horse was not at once knocked down to him, left the building. "The thrush?" said Mr. Yeats, "phwhat's that? I thought it was a throat disease." "So it is," said Mr. Herbert Paul.

Mr. John Lane then offered a pound. He seemed surprised when the sum was immediately doubled by another speculator; and he did not bid any more.

Mr. Robert Bridges at this point stopped the sale for a moment to ask a few questions. "Can it," he wished to know, "perform the feats of the *Haute Ecole?*" Mr. Tattersall had no information. "I mean," Mr. Bridges continued, "can it step to music, waltz, polk, change feet, or kneel, at the word of command." Mr. Tattersall said he hoped not. "Then," replied Mr. Bridges, "this is clearly no place for me" and he left the hall. With him went Mr. Binyon.

Among those who were present, but did not bid, was the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "I just dropped in," he explained, "to look at his Occ.s."

Mr. Stephen Phillips also did not bid. He said he had lost his heart to a cab horse which took him to His Majesty's Theatre one day last year, and he wanted none other. "Besides," he added, "if I ever did buy a hack I am pledged to one with five feet which I saw at the World's Fair—a wonderful creature."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling was not present, but Mr. A. P. Watt was, and bid in his name. The fact that he was bidding also for other clients did not seem in the least to embarrass him. After a certain figure had been reached Mr. Watt shut up his note-book and left. "Ah weel," he said, "Pegasus or no Pegasus, ma clients will pay their way. And all things conseedered, it does na displease me that Mr. Kipling should be kept from poetry."

The reserve was never reached. The highest bid was made by the representative of the *Daily Mail*, who, profiting by the advanced John Bullism of the moment, proposed to boil the animal down into a brand of patriotic beef-tea.

Correspondence.

"Linesman."

SIR,—I observe from a London daily newspaper that this contributor to *Blackwood* is, in their opinion, one of our officers in the Transvaal. Poetry is not usually a military gift, and no one but a poet, and a very strong one, could have given us the mystery of the midnight veldt as "Linesman" did in the wonderful opening of his November article.

I have before me now an article in the same magazine for October, 1898, by Mr. Kipling, and signed by him, in which an Indian midnight is described as follows:

> Over our heads burned the wonderful Indian stars, which are not all pricked in one plane, but, preserving an orderly perspective, draw the eye through the velvet darkness of the void up to the barred doors of heaven itself. The earth was a grey shadow, more unreal than the sky. We could hear her breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals, the movement of the wind in the tamarisks, and the fitful mutter of musketry fire leagues away to the left. A native woman from some unseen hut began to sing, the mail train thundered past on its way to Delhi, and a roosting crow cawed drowsily. Then there was a belt-loosening silence about the fires, and the even breathing of the crowded earth took up the story.

Here we have the same unique roll in the marching sentries as of muffled drums, the same gigantic grasp of weird detail. It is difficult to believe that they are not sister Nocturnes from one mighty brush.

I am not a pro-Boer, but if "Linesman" be not Rudyard Kipling I am a Dutchman.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. MACGOWN.

A School for Novelists.

SIR,—Last week-end I perused a novel entitled *The Canker-worm*, by G. Manville Fenn, the foundation of the whole plot arising from a young schoolgirl of sixteen eloping in a carriage one night with the "villain" of the piece. They ride along until the following day, when, passing a village church, they get married, the villain signing the register under a false name. The novelist does not state whether the marriage was by banns, licence, or special licence, nor does he give any information to the reader as to his method of persuading the parson to go through the marriage service. Novelists are supposed to have some licence, but I was not aware it included a marriage licence. But more follows. The villain, as is usual, tires of her; her friends examine the register, find out the real name of the man (the girl herself only knew his assumed name), and it is then taken as a fact that the marriage was void, not because they got married so easily, but because the man was married in an assumed name.

Mr. G. Manville Fenn surely has some acquaintance with a limb of the law—maybe some briefless barrister—who might put him right on the elementary principles of law.

There are plenty of lawyers and doctors with little or nothing to do; they might form a school for novelists who do not wish to be entirely ignorant on questions of law and medicine.

By the way, I came across a novel, *Ivy Cardew*, by a lady writer. The hero was charged with changing a cheque from £300 to £3,000 by simplying adding a "0." What about the body of the cheque? The words "three hundred" won't change to "three thousand" by the simple addition of an "0." That novelist evidently doesn't believe in cheques, but keeps all her money in a cupboard at home.—Faithfully yours,

Manchester. J. HARVEY SIMPSON.

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Thomas Chaucer.

SIR,—A short passage in "G. E. C.'s" *Complete Peerage* runs thus, at Vol. 7, page 36: "Alice . . . d. and h. of Thomas Chaucer of Ewelme, Oxon [s. of Geoffrey Chaucer, the Poet], etc." The text thus enclosed in brackets is deleted in the British Museum copy, and a few words written in the margin to supply the blank thus simulated to the effect that the said Thomas was Speaker of the House of Commons.

Now I take it that the relationship thus postulated is beyond doubt, and to avoid prolixity I will define these three points of contact:

(1) Thomas succeeded Geoffrey as forester at Petherton, Somersetshire.

(2) Thomas paid rent for a tenement at Westminster, in succession to Geoffrey, who had acquired a long lease thereof shortly before his decease. It was occupied as a residence, most convenient for a member of Parliament, during session, before the era of clubland.

(3) Thomas executed a document with the seal of Geoffrey after decease of the poet.

These points are definite; but it is pretty certain that Geoffrey was husband to the mother of Thomas; also, Geoffrey was engaged in the household of Lionel Plantagenet when very young, and Thomas was squire to John O'Gaunt, the brother of Prince Lionel, in more mature age. It is generally understood that books are not to be mutilated by readers at the British Museum, and to tamper with an author's expressed statement seems to be a literary outrage.—I am, &c.,

A READER.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 115 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best Christmas Carol not exceeding twenty lines in length. We award the prize to Mr. C. H. Bowman, Gateshead-on-Tyne, for the following:—

1.

Night is passing into day:
Hail! the Little Child alway!
See Him in the cowshed born;
Dusk is melting into morn.
Wake all people, wake to sing
Carols to our cradled King.

2.

Crowded is the inn, they cry,
"Joseph's son without must lie."
Mary-Mother, ever blest,
Smile upon th' unhonoured Guest.

3.

Angels soothe Him with your song,
Cattle be His courtier-throng;
Sinless, ye are fit to stand
'Neath the throne-shed, by His hand.

4.

Men, whose sin He would outblot,
Ye alone receive Him not
Ah! men still refuse with scorn
Jesus, son of Mary born!

[C. H. B., Gateshead.]

Other Carols are as follow:—

Sing high the Babe, sing low,
Whom Mary, Mother and Maid,
Held to her bosom, unafraid,
In Bethlehem, long ago.
"Babe, more white than the drifted snow,
Nurture of all that live!
Take, dear heart, of the food I give—
Take it, and feed me so!"

Sing high the Babe, sing low,
Whom Mary, peerless Maid,
Held in her soft arms, warmly laid
Where never a wind might blow.
"Heart's delight, be it shine or snow,
Solace of all that weep!
Nestle Thee close in mine arms to sleep,
Jesu, and bless me so!"

[M. A. W., London, W.]

O God, this happy thrice-bless'd morn,
When One, with hope for all, was born,
Help them who feel no new love glow,
Nor wider sense of kindred know.

And help us each who Christward strives,
Though dying not for others' lives,
From lifeless dreams of self to wake,
And live, at least, for others' sake.

And they who mourn an empty chair,
Make them, O Lord, Thy special care;
For was not once their grief Thine own,
In Heaven itself, an empty throne?

And grant one cause for which He died,
No longer may be set aside;
For warring hosts His words forget,
And "peace on earth," Lord, tarries yet.

And this "Goodwill" that warms the heart,
Oh, may it not with might depart;
But may we still Love's law obey,
As every day were Christmas Day.

[P. H. L., Broadstairs.]

Cold was the night when Jesus came to Bethlehem;
Cold was the shed that received the little Child;
But His warm and loving heart did a radiant glow impart.
And with joy to greet her Baby, the Maiden, fair and mild,
Blessed Mary, smiled.
Hail, Jesu!

Dark was the night when Jesus came to Bethlehem;
Dark was the world that received the Living Light;
But forth there sprang a Star for the nations near and far,
When the angel-choir descended from the Heavenly City bright,
In the shepherd's sight.
Hail, Jesu!

Blest was the night when Jesus came to Bethlehem;
Blest was the hour which opened heaven's door!
For that lovely Infant Son with our Father, God, is One.
It was very God incarnate whom the Virgin-Mother bore.
Praise Him evermore!
Hail, Jesu!

[F. C., Worthing.]

Christ is born! Oh, Earth, rejoice!
Though in manger He must lay.
Carol loud with happy voice,
"Jesus Christ is born to-day!"

Many babes are born as poor,
Out in all the wintry cold,
On the bleak and cruel moor—
Yet are in the Father's fold.

"Peace on earth; Goodwill 'mong men!"
Hark, the angels' mystic song!
In our hearts rejoice, and then
Carol blithe the hopes along!

Peace on earth—how like to war!—
Kind Goodwill is killed by greed.
Love for others lives no more:
We must fill our own great need!

Jesus! oh, anew be born!
Deaf is all the world—and blind;
Come again this Christmas morn,
Come—and make us good and kind!

[W. S. B., Blackheath.]

1.

Good gentlemen, and ladies fair,
Now put by all repining,
Peace and goodwill are in the air,
The Christmas stars are shining!
Let us weave around the blaze, stories of the bygone days!
Let us raise the wassail high to the sound of minstrelsy!

2.

Noël, Noël, is here again.
The bells are all a-ringing.
In city street, in lonely lane,
We hear young voices singing;
Singing very sweet and low, carols of the long ago,
Carols that as incense rise to the silence of the skies

3.

Seek mistletoe and holly bright,
And turn your rooms to bowers!
You men and maids shall foot it light,
And gifts shall fall in showers!
Let the loving cup go round! Let your halls with mirth resound!
Let all enmities decrease! Christmas brings goodwill and peace!

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

Twenty-five other Carols received.

Competition No. 116 (New Series).

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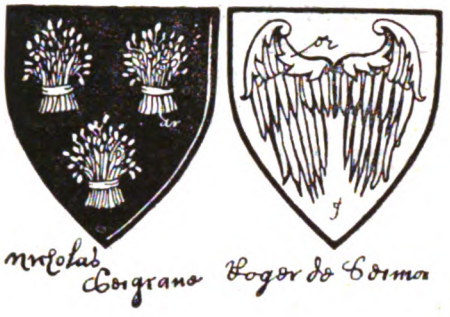
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SPECIMEN PAGE.—*SOME FEUDAL COATS OF ARMS*, 63*s.* *NETT* (*PARKER & CO., OXFORD AND LONDON*).





SIR ROBERT DE SEPTVANS, 1306.



†**Segrave, Nicholas**—(H. III. Roll) bore, sable three garbs argent (F.); borne also by GEOFFREY and GILBERT; Dering, Norfolk, Glover, and Howard Rolls.

Segrave, Sir John de, banneret, baron 1296–1325, sealed the Barons' letter to the Pope 1301, pp. xviii, xxiv. He bore, at the battle of Falkirk 1298 and at the siege of Carlaverock 1300, sable, a lyon argent crowned or; as did his brother NICHOLAS, baron 1295–1322, with a label (3) gules, he signed but did not seal the famous Barons' letter 1301, p. xxiv; he bore the arms also at the first Dunstable tournament 1308 and at the battle of Boroughbridge 1322—a label (5) gules. F.

Segrave, Sir Stephen—bore, at the first Dunstable tournament 1308, sable, a lyon rampant argent, crowned or, charged on the shoulder with a fleur-de-lys gules (F.); ascribed also to Sir JOHN, of co. Leic., in Segar and Parliamentary Rolls.

Segrave, Sir Henry de, of co. Leic.—bore, at the first Dunstable tournament 1308, sable, a lyon rampant argent, crowned or, debruised by a bendlet engrailed gules; a baston gules (F.) in Harleian and Parly. Rolls; and also for HUGH, whose brother JOHN (*f* John) differenced with a baston or, as did Sir SIMON, also of co. Leic. (Harl. MS 1481 fo. 77).

Segrave, Nicole de—(E. I. Roll) bore, sable, a lyon rampant argent; Dering and Howard Rolls.

Segrey, John and Simon de—(H. III. Roll) bore, ermine, a lyon passant gardant gules; Arden and St. George Rolls. (F.) SYMON bore a lyon rampant in Jenyns' Ordy.

Seilly, John de—(H. III. Roll) bore, azure, semée of mullets (6) and a lyon rampant or; Howard Roll. See SULLY.

***Selby, Sir Walter**—(E. III. Roll) bore, burrulée (14) or and sable. (F.) Ashmole Roll.

Senefylde, Sir Guy de, of Essex—(E. II. Roll) bore, vert, an eagle displayed or; Parly. Roll. NENESFELD, NEVESFELD or STENEFELDE.

Seneschal, William le, *v.* **Steward.**

Sennyle, Sir Symon de (SENCILLE), knighted at the capitulation of Calais 1348, bore, azure, crusily fitchée (3, 3) and a bend or.

‡**Septvans, Sir Robert,** of Kent—(H. III. Roll) bore, azure, three corn-fans or. (F.) Dering and Arundel Rolls—tricked crusily or, in Howard Roll—see Monumental Brass, after *Waller*.

Servington, Sir Oliver—(E. III. Roll) bore, ermine, on a chief azure three bucks' heads cabossed or; Ashmole Roll.

Seton, Sir John—(E. III. Roll) bore, gules, a bend argent between six martlets or; Ashmole and Surrey Rolls.

*[**Seimor, Sir Roger,** 23 H. III.—(Seal), gules, two wings conjoined in lure of the first.—Shirley.] F.

Seymour *v.* **St. Maur.**

Seymour, Thomas bore, at the second Dunstable tournament 1334, argent, three chevrons gules, a label vert. F.

Seymour, Sir Thomas (SEMOR)—(E. III. Roll) bore, argent, a chevron gules, a label (3) azure; Ashmole Roll.

Seynanse, Sir William de—(E. III. Roll) bore, gules, on a chevron or three martlets sable; Ashmole Roll. F.

Seys, Hemar (SCEYS)—(H. III. Roll) bore, gules, two palets vair and a chief or; Howard Roll.

Shakerley, William—(E. IV. Roll) bore, argent, three shakebolts 2 and 1 sable—with crest; Ballard Roll.

Shardelow, Sir John—(E. III. Roll) bore, argent, a chevron gules between three crosses crosslet fitchée azure; Ashmole Roll. JOHN CARBONELL bears the same arms.

Shardelow, Sir J.—(H. VI. Roll) bore, gules, a cross argent, a bordure engrailed or; Atkinson Roll. See also CARBONELL.

Shardeston, Fouke de—(H. III. Roll) bore, gules, a saltire engrailed argent; Glover Roll.

Sharingbourne, Andrew de—(E. III. Roll) bore, gules, a lyon rampant or, a quarter ermine; Ashmole Roll and Jenyns' Ordinary.

Sharnfield, John de—(E. III. Roll) bore, azure, an eagle displayed or membered gules; Jenyns' Ordinary. JOHN DE WOLVERTON bears the same.

Sharshall, Sir William—(E. III. Roll) bore, undée (6)—now barry nebulée—argent and gules, a bordure sable besantée. Sir ADAM differenced with a mullet (6) or; Ashmole Roll. See SARASSWELLE.

Shastowe, Robert de—(H. III. Roll) bore, gules, on a bend argent three mullets azure; Glover Roll.

Sheffield, Sir Thomas de (SHEFFELDE)—bore, at the first Dunstable tournament 1308, gules, a fess between three garbs banded or. (F.) (Sir ROBERT bore the reverse; Parly. Roll.) JOHN and Sir THOMAS bore six garbs 3, 3, with the colours reversed; Parly. Roll and Jenyns' Ordinary.

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The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1545. Established 1869. 14 December, 1901. Price Threepence
[*Registered as a Newspaper*]

The Literary Week.

It seems that M. Sully Prudhomme had known for some time that the Nobel prize for literature, value 8,000 guineas, was about to be conferred upon him. The author of *Les Vaines Tendresses* proposes to use some of the money in helping young poets of talent who are not too well endowed with the world's goods. The poet, says the correspondent of the *Chronicle*, is in weak health, and has only just exchanged a bed of sickness for the arm-chair of slow convalescence. He remarked that his happiness will probably bring him embarrassment, and that the prize would have been more fitly conferred upon one whose lyre is not, like his own, plaintively mute. Mistral was the other French candidate. M. Prudhomme has been a member of the Academy since 1881. Some thought that Etchegaray, the Spanish poet and dramatist, would be awarded the prize.

We have received the following additional replies to our request for the titles of "the now new books which have pleased and interested me most in 1901":

Mr. Andrew Lang.
In reply to your question, I find that Mr. Pollen's *Papal Negotiations with Queen Mary* is the most interesting of recent historical works, and in fiction I have been most impressed by Mr. George Douglas's *The House With Green Shutters.*

Mr. E. T. Cook.
Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee.*
Samuel Butler's *Erewhon Revisited.*

Henry Norman, M.P.
The Autobiography of the Amir of Afghanistan.
Hertslet's *The Old Foreign Office.*

Mr. Sidney Lee.
W. J. Courthope's *Life in Poetry: Law in Taste.*
Francis Morgan Nichols's *The Epistles of Erasmus.*

"Zack."
Maeterlinck's *The Bee.*
May Sinclair's *Two Sides of a Question.*

Mr. David Christie Murray.
John Beattie Crozier's *History of Intellectual Development.*
Rudyard Kipling's *Kim.*

Mr. Harry Furniss.
The Confessions of a Caricaturist.

We have received from Mr. Aylmer Maude "a report and account of the Resurrection Fund," which means the fund for distributing the profits arising from the sale of Tolstoy's novel, *Resurrection.* The pamphlet contains 26 pages, and states that Mrs. Maude's translation of *Resurrection*, written to assist the migration of the Doukhobórs, has produced in royalties £1,500, of which £1,360 has been received from the publishers of the illustrated American edition, and £140 from the publisher of the corresponding edition in this country. The sub-title of the pamphlet runs, "and of difficulties encountered in administering the fund." One of the difficulties was certainly produced by a letter received from Mr. John Bellows, clerk of the Friends Doukhobór Committee, in which he announced the return of a cheque for £150, on the ground that *Resurrection* does not promote the cause of morality. In returning the cheque, Mr. Bellows acted on his own responsibility, and refunded the money out of his own pocket. "Whether the Committee will deem it right to repay me I cannot tell." We await with some interest the decision of the Doukhobór Committee and Tolstoy's comment.

Last week in our Correspondence columns Mr. Macgowan said "if 'Linesman' be not Rudyard Kipling, I am a Dutchman." Mr. Macgowan, we fear, must be content to be a Dutchman. There seems to be no doubt that "Linesman" is Captain Maurice C. R. Grant, of the 2nd Devonshire Regiment, now Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, Intelligence Department.

"One of your correspondents," writes Mrs. Catherine Ashley, "wishes to know the origin of the saying that 'the gist of a woman's letter lies in the postscript.' Mr. Ker, in your issue of December 7, quotes Clough, but I believe I am right in saying that your correspondent will find the quotation has its origin in Madame de Sévigné's *Lettres Choisies.* Bacon, in his essay on Cunning, says that 'great men often put their most important news into the postscript.'"

Because his sweetheart would not lend him 30s., a youth said "he would die on her doorstep that night." At the Marylebone Police Court, where he was charged with attempted suicide, the following dialogue took place:

Mr. Plowden: Are you fond of reading?
The Prisoner: Yes, sir.
Mr. Plowden: What books have you been reading lately?
The Prisoner: Marie Corelli—(Mr. Plowden: "Ah!")—Zola, Rider Haggard.
Mr. Plowden: Just the authors I should have guessed—at least, some of them.

"Some of them" is a hard saying. Mr. Rider Haggard, we should have thought, was calculated to make a boy forget his sweetheart's refusal of a loan.

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Mr. M. H. Spielmann has been requested by the family of the late Miss Kate Greenaway to undertake a memorial volume dealing with the life and work of the artist. It is intended that the book shall contain, besides a memoir and correspondence of Miss Greenaway, chapters from the autobiography she had begun, a selection from the numerous poems she had left in manuscript and numerous reproductions, hitherto unpublished, of drawings in water-colour, sketches and studies, schemes, and designs for books, together with much matter of interest in connection with Miss Greenaway's career. Among Miss Greenaway's friends and correspondents who have passed away were Lord Tennyson, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, Randolph Caldecott, H.I.M. the Empress Frederick.

Our request, made in the Academy of November 30, to be furnished with the source of the following nursery rhyme about Henry VIII.:

Highty, tighty, flighty, Ho!
Whither away doth my little man go?
To see my Lord Mayor, hys Feaste or hys Showe?
No; not for ye Feaste, nor yet for ye Showe,
Have I donned my best Beaver and fayre Bridal Bowe;
But to see our Kyng's nuptials,
His wedding, I trowe.

is kindly answered from Birmingham by Mr. Arthur B. Chamberlain, who says: "I have in my possession a copy of the book of nonsensical rhymes upon episodes of English history, about which there is a query in your issue of November 30. Its proper title is *Ye Booke of Pictures, painted by Ancient People to Veritable Historic Rhymes, rung out by ye Chimes of ye Bells of Bow Steeple.* The illustrations are by Irving Wood, and are parodies of the "Old English" style, printed in red and back. No mention is made of the name of the writer of the verses which accompany each picture. The book was published by Dean and Son, 11, Ludgate Hill, more than thirty years ago, and is advertised as a companion book to *Ye Comical Rhymes of Ancient Times* and *Rummical Rhymes, with Pictures to Match.* It is a very amusing publication, and was an immense favourite in our family, and many of the lines, which we spelt out in youth, are still quoted by us in middle age, particularly those given in your paper:

Have I donned my best Beaver
And fair bridal Bow.

These lines are upon "Going to ye Royal Wedding of Henry ye 7th, A.D. 1485," and not that of Henry VIII., as stated by your correspondent."

A correspondent informs us that the epitaph at Bakewell which ends with a couplet by Dr. Johnson was not quite correctly quoted by Prof. T. Roger Smith in our last issue. It should run:

The vocal Powers here let us mark
Of PHILIP, our late Parish Clerk;
In Church none ever heard a Layman
With a clearer Voice say "Amen"!
Who now with Hallelujah's Sound
Like Him can make the Roofs rebound?
The Choir lament his Choral Tones,
The Town—so soon Here lie his Bones.
"Sleep undisturb'd within thy peaceful shrine,
Till Angels wake thee with such notes as thine."

Philip Roe died in 1815, aged fifty-two years.

Dr. Johnson's concluding couplet is also used in the epitaph in the Capel Chapel, Watford Parish Church, Herts, on Catherine (*née* Catherine Stephens), widow of the fifth Earl of Essex, who died in 1882, aged ninety-one years; and the last line—between inverted commas—is to be seen on a monument in the south transept of Lichfield Cathedral.

M. Edmond Rostand has good reason to regret his Compiègne verses, for from the day of their publication dates a reaction against him as a literary force. The verses were read at Compiègne by a gifted actress, and they seemed to please the illustrious guests of France. But they were laughed to scorn in the newspapers. M. Edmond Drumont declared that the ode was an insult to the Czar and a humiliation to French genius. What is called the Rostand *krach* is still exciting journalistic Paris. M. Raitif de la Bretonne writes in *Le Journal*: "The case of Rostand seems to me both more and less grave than has been represented. It is not deliberately, but involuntarily, that he has made bad verses. He has always made execrable lines. The Compiègne poem contains neither better nor worse verses than does 'Cyrano.' Long since my opinion, and that of all the real poets, was formed upon this point. Ask especially Jean Moréas, Henri de Regnier, and Gustave Kahn." The same critic considers that Rostand is merely "skilled in counterfeiting artistic productions," and he quotes the following lines from the Compiègne poem to prove that their author has no style, ideas, depth, or originality:

Et pour qu'il n'y ait pas d'erreur
Vous avez avec l'Empereur
Notre cœur pour résidence.

(And that there should be no error, you have, with the emperor, our heart for residence.)

Le sceptre magique des modes,
Du caprice et des nonchaloirs
Retrouvé dans un des tiroirs
D'une des célèbres commodes.

(The last two lines translated read: "Rediscovered in one of the drawers of one of the celebrated chests.")

Un ancien tapis d'Aubusson
Sur un air de vieille chanson
Fredonne: "Rien qu'à la façon

Dont je sens sur moi qu'elle glisse.
Oh! oh! c'est une Impératrice!"

(An old Aubusson carpet, hums over the air of an old song: "Alone from the way I feel she glides over me, oh, oh, it is an empress.")

In *Le Bloc*, M. Clemenceau, more generous than other critics, says: "Rostand will not always have to sing about empresses—an ungrateful task which checks the breath of inspiration. He can, if it shall please him to re-read himself and prune his work, give us lively and smart verses redolent of Gascogny. The festival of Compiègne will not have been useless for him if he will henceforth guard himself against the intoxication of rhythm and the melody of words, and take the trouble to remember that it is not forbidden to enclose occasionally an idea within the resounding music of verse."

A correspondent sends Mr. Andrew Lang an "astonishing scrap of folk-lore from Tennyson's county," which Mr. Lang prints in his "Sign of the Ship" notes in the December *Longman's*. It is a charm for ague shown to the writer by a Lincolnshire grandam, who laughed quinine to scorn and said: "Naay, lad, I knaws tew a soight better cure than yon mucky stuff." With that she took her visitor round to the foot of his bed, an old four-post. There on the bottom board were fixed three horseshoes, points upwards (of course), with a hammer laid "sloshways" over them. Taking it in her hand, she said:

Feyther, Son, an' Holy Ghoast,
Naale t' owd divvel tew this poast;
Throice I stroikes with holy crock,
With this mell I throice du knock,
One for God,
An' one for Wod,
An' one for Lok.

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"Is not it an extraordinary instance of a minglemangle of old Norse Paganism and Christianity?" asks Mr. Lang's correspondent: "Thor's Mell and Christ's Cross. The Christian Trinity, and Thor, Woden, and Loki."

AMERICA has not done yet with Edward FitzGerald by a long way. The forthcoming publication of "The Variorum and Definitive Edition of the Poetical and Prose Writings of Edward FitzGerald" in seven volumes, as arranged by Mr. George Bentham, with a preface by Mr. Edmund Gosse, is considered a literary event of no small importance. The work will bear the imprint of Doubleday, Page & Co. Besides all known renderings of *The Rubaiyat*, by FitzGerald, the volumes will include *Salaman and Absal, Euphranor, Agamemnon, Six Dramas of Calderon, The Mighty Magician, Such Stuff as Dreams Are Made Of, Polonius, Sea Words and Phrases Along the Suffolk Coast, A Bird's Eye View of Fariduddin Attar's Bird Parliament, The Downfall and Death of King Œdipus*, also in their various renderings, together with a miscellaneous collection of prose works. All title-pages are to be reproduced in *fac-simile*, and the original pagination has been preserved. The composition and the presswork are being executed at the Merrymount Press.

MEANWHILE FitzGerald's version of the *Rubaiyat* is being put through new paces and contortions. We learn from the *New York Times Saturday Review* that Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole expects to issue early in December a privately printed edition of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam, the text to be that of FitzGerald's Fifth Recension, with the same done into Greek by Mr. Ernest Crawley, of Bradfield College, Berkshire, England. The privately printed edition of the *Rubaiyat* issued by Mr. Dole in 1898, with the Latin text by Mr. Herbert Wilson Green, has, it seems, long been out of print, and commands a considerable premium. We are told that "Mr. Crawley has sent his manuscript across the Atlantic for publication," and that Dr. William Aldis Wright, FitzGerald's literary executor, cordially approves of the present edition. The volume will be published with the observance of the usual ceremonies and mysteries. The edition will be limited to 150 numbered copies, printed on fine hand-made paper, and bound in charcoal paper, turned in. These are to be had at 10dols. per copy, to be issued in exact order as subscribers' names are entered. There will also be twenty-five copies printed on Japan vellum, bound in rich red vellum and issued at 25dols. per copy, &c.

AMERICA, by the way, reprints some books which English readers would probably welcome if they had the chance. Thus Messrs. Houghton Mifflin have just issued a charming translation of the works of "Obermann's" *Letters to a Friend*. Etienne Pivert de Senancour, to give him his real name, is known to every lover of Matthew Arnold's poetry. Arnold compared his writings favourably with Amiel's, to which they are akin.

DR. VAN DYKE'S prayer-preface to his story *The Ruling Passion*, quoted by us a few weeks ago, has evoked opinions in England which are thus collected and criticised by the New York *Times Saturday Review*: "The unique preface beginning 'Lord, let me never tag a moral to a story not tell a story without meaning,' which Dr. Van Dyke places as the 'Foreword' in his latest volume, *The Ruling Passion*, is being variously commented on by the London reviewers, and their expressions run through the whole gamut of literary censorum—censorum, in the Latin sense, it should be said. One critic says that it is a most admirable petition, which every aspirant for literary laurels should commit to memory and 'repeat reverently' before putting pen to paper. Others are of a similar opinion, and so on, to an attempt at indifference which is more or less pertinently expressed by the ACADEMY: 'An admirable petition. But why print it?' As we have seen, other reviewers have answered this query. In the meantime, the preface itself seems destined to take its place as a unique addition to the three great prefaces of literary history." What is the chronometer of—we mean, what are the three great prefaces of literary history?

MR. EDWARD GARNETT contributes to the December *Monthly Review* a rather remarkable article, equipped with dozens of footnotes, on "The Contemporary Critic" and his duties. We are tempted to quote the whole of the fifth section of Mr. Garnett's article as an interesting treatment of the problem presented by the literary fecundity of the day:

> In any case, whether it is the diffusion of superficial culture which assists the depraved human mind to produce the bulk of popular literature, must not the contemporary critic accept that wider standpoint which involves a recognition of the "bulk" as "the literature of the self-education of the crowd"—the mental food necessary to its present state of development? And will he not better seize its significance and, indeed, render it absolute justice by treating it as *documentary evidence* of the community's mental outlook, needs, wishes, and states of feeling? Is not the crowd trying to get into the whole house of modern literature, and find out its life there, and is there not to-day such a noise and confusion, such a banging of doors and opening of windows that the house is rendered temporarily uninhabitable to the "fine spirit"? And are not the most "popular" writers very, very insignificant as creators, but very plainly significant as the instructors, the overseers, the spokesmen of the community's ignorance? If the critics would only recognise as a national drama this surprising unlocking of the doors of our heterogenous general public's consciousness and its flinging itself outwards into literature, eager to bring its world into violent and familiar contact with the great stream of life flowing outside it, would they not fix the valuations of this literature, get all round it, see into its meaning, and thereby place it better than by simply condemning it as not in harmony with certain æsthetic canons? We are all witnessing to-day the phenomenon of the culture of the community not being *grown* slowly from the deep roots of its life (by which slow growth, for example, flowered the exquisite poetry and exquisite arts of many old-world peasantries), but being translated, imported, and administered by the Press, the academies, and other wholesale agencies for indiscriminate consumption. And the unassimilated "culture" of our modern commercialised world is the ferment in the hasty brew of "popular" works. It is the chief source of very bad art. Accordingly, the contemporary critic, seeing the relation this "culture" bears to society's mental outlook, seeing inevitably why it is prevalent, and the purpose it serves, must discriminate most sharply between the comparatively small band of artists whose creative instincts shape true works of art for us, and for posterity, and the running multitude of writers whose works reflect the common perishing valuations of our bustling and self-important time. Herein lies the distinction between living and dead criticism. For if the critic fails to detect in the deluge of his day the spirits that being finely creative open new windows for our consciousness, if he confuses what is significant with what gives us a mere face value, he fails. Weary of the deluge, he is in danger of rejecting his age *en bloc*, or of hailing, let us say, the achievements of Mr. Rider Haggard, and of being critically disheartened by the "symbolism" of Maeterlinck.

IN the American *Bookman* Mr. Gelett Burgess has an amusing account of the London halfpenny comic paper and its contributors. We have not looked into this branch of literature, but Mr. Burgess's statements concerning the commercial side of halfpenny comic art suggest that one more adaptation of the "Song of the Shirt" is called for. He has known an editor buy forty pen-and-ink drawings

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for a pound, cash down. A few fortunate artists, friends of those in authority, get steady employment, doing four series regularly each Wednesday night, and living riotously upon the proceeds for the rest of the week. One syndicate has an organised staff, and pays two pounds a week, their slaves grinding out "comics" from nine till six every day, jokes provided. Monday morning at the office of the *Big Budget* discovers a row of artists lined up in front of the counter of the cashier's office. It is pay-day, and each contributor, provided with a copy of the paper, takes his place in the queue and points out his drawing on the broadside, is paid his eighteenpence per sketch, signs his receipt, and gives place to the next in the row. If the pay is small, it is at least certain. Mr. Burgess declares that there are many such struggling Bohemians in London, happy-go-lucky prodigals, now with gold in their pockets and silk hats on their heads, then chewing their pencils in their "bed-sitting-room, back," waiting for some ignoble inspiration.

THE pretty gift book that is just a pretty gift book is a very harmless or a very dreadful production, according to the view you take of it. As an addition to the world's literature it is like Campbell's snowflake on the Iser, "one moment white, then gone for ever." Here are a few notices from an American paper:

> *Lyrics of Love*, by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, are full of the sweet personality of their author, who sends forth these songs of the home and of the wayside, of love and peace, to add "a thread of melody to the toiling, dusty, monotonous way," which, after all, is the way that leads us home.
>
> *Among Flowers and Trees with the Poets*, compiled by Minnie Curtis Waite and Merton Channing Leonard, is a sort of cyclopædia of flowers and trees, as pictured and sung by the poets. It is well adapted as a gift to a teacher interested in nature study.
>
> *Among the Great Masters of Oratory*, by Walter Rowlands, is illustrated with reproductions from famous pictures and rare originals. Scenes in the lives of great orators, from Demosthenes to Gladstone, present a wide diversity of periods and peoples, and Mr. Rowlands has skilfully handled them.

"One moment published, then. . .

WE have referred several times to the forthcoming celebrations in Paris of the centenary of Victor Hugo's birth. It is stated—we know not with what authority—that Gerhart Hauptmann, Gorky, and Mr. Kipling are to be invited to attend as representatives respectively of German, Russian, and English literature. Commenting on this, a contemporary says: "It might make an interesting exercise for readers of the ACADEMY to compose imaginary addresses by these three writers upon the genius of Hugo." Rather too stiff an exercise, we fancy.

THE Grolier Society is producing a sumptuous edition de luxe of Charles Lever's novels at £65 the set. Each copy is extra illustrated, numbered, "registered," and contains one autograph letter of Charles Lever.

THE issue of *Whitaker's Almanack* for 1902 was published on Thursday, December 12. In addition to the usual changes, the Accession of King Edward VII. and the honours bestowed for services in the war have revolutionised the Orders of Knighthood, the increases in the Companions alone being:—C.B. from 639 to 741, C.M.G. from 385 to 672, D.S.O. from 345 to 1,312, and C. and M.V.O. from 53 to 162.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS has been examining, in the *North American Review*, a striking treatise on Humour by a leading Italian scholar; and his own opinions on humour soon expand. We snatch a few of these from their contexts. Of Mark Twain Mr. Howells says:

> He is not only the greatest living humorist, but incomparably the greatest, and without a rival since Cervantes and Shakespeare, unless it be that eternal Jew, Heinrich Heine, who of all the humorists is the least like him. Heine's humour is at every moment autobiographical, and for far the greater part of Mr. Clemens's humour is so; Shakespeare's alone is impersonal, but this may be on account of the dramatic form, and more apparent than real. Heine and Mark Twain are both archromantic, just as they are both autobiographical, though to what different ends!

Of Dickens:

> Now, his humour was very well in its way, but it hardly can make us laugh any more, and it was always rather of the nature of the laughter of horses, the play of horses. It was fantastic and wilful and forced, and expressed itself in characters which bore much the same resemblance to the human species as the effigies which keep the crows from the cornfields, and in crude communities express the popular indignation with persons of opposite political convictions. He had not a humorous conception of life, which is the great thing rather than humour itself, if Mark Twain, who has it, will allow me to dispute him. Dickens was a great histrionic talent, and produced powerful if simple effects in that sort. But he was not of the fine English humorists who began with Chaucer, or with Shakespeare, as you please, and came down with Swift, and Addison, and Steele, and Sterne, and Goldsmith, and perhaps Scott, and Thackeray, to a humorist who may almost stand with Shakespeare himself. I mean Thomas Hardy, who in his vision of humanity, in its entirely ironical and humorous conception of life is possibly the greatest of all the present English, and I am not forgetting the Scotchman, Mr. William Gilbert.

IT must not be supposed that Mr. Howells is a champion of American humour against all others. So far as he compares it with our own, he gives us the advantage.

> The humiliating truth is that we are still not only quantitatively but also qualitatively behind the English in humour, and not only in literary humour, but also in artistic humour. I have named one artistic English humourist—he was, to be sure, a French-Belgian on his father's side—who abounded in that sweetness which seems wanting in our comic artists. But Du Maurier was not the only English artist who abounded in sweetness, and whose satire was almost a caress. There was Leech, there was Doyle, there was Keene, each in his way most lovable as well as witty. Except Mr. Peter Newell, whose quaintness is full of gentle charm, the only American like them that I can think of is Mr. Oliver Herford, who is an Englishman; the rest of our good fellows have all a biting, rather than a caressing, wit. They are inferior to the Germans as well as the English in their want of sweetness, their want of humanity, one may even call it.

IN an "Impression of the Week" contributed by Mr. W. E. Henley to the *Sphere*, we find this:

> Last week Mr. Greenwood asked me a question: Did the late R. L. S. (I cannot with the shrieks of the Bandar Log still shrilling to the Empyrean, I dare not be more particular) look as elfish in life as he looks in his portraits? There can be but one answer: He did not. In the photographs we have of him there is nothing perforce of the brilliancy, the colour, the mobility, the impudence ('tis the sole word) which his features wore. As for the "changeling," let Mr. Greenwood turn to the eight-and-twenty volumes of the "Edinburgh Edition." If the changeling were ever anywhere at any time, he will certainly be there.

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Reviews.

Thrice Welcome.

More Letters of Edward FitzGerald. Edited by William Aldis Wright. (Macmillan. 5s.)

THESE Letters will be quietly and deeply welcomed by those who have the two original earlier volumes of FitzGerald's Letters and have learned to love them. They might with advantage have been merged in those volumes, but many of them were not in Mr. Wright's hands at the time. Of others we are told—not quite so intelligibly—that "although they were not included in the previous collection, the object of which was to let FitzGerald tell the story of his own life, they seem worthy of preservation, now that he has taken his place among English Letter-Writers. They are of the friendly human kind which entertained Carlyle." This seems to point to some new quality in these added letters. But all FitzGerald's Letters are of the friendly human kind, and we may say at once that the Letters in this volume seem to us to be exactly like those already published, and that we are well content that they should be so. Among these new Letters is one to Dean Merivale, the only one which has been preserved, and it is included by permission of Miss Merivale and her publisher, Mr. Edward Arnold. The important thing to note is that these Letters have an intercalary relation to those in the two volumes of *Letters* and the volume of *Letters to Fanny Kemble*. They will be read by careful readers in connection with these. They are of the same progressive dates, they have the same topics and complexion; in a word, they merge with the earlier *Letters* as wine from the same decanter.

What is the peculiar charm of FitzGerald's Letters? We should say it is their essential normality. They are, in intention and in scope, such *Letters* as the ordinary well-read man wishes to write, could in a measure write, but does not write. They are his own written or would-be written Letters raised to the *n*th power. They transcend on the same plane. Hence they have a charm which is not one of the charms of Lamb's Letters—as why should it be? Lamb's Letters are, if you please, the finest in the language—though of all forms of literature Letters are least amenable to the "mark" system of merit—but Lamb's Letters are essentially Lamb's, and not yours transfigured. His elaborate humorous poses, his mystifications, his plots, surprises, premeditated fun, and his bursts of familiar eloquence are removed from everyday correspondence. The finest letters in the language, if you please, but not the nighest to your letter-writing self. Similarly, Byron's Letters are essentially Byron's, the rushing wind of his opinions that rather invigorates than detains. In both Lamb and Byron there is a further removal from the norm to be noted. Both of them fall into strains in which the epistolary character is rather lost. For a page or so together you can almost forget that what you are reading is the letter of one friend to another. You might be reading a printed Elian essay or a printed Byronic diatribe. In FitzGerald you never lose the epistolary feeling. As letters, and only as letters, these pages appeal to you. Involuntarily you visualise the handwriting, hear the paper crinkle, and are conscious of the envelope and the stamp. You approach each letter with the little thrill which an unopened letter communicates. You read it once, twice, and find nooks of interest in it to explore again; it is all easy, interesting, and touched with mind; you put it into your breast pocket. FitzGerald's letters are the most comfortable reading in the world. We can never read them without laughing at the idea that his was an incomplete or half-lived life. To have written these Letters, that so surely warm and entertain; that survey the world of culture, yet domesticate you in a Suffolk countryside; that bring the idea of leisure and ripening predilections before eyes tired with the changes and unprofitable eagerness of life at the centre;—to have written these Letters was, we say, a great unconscious achievement.

As we have said, no new note is struck in the volume. The same delightful air of "puddling among books and pictures," the same burly inexactness, the same purpose within vagary, and care within carelessness, are present in every page. The man's honest blunderings and easy contentments are a perpetual joy. He buys a mop for his kitchen, and, liking the colour of its head, keeps it in his study as a decoration. He buys and cleans pictures, but never seems to hang them: "the Truth is, they look so much better on the Floor." He alters his old boat without the least conviction, sells his Bank Stock into Dutch Funds in a "sudden fit," buys things he doesn't want in the Baker Street Bazaar and writes himself down an Ass. He reports his "little Moonlight Crome" a failure; "not *old* Crome at all, as I might have seen if I had only cared to look at the Back, where his Son's name is very legibly written." These potterings at Woodbridge or elsewhere are endlessly amusing in a man who in the next sentence is going to say a fine thing about a new book, or on a question of style, or on life's difficulties. And through all the interests of to-day—the doings of Tennyson and Browning, Carlyle and Thackeray, the clash of reviews, the box from Mudie's, the fragments of art and scholarship—you hear the North Sea blowing on shore, or the chimes of Woodbridge Church playing "Where and oh where is my Soldier Laddie gone?" every three hours. "On Sundays we have the Sicilian Mariners' Hymn—very slow indeed. I see, however, by a Handbill in the Grocer's Shop that a Man is going to lecture on the Gorilla in a few weeks. So there is something to look forward to." And how delightfully FitzGerald measures and punctuates his long, quiet life. Who does not love him for writing to Carlyle: "Last Sunday Evening—the longest day—I was looking at an Elm which you may remember in the field before Farlingay. I remember your reading under it—reading up Voltaire, etc., for Frederick. I thought how big the Tree had grown since that: but that is nineteen years ago, 1855." Again, how the scholar-gipsy comes out in this to Cowell: "The other day I lit on Paley's Æschylus, with pencil marks at the end of each Play, to note the day when it was read on board the Scandal, or on Bawdsey Cliff in the Autumn of 1863. A very few years later I was reading Sophocles with you in the same places."

With all his seclusion and delightful incapacities, FitzGerald had in him a curious strain of the editor. Not the editor of daily contacts and weekly or monthly task-work, but the editor who, giving his thoughts the benefit of leisured rumination, sees what this man can best do, or in what mistaken direction he is being drawn, and seeks to set him right and extract his best. FitzGerald's solicitous, dry-nurse attitude to Tennyson is well known. One could pick many a passage in which he appears as an inspirer or jealous guardian of excellence. In the letter to Dean Merivale, already referred to, he writes:

> When I remember your *viva voce*, and when I read your letters, Merivale, I always wish some one would make notes of your table and letter talk: so witty, so humorous, so just. You would not do this yourself; if you thought about what you said and wrote for such a purpose it would not, I suppose, be as good; but I wish others would do it for you—and I must not say for *me*, at my time of day, but for those who come after us both.

To Frederic Tennyson he writes in careful criticism of one of Lowell's books:

> My pencil-marks in it are not marks of Admiration, but the contrary, I think; sometimes at words, sometimes at whole Sentences of "Fine Writing." There is one at p. 273, I think, which is perfectly wonderful for such a

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Writer as Lowell; you could not find it in an English writer of half the force. There is the loose screw in American Literature, and it is partly the consciousness of it that makes them sensitive about English Opinion. I know Lowell by Letter; and I tell him this, for he says he is not thin-skinned; and I can tell him with a good grace of little flaws when I so honestly admire his work in the main. I think he is altogether the best Critic we have; something of what Ste. Beuve is in French.

Here is a note—not untimely just now—on the true spirit of Biography. He has been reading Walpole's memoirs of George II. and III.:

Horace Walpole seems to me to understand Burke and Fox well—the Good and Idle Apprentice as Selwyn called them. Coleridge and his School try to set up Burke as *the* man of his time; I think we Irish folks can see the Irishman in Burke much better. So with Goldsmith: Forster and Co. try to clear him of the Blunders and Vanity which such fools as Johnson, Reynolds, &c., laughed at; but we Paddies know how a Paddy may write like an Angel and talk like a poor Poll. It astonishes me to see the best English brains, like old Spedding's, go the whole Hog so with any Hero they take up.

His desire to see the Browning cult moderated comes out strongly in a letter to Sir Frederick Pollock. He has been reading the first volume of *The Ring and the Book*.

I had the curiosity to ask Carlyle (in my yearly Letter) what he thought of Browning's Book. I dare say you have heard him talk on the subject. He writes to me: "I have read—insisted on reading—Browning's Book. It is full of talent, energy, and effort; but actually without Backbone or basis of Common-sense. I think it among the absurdest books ever written by a gifted Man."

Such is the opinion of all the men I know, whose opinion is certainly worth as much as the Newspaper Critics. Then why don't some of you step out into the Newspapers and Magazines, and tell the Truth of the Case? Why does not Venables? Stephen? Pollock? I am sure I would if I could: but I have not the faculty. I can only say, "I do not like you, Dr. Fell," but there I stop—knowing I'm right. If Browning were half so great as they say, he would himself write to disclaim any approximation to Tennyson.

Here is an instance of his would-be management of Tennyson:

If you come, we will go and see Carlyle, whom I must visit once before my return. Tennyson is emerged half-cured, or half-destroyed, from a water establishment: has gone to a new Doctor who gives him iron pills; and altogether this really great man thinks more about his bowels and nerves than about the Laureate wreath he was born to inherit. Not that he meditates new poems; and now the Princess is done, he turns to King Arthur—a worthy subject indeed—and has consulted some histories of him, and spent some time in visiting his traditionary haunts in Cornwall. But I believe the trumpet can wake Tennyson no longer to do great deeds; I may mistake and prove myself an owl; which I hope may be the case. But how are we to expect heroic poems from a valetudinary? I have told him he should fly from England and go among savages.

Away from literature to life. Is not this a charming sketch of one of FitzGerald's rare days in London? Note the end of it:

The most pleasurable remembrance I had of my stay in town was the last day I spent there; having a long ramble in the streets with Spedding, looking at Books and Pictures: then a walk with him and Carlyle across the Park to Chelsea, where we dropped that Latter Day Prophet at his house; then getting upon a steamer, smoked down to Westminster: dined at a chop-house by the Bridge; and then went to Astley's: old Spedding being quite as wise about the Horsemanship as about Bacon and Shakespeare. We parted at midnight in Covent Garden; and this whole pleasant day has left a taste on my palate like one of Plato's lighter, easier, and more picturesque dialogues.

Here is a bit of his quaint common sense:

One of his Friends has sent me a Prospectus to subscribe to a portrait of Lord H. [Lord Hatherley] "on coming to be Chancellor"—in all his Robes—by Richmond; supposing I should be sorry to be left out of the list. There are Archbishops, Bishops, Judges, Q.C.'s, Laymen, Clergy, &c. And yet it seems to me an absurd thing. First, he may make a bad Chancellor, however good a Man and able a Lawyer. Secondly, he mayn't keep in office a year, however good Chancellor he may be. And thirdly, a Figure at Madame Tussaud's would do just as well as the best of Richmond's Portraits, when *the Man* is to be drowned in robes, Wigs, Seals, &c.

A tiny rule of conduct:

Don't you dislike the way some People have of saying perpetually "Thanks!" instead of "Thank you!" for anything you may say or do for them? It is like cutting Acknowledgment as short as possible. Yet well-bred People do it. One day I was telling George Crabbe of this: he said, "But in Italy they say 'Grazie.'" Yes: but "Grazie" is a sweet Italian, in three Syllables, and "Thanks" about one of the most hideous monosyllables, even in the English language.

Lastly, a man to man communication to Sir Frederick Pollock on his elevation to the Bench:

I congratulate you on having secured stedfast office and revenue that will put you at your ease, and end all trouble and disappointment. Henceforth you may sit on your bench and look down complacently on the *mare magnum* of wigs, all striving which shall rise topmost. And, as you say, you can now set about finding out what to do with much spare time; a thing hard to do at all times (how tiresome was a whole holiday at school!), but most hard to men who have for the greater part of their lives been accustomed to a regular day-full of work. And all must leave it at some time. I have been all my life apprentice to this heavy business of idleness; and am not yet master of any craft; the Gods are too just to suffer that I should.

So he rambles on from the thirties to the eighties of last century, ever putting aside what could not serve him, ever cherishing what could, and storing unsuspected honey for us all. How acceptable, how uncloying, is this repast!—nothing fiery, nothing toilsome—but the best and cleanest of each day, and then: "Now for a Pipe in my Garden—to think over all these little things."

Mr. Henley's New Poems.

Hawthorn and Lavender, with Other Verses. By W. E. Henley. (London: David Nutt. 6s.)

Some of these poems have appeared in this or that periodical. The prologue was included in Mr. Henley's little collection of patriotic verse. But, taking them integrally, this is their first appearance in volume form. They are not, throughout, all that we have learned to expect from Mr. Henley. Were we to compare it with the generality of new verse, we could not but rate it exceptionally high. It is not the competition of younger poets which Mr. Henley needs to dread: it is the competition of himself. We know exactly the best he has done, and resent instinctively the slightest deflection from it. Well, here there are such deflections—that is all which can be said; and we feel them in exact proportion to our love of the poet who caught and held us of old. He still catches and holds us in his moments, but the grip is not always compulsive. Yet now and again the old mastery thrills us, and we remember. It is good so to remember.

If you sift and select, there is a very sufficient number of such poems; and a conspicuous few which are equal to all but the greatest of Mr. Henley's previous work. When we have finally panned out these siftings, indeed, we are almost ashamed to have indulged in cavil at all. The

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Hawthorn and Lavender section is the largest in the volume; and the best of this are either descriptive or profoundly personal. The weakest, as a rule, are those which are most song-like—lyric in the narrower sense. Once, indeed, Mr. Henley becomes actually Swinburnian—a sacrifice of individuality rare exceedingly with him. Yet here is a charming lyric:

Look down, dear eyes, look down,
Lest you betray her gladness.
Dear brows, do naught but frown,
Lest men miscall my madness.

Come not, dear hands, so near,
Lest all besides come nearer.
Dear heart, hold me less dear,
Lest time hold nothing dearer.

Keep me, dear lips, O keep
The last great word unspoken,
Lest other eyes go weep,
Lest other lives lie broken!

And of the descriptive lyrics we may quote a couple of stanzas, with the grimmer Henley touch in them:

The night dislimns, and breaks
Like snows slow thawn;
An evil wind awakes
On lea and lawn;
The low East wakes; and hark!
Out of the kindless dark,
A fierce, protesting lark,
High in the horror of dawn!

A shivering streak of light,
A scurry of rain:
Bleak day from bleaker night
Creeps pinched and fain;
The old gloom thins and dies,
And in the wretched skies
A new gloom, sick to rise,
Sprawls, like a thing in pain.

That has a fantastic and even fierce strength of imagination which we know in former days of Mr. Henley's work. If, indeed, the line about the lark be not too violent and resolved a wresting of natural fact to fit the mood of the soul. No charge of violence, however, can be brought against what is perhaps the most beautiful poem in the book.

There was no kiss that day?
No intimate Yea-and-Nay,
No sweets in hand, no tender, lingering touch?
None of those desperate, exquisite caresses,
So instant—O, so brief—and yet so much,
The thought of the swiftest lifts and blesses?
Nor any one of those great royal words,
Those sovran privacies of speech,
Frank as the call of April birds,
That, whispered, live a life of gold
Among the heart's still sainted memories,
And irk, and thrill, and ravish, and beseech,
Even when the dream of dreams in death's a-cold?
No, there was none of these,
Dear one, and yet—
O, eyes on eyes! O, voices breaking still,
For all the watchful will,
Into a kinder kindness than seemed due
From you to me, and me to you!
And that hot-eyed, close-throated, blind regret
Of woman and man baulked and debarred the blue!
No kiss—no kiss that day?
Nay, rather, though we seemed to wear the rue,
Sweet friend, how many and how goodly—say!

This nobly tender poem has a keen edge of expression, at once impassioned and restrained, such as Mr. Henley himself has rarely attained. Such lines as:

Nor any one of those great royal words,
Those sovran privacies of speech,
Frank as the call of April birds,

suggest Coventry Patmore, a poet with whom Mr. Henley has otherwise no spiritual troth-plight. Only a superficial reader could suppose derivation of one from the other. Nothing could be more dissimilar than their hand on that so-called "irregular" ode-metre which they use in common. It is notable that Mr. Henley generally rises to his best when he uses this metre. Very comprehensibly. Your poetaster thinks it an easy vehicle for "fine" lawlessness—more lawless than fine. Your true poet uses it only when he is touched *ad ima præcordia*—to the most intimate privacies of his heart. Of all metres, it is closest to the nerve itself, and only intense feeling can use it self-vindicatingly. Therefore, Mr. Henley uses it in a strongly personal poem:

In Shoreham River, hurrying down
To the live sea,
By working, marrying, breeding Shoreham Town,
Breaking the sunset's wistful and solemn dream,
An old, black rotter of a boat
Past service to the labouring, tumbling flote,
Lay stranded in mid-stream:
With a horrid list, a frightening lapse from the line,
That made me think of legs and a broken spine:
Soon, all too soon,
Ungainly and forlorn to lie
Full in the eye
Of the cynical, discomfortable moon
That, as I looked, stared from the fading sky,
A clown's face flour'd for work. And by and by
The wide-winged sunset wanned and waned;
The lean night-wind crept westward, chilling and sighing;
The poor old hulk remained,
Stuck helpless in mid-ebb. And I knew why—
Why, as I looked, my heart felt crying.
For, as I looked, the good green earth seemed dying—
Dying or dead;
And, as I looked at the old boat, I said:—
"*Dear God, it's I!*"

That is Mr. Henley at his sternest and strongest, every line like wrought ebony. Very fine is the *Præludium*, where he uses the same metre without rhyme in a most felicitously worded allegory between colour and music. But why does it end:

The wild, sweet-blooded, wonderful harlot, Spring?

Why, in the name of all that is wilful, must Spring—of all the months, poor Spring—be a harlot? Even the author of *Dolores* was content to leave her "the girl-child Spring." Why commit this defloration on the most virginal of seasons?

In the other section we have *Prologues* and other occasional verses, few lacking Mr. Henley's practised skill in this kind; and *London Types*—a series of Shakespearean sonnets, recalling the *Hospital Poems*. None quite equal to the best of these, all are very good, and some only short of his possible best. Take the *Sandwich-Man*:

An ill March noon; the flag-stones gray with dust;
An all-round east wind volleying straws and grit;
St. Martin's Steps, where every venomous gust
Lingers to buffet, or sneap, the passing cit;
And in the gutter, squelching a rotten boot,
Draped in a wrap that, modish ten year syne,
Partners, obscene with sweat and grease and soot,
A horrible hat, that once was just as fine;
The drunkard's mouth a-wash for something drinkable,
The drunkard's eye alert for casual *toppers*,
The drunkard's neck stooped to a lot scarce thinkable,
A living, crawling blazoning of Hot Coppers,
He trails his mildews towards a Kingdom-Come
Compact of *sausage-and-mash* and *two-o'-rum!*

You see him brutally distinct. And this section is the most level of the book. Over the book at large (in conclusion) is a mournfulness; as of a pirate going grimly down beneath the enemy's guns, with the black flag nailed

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to the mast—consoled by the remembrance that he has drunk, and kissed, and fought, before the end came. That despairing valiance leaves the reader in a saddened mood when the final leaf is turned.

A Pitiable Woman.

The History of Mary I., Queen of England. By J. M. Stone. (Sands & Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

Some day, perhaps, it will be possible to treat the Reformation period from the standpoint of detached, dispassionate history. The time is not yet; or, perhaps, strictly speaking, it is so no longer, since the renewed theological disputes of the last half-century have brought the religious ideals represented roughly enough by the terms "Catholic" and "Protestant" once more into active collision. Froude we know, and the anti-Froudians; and certainly the writer of the solid and interesting tome before us makes but little pretence at following the philosophic counsel of perfection and excluding bias from her work. To "restate the case for our first Queen Regnant," to "paint a picture vivid enough to supersede the old traditional portraits of Queen Mary," is avowedly her aim. And were it not avowed there would be no difficulty in inferring it from the studied depreciation throughout the book of all those whom Froude and other writers study as carefully to depict in more pleasing colours. Not that Miss Stone garbles documents or blinks facts: she is too good a scholar not to play the game. But it is the way of telling, the suggestion of motive, and the distribution of epithet that give a book its polemical tone, not the actual things told. And in the light of these the side which Miss Stone takes is unmistakable.

Judged, then, not as abstract history, but as a reasonably honest brief, this biography of the first and the saddest of English Queens Regnant is an excellent one. Miss Stone writes clearly and picturesquely, and has made good use of the vast stores of admirably calendared State Papers for the period with which she deals, and of the less known but equally valuable despatches of Spanish, French, and Venetian ambassadors at the court of Westminster. Nor need it be denied that the popular conception of one who, with even more justice than her cousin of Scotland, may be called "the Tragic Mary," is singularly inadequate to the truth. The precise extent of Mary's personal responsibility for the infamies committed in the name of religion which disgraced her reign is not a subject which we propose to discuss with Miss Stone; but that, "bloody" or not, she was not merely "bloody," but a pitiable woman, with one of the hardest of human fates to contend against, does not seem to us a truth that admits of dispute. A glance at the fine series of portaits brought together by Miss Stone, from the girlish portrait of Holbein to the regal portrait of Sir Antonio More, with its grim mouth and drawn temples, is enough to show how deeply during the years of persecution and bodily danger the iron entered into her soul. Circumstances and the indomitable Tudor will made Mary Tudor a bigot, but she was not by temper or training bitter or austere. On the contrary, she was born of true love, in the most splendid court of Europe, during the very heyday of the English Renascence. She was beautiful; or so the courtiers said. She was learned, as well-bred women then were, and soon after ceased, for three centuries, to be. Her love of jewels and of splendid clothes endured throughout her misfortune. The ornaments in all her portraits are superb. And she was gay, a fine performer upon the clavichord and the lute, ready even on her death-bed to laugh at the witty sallies of the epigrammatist, John Heywood. For the first twelve years of her life she was the spoilt darling of Henry and Henry's people. The "Princess of England" had her own household and retinue. When she was three years old, the Venetian ambassador Giustinian writes:

> Her hand alone is kissed by any duke or noble of the land, let his degree be what it may, nor does anyone see her without doffing his bonnet and making obeisance to her.

Already, it is true, her betrothals were a bewildering feature in Henry's rapidly shifting diplomacy. At the age of two she was pledged to the Dauphin of France. Then it was Charles V. of Spain, and then again the Dauphin's brother, the Duke of Orleans. But the emotional complications thus vicariously entered into passed lightly over the childish head. Mary came contentedly from her "gold pomanders," her "rosemary bushes with gold spangles," and other quaint sixteenth-century toys, to "welcome the French gentlemen with most goodly countenance, proper communication, and pleasant pastime in playing on the virginals," or to make them merry with "four gallons of Ypocras, with cherries, old apples, wafers, and strawberries," all, as her comptroller is careful to set down, at a cost of 35s. 6d. Her health and her exercise in "gardens, sweet and wholesome places, and walks," were matters of the most anxious solicitude. Ludovicus Vives taught her Latin, and she is described to Wolsey in 1526 as "as goodly a child as ever I have seen, and of as good gesture and countenance." Instinctively one thinks of her as swarthy, but as a matter of fact she had a wealth of flaxen hair.

The dark days began when high matters of State, as well as other more intimate considerations, moved the sensitive conscience of Henry towards the annulling of his marriage with Mary's Spanish mother. After the divorce she was separated from Katharine, moved into a mean house, and bidden to call herself "the Lady Mary," and no longer "the Princess of England." Anne Boleyn, who had the indecency to demand her defeated rival's Spanish christening cloak for the baptism of Elizabeth, pursued Mary with mean spite. Henry himself was well enough disposed towards his daughter, but Anne insisted on indignity after indignity being shown her, and wrote to instruct her governess that if the girl called herself Princess she must box her ears, *comme a une mauldicte bastarde, telle quelle estoit.* If the reports of the Spanish ambassador to Charles V. may be trusted, there was at one time a plot to get rid of Mary's pretensions once for all by poison. She seems herself, following here the example set her by Katharine of Arragon, to have behaved with admirable dignity. It was not until the advent of Jane Seymour, who was kindly to her, opened up a possibility of return into Henry's favour that, at the instigation of her Spanish advisers, she made what Miss Stone calls "the great renunciation," and consented to sign, at the dictation of Cromwell, documents which practically recognised her own illegitimacy. She came back to Court when the expectation of a boy heir made both her own position and Elizabeth's of less importance. The kindly queen presented her to her father as "Your chefest jewell of England," and made her stand godmother to the little Edward. Having surrendered her claims she was allowed to live a peaceful and studious life for the rest of Henry's reign, broken only by further negotiations for her marriage, and by one moment of terrible alarm lest she should be considered to be implicated in the plots of the Countess of Salisbury and Reginald Pole. She translated Erasmus, did what she could for Elizabeth, who, in her turn, found herself with "neither gown nor kirtle, nor petticoat, nor linen for smocks, nor kerchiefs, rails, body-stychets, handkerchiefs, mufflers nor begens," and enjoyed, for her virtues and her beauty, an immense popularity with the English folk. As a contemporary French poem has it:

> "*Il n'y a cueur si triste qui ne rye*
> *En attendant la princesse Marie.*"

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These halcyon years, however, were only an interlude in the tragic tale of her life. Edward was fond of her, and when she visited him "called for some jewel to present her, and complained that they gave him no better to give her." Nevertheless, he told her that she ought to give up "foreign dances and merriments, which do not become a Christian princess." And Edward's Protestant advisers made a dead set at her religion. They forbade her to hear Mass, but did not persist when they found her obstinate, and contented themselves with intriguing against her succession. Nevertheless, a wave of popular feeling placed Mary on the throne, and then quickly transferred itself, under the influence of the Smithfield fires and the hated Spanish marriage, to Elizabeth, whom Mary in her turn persecuted, although she had formerly befriended her, partly out of religious intolerance, partly out of irreconcilable antipathy between the direct and the subtle natures, partly out of an ineradicable feeling that the very existence of the "bastard" was an insult to the memory of the mother whom her mother had supplanted.

What finally broke Mary down, body and mind, was the childless issue of her marriage with a husband eleven years younger than herself, and his consequent prompt desertion of her. No doubt she fell into a melancholy. But there is a touch of exaggeration in Froude's account of her hysterical condition, which he considers to have amounted to insanity. Miss Stone quotes a more sober description from the contemporary biography of the Queen's intimate friend, Jane Dormer:

> Being come to London, the first that she asked for was Jane Dormer, who met her at the stairfoot, and told her that she was reasonably well. The Queen answered, "So am not I," being about the end of August, 1558. So took her chamber and never came abroad again. . . . Her sickness was such as made the whole realm to mourn, yet passed by her with most Christian patience. She comforted those of them that grieved about her. She told them what good dreams she had, seeing many little children, like angels, play before her, singing pleasing notes, giving her more than earthly comfort; and thus persuaded all ever to have the holy fear of God before their eyes, which would free them from all evil, and be a curb to all temptations. She asked them to think that whatsoever came to them was by God's permission; and ever to have confidence, that He would in mercy turn all to the best."

This has its pathetic note, and the whole narrative in which it occurs proves, at all events, that "Bloody" Mary had the gift of awaking, and perhaps of deserving, sympathies. If Miss Stone is content to have proved this, then her labour has not been in vain.

Colonial Secretary: Old Style.

Life of the Right Hon. Sir William Molesworth, Bart., M.P., F.R.S. By Mrs. Fawcett, LL.D. (Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

Sir William Molesworth entered Parliament for East Cornwall in 1832, when he was twenty-two years of age. He was forty-five when he took office as Secretary of State for the Colonies in the Government of his old enemy, Lord Palmerston; and he died that same year—1855. That is nearly half a century ago, and yet this biography, belated in date, is one of the most actual, current, and true-to-time publications of the moment. For it was this Sir William Molesworth, philosophic Radical, friend of Mill, editor of Hobbes, who, in 1851—within one year, be it remembered, of Mr. Disraeli's dictum, "These wretched Colonies will all be independent in a few years, and are a millstone round our necks"—it was Sir William Molesworth who declared:

> Every war [with an external foe] is necessarily an Imperial war. . . . In certain cases it would not be unreasonable to expect that the colonies should assist the Empire both with troops and with money, and I feel convinced that if the colonies were governed as they ought to be they would gladly come to the aid of the Mother Country in any just and necessary war.

That prophecy has had at least its partial fulfilment to-day, and Molesworth may be said to have devoted his life to the principle of "responsible government" in the Colonies—in other words, to government, not by force, but by consent. That principle triumphs generally to-day except in South Africa, and its failure there is not any blot on Molesworth's vision; for, from first to last, he was opposed to our territorial expansion there, and minimised the value of the Cape as a naval station:

> "I hold it," he said, "to be quite contrary to the true policy of Great Britain to take military possession of large islands or vast portions of continents. It is utterly absurd for an essentially naval power to attempt the military defence of extensive coasts or long lines of military frontier."

Already Kaffir wars taught, he thought, that lesson; and the cost of them, in his opinion, approached yearly the total sum of some £850,000—all that was needed to maintain the eight salient stations—the only sentinels he held to be necessary to our Empire, beginning with Gibraltar and ending with Singapore. Consequently, he was opposed to the policy of Sir Harry Smith, which has meant Ladysmith to-day; and was a member of the Administration which ceded self-government to the Orange Free State. He may have been all wrong, as Mrs. Fawcett, of course, thinks he was; or all right, as Mr. Herbert Spencer, on this text, could set forth; but, at least he was far-seeing with a foresight never possible of appreciation until to-day. People who complain of the long delay in the publication of the Beaconsfield Memoirs may take heart. By the time they appear they may be made by events, even as this long-delayed book now is, the most topical of volumes.

Though Molesworth's life was really given over to his devotion to the Colonies and their freedom, he did a good deal more that well deserves a record. He was as proud as his one-time colleague, Mr. Gladstone, of the Scottish part of him. It came to Molesworth through his mother's family, a Hume, the family also of David. At Cambridge, like Charles Darwin and the Laureate, he was of those to whom the University was largely alien.

> You do profess to teach
> And teach us nothing, feeding not the heart,

wrote Tennyson, while the young Cornish baronet was saying to his mother, of his pastors and masters: "They are not gentlemen. If I was to remain at St. John's I should without doubt be miserable." A challenge to his college tutor, Henry Barnard, led to his expulsion, but the duel was fought a year later. Another duel, which did not get so far as a harmless exchange of shots, was arranged for with Sir Hudson Lowe, who did not like Molesworth's allusion to him in the House of Commons as "the jailer of St. Helena," but who was pacified by the explanation that it referred to the office, not the man. Almost the first emphatic welcome of Tennyson came, as everyone knows, from a most unexpected critic—John Stuart Mill—but the cheque for £4,000 which brought the *London Review* within Mill's sphere of influence was that of Molesworth, one of whose comfortable thoughts was that he had never been hampered in any scheme of his by a want of means. A great friendship with Mrs. Grote resulted in a good deal of letter-writing on the part of Mrs. Grote; but when Sir William married a widow, whose family name did not figure in the Red Book and who had even been on the stage before her first marriage with Mr. Temple West, Mrs. Grote's friendship could not bear the strain. The

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subsequent silence of Mrs. Fawcett about Andalusia, Lady Molesworth, might convey to some readers an ominous impression, which would, we believe, be wholly unjust. Against Sir William, at any rate, no one could bring the charge that his theory and practice did not tally. When he took office he did so stipulating that he should support the ballot—then a quite disgraceful word in the mouth of a man of honour. If he supported a drastic scheme of national education he did so with full regard to the rights of Roman Catholics and Jews; and his support of the Maynooth grant, and any logical extension of it, was as much a stumbling block between himself and some of his political associates as the University question now is between Mr. Balfour and the bulk of his party. By a little irony of political life did this true Liberal find himself in consequence opposed at Southwark, not by a Tory only, but by Edward Miall as a second Liberal candidate. The editor (at vast expense) of Hobbes was met with cries of "No 'Obbes," a rumour having gone through the ranks that Hobbes was certainly an Erastian—which somehow got popularly translated into an infidel. On the day before the election, when the candidates met on the hustings, Sir William turned to the opponent from his own camp:

> "You," he said, "have denounced me as the editor of the works of Hobbes of Malmesbury. Electors, I am proud of that fact. I will rest upon it a claim to your support, in opposition to the claim of Mr. Miall. He is the editor of the *Nonconformist*. I am the editor of Hobbes. The works of Hobbes will last more centuries than the *Nonconformist* will last days. They will be read, age after age, by the studious among the millions of our race who will people the two Americas and the islands of the Southern Ocean, and who will wonder at that ignorant and bigoted herd who dared to assail so great a master of thought and language. As one of that herd, it is your only chance, Mr. Miall, of escaping oblivion."

There is a whole *Edinburgh Review* article of it, with a great deal thrown in about Gibbon, Newton, Descartes, Copernicus, and Bacon, where now we should only have an allusion to the domestic life of Mr. Lobb or Mr. Benn. The voters, too, played up to the great names, for next day Molesworth was at the head of the poll with two thousand votes, and Miall at the bottom with a sixth of the number. Not always pedantic was Sir William's front in debate. Even in directness we do not now, amid the mass of Parliamentary talk, get the equal of the sentences—too long, however, to quote in full—in which Sir William characterised Lord Derby, "the Rupert of Debate, zealous, chivalrous, without a particle of statesmanship":

> For six years he misgoverned the colonies; there is scarcely a colonial grievance which may not be traced to his mismanagement. He produced a rebellion in Canada; he sowed the seeds of our costly wars in South Africa; he caused the hideous demoralisation of Van Diemen's Land, for he was wrong-headed, ignorant, rash; a Free Trader in towns, a Protectionist in counties; pro-Maynooth in Ireland, anti-Maynooth in England and Scotland; saying one thing one day, retracting it the next, repeating it the third, equivocating about it the fourth; a political jockey, riding a losing horse, hoping to win by a cross; a thimble-rigger, gammoning clowns with the pea of Protection which will never be found under any one of his thimbles; a truckler with bigotry he means to betray. . .

and so on through phrase after phrase, the cogency of which, from his own standpoint, is undeniable to any one familiar with the party politics of the day. Just one feather in the cap of that Colonial Secretary of the old school should be named. In the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen he was the only member who supported the Premier's reluctance to enter on the Crimean War, which, if it was not purposeless, is at least now known to have been useless. Cobden and the so-called "Pro-Russians" of that day, when they saw that Molesworth—the war once declared—advocated its vigorous prosecution, naturally but perversely attacked the good faith of a man who, taking him all through his career, might be named as the most consistent politician of the nineteenth century. He died when he was only forty-five; and of him it may certainly be declared that his death did that rare thing in the subsequent history of a country—it made a difference.

Feeble-Smart.

Society Snapshots. By Cotsford Dick. (Allen. 6s.)

This is a painful and tedious book; we put that at the beginning because it is the dominant impression left upon us by a laborious perusal of fifty-six dialogues reprinted from the *World*, with a portrait of the author. Times have changed since Mr. Dick contributed blameless trifles to the *Girls' Own Paper* twenty years ago. His pen now runs to this sort of thing:

> The Guide. How many parents have you got?
> The Child. Two—at present.
> The Guide. What do you signify by the words "at present"?
> The Child. The possibility that Papa and Mamma may be divorced, and each of them marry again, in which case I should have four.
> The Guide. What is divorce?
> The Child. The last satisfaction that a husband and wife, who have become mutually tired of one another, can afford themselves.
> The Guide. Why should you imagine such a crisis should occur in the lives of your parents?
> The Child. From the way they go on.
> The Guide. What is Papa?
> The Child. The only gentleman we know who does not seem to get on with Mamma.
> The Guide. What is Mamma?
> The Child. One of the very few ladies of our acquaintance who does not appear to wish to kiss Papa.
> The Guide. What is your idea of Home?
> The Child. The place where Papa and Mamma never are—together.

One almost feels that a machine might be constructed which, once started, would continue that dialogue *ad infinitum*. It cannot be called clever; nor do we think it is worthy of the name of satire. It is facile and feeble smartness. His facility is the prime cause of Mr. Dick's tedium; he is so sweetly content with the little joke, the trifling quip, the first device that comes to hand. An old trick will serve his turn as well as a new one; he brightens it with a rub on his sleeve,—and there you are! Con this very imperfect list of Mr. Dick's characters, and you may reconstruct the dialogues for yourself:

Lady Angostura O'Bitters	Bertie de Blasé
Lady Sniffington	Sir Ananias
Mrs. Oldcat	Mr. Snobbington
Mrs. Awdrey-Tawdrey	Lord George Greencloth
Lady Sapphira	Mr. Eglantine Montague
Lady Virginia Castaway	Marchese Marina Parada
Miss Flotsam	Sir Startin Price
Lady Baba	Captain Sellingplate
Mrs. Blunderbury	Jack Hurlingham
Lady de Corum	Sir Andrew Merryman

Here are twenty out of perhaps a hundred, and they all do the same performance—they all disclose the *naïve* delight of Mr. Dick in the "smart world" which he portrays in its cynicism, its greediness, its vice, its ignorance, its nastiness, its idleness, and its absolutely inane silliness. He does not lash it, he tickles it with a sympathetic tickle, and because it likes to be tickled. Possibly these monotonous inventions may induce cachinnation in the select circles which devote themselves to smart restaurants, smart hotels, smart racecourses, smart casinos, smart

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divorce-courts, smart clubs, smart slang, smart milliners, smart tailors, and smart *filles de joie*; we do not know, and the point is not of importance. What is important is the mere fact of the existence of any such class, brainless, vicious, and unscrupulous, as Mr. Dick pictures in this book.

The Way We Think.

The Mental Functions of the Brain. By Bernard Hollander, M.D., &c. (Grant Richards. 21s. net.)

The purpose of this book is well expressed by its subsidiary title, "The Revival of Phrenology." Dr. Hollander has spent, he tells us, some fifteen years in the collection of cases where some mental affection appears to correspond to a specified lesion of the cortex of the brain, and from these he thinks he is able to map out those areas of the cortex which are the seats of particular passions and proclivities. Moreover, he has studied the works of Gall, the father of the popular system—so far as it can be called a system—which may be compendiously described as "bumps," and finds that his own conclusions correspond with those of the Viennese physician, who flourished, it may be noted, during the opening years of last century. He accordingly writes an elaborate work, in which the cases he has collected are arranged in due order, quotes all the opinions of celebrated scientists which can be twisted into an approval of all or any of the so-called principles of phrenology, and runs amuck among those which cannot. Mr. Herbert Spencer, Dr. Maudsley, and Dr. Bastian alike fall under his condemnation, the chief accusation against them being that they cannot have read "Gall's great work," because they do not quote from it; while an unnamed gold medallist is charged with ignorance of science, recklessness, and "sheer impudence." This Dr. Hollander calls vindicating Gall's memory.

One would have more confidence in the case that Dr. Hollander puts forward did he not commit the very fault with which he charges his supposed opponents, and ignore that which he has to answer. According to the discoveries of Ramon y Cajal and others, whose names we look for in vain in these pages, the human brain is not so much a generator of mental phenomena as their recipient and transformer. The true originator of mental action is, on the same authority, the nerves, which receive sensations from the outer world and transmit them to the cells of the cortex, whence they carry back a return message in the shape of motor impulses. It is even thought that the seat of this transformation can be identified within the brain cell as the "neuron," a little body which, according to this hypothesis, erects itself and enters into function only when stirred up by a message from the sensory nerves. Hence man, as has been finely said by M. Maurice de Fleury, is a being afloat in an ocean of vibrations, and these vibrations form all we know of the world. It is not for us to decide whether this theory is true or false, but if it be true it is evident that we must look for the cause of natural or acquired mental proclivities, not in the shape of his skull or the bumps on it, but rather in the conformation of his nervous system, and, if they play the part allotted to them, of his neurons. We think Dr. Hollander would have done better—if, as we gather, he thinks otherwise—to examine and dispose of Señor Ramon's theory rather than to set up, as it were, behind its back, one which most men of science have confessedly rejected as exploded.

It is seldom, however, that any thoughtful book can be unreservedly condemned, and in one point he makes Dr. Hollander has our heartiest approval. This is the general neglect of what he calls "mental science," by which he evidently means the diagnosis and cure of mental diseases, by the medical men to whom the cure of those afflicted by them is committed. As everyone knows who has anything to do with these saddest of cases, a lunatic asylum, whether public or private, is but a sort of model boarding-house where, while everything possible is done for the physical health and comfort of the inmates, no attempt whatever is made to ascertain or treat the malady which has led to their incarceration. This is a grave fault, and although it is impossible at present to suggest a remedy, yet a first step thereto is perhaps made when public attention is called to it. By so doing, Dr. Hollander has done the State some service.

Other New Books.

V.R.I. Queen Victoria, Her Life and Reign. By the Marquis of Lorne. (Harpers.)

The present Duke of Argyll has probably done the best he could with what (we suppose) must be considered the official life of the late Queen. So quiet and domestic a personal career does not really lend itself to biography, her true biography being the events of her long reign. The book is well illustrated, and the home-like and homely incidents of that womanly career set forth with care and knowledge. The Duke shows his sportsman's nature by accurately noting even the "bags" made when the Queen visited the Duke of Buckingham, and the shots made by the great Duke of Wellington. He has drawn much on Sir Theodore Martin's record of the Queen's letters, and these are among the most interesting parts of a biography which is sure of popularity, and, compared with other "Lives" of the Queen, deserves it. For he has achieved what, with such quiet materials, is certainly the feat of holding the reader's attention, and leaving the distinct impression of a personality, not a crowned shadow.

Ruskin and the English Lakes. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. (J. MacLehose and Sons. 5s. net.)

Ruskin's early journey to the English Lakes, in company with his father, has been told in his own words. He was five years old when he experienced what he calls "the creation of the world for *me* in Friars' Crag, Derwentwater." When he was seven he went again; and again when, at the ripe age of eleven, he was not only a careful observer, but also a recorder. A poem in four books described the impressions of this youngest recruit to the Lake School of poets. True to those early impressions, he made his home at Coniston when the shades gathered in, and Mr. Rawnsley supplies a little talk of his attitude to the villagers and theirs towards him. "How he loved those village children!" exclaims Mr. Rawnsley: translating, as it were, Ruskin's own sentence in *Fors*: "Here in Coniston it is almost impossible to meet a child whom it is not a real sorrow again to lose sight of." At Keswick is the School of Industrial Arts, and among the illustrations given is a view of St. George's Cottage at Crosthwaite, with Miss Twelves seated at her spinning-wheel below the sign-board, "The Ruskin Linen Industry." One hopes that these flourish. But it is not the way of Mr. Rawnsley to be very precise or definite about anything; not even about his own visits to Brantwood. There is an allusion to the Master "in his later time, burdened with sadness and imagining woe unutterable, and almost beyond bearing for anguish, by the thought of a life wasted and work useless and undone." Then comes an allusion to "a later visit, when I found him in absolute serenity of unclouded heart, . . . gazing with love and wonder upon the bouquet of wild flowers just placed before him." "I never went to Brantwood again," writes Mr. Rawnsley, but dates to give value and proportion to the declaration are missing. The

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little book cannot be said to add to Ruskin *and* any single item worth preserving; but it takes you over old ground with an agreeable, if not very salient, guide.

John Howard. By Edgar C. S. Gibson. (Methuen & Co.)

THERE are some people who say that discipline in prisons has suffered fatal blows—as have also the warders—since magic-lantern slides of Jerusalem have been exhibited by the well-intentioned on Christmas night. No cynic, however, will be found to say that the work which John Howard performed was superfluous. Cells were still of dimensions that suffocated; vermin was not "inspected"; gaol fever was deadly and prevalent; and torture of a more direct sort was still enforced. Yet for any of the makings of a hero you look in vain to Howard. The son of a London upholsterer, he was born in Hackney, and inherited a competence. At twenty-four, seeking comfort, and finding it in certain lodgings, he married his landlady, who was fifty. After her death he married again, but lost his wife when was born that son about whom a mysterious interest gathers. Motherless, he was sternly treated by his father, who put him through disciplines which may or may not have had something to do with his ultimate madness and death. On the other hand, Howard was, before his days of Prison Visiting, "a sanitary reformer and an educationalist, when neither sanitary reform nor education were (*sic*) of much account." Moreover, he "also visited the poor, sat down in their cottages, and generally ate an apple while he talked with them." Another sign of predestination was that "he never failed to speak kindly to schoolboys, and to give each of them a halfpenny, if he had enough in his pockets to supply them, invariably concluding his advice by telling them to be good children, and to wash their hands and faces." Yet, we are told, "he was by no means deficient in humour." We are not sure that of his biographers in general so much can be said. Be that as it may in Mr. Gibson's case, there is nothing in his little compilation to call for very serious remark.

Before I Forget. By Albert Chevalier. (Fisher Unwin. 16s.)

WHY a comedian, still in active service, whose delicate impersonations of rose-tinted coster life have caught the town, should therefore be encouraged to put his recollections of audiences and his comments upon life into a sixteen-shilling book is a problem which we do not propose to answer here. It concerns us merely to say that public interest in actors, singers, and "artistes" now seems to demand such records; to deplore this state of things; and to pass on to criticism. Briefly, Mr. Chevalier has not written a good book. This is the veriest word-spinning, egotistical, commonplace, and the smallest beer. But Mr. Chevalier need not worry himself in the least; because the value of his very charming histrionic talent is in nowise diminished by his failure as an autobiographer. We, ourselves, who sit in judgment, would, for example, cut the sorriest figure in "The Coster's Serenade"—if that confession is any balm to him. Our advice would be, the next time the desire to write a book comes upon him, and every time: Write instead another song as good as "Mafeking Night." But do not print it. There are some songs which never ought to be printed, and Mr. Chevalier's stand almost first. When he sings them they are superb, persuasive, full of light and shade and humorous character. In print they are doggerel.

Catalogue of Pictures at Locko Park. By Jean Paul Richter. (Bemrose. 12s. 6d.)

"BEING the owner of a fine collection of pictures, Mr. Drury-Lowe, of Locko Park, Derbyshire, has felt it incumbent on himself to render it accessible to the European art world. He has therefore published a catalogue *raisonné*, prepared by Dr. Jean Paul Richter." So runs the prospectus of this handsome volume; and thus, it would be churlish to criticise. The dozen or so plates sandwiched in between Dr. Richter's notes show that Mr. Drury-Lowe possesses several notable pieces; the Ghirlandajo (No. 67) is especially fine. Dr. Richter himself, though learned, is something of a Dryasdust; but he has emerged with much adroitness out of a rather ticklish tussle with a good deal that is second-rate. The Locko Park collection is not exactly exciting. There are 284 pieces on the list, and Ghirlandajos are few and far between. The Andrea del Sarto drawing, however, is a beauty.

James Flaunty. By Jack B. Yeats. (Mathews. 1s.)

THIS is the first of Mr. Jack B. Yeats's "plays in the old manner," published by Mr. Elkin Mathews, "nigh the Albany," also in the old manner, the impulse to write and issue which having, we gather, been found in Stevenson's essay on "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured." But Mr. Yeats, though he may have the best intentions in the world, is not, we fear, the man. *James Flaunty; or, The Terror of the Western Seas*, if worth doing at all (which we greatly doubt), was worth doing better than this; more richly, with more juice, more flavour, more of the "old manner," in fact. But we are sceptical as to any worthy result being reached by a self-conscious literary imitative purpose such as Mr. Yeats's. To recover the old art one must have the old artlessness.

Sunshine and Surf. A Year's Wanderings in the South Seas. By Douglas B. Hall and Lord Albert Osborne. (Adam & Charles Black.)

THESE two gentlemen are the most recent of the globe-trotters who have been stirred up, doubtless, by the example of Lord Pembroke and Dr. Kingsley, to visit the South Seas and to write a book about them. Unlike their predecessors, they made the tour in coasting steamers, and the moral of their experiences seems to be that if you want to see the modern Paphos and her sister islands you should do so in your own yacht. On shore, however, they had many delightful adventures, which are here recorded in a very hearty and breezy fashion; while in their comments on fellow-passengers, shipmasters, and consuls, the authors show an almost royal indifference to the law of libel. The volume is worth possessing, if only for the many portraits of native beauties it contains.

The World's History: a Study of Man's Record. Edited by H. F. Helmholtz. (Heinemann. 15s. net.)

ANY review of the truly colossal work of which we have here the first volume must be deferred till the completion is before us. It suffices now to notice the inception of the English version, under the auspices of Mr. James Bryce, who contributes an exposition of the plan of the history, and "the whole philosophy of a world's history," as the publisher's note puts it. Only a German, one thinks, could have conceived such a design; and only the principle of co-operation, which has given us such works as the *Dictionary of National Biography* and the *New English Dictionary*, could have carried it through on the scale of

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specialisation exemplified in the present volume. This volume, beginning with Man in general and his prehistoric remains, deals chiefly with the American continent; ending, however, with a chapter on the Pacific Ocean. The specialist knowledge is very thorough; and not the least interesting feature is the plates illustrating the antiquities of Central America. The civilisation of the old Mexican table-land was inspired mainly by that strange people the Mayas, whose cities yet stand in ruins among the Central American forests. To the casual eye, their architecture (or that they inspired), as here shown, has a curious resemblance to Assyrian remains. The Maya bas-relief here figured has a still stronger Assyrian character; it is like a decadent or debased Assyrian relief. A Zapothec MS. (and Zapothec civilisation was drawn from Maya civilisation) shows the well-known symbol of the Winged Disc or Egg, so prominent in Egypt, Assyria, and all the early Asiatic lands. But, again, the type of it is rather like that of Assyria than of Egypt. The plate of the Ilascalans and Spaniards fighting as allies is another very interesting illustration, likewise from native sources. We shall look with expectation for the completion of the work.

The season has produced no handsomer gift book than the Century Company's new edition of Dr. W. M. Sloane's monumental *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*. These four massive volumes, with their coloured illustrations, beautifully printed text, and neat covers, on which the imperial "N." is stamped in gold within a scrolled border, are, however, not to be confused with the ordinary gift book of ephemeral interest. They form a Napoleonic gallery and history of the greatest value. Text and illustrations are alike fascinating.

Few civilians can realise what a regiment really means to its officers and to the best men in the ranks. Visibly, it is but a sort of cocoon spun out of old flags, plate, pictures, little customs of bugle and mess, a goat, and a glorious confused murmur of tradition. But if anyone wishes to know more of the inner life of a British regiment than can be thus indicated he cannot do better than sit down to a good square meal on Colonel Henry Blackburne Hamilton's *Historical Record of the 14th (King's) Hussars*, from 1715 to 1900. The volume is issued with all the pomp and circumstance of war by Messrs. Longmans. It is dedicated to the King, and is one long chronicle and picture-gallery of the movements of the 14th. Many illustrations, some beautifully coloured, enrich the book. Colonel Hamilton reminds us that his is the regiment immortalised by Lever in *Charles O'Malley*, and that at the close of the Peninsular War it had the reputation of being the finest light cavalry regiment in the British Army. The record leaves the 14th where they now are—in South Africa.

Scholarship and beauty are united in the "Arthurian Romances" which Mr. Nutt is issuing in pocket volumes at 2s. net. The latest is a rendering by Miss Jessie L. Weston of *Morien*, a metrical romance found only in the mediæval Dutch version of the *Lancelot*, where it occupies upwards of five thousand lines. Miss Weston does not claim for this romance the literary charm possessed by others in her series, but she points out that none of the adventures it relates are preserved in any English text.

The new volume in Mr. Heinemann's "Century of French Romance" contains the *Colomba* and *Carmen* of Prosper Mérimée. Mr. Arthur Symons writes a discriminating introduction from which it would be easy to quote striking sentences. He says: "An incident told by Mérimée at his best gathers about it something of the gravity of history, the composed way in which it is told helping to give it the equivalent of remoteness, allowing it not merely to be, but, what is more difficult, to seem, classic in its own time."

Fiction.

Tales of a Dying Race. By Alfred A. Grace. (Chatto. 6s.)

According to the last census, the native race, or Maories, of New Zealand, in spite of the civilising energies of the white man in their midst, have turned back upon their way to extinction, and are now increasing. Nevertheless, when Mr. Grace called his book *Tales of a Dying Race*, he chose an excellent title and spoke the poetic truth. The old Maori—Arcadian and splendid fighting man—is dying indeed: the modern one, who has assimilated the white man's sins, and become immune to his sicknesses, and learned to live beneath his milder laws, is, for all purposes of life and literature, a new creation. In these stories Mr. Grace has done for the New Zealand that is passing away very much what Mr. Bret Harte did for California, and what Mr. Kipling did for the India that abides. That is to say, he has done exceedingly well. If he has not the pathos of *Roaring Camp* nor the poignancy of *Without Benefit of Clergy*, he has maybe a note of his own that is all the truer for its avoidance of emotional extremes. He gives us the spoiled and unspoiled savage, tender and ruthless; confiding, and weltering in bloody superstitions; treacherous, and sportsmanlike. There is the meeting of civilised and savage, and the truth told, bluntly, freshly and vigorously, of what comes of the meeting, towards the undoing—and, much seldomer, towards the uplifting—of the white man and the brown. He has a good deal to say of the bringing of the Gospel to the heathen, and is not much enamoured of the preacher: if he errs in this on the side of uncharitableness, it is to be noted that he errs in good company.

These stories are collected from various Australasian papers—chiefly from the Sydney *Bulletin*, in which they first appeared. They were well worth re-publishing: it will surprise most English readers to learn that one can rarely open the *Bulletin* without finding at least one sketch or story with much of the force and vigour of these tales. In such as these, Australasians are preparing the way for their greater artist, their "stayer" in fiction, who will one day give us something deep and comprehensive of the lives of men as they are lived out there. Great work *Tales of a Dying Race* is not; but it is of the direct and genuine sort from which great work may grow at any time.

The Making of a Marchioness. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

Mrs. Burnett has not done herself justice in this book. Melodrama is all very well in its own place; but out of its place—that is, in a novel—it demands very special treatment. Excellent work has been done before now by placing real human characters in melodramatic situations; or, less often and with greater skill, by placing melodramatic characters in real human situations. Dickens did the former over and over again; Mr. Meredith has occasionally, and very happily, done the latter. Now, the author of *The Making of a Marchioness* has done neither. She has, quite frankly, placed melodramatic people in melodramatic situations, and the result, as a novel, is not convincing. We have a poor, hard-working, virtuous, and rather stupid heroine—it is impossible, of course, in a melodrama, to ally virtue with the smallest smattering of brains—and we have a rich, handsome, virtuous, and rather

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stupid hero, who is, naturally, a Marquis, and marries the heroine. We have come across that taciturn but noble and deeply-feeling Englishman so often that we really begin to think he must exist. Further, as all true melodrama demands, we have the villain, who would have succeeded to the title if the Marquis had not married again, and the villain's wife, who is dark and gipsy-like, and clenches her thin hands at every opportunity; and in the background is the smart lady who says the smart things. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the comic relief is maintained in the usual way by the faithful serving-maid and the faithful serving-maid's mother. Every one of these people no doubt exists in a world that is made up of all sorts, just as the plots, which are laid against the life of the Marchioness, might with perfect possibility be laid against the life of any real Marchioness who is in the way; but—and this is the point—it is the novelist's business to select; and Mrs. Burnett has selected neither characters nor incidents fairly. The complexity of life, which the novelist, unlike the playwright, has every opportunity of presenting, is scarcely suggested in *The Making of a Marchioness*; and the author gives away her point of view in the sentence, "The scene between the three was far too subtle to be of the least use upon the stage, but it was a good scene, nevertheless." Now, that unwritten scene would probably have done for the book what all the unconvincing incidents in it have failed in doing.

Perhaps it is her descent to melodrama that has made Mrs. Burnett unusually careless of her style. "Appalling" is a good word, but is scarcely applicable to a change of fashion in skirts (page 1). "Honest drops" of tears, (page 270) may be an Elizabethan construction, but is scarcely justifiable on that account; nor do we think even Shakespeare would approve of quite so frequent a use of "if" without the subjunctive mood. And the comparative "not as" is simply incorrect. We are also a little puzzled to know how the same woman could have resembled "some nice animal in the Zoo" (page 270), a "Venus of Milo" in "a modern Royal Academy way" (page 273), and "a sort of clean, healthy, Mid-Victorian angel" (page 280).

The End of an Epoch. By A. Lincoln Green. (Blackwood. 6s.)

It has been observed that troubles never come singly. But one would have imagined that cosmic catastrophes would come singly. It is not so, however. A few weeks ago we reviewed Mr. M. P. Shiel's *The Purple Cloud*, which describes the annihilation of the human race, save two people, by the agency of a noxious vapour. The hero and narrator of this tale was, for obvious reasons, named Adam. And now comes another world-destruction (by the agency of an epidemic), with another hero-narrator called Adam, who, at the close of his recital is, like the other Adam, to begin the human race afresh, in company with the beloved of his heart. The coincidence is very curious, and a detailed description of the incidents in the two books would only intensify its curiousness. We shall do well to say that we do not think for a moment that Mr. Green is a plagiarist; we have no doubt that his book was completed before Mr. Shiel's was published. It is a pity that he is second in this catastrophic field, because Mr. Shiel could more easily have afforded to come second. Mr. Green's book, if not without merit, falls flat after the amazing *verve* of Mr. Shiel's. His tale is too plainly concocted. For instance, immediately Evelyn Morpeth comes on the scene, "running like a fawn," we know that she is the destined maid; we have a perfect confidence that she will supervene at the close in order that humanity may continue.

Mr. Green possesses a copious lack of humour. Were it otherwise, he would not have preserved from slaughter a Dean, whose function it is to marry Adam and Evelyn and then expire. The notion of avoiding immorality by the regularisation of this union according to the rites of the Anglican Church is really ineffable. But perhaps Mr. Green's humour is so profound that we have not fathomed it. If he aimed at a ferocious satire, he has, indeed, achieved it.

He writes clearly and painstakingly, and can describe a big event with some effectiveness.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

The Real World. By R. Herrick.

A well-told modern American novel. The heroine is the daughter of an Ohio manufacturer, and the plot is developed through the story of the hero's life. "Jack Pemberton never forgot those wonderful hours on the sea-washed rocks, just above the insistent grumble of the ocean. The girl—woman, rather—told him the story of her drifting life, from Zenobia, Ohio, and New York to Pau and Trouville and Paris, Dresden, Rome, and London. (Macmillan. 6s.)

Ray Farley. By J. Moffat and E. Druce.

A comedy of country life. The story, which looks as if it had been written in high spirits, has illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thomson. It is described as "a portion of the life story of Mr. Ray Farley, scholar and millionaire, with which is incorporated a full and graphic account of the entertaining adventures of Mr. Nicholas Crisp and Mr. Hiram Basin." (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

Back to Lilac Land. By ——.

A theatrical novel. The opening scene is at the Raydon Club, where a Mr. Ardenne, a dramatic author, is about to lunch with a Mr. Flood, an actor. "Come and wash your hands," said Mr. F., "and then we will lunch. It's disgustingly hot for the beginning of June." The dedication is to the author of *The Column*. ". . . . Your own beautiful book is a most honoured guest of my library, and I wish I had something better to offer you than this." (Greening. 6s.)

The Stone of Dunalter. By William Robertson.

A tale of the '45, with picture. The story owes its origin, says the author, who writes M.D., D.P.H. after his name, to the interesting history of the Clach na Brataich, or Stone of the Standard of the Strowan Clan. A famous chief of the Robertson Clan discovered the stone when he pulled up the standard pole on the eve of the battle of Bannockburn. The Stone is not a myth, for it has been passed from one chief to another, and is now in the safe keeping of the present head of the clan. (Paisley: Alex. Gardner.)

The Cigarette Smoker. By C. Ranger Gull.

This story of 150 odd pages treats of "the vice of inordinate cigarette smoking." Mr. Gull takes himself and his subject seriously. In the preface he remarks: "The doctors and other persons connected with the art of healing who have helped me in writing this book are fully at one with me in the dangers I have portrayed." On the last page the reader is introduced to "two bowls with the greenish cheese-like convolutions floating in the white sickly-smelling liquor." They were the brains of two cigarette-smokers, characters in the story. (Greening. 6s.)

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The Elizabethan Rostands.

WE who love English, we who rejoice in the grand march of English words, often forget and disuse our privileges. Even the miser turns over his gold, and rolls in it. We ignore the pageants that might heal sore eyes; we stand soiled on the brink of cleansing and charmed waters; we see the perspective of illimitable gardens, and will not walk in them. We are content always with the same few of our possessions; we catalogue the rest, and sleep on the catalogue. We are the richest people in the world, and we know it, and the mere knowledge seems to suffice us. We take our wealth for granted, foolishly unaware that wealth taken for granted is no longer wealth. While reading Jane Austen, and reading her again (good little Jane!) we take for granted, we assume, the Elizabethan and Jacobean age! Oh, yes! Lamb's *Specimens*, Hazlitt's *Elizabethan Dramatists*—this matter has been attended to once for all! Consider yourselves read, excellent contemporaries of Shakespeare. We admit you. You are *of course*. Shakespeare is your representative among us. We honour him, sometimes, and through him, you. He alone wrote nearly forty plays—think of that, and understand that we make it a rule to peruse Jane Austen's complete works every year.

Such is our ineffable attitude towards our golden age, an age comprising at least a dozen great poets, at least fifty writers of rare distinction, and at least a hundred that the dictionaries and cyclopædias dare not omit; the age when English, just come to lusty manhood, was indeed English—riotous, immense, magnificent, lovely—when the flood of art gushed careless, gorgeous and overwhelming, like a mighty cataract. We, whose best produce one novel in three years, have the effrontery to talk of the creative impulse. Heavens! We have forgotten what it is. We chatter about language, we who polish a period in a month; we prate like children. How those Ulysses, bending their formidable bows, would laugh at our catapults! One can picture Jove saying to an Elizabethan: "Here! These Victorians have a singular conceit of themselves. Show them what is what." And the Elizabethan would bare his brawny arms and with a quill a yard long write the whole blessed Victorian literature in six months, and get tipsy each night at the "Mermaid" to boot.

The reason why we should return to the Elizabethan men is, not because they are "classical," not because they are the correct thing and part of a proper education, but simply and solely because they are, in the colloquial phrase which was always on the lips of William Morris, so "jolly fine," so amusing, diverting, refreshing, uplifting, satisfying. To read them is to plunge into a vast marble bath—the dive, the tingle in the ears, the head-shaking, the striking-out, the swish of water, the final emergence, the deep breath—"Ah! That was grand!" These works were written in joy, and in joy they are to be read. Do not confuse them with *The Ring and the Book*, *Ghosts*, or *Clarissa Harlowe*. They are the sheer expression of the plenteous joy and exultant power of life. And, above all, do not imagine that, because Shakespeare happened to be Shakespeare, his companions were second-rate. There are sundry non-Shakespearean English plays far superior to sundry plays of Shakespeare. The assertion may sound startling, but, if it does, the more shame to the startled. Shakespeare was hemmed in by great men, authors of great works; and the Twentieth Century, which must needs be acquainted with *Love's Labour Lost* and *The Comedy of Errors*, could not even name those works, unless by chance it had been to a University Extension lecture.

Who has read *Philaster?*

Nay, to break down that polite convention which assumes the omniscience of readers, is there one "well-read" man in five who can with certainty name the author of *Philaster?* And *Philaster* is among the most resplendent ornaments of the world's drama. It was the first and finest success of Beaumont and Fletcher, the brethren who, by common consent of critics, stand next to Shakespeare. Beaumont died at thirty-two, Fletcher at forty-six; and they wrote, beside oddments, a play for every week in the year. They were the Rostands of the Elizabethan stage, incredibly fecund, full of easy invention, versed in all technique, great poets by profession—in short, artists of the supreme sort.

Philaster is well within the usual Elizabethan dramatic formula. Philaster is heir to the crown of Sicily, which has been usurped by the King of Calabria. The King designates Pharamond of Spain his heir, and offers him the hand of his daughter, Arethusa. But Arethusa falls in love with Philaster, and Philaster gives her his page, Bellario (Euphrasia in disguise, heroine of the piece). Most of the action springs from a false accusation of immorality against Arethusa and Bellario-Euphrasia. In the sequel, of course, Bellario's sex is disclosed, Philaster becomes the darling of the people, and all is set right between Arethusa and Philaster, while the constancy of Euphrasia, who loves Philaster, is its own reward.

Note first the blusterous wooing of Arethusa by Pharamond, the swaggerer:

> Sweet princess
> You shall enjoy a man of men to be
> Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
> Great queens must die.

Such sounding is worthy of Shakespeare's Antony. You would think that with that cock's note Pharamond could silence all opponents, but Philaster shrivels him up in a phrase:

> Know, Pharamond,
> I loathe to brawl with such a blast as thou,
> Who art nought but a valiant voice; but if
> Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,
> "Thou wert," and not lament it.

It is the mark of the great writer that he can always beat his best. Dumas' Louis is lord of all till d'Artagnan comes along and faces him. But Philaster, who has something of Hamlet's subtlety mixed with his directness, is always more than equal to the occasion. Listen to his fine irony at the expense of the usurper:

> KING. Sure, he's possessed.
> PHI. Yes, with my father's spirit. It's here, O King,
> A dangerous spirit! now he tells me, King,
> I was a king's heir, bids me be a king,
> And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
> 'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
> Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
> That kneel and do me service, cry me King:
> But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
> And will undo me. Noble sir, your hand;
> I am your servant.
> KING. Away! I do not like this.

What usurper would?

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Philaster's description of his finding of Bellario, which begins:

> Hunting the buck,
> I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
> Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
> And paid the nymph again as much in tears,

is the stock "extract" from this play, and, lovely as it is, we may not quote it. There are still finer things than this, to which we shall come immediately. Meanwhile, let us note Bellario's charming and tender farewell to Philaster when the latter dismisses her to the service of Arethusa:

> I am gone.
> But since I am to part with you, my lord,
> And none knows whether I shall live to do
> More service for you, take this little prayer:
> Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!
> May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
> And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be one!

How superb is the defiance of Philaster when Dion, a lord, accuses Arethusa of being unchaste!

> Let me alone,
> That I may cut off falsehood whilst it springs!
> Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
> That utters this, and I will scale them all,
> And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
> Like thunder from a cloud.

And in quite another vein, with equal mastery, is Bellario's unforgettable description of death:

> Yes, I do know, my lord:
> 'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep;
> A quiet resting from all jealousy,
> A thing we all pursue; I know, besides,
> It is but giving over of a game
> That must be lost.

Here follows the jewel of the play. It is Philaster's meditation in the forest, when he is desolated by the general misery of things:

> Oh that I had been nourished in these woods
> With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
> The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains
> Of women's looks; but digged myself a cave
> Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed
> Might have been shut together in one shed;
> And then had taken me some mountain-girl,
> Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks
> Whereon she dwelt, that might have strewed my bed
> With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
> Our neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts
> My large coarse issue! This had been a life
> Free from vexation.

The passage abounds in admirable felicities, in profound psychological truth, and in emotional power. Of the kind, nothing finer exists outside Shakespeare.

We might continue to quote great poetry from this drama—trifles like:

> Not the calmèd sea,
> When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
> Is less disturbed than I.

Or long passages of sustained perfectness such as Bellario's confession, which begins:

> . . . Sitting in my window,
> Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
> I thought (but it was you), enter our gates——

But it was you! We must end, however, and with a reference to the clowns of the brethren. Hazlitt said that in comic wit and spirit Beaumont and Fletcher were "scarcely surpassed by any writers of any age." He was probably right, and though this particular play does not overflow with fun, there is enough of it in the great hunting scene. The *fracas* between Philaster and the Country Fellow is excellent. The Country Fellow does not argue:

> I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on if you touch the woman.

He lays it on; Philaster flees, and the Country Fellow calmly remarks to the King's daughter:

> I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, wench, come and kiss me now.

We like also his last speech:

> If I get clear of this, I'll go to see no more gay sights.

We will finish with a passage between the redoubtable Pharamond and the mob:

> PHA. You will not see me murdered, wicked villains?
> FIRST CITIZEN. Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have not seen one
> For a great while.

For the rest, *verb. sat. sap.*, or should be.

Things Seen.

Promotion.

I NOTICED at once that he was brighter than usual—I should say, less lethargic. He sat more erect, extended his hand for the ounce of tobacco with a freer gesture, and where for many months now he has languidly agreed with me as to the weather, or at most recorded weakly a differing opinion, he contradicted me outright. It was not so cold as yesterday, he affirmed, when I remarked that it was colder; not so cold—and this in a voice noticeably less quaverish than was customary. I read him a few paragraphs from the paper, listened to his comments on the war, fished a little for his news, but had to come away from the almshouse no wiser as to the cause of this improvement in spirits, this, I might almost say, access of pride.

In the street I met the doctor. "So old Dickson's gone," he said. "Eighty-six."

"Has he?" I replied; "I hadn't heard."

"Yes; early this morning."

I walked on, thinking about Dickson. And suddenly I understood my old friend's reinvigoration. He had taken Dickson's place; he had become the oldest inhabitant.

The Gaff.

I HAD never before seen the little town look so utterly miserable; its usual simple gaiety appeared to have been throttled by a dreary thaw; even the street lamps burned with an ineffectualness beyond their habit. Everything that one touched was clammy. The few shop windows, already gay towards Christmas, were obscured by a film of moisture which destroyed all festive illusion.

I turned, without much thought, into a narrow street which gave upon a desolate waste known as the Fair Field. To my surprise, right in the centre of this waste was an erection of boards and canvas, from which dribbles of light escaped. As I approached through a slough of greasy mud little gusts of laughter reached me. The laughter struck me as ironic. A long yellow placard at the entrance to the queer erection informed me that a celebrated London company was that night giving two performances of the great tragedy, "Stabbed in the Dark." It was almost time for the second performance to begin.

Presently there was a thin staccato of applause, followed by the shuffling of feet. Then the first audience came out—young men and women, boys and girls, perhaps fifty in all. They slithered off gradually into the darkness, and I

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looked round for the second audience. There appeared to be only myself and a boy in patched knickerbockers. Then a man whose face needed no grease-paint to give it the expression habitual to low comedians came to the curtained entrance.

"It's no go," he called to someone inside. "There's only a pen'orth waitin.'" Then he caught sight of me. "Look 'ere, guv'nor," he said, "I'll turn on all the strength of the bloomin' company for 'arf a quid. It'd be cheap at the price, I give ye my word." I thanked him, but declined. "Oh, well," he said, "the luck's off." He vanished for a minute, and reappeared carrying a huge board. Behind him came the remainder of the company. "I've got the treasury," said the low comedian, grinning. Then he stuck the board up against the theatre, and on it I read, in huge smudged letters, "House Full." A few minutes later I saw him marshalling his followers into the bar of the "Surrey Yeoman."

Lives of Great Men All Remind Us. . . .

BIOGRAPHY is just now your most flourishing literary plant, fiction excepted. The completion of the *Dictionary of National Biography* was by common consent regarded as a lexicographical, national, and biographical incident. *Who's Who* is enjoying seven fat years. That works of even this importance may soon be outdone is proved by the issue this week of *Lives of the 'Lustrious*, edited by Mr. Sidney Stephen and Mr. Leslie Lee (Simpkin, Marshall. 1s.). These names are new to us, and we judge that they are borne by young and rather inexperienced writers. We may justly impute inexperience to the compilers of this (in many respects) admirable work of reference, which is without doubt a new departure in biography. It is not that Mr. Sidney Stephen and Mr. Leslie Lee show any lack of ability in procuring and marshalling their facts, or in compressing these within the severe limits imposed by a lexicon. It is, indeed, precisely here that our authors achieve success. Conciseness, temperateness of statement and comment, and a sense of picturesque juxtaposition (if we may use the term) are theirs. The pity is that they should mar the effect of these qualities by descents—occasional, we admit, but still too frequent—into jocularity.

Happily, many of the *Lives* are quite free from this defect. Nothing, for example, could be more lucid and satisfying than the little biography of Mr. Stephen Phillips, the well-known Director of Herod's Stores. By an oversight, the date of his birth is not given, but his education at Sidney Colvin College, Cambridge, "where he played for the University polo team on a Broncho Trochee Pegasus," his not undistinguished "service in the Irregular Foot," his early residence at Marlow, "where he went from bad to verse," and his thrilling discovery of a "vacant pigeon-hole at the St. James's Theatre" are traced with scholarly care. In allusion to this pigeon-hole, the memoir proceeds:

> Mr. Phillips at once set to work and wrote *Paolo and Francesca* to fill it. The fame that came to him from the non-performance of this drama decided him to devote his whole time to play-writing, and he is now engaged on a drama on the subject of the Fall of Man for Mr. Tree; on the Laocoön for Mr. James Welch; on John the Baptist for Mr. Bourchier; on Democritus for Mr. Wyndham; on the Queen of Sheba for Miss Marie Tempest; on Bel and the Dragon for Drury Lane; and on Phillips of Macedon (in Alexandrines) for the St. James's Theatre. Mr. Phillips, whose height is 15·3 kill-a-metres, is now lecturing for Major Spondee in the Foot Hills.

Again, we have nothing but praise for the solid little biography of Mr. William Archer, the interesting Viking whose comments on life and literature it has frequently been our privilege to quote. We dare say that it is news to many of Mr. Archer's admirers that he was born (in 1856) within the Arctic dress Circle. They are familiar with his "passionate interest in English amateur theatricals," but they may not know that this, and only this, keeps him from his marine pavilion on the banks of the Varanger Fjord. Nor, unless we are mistaken, have the following particulars of Mr. Archer's more private relationships been given to the world:

> Mr. Archer has a number of promising godchildren: Norah Helma Archer is a promising exponent of principal boy parts in Finland; Peer Gynt Archer has already been entrusted with the *rôle* of an 'outside shout' in the Trondhjem Panto; Björnstjerne Björnson Archer is understudying Mr. Tree in *The Last of G. Brandes*; and finally Hedda Gabler Archer is in training for the part of the Infant Phenomenon at the Bergen Tivoli.

In connection with Mr. Archer's recent walking tour up Mount Parnassus Messrs. Sidney Stephen and Leslie Lee conjecture that "no more poetry will be written in England." We do not quite share this view, which hardly agrees with their list of probable deliveries from Herod's Stores. Mr. Archer's motto, we learn, is "A Norse! a Norse! My kingdom for a Norse!"

It is in their account of Mr. Hall Caine that the compilers of *Lives of the 'Lustrious* first display their unfortunate tendency to jocosity. Much of this article is admirable; and it includes one anecdote that is wholly helpful to our understanding of Mr. Caine, whose resemblance to Shakespeare is now thoroughly well known. It seems that on his landing at New York, on a religious trip to America, the late Ignatius Donelly, a total stranger, addressed him as "Lord Bacon, I presume." Will it be believed that this crisp recital of an historic *rencontre* is followed by the remark that "the abnormal heat of the past few summers has been generally attributed to the fact that Mr. Hall Caine chooses August as his publishing month." Such levity, in such a place, is not seemly. The same striving after epigram marks an otherwise excellent biographical sketch of Mr. Kipling. We are told that "after a lurid infancy at Westward Ho! in the company of Stalky and Co., he emigrated to India at the age of six, and swallowed it whole." Such a metaphor is out of place in a work of pure reference which aspires and (in spite of faults) deserves a place on the open shelves of the British Museum Reading Room. Far more to the purpose is the picture drawn of Mr. Kipling's home life in Cape Colony, "a suburb of Rottingdean," where at intervals he puts forth a fascinating book, or a moral essay in the *Times*.

Once we find a lack of proportion in the treatment of a 'lustrious name. It is true, of course, that Mr. Bernard Shaw is the largest meat-salesman of our day, and that he is always "faultlessly dressed in the fashion of the moment," but our biographers seem to be unaware that Mr. Shaw devotes some of his fatigue to writing books. Indeed, we think it not improbable that Mr. Shaw, who cannot be exempt from the harmless vanities of our common nature, would be as proud to have it said of him a hundred years hence that he wrote as that he butched.

But let us be done with cavilling. When all is said, there are things in this book that can be found nowhere else. Where, for instance, has the career of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth been set forth so interestingly as in the following succinct narrative?

> Harmsworth, Alfred Charles, *Chauffeur* to the Empire, and Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, was born in Corsica in 1865, and commenced Editor at the same age as Mr. Kipling. Mr. Harmsworth, who is the eldest of sixteen Corsican brothers, all of them editors of halfpenny papers, and Imperialist-Liberal M.P.'s, founded the *Daily Mail-strom* in 1896, declared war on the Boers in 1899, and

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deposed the Chinese Emperor in 1900. Owing to his extraordinary likeness to Napoleon I., Mr. Harmsworth has been forbidden by a special decree of the Chamber to enter France, but consorts freely with all the crowned heads of the Continent, a passing friction with the Kaiser—owing to the notorious Kruger telegram—having been satisfactorily adjusted. Motto: "The panting *Times* toils after me in vain." Authorities: *The God in the Motor-car; Napoleon: the last Phase.*

It may be said that information about a public man like Mr. Harmsworth is easily obtained, but our authors are not less successful in unearthing facts in the careers of men like Mr. Henry James, who is described, aptly enough, as the "Six-Shilling Sensationalist." Much that seems enigmatical in Mr. James's writings becomes clear when we are informed that he passed his early days before the mast, and is believed at one period of his life to have sailed under the skull and crossbones. Wearying a little of this life, Mr. James "turned to the pen for a livelihood, and under a variety of pseudonyms produced in rapid succession a large number of exciting stories, the most popular of which are probably *The Master Christian*, *The Red Rat's Daughter*, *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, *The Eternal City*, and *The Visits of Elizabeth*." Here we can convict Messrs. Sidney Stephen and Leslie Lee of incompleteness. *Fifty-Two Stories of the British Empire* should, of course, be added to the foregoing list of Mr. James's books.

There is nothing narrow in the selection of *Lives* here presented. A professor of golf like Mr. Balfour, a King's Cupbearer like Sir Thomas Lipton, a twins like Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, a demon-bowler like Mr. J. M. Barrie, a literary chaperon like Mr. Edmund Gosse, a prismatic Fairy King like Mr. Andrew Lang, a Court Chaplain like Mr. Dan Leno, a Professor of Natation like Mr. Swinburne, and a cloth merchant's traveller like Lord Rosebery are necessarily included, but their biographies do not exclude a very interesting notice of a Belgian Bee-master, M. Maurice Maeterlinck. Our editors have even found space to mention M. Maeterlinck's little-known excursions into literature, and one interesting fact illustrates the economy of time practised by this sedulous apiarist—the expression is our own. It appears that the comparative monotony of the bee-keeper's life is diversified by stings: "for these, M. Maeterlinck uses common blue, and it is while waiting for them to heal that his plays have been written." Since Carlyle pictured George Fox making to himself a pair of leather breeches no more touching picture than that has been drawn by any biographer.

If we are at pains to point out the trifling defects of this usually dignified work it is because we believe that in Mr. Sidney Stephen and Mr. Leslie Lee we have found a biographical partnership with striking potentialities. Let them go on. It is already plain that the *Lives of the 'Lustrious* must, in natural course, be followed by *Lives of the 'Dustrious*, and in that work we—*nous qui parlons*—hope to be included.

Correspondence.

A Note on Biography.

SIR,—Mr. Henley's article on Stevenson is a reminder that the opinion is becoming too common that a fault is a blemish. Qualities have their defects, defects their qualities; but the ordinary biographer declines to see this. He works for the public, and the public call the tune. The public, always sanctimonious in the aggregate, dislike defects. A man, to be worthy of a biography that in its turn is worthy of being bought, must approximate to the saint. In real life saints have no great pull over other persons, but in books that purport to be true they have. There are various reasons for this, one being that biographies are given to our sons and daughters, in whom we hope virtue will abide.

Apart from the public taste, which every publisher does not disregard, there are reasons in the biographer himself for this canonising tendency. He does not intentionally falsify; but the natural man is a hero-worshipper, and not all biographers are unnatural. Howsoever a biographer may begin with his subject, bit by bit he comes to idolise him. From idolisation to idealisation is but a step. Canonisation follows, and dehumanisation is complete. Men are not really saints: they are something far more interesting—men. If biographers and the public would only see this!

Tartarin of Tarascon said that he had to talk in order to think. Just as thoughts came to Tartarin with speech, enthusiasm for his subject comes to the biographer as he writes. He becomes an advocate with a heavily-endorsed brief. With prejudice for his hero merges prejudice against everyone who did not like his hero; and in course of time his biography—that is to say, his special plea—is done. For the correction of the portrait there painted we have to go to the Henleys. Whereas, if the biographer were Henley, too—every biographer his own Henley—the bad passions recently aroused would be spared in large measure. Not wholly, of course, because, as I have said, the public will not have the whole truth about anyone in a biography. They will have it in smoking-rooms, in boudoirs, in clubs, in trains, even in newspapers; but it must not get into the official Life.

A stranger to Stevenson who met him only in Mr. Balfour's pages would have an incomplete idea of his character. That, briefly, is what Mr. Henley set out to say, but egotism intervened and his pen ran away, with most unhappy results. But had he said merely that, no one could have taken serious objection. He would, of course, have been unpopular; he would have been called the devil's advocate; but that would not have mattered. It is only because biography is bad that the devil's advocate gets a case at all. Were biographers thorough, he would be a briefless barrister. What Mr. Henley resented was the mild and domesticated figure set up as Robert Louis Stevenson, when he knew that his friend was of different stuff—with various human failings prominent, too: such as vanity. What is wrong with vanity? If Shakespeare had it, which is very likely, are we to say "So much the less Shakespeare he"? Without vanity, which is related to pride, which is cousin to ambition, no one would go very far. Mr. Henley says that some persons might have applied to Stevenson a word of three letters, and the world has risen in shocked indignation. But why not? Does it detract from the merit of, say, that wonderful essay, "Pulvis et umbra," that its author by some undiscerning persons might have been called a cad? I say undiscerning, because Mr. Henley, who knew Stevenson well, dissociates himself from the others. Stevenson was not a cad, but it is probably true that his conduct, under certain conditions, might have been easily misconstrued by the hasty. Why not? Are we all masters of ourselves always? Let the most fastidious ask himself—and answer truthfully—this question.

But Mr. Henley, it is said, went back on his friend by saying such things. That is for Mr. Henley to decide. I do not by any means admire the whole of Mr. Henley's article, but I fancy I can see his main purpose very clearly, and in that there was no element of uncharitableness.

Look what over-considerate biographers have done for a character akin in many respects to Stevenson's—Charles Lamb's. Talfourd began by omitting anything from his letters which looked too rough, too caustic, and softening forcible expletives to harmless ones: "damn" to "hang," and so forth. This, although the facts of Lamb's life were

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known—his self-sacrifices, his kindness, his greatness—and being known stood as compensation. Others followed suit until, instead of the clear-eyed, ruthless critic of shams, as in "Grace Before Meat"; the almost sulphurous castigator of the petty selfishness and cruelty of George IV.; the downright foe to oppression, as in the essay on "Beggars"; the caustic wit; the corrector of Southey's arrogance; the genial convivialist; the friend on equal terms of Coleridge and Wordsworth—instead of this we are offered merely a humble, pathetic figure, meekly writing nice essays, nursing an afflicted sister, and no more saying Bo to a goose than your gentlest Sunday-school teacher would. Old ladies call him "Dear Charles Lamb," and are quite certain he never really took too much to drink. But why not? Why should he never have drunk too much? On this point, however, see Mr. Birrell's noble essay.

There are signs that things may improve. Mr. Gosse's recent article on the widow as biographer was an admirable protest. Mr. Henley's protest drives home the nail. "To know all is to understand all" may possibly yet become the biographer's motto.—Yours, &c., X.

Stevenson on Henley.

Sir,—At this moment, when tenderness for the dead seems to bar out common decency towards the living, as though to vilify Mr. Henley were to offer incense to Stevenson's memory, no one has recalled Stevenson's own judgment of his friend as a Talker. The value and the appositeness of that judgment lie in the fact that with a character so impetuous and vehement as Mr. Henley's his writing is but his talk put upon paper. If R. L. S. could return to read the article which has made such a feast of scandal, he would doubtless discount the vehemence and violence of the written word as he did those very qualities of the talk. The passage is, of course, in the "Talk and Talkers" of *Memories and Portraits*:

> Burly is a man of a great presence. . . . There is something boisterous and piratic in Burly's manner of talk. He will roar you down, he will bury his face in his hands, he will undergo passions of revolt and agony; and meanwhile his attitude of mind is both conciliatory and receptive: and after Pistol has been out-Pistol'd, and the welkin rung for hours, you begin to perceive a certain subsidence in these spring torrents, points of agreement issue, and you end arm-in-arm and in a glow of mutual admiration. The outcry only serves to make your final union the more unexpected and precious. Throughout there has been perfect sincerity, perfect intelligence, a desire to hear though not always to listen, and an unaffected eagerness to meet concessions.

"A loud, copious, intolerant talker," says R. L. S. later. A loud, copious, intolerant article might well express the famous *Pall Mall Magazine* delivery. By-and-bye, when the hubbub has subsided, people will begin with shame to recant the many unworthy judgments that have been uttered regarding it. Mr. Henley's action is that of a man who, seeing a smooth, characterless, unlike portrait of a beloved face, takes a brush full of dripping paint, lurid or black it may be, and blots it all out. That is conceivable of him: but to those of us who know and love him the one thing inconceivable is that any motive base or unworthy could have, however unconsciously, influenced the article. As for the poor imputation of jealousy, it is not worth the rebutting. Mr. Henley's own achievements in literature are large in the thoughts of those whose praise is worth having. To us who love and believe in him, who sat at his feet in the old days and yet sit at his feet, he is, not a debonair thought like that beloved golden youth R. L. S., but yet the Master.—Yours, &c.,

London. K. H.

Ingoldsby Legends.

Sir,—It were shame to let your contributor's attack upon our old friend Ingoldsby go unchallenged. He says this prince of rhymesters is but an incorrigible jester, who scoffs at death and has no reverence for heaven or hell or anything between; is merely superficial, has no depth of thought, and is, moreover, dull and out of date, and no fit company for a Sabbath afternoon in this superior century. Oh, poor contributor! How sadly beautiful must it be to have a mind above a pun. We imagine your Sunday afternoon spent in austere contemplation of the intellectual elevation to which you have attained. We see you solemnly taking from the hands of some more simple relative an old and battered copy of the *Legends*, and coldly observing, "He was ingenious, but not profound."

Surely this is but the querulous carping of the dyspeptic cynic. Criticism, indeed, it is not; rather is it lack of humour and sympathy, and for the benefit of your soul, oh, contributor! we will hope an incomplete edition. For you cannot have a human heart, a healthy brain, and not be stirred to deeper thought by those last lines of Thomas Ingoldsby: "As I lay a thynkyng, a thynkyng, a thynking."

To him who has a sense of humour, and that broad sympathy which it implies, Ingoldsby will never be dull, though his topical allusions may be out of date.—Yours &c.,

Leslie V. Shairp.

Rights in Gravitation.

Sir,—In the article on Mr. Wells's book, *The First Men in the Moon* (the Academy, December 7, page 541), your reviewer says: "Mr. Wells has hit on the happy hypothesis" of an interference with the law of gravitation. Will you allow me to say that in my *A Plunge Into Space*, published in 1890 by Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co., I "hit on" the same hypothesis. I also hit on the construction of the sphere, the appearance of the firmament from a point outside the earth's atmosphere, the comic effect of lighter gravity on a smaller planet, which you mention, and other details which you do not. In a preface to a new edition of my book which is in preparation, I have made a suitable apology for having sub-consciously plagiarised beforehand the work of other writers on a similar plane whose inventions and ideas I had inadvertently embodied in my book.—Yours, &c.,

Belfast. Robert Cromie.

Thomas Chaucer.

Sir,—Though "A Reader" thinks that the sonship of Thomas to Geoffrey Chaucer "is beyond doubt," yet every moderately informed Chaucer student knows that it is not proven.

That Thomas was of kin to Geoffrey—perhaps next-of-kin—is probable. That he was his son we have no evidence, except Gascoigne's statement, which I do not believe. His nonsensical talk about Geoffrey's death-bed shows that he wrote down any rubbish he heard. Geoffrey had not acquired a *long* lease of his Westminster tenement, but only a lease for his life, which, of course, ended at his death.

If Thomas was Geoffrey's nephew, or cousin's son, he would have satisfied the three points of "A Reader." Had he been the poet's son, Lydgate, who made so much of his own connection with Geoffrey, couldn't have failed to mention the fact in his poem on Thomas Chaucer.—Yours, &c.,

F. J. Furnivall.

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School for Correspondents.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. J. Harvey Simpson, is evidently one of those clever persons who do not read books, but only "dip" into them, and then think themselves competent to criticise. In his letter on "A School for Novelists," he accuses me of allowing my hero in my story, *Ivy Cardew*, to alter a cheque for £300 to £3,000 without altering the body of the cheque. To quote Mr. J. Harvey Simpson, he says: "The words three hundred won't change to three thousand." Mr. J. Harvey Simpson does not write the truth.

The body of the cheque was not filled in, as the following words prove (page 171):

> It was a bearer cheque for £300, and merely bore Bruce's name, the baronet's signature, and the amount *in figures*.

Page 172:

> "You must fill in the date yourself," said Sir Henry. "I intended to fill in the body of the cheque in writing, but this confounded gout bothered me so I had to give it up."

Again, on page 179, Bruce, in handing the cheque to his brother, says:

> "Don't forget to fill in the body of the cheque. I promised the guv'nor to do it for him; his gout was so bad it bothered him to write."

It was thus left to bearer to fill in the amount *in writing*. This proves Mr. J. Harvey Simpson's statement of my mistake in *Ivy Cardew* to be utterly false.—Yours, &c.,

"PERRINGTON PRIMM."

Patriotic Song.

SIR,—Will you allow me to write a few words in reply to your reviewer's observations on my book in your issue of 7th inst.? The ideal anthology is, of course, an imaginary collection made by each reader for himself; and, therefore, the editor of wide views has a better chance of contributing to the happiness of the greatest number than he who binds himself to rigid definitions.

As to the inclusion or exclusion of any particular poem, I have no defence to offer, as I think it is useless to argue on matters of taste; but I may say that I should have included Wordsworth's sonnets *Fair Star of Evening* and the sonnet on Milton if I had had the necessary space at my command, and Tennyson's *Revenge* had the owners of the copyright consented to its inclusion.

Your reviewer accuses me of printing "Dibdin's poems in two batches." "Dibdin's poems" are so printed because they were written by two different authors, the first "batch" by Charles Dibdin (1745-1814) and the second by Thomas Dibdin (1771-1841).

I admit that the quality of some of the "Colonial" pieces in my collection is not equal to their patriotism, but I consider it was my duty to represent "the British Dominions beyond the Seas."—Yours &c.,

ARTHUR STANLEY.

c/o C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, Henrietta Street, W.C.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 116 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best Ghost Story not exceeding 500 words in length. We award the prize to Mrs. M. E. Burton, 8, Wemyss Road, Blackheath, S.E., for the following:—

Captain Elliot was on his way to spend Christmas with a friend. He had never been to his home, and did not know the way.

"Straight across the common till you reach the crossways, then turn to your left!" said the railway porter. It was a dark, cold night, but he lit his pipe and strode on cheerfully. Suddenly the road forked; a fallen tree with a dash of white paint on it was just to be seen. Coming nearer he saw a strange sight. An old woman was seated on the tree trunk, with a short, black, clay pipe in her mouth. Her face was large, square, and white; her hair, tangled and wispy, straggling from beneath a big, shapeless bonnet; her eyes, painful to see, forced attention, so blood-stained were the lower lids, so fierce, yet entreating, their expression.

Captain Elliot could see her, yet the night was dark; he was conscious of light, but could not see whence it came; conscious that she spoke to him, though he heard no voice. Replying, he did not hear himself speak, only the rustling of the night wind and the sound of a groan.

He could see the outstretched, wizen hand of very shrunken age in need of something; and, noting the empty pipe, offered her a liberal supply of tobacco. But she did not take it. She pointed to the tree, and he felt constrained to seat himself at the end of the log, still smoking vigorously. He could see the pleasure in the wild, worn face, a sort of drinking in a satisfying draught as the fragrant fumes circled near her. She chuckled to herself; he felt chilly.

He asked his way, addressing her, country fashion, as "Mother." She pointed through a gap in the hedge that he had not noticed.

"And *you*—it's cold and dark for you, Mother; better go home!"

A noiseless laugh was the reply, a laugh she enjoyed so much that she rocked to and fro, hugging herself with amusement. The Captain got up to continue his way, but she constrained him to halt and listen.

"Good luck to you!" she said. "*You* never fouled a man, though you may have killed a-many! Some foul many, and never kill one fair. Tell Squire, *Bess Lisher waits! Bill Willard waits his coming!*"

"Better go home, Mother!" said Captain Elliot; but he stumbled as he went, and could have sworn he saw the prostrate body of a man at his feet, though looking nearer he could only see brittle twigs and rotten leaves.

When Captain Elliot reached the Manor he gave the message.

"Bess Lisher?" said the Squire; "Bill Willard? why its forty years since the earth was rid of them—damned poachers!"

A few days later the earth was rid of the Squire, for he died of apoplexy in the midst of the Christmas feasting; and Captain Elliot was forced to believe he had given a message from a ghost.

[M. E. B., Blackheath.]

From twenty-one other stories received we select the following:—

I was staying last year at the seaside home of an Irish friend in order to be present at a ball given by her on the eve of her nephew's departure for the war. The young officer (I will call him Brewerton) made a confidante of me, and I learnt that he was secretly engaged to a beautiful and very romantic girl, called Adelaide S——, who lived in the neighbourhood. The young couple did not dare tell their secret to Mrs. S—— (a worldly woman), and hoped promotion in South Africa might settle their difficulties.

On the morning of the dance I was strolling on the beach, and met Adelaide and her brother. "We are off for a long sail," the girl said. She was plainly in an excited and restless condition, and the expedition promised distraction. I warned her that a storm had been prophesied, but she only laughed nervously and lingered to whisper that there was a bigger one in her own breast, that she had had no sleep for thinking and dreaming of the ball and her last night with her lover. "You are too emotional," I remonstrated. "Yes," she agreed, her eyes roving out to sea, "sometimes I feel all spirit and longing."

In the evening I saw her often—always with young Brewerton; she looked extraordinarily beautiful, but neither that fact nor the pathetic nature of her circumstances quite accounted for the fascination she exerted over me. I could not keep my eyes or my thoughts from following her, in what I then thought an absurd fashion.

When all the guests had gone my hostess told me that Adelaide's mother and brother had not been present, and that Brewerton—though he had danced all the evening with the girl—had heard no

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explanation. "He looks very ill," my friend added; "but, of course, that is not surprising." At that moment he joined us and asked for the loan of a horse. "I am going to Mrs. S——'s," he announced; "don't ask me why, for I don't know myself, but I *must* go." In anxiety we could not comprehend; we awaited his return, and before very long we heard his horse's hoofs on the gravel drive. We went out to meet him, but he passed us without recognition, entered the hall, and dropped in a dead faint.

"Pray tell us what has occurred," I implored, on his return to consciousness, "surely it can be nothing very serious; she was here an hour ago, the picture of health and energy; you danced all night with her."

"I danced all night with something—God only knows what!" he answered, hoarsely; "but Adelaide and her brother were drowned this evening at eight o'clock; her body was recovered almost immediately and taken to her mother's house, where it has been lying ever since. [E. L., Didsbury.]

In 188— I was at my father's house in the country, eighteen miles from London. At that time my maternal aunt in London was suffering from blood-poisoning, and a letter came informing us that she was delirious and not expected to live. My mother, therefore, went to London to see her sister; and we were expecting her back, probably with mournful tidings, at 10 p.m. At 8 p.m. I was passing through the hall, when a couple of maids burst breathlessly frightened from the kitchen, and one said, "Please, sir, somebody keeps tapping at the window; they've tapped three times." I at once seized a stick and ran out by the tradesmen's door close to the kitchen, thinking that it was probably the baker's boy who had before been unduly pressing in his attentions to one of the maids. The kitchen projected from the house, and had windows looking on the gravel walk from the front gate, and opposite windows looking on the lawn and fruit-garden. I assumed (but incorrectly, as it proved) that the tapping had been at a window looking on the walk, and close to the tradesmen's entrance; and seeing no one there I made for the gate and looked up and down the road. No one was visible in flight. I tore round to the lawn. There was no one in the garden. It seemed likely, then, that the offender, on my sudden emergence, instead of making for the gate, had slipped round the end of the kitchen by a path leading to the lawn, and that he would now be retracing his steps and making for the gate. I ran back to cut him off, but encountered no one until, myself passing round the end of the kitchen by the path leading to the lawn, I drew up suddenly, scattering the gravel with my heels, and dropping my unavailing stick, while a chill tremor passed down my spinal column. The figure of a woman confronted me, a figure of my aunt's height, and immediately, I know not how, suggesting my aunt, all in white, with her arms projecting at either side, as if her hands were clasped upon her bosom, thus giving a graceful fall to the white drapery. As I stopped awed, the figure turned rapidly upon its heel, in a manner that I can only describe as rollicking, as if it were out for a lark, and flew off at an angle of 25 deg. across the lawn and vanished in the branches of an Indian poplar. I did not pursue it, but returned deeply pondering to the house. "Well," the impatient reader will say, "of course, your aunt died precisely at 8 p.m." No, she did not. My mother on her return announced a change for the better, and my aunt survived many years.

[C. D., West Kensington.]

Competition No. 117 (New Series).

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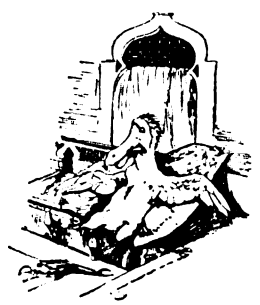
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The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1546. Established 1869. 21 December, 1901. Price Threepence
[*Registered as a Newspaper*]

The Literary Week.

NEW TIMES, NEW WATERPROOFS.

'Neath inauspicious skies of old
The Liberal Party, for a shield,
Great G.'s umbrella would unfold.
Now, *will* they wear a Chesterfield?

The Ballad of Mr. Rook, by G. W. (Mr. George Wyndham), written to amuse his little boy, Percy, during a period of convalescence, is the largest of the Christmas books. The size was probably chosen to give full effect to Mrs. Percy Wyndham's illustrations in colour. There is a spaciousness and tenderness about them uncommon in the work of amateurs. "I dedicate," says the artist, "these pictures to my grandchildren":

Hugo	Yvo	Olivia	Lettice
Guy	Percy	Pamela	Clare
Cynthia	George	Sibell	Wyndham
Mary	Richard	Madeline	Christopher

MISS KATHARINE TYNAN dedicates her volume of collected poems to Mr. George Wyndham. The sections are: "Country Airs," "The Children," "Many Moods," "Shamrocks," "Ballads and Lyrics," "Cuckoo Songs," "Miracle Plays," "A Lover's Breast-Knot," and "The Wind in the Trees." We are glad to meet again that "Spring Longing" which appeared first in the pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

Often I wish that I might be,
 This gay and golden weather,
Among my father's fields, ah me!
 And he and I together. . . .

And often, often I'm longing still,
 This gay and golden weather,
For my father's face by an Irish hill,
 And he and I together.

OVER £200 has been subscribed to the Blackmore memorial fund, and subscriptions have still to come from America. The monument will be a marble slab affixed to one of the walls of the interior of Exeter Cathedral, with a medallion portrait of Blackmore. The inscription will be quite simple.

MR. J. M. BARRIE, who, it will be remembered, helped to make "Benjamin Swift's" first book known, has written thus to the publishers of Miss Alice Brown's *King's End*: "I must send you a line about *King's End*, which has given me uncommon pleasure. Certainly the best novel I have read of late, and world-superior to most that pass for notable. The preacher is beautifully un-caricatured; his sister, the hero and his mother, and the girl and the baby's grandmother, I think a deal of them, and of Miss Alice Brown. If you are writing to her I wish you would give her my compliments and most sincere esteem for this work. I have a very high opinion of *King's End*. It would be hard lines if so good a piece of work fails to fall into the right hands."

THE poem, *A Fire Mist and a Planet*, the author of which we have been seeking the past few weeks, has been traced to Professor Carruth. Mr. C. L. Pirkis kindly sends us the full text:

EACH IN HIS OWN NAME.

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell;
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky;
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like the tide on a crescent sea beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
The million who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

Vanity Fair album is always welcome. It is, at any rate, much more amusing than most gift books. Of the fifty-one cartoons of the eminent in the 1901 volume, three are literary personalities. White-bearded, sombrely clothed, Tolstoy stands. There is a glint of severity in his eye. Possibly he is thinking of the secretary of the Doukhobór Committee and that returned cheque. Ibsen looks too young. "Snapp" has missed the brooding dignity of the face; but the tan gloves, the gold-knobbed stick, and the silk hat are life-like enough. M. Edmund Rostand looks like the hoarding picture of "The Last of the Dandies." He is described in the text as "a dandily-dressed cigarette-smoker of nervous manners."

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The Hampstead Annual, 1901, contains much good reading. Mr. S. Squire Sprigge opens the number with an appreciation of Sir Walter Besant, whose loss is deeply felt in Hampstead. The most striking literary article is Dr. Richard Garnett's essay on "Sir Francis Palgrave as a Precursor of Ruskin." Sir Francis was the father of Sir Francis Turner Palgrave, of *Golden Treasury* renown, and was Deputy Keeper of the Records, and the author of several books of history, of which Dr. Barnett says: "It was at once his strength and his weakness to possess a mind of such originality as frequently to deviate into the quaint and eccentric. . . . No writer requires to be read with more caution, but his paradoxes are frequently more instructive than the sobriety of less original minds." But what of Ruskin? Well, Palgrave had an article called "The Fine Arts in Florence" in the *Quarterly Review* of June, 1840. In this article he laid down the following proposition:

> Art is the expression of the mind of a people.
> Artists were originally craftsmen, and art partook more or less of the nature of a trade.
> Painting was at first entirely subservient to architecture.
> Machine-made work and the excursive division of labour are destructive to art.

Here are Ruskin's doctrines, without doubt. Dr. Garnett proceeds to prove his point by quotation, and adds:

> There is no thought of detracting from the illustrious position of Ruskin in thus pointing out his obligations to a predecessor. Just because *Modern Painters* and *The Stones of Venice* are such great books, they must necessarily owe much to predecessors. That Ruskin would not be unacquainted with Palgrave, in so far as Palgrave had treated the themes upon which Ruskin was to expatiate, is a moral certainty. He would not overlook an essay on Florentine art, published in so important a journal as the *Quarterly* just before his own departure for Italy; and when he afterwards travelled in Lombardy and Venetia Palgrave's guide must have been constantly in his hands. There can be no doubt, we think, that Palgrave's views formed an element in his mental equipment, though his permeation with them may have been slow and imperceptible and he may never have distinctly recognised the extent of his obligation.

Hazell's Annual, 1902, is with us in all its freshness, and again we can admire the fulness and selective ability shown in the summary of the year's literature to which twenty-one closely packed columns are devoted. New topical subjects and biographies are introduced as freely as ever. The information concerning the Boer war is brought up to November 13; that being so, it was possible, we think, to have chronicled the completion of Mr. Murray's edition of Byron's Letters in the literary summary; only the fifth volume is mentioned.

At the price of One Shilling net the *Daily Mail Year-Book* is an admirable publication. Only two columns are given to "Authors and Books of 1901," but a good deal is said in them. Whether the following statement is fully warranted we are unable to say: "The American system of advertising and selling through the medium of newspapers has apparently not come to stay, as the boom which set in a few years ago is evidently exhausted." The following note is interesting: "Another factor [in influences on the book trade] has been the sixpenny novel. During the year there has been some 200 new volumes issued, each having a sale of from 20,000 to 100,000. If an average be taken of 40,000 it means that 8,000,000 of these books have been issued during 1901. This has materially affected the sixpenny and other magazines, many of them showing a considerable falling off in their sales; but the high-water mark has been reached with this class of literature, and already a decline is 'perceptible.'" The *Daily Mail* genius for selection and compression is seen in every page of this Year-Book, which is edited by Mr. Percy L. Parker.

A "Glasgow Scot" sends to a contemporary his opinion of Mr. George Douglas's *The House with the Green Shutters*. Replying to a review of this story, he makes the following points:

> 1. Barrie's *Thrums* is by no means the same place as Barbri. There is as much difference between their inhabitants as between a Newcastle "Geordie" and a Devonshire farmer. 2. The descriptions of the pompous parish minister, of the vile, gossiping men (not women) of Barbri, of young Gourlay's return from college (winner of the Raeburn Prize), of the pomp and circumstance with which he left home to begin his last session in Edinburgh, etc., require a Scot to appreciate them fully. 3. The ends of old Gourlay, young Gourlay, Mrs. Gourlay, and of Janet are sufficiently tragic and narrated with wonderful power. 4. Anyone who has lived in Scotland—at least in the rural districts, knows that Douglas is much nearer the actual truth than Barrie or Ian Maclaren. Byron spoke of the Rev. George Crabbe as "nature's stern painter, but the best," and that description equally applies to Mr. George Douglas.

To the holiday number of the New York *Journal's* "Saturday Review" Mr. Richard le Gallienne contributes the following opinion: "If I were asked to name the most distinguished book produced in America during 1901, what other answer could I give than Mrs. Wharton's *Crucial Instances*? Mrs. Wharton is the John Oliver Hobbes of America. . . . Always, of course, speaking for one's self, Mrs. Wharton is one of the few surviving writers of English who write as if they were intended to be read. Within her limits, which she knows probably better than any critic can tell her, she is a real writer. She is not an energetic person who could thrivingly have done something else just as well. She was born to write."

Biography is just now the most discussed branch of literature. Commenting on Lord Rosebery's recent Edinburgh address, and the biographical quarrel of the moment, the New York *Nation* points out that no offence is more generally laid at the biographer's door than failure in frankness. "As Thackeray virtually dared the novelists of his day, himself included, to paint the picture of a man as unsparingly as Fielding had done in *Tom Jones*, so there is a pretty constant suspicion that most of the 'lives' on the book-stalls have been pretty thoroughly pruned in a spirit of charity. This suspicion has led to a counter tendency in biography, and to a series of 'real' Shelleys, Byrons, Washingtons, etc., in which the 'real' means usually 'objectionable' or 'immoral.' Of course, this is only to replace an indiscretion of friendliness by an indiscretion of unfriendliness. But it is probable that what often seems cowardice in the biographer is rather inexpertness. The enormous mass of material that is at hand for a modern man of any prominence is appalling. Few will handle it with the felicity that Mr. Scudder has shown in his *Lowell*. The great majority will fumble rather helplessly with the mass, and draw out what seems superficially most attractive. This procedure may well deserve the kind of reprehension it is certain to incur from Mr. Henley and professional truth-tellers generally, but the criticism really lies less against the character than the judgment of the biographer."

Biography in collaboration is not very common, but an instance is found in the little Life of Cardinal Newman, by

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Mr. A. R. Waller and Mr. G. H. S. Burrow, just added to the "Westminster Biographies" series. The authors say in their preface that they have, as far as possible, used materials other than those to be found in the *Apologia*," in the hope that this little book might provide illustrations to that great book—illustrations which hitherto have been scattered through many volumes." This is sensible, as, indeed—in small biographies—is any limitation which gives the Life an air of free and select service rather than of fulness that can hardly hold itself together. We shall return to this little book.

A good illustrated catalogue of autograph letters makes excellent reading, even for those who have not money to spend on autographs. Messrs. Sotheran, of Piccadilly, have just issued such a catalogue. It includes a collection of Byron MSS. which the entire year's income of a fairly prosperous literary man would not buy. Messrs. Sotheran give in facsimile part of one MS. name, Byron's draft of that extraordinarily fine composition, the "Epistle to Augusta," in which his easy strength and fluency is seen at its best:

> My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
> Dearer and purer were, it should be thine;
> Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
> No tears, but tenderness to answer mine.
> Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
> A loved regret which I would not resign.
> There are yet two things in my destiny—
> A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

There is a letter of Boswell to Garrick, mentioning Gray's Elegy, Paoli, "our friend Mr. Samuel Johnson," etc. This is priced £15 15s. Referring to the death of Gray, Boswell says:

> Since I am upon the serious subject of Death I can not help expressing to one who feels as you do, that I am affected with much melancholy on the death of Mr. Gray. His Elegy in a Country Church Yard, has been long like a part of myself, and many passages in his other Poems, glance across my Soul with a most enlivening force. I never saw Mr. Gray, but my old and most intimate friend, the Reverend Mr. Temple, Rector of Mamhead in Devonshire, knew him well. He knew his foibles: but admired his genius, and esteemed his virtues.

He proceeds:

> I have just been enjoying the very great happiness of a visit from my illustrious friend, Pascal Paoli. He was two nights at Auchinleck, and you may figure the joy of my worthy father and me at seeing the Corsican Hero in our romantick groves.

A letter from Charlotte Brontë, priced £7 7s., has some interesting criticism:

> I have read *David Copperfield*, it seems to me very good—admirable in some parts. You said it had affinity to *Jane Eyre*. It has, now and then—only what an advantage has Dickens in his varied knowledge of men and things! I am beginning to read Eckermann's *Goethe*—it promises to be a most interesting work. Honest, simple, single-minded Eckermann! Great, powerful, giant-souled, but also profoundly egotistical, old Johann Wolfgang von Goethe! He *was* a mighty egotist—I see he was: he thought no more of swallowing up poor Eckermann's existence in his own than the whale thought of swallowing Jonah.

For the MS. of Charlotte Brontë's uncompleted novel, *Willie Ellin*, her last literary effort, only £31 10s. is asked. Only two chapters of this story were written, and these, we understand, are to be published for the first time shortly. One or two Dickens items, which one rather grieves to see in a catalogue, are letters relating to his greatest family trouble. There is also, for £5 5s., the telegram despatched by his son for medical aid from London when Dickens was under his fatal seizure. Here is a curious item:

> DRYDEN (John, *Poet Laureate*) A.L.S., 1. p. 4to., Nov. 23rd, 1698, to Mrs. STEWARD (his cousin, daughter of Mrs. Creed): *a characteristic letter, closely written, containing an interesting but very coarse account of a* JOURNEY *by* COACH *from* TICHMARSH *to* LONDON, *with a distressingly fat and objectionable lady passenger, and how the occupants of the coach successfully conspired to get rid of her, in spite of which Dryden went home sick, "and kept my house for three weeks together"* (excessively rare), £55.

For £4 4s. you may buy a Samoan letter of Robert Louis Stevenson's to Mr. Baxter, in which he says: "Your honoured father has been known to complain of the great Mr. Stevenson, and I suspect if you were to interrogate him adroitly, he would extend the same condemnation to the great Mr. Henley."

THE days of powder, puffs, and literary patrons are faintly adumbrated in the dedication which Mr. Alexander F. Baillie prefixes to his history of the Oriental Club, which we review elsewhere. It runs:

> TO A GENEROUS PATRON
>
> OF
>
> LITERATURE AND THE ARTS,
>
> BARON ALFRED CHARLES DE ROTHSCHILD,
>
> GRAND CROSS OF THE ORDER OF FRANCIS JOSEPH,
>
> A TRUSTEE OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY,
>
> ETC., ETC.,
>
> THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED
>
> BY HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,
>
> THE AUTHOR.

MORE "howlers." We begin to suspect the existence of a secret factory. The *University Correspondent* has just offered and awarded a prize of one guinea for the best collection of these productions. From those sent in the following are selected by our contemporary as "good, bad and indifferent":

> *Ecoute mes soupirs.*—Cut off my eyebrows.
> *Pêchant pour grenouilles dans une mare.*—Fishing for grenadiers on horseback.
> Of whom was this said? "He never smiled again."—William Rufus did this after he was shot by the arrow.
> The cause of the Peasants' Revolt was that a shilling poultice should be put on everybody over 16.
> What is an oasis?—A prickly plant that grows in the dessert.
> What and where are the Pyramids?—The Pyramids is a kind of nightlights as is generally used in the bedrooms, but you can get Clark's as well.
> What do you know of Dryden and Buckingham?—Dryden and Buckingham were at first friends, but soon became contemporaries.
> What is Milton's chief work?—Milton wrote a sensible poem called the "Canterbury Tails."
> A Caesura (in verse) is when a foot has more than two halves.
> One semibreve equals two minions and one crocket four semiskews.
> A palimpsest is a disease among cattle in South Africa.
> An optimist is a man who looks after your eyes, and a pessimist is a man who looks after your feet.
> The Chiltern Hundreds are spirits put in cheese to make it mouldy.

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Bibliographical.

No doubt, any series of books dealing with "English Men of Letters" ought to include a volume on Robert Browning. At the same time, it can scarcely be said that such a work is absolutely a desideratum at this moment. It was only the other day that Mr. Arthur Waugh produced a concise and concentrated account of the poet, even more slender than the *Life* by Mr. William Sharp (1890), which in its turn was even more slender than the *Life* by Mrs. Sutherland Orr (1891). Then there is the *Personalia* of Mr. Gosse (1890), and the anecdotic details in Mr. Oscar Browning's introduction to certain works of his namesake (1896-7); above all, there is the collection of *Letters* by Browning and his wife (1899). For the time being, we seem pretty well supplied with what may be called Browning matter. What we really want is a comprehensive, systematic, clear, and readable estimate of Browning's poetry, and that we are taught to expect from Mr. Stopford Brooke. At present, I take it, the Nettleship volume (1890) has held the field against all comers hitherto.

John Henry Newman is the subject of the latest of the little "Westminster Biographies," to which the authors append a modest bibliography of Newman memoirs, and so forth. Of course, they mention the *Apologia*, and the *Letters*, and the monographs by R. H. Hutton (1890), F. W. Newman (1891), and E. A. Abbott (1892); they also mention, very wisely, the reminiscences of the Oxford Movement by Dean Church and Mr. Mozley, and the *Lives* of Pusey, W. G. Ward, Wiseman, Manning, Keble, and so forth, in which Newman figures so largely. They might have mentioned the biographical sketch of Newman, written by Mr. H. J. Jennings, published in 1881, and reprinted in 1892; also, the *Short Life* by J. H. Fletcher (1890). Of all the monographs the most satisfactory, perhaps, is that by Hutton. Dr. Alexander Whyte, who has published this week an "appreciation" of Newman, is a Scots Presbyterian minister, of broader views than most of his colleagues.

A notable feature of the new biography of Lowell by Mr. Scudder is the appendix, running to 27 pages, which embodies "A List of the Writings of James Russell Lowell, arranged as nearly as maybe in order of publication." This begins with 1837, and ends with last year, which witnessed the publication of three sets of verses in *The Atlantic Monthly*. The List, which particularises not only volumes but separately-published lyrics and essays, is longer, no doubt, than is required by the average English reader, or, indeed, by the ordinary English student of literature. Mr. Scudder's work, however, was prepared in the first place for the American public, and, in any case, there is much in the List for which many English people will be grateful. It will be observed that the posthumous publications are quite numerous, including the *Latest Literary Essays and Addresses* (1892), *The Old English Dramatists* (1892), the *Letters* (1893), the *Last Poems* (1895), the *Impressions of Spain* (1899), two privately-printed brochures (1896-7), and various odds and ends in prose and verse.

It is to be feared that the late Mr. F. W. Robinson had somewhat lost touch with the great bulk of the reading public for some years before his death. He belonged to the last generation of novel-writers, and did not quite adapt himself to the new conditions. Nevertheless, he produced between 1891 and 1898 eight stories of varying dimensions, his last being (I believe) *All They Went Through*, published in the last-named year. That Mr. Robinson had, however, still some popularity to boast of is seen in the fact that between 1890 and 1900 ten of his works came out in a new edition—*A Very Strange Family* and *Slaves of the Ring* (1890), *Jane Cameron (Female Convict)*, *Female Life in Prison*, and *Prison Characters Drawn from Life* (1892), *Grandmother's Money* and *No Church* (1897), *Anne Judge (Spinster)*, *The Bridge of Glass*, and *A Woman in the Dark* (1900). Of such of these as are novels, *Grandmother's Money*, *No Church*, and *Anne Judge (Spinster)*, seem to be those which have most vitality left in them.

I believe I am correct in saying that Mr. Murray's new edition of Stanley's *Life of Dr. Arnold* is the first that has appeared—with his imprimatur—in one volume. An edition in two volumes was published by Mr. Murray in 1881-2, and this has had to serve the public for twenty years. Ward and Lock, of course, have printed the book, but not in its copyright form. The *Life* was published originally in 1844, but in 1881 Dean Stanley revised it, and it is that edition (the twelfth) which must be accepted as the standard and authoritative one, and which is now reprinted in handy and cheaper form by Mr. Murray. It includes, by the way, among its appendices, Matthew Arnold's touching tribute to his father in "Rugby Chapel," also a brief bibliography of Dr. Arnold.

The military honours which accompanied the funeral of the late "E. Livingston Prescott" (Miss Spicer Jay) have probably brought her to the notice of many who knew little or nothing about her literary products. It is possible nowadays for an author to be greatly in vogue among one section of the population, and almost wholly unknown to the other sections. Miss Jay appears to have begun story-writing in 1895, when she published *The Apotheosis of Mr. Tyransley*. Her earliest military books, it would seem, were *Scarlet and Steel: Modern Military Episodes* and *Rip's Redemption: a Trooper's Story*, both issued in 1897. In the following year came *Red-coat Romances*, *Dearer than Honour*, *The Measure of a Man*, and *A Small, Small Child*; while to 1899 belong *Helot and Hero: Sundry Developments of Love and War* and *Illusion: a Romance of Modern Egypt*. This, when we add to it *Mask and Martyr* (1896), would seem to be a full list of Miss Jay's publications.

The remarks I made the other day in regard to the expiration of the copyright of *A Tale of Two Cities* do not, perhaps, apply so fully to the case of *The Mill on the Floss*. Of course, that story can now be obtained in a delightfully cheap, as well as handy, form in Messrs. Blackwood's "Warwick" edition of the Works; but there it is part of a series, with a "number" of its own, and many might like to buy it in a wholly separate form. There was a three-and-sixpenny edition four years ago, but nowadays the "Man in the Street" clamours for his classics at fourpence-halfpenny.

The promised biography of Charles Lever by Mr. Edmund Downey will be awaited with interest, and the more so as it is said that Mr. Downey has among his materials a good many of Lever's letters. There is already in existence a Life of Lever by Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, a revised edition of which was published by Ward and Lock in 1884 and reprinted by Mr. Downey himself in 1896. Mr. Fitzpatrick's performance struck me as rather dull, and Mr. Downey should have little difficulty in improving upon it.

With reference to some former remarks of mine anent the exclusion of Bulwer-Lytton from the various series of "Great Writers," "Men of Letters," and so forth, a correspondent tells me of a book published in 1879, entitled *Great Novelists*, and dealing with Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and Lytton. Bulwer, nevertheless, has had very little attraction for the critical fraternity, and a really just and adequate estimate of him as a writer has yet to be produced. The same correspondent asks me if a lady described in a recent anthology as "The Queen's Poetess," is "a really celebrated writer." I can only say that until I opened that book I had never met even with the lady's name.

A second correspondent, noting my exhortation to Mr. Lang to "verify his allusions," inquires whether I have not misquoted the advice ascribed to Dr. Routh. My desire was merely to "adapt" the Rev. Dr.'s phrase.

THE BOOKWORM.

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Reviews.

A Great Minor Poet.

The English Poems of Richard Crashaw. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Edward Hutton. (Methuen. 1s. 6d.)

Not an inappropriate publication for the nearing Christmastide is this little edition of the poet who wrote the lovely song on the birth of Christ, *In the Holy Nativity*. Mr. Hutton, of course, cannot, and does not, claim any original honours as an editor. The way had been cleared for him, not only by Dr. Grosart's bulky edition of the complete Crashaw, but by Mr. Tutin's complete edition of the English Poems. Why, by the way, does Mr. Hutton adopt Mr. Tutin's exact title, which cannot but lead to confusion, unfair to that gentleman, who has laboured so zealously to promote the love of Crashaw? The present edition is not quite complete, even with regard to the English poems. It omits some twelve pieces from the Tanner MSS., but it contains all that the lover of Crashaw really wants; while its cheapness and neatness make it very handy and welcome.

With the exception we have noted, this tiny volume gives the reader all but Crashaw's Latin poems, including even his translations. For, like Vaughan, and more even than Herbert, Crashaw's work is slender and exquisite. He is a Minor Poet (name "soiled with all ignoble use!")—one of those lesser jewels half-obscured in the opulent English crown of poets; his name scarce uttered but with an ignorant jeer before the day of Coleridge, who affirmed that the *Hymn to St. Teresa* in some strange way inspired *Christabel*. One can half understand it, for Crashaw is an artist to the finger-tips, one of the forerunners of that elaborate modern art which diversely blossoms in Shelley and Coleridge, as Vaughan intimates Wordsworth. Had he but possessed the control of his own gift, indeed, no minor rank would have been his; for his great moments are unsurpassable in their kind. So rare an artist, he was also an unsteady artist, of the most capricious taste. Much should be pardoned to one who was an experimenter, trying paths new in English lyric verse, and who died comparatively young (Mr. Hutton, by the way, does not mention the date of his death in the introduction). His sins are virtues which have overshot their mark. He is a wonderful *virtuoso*, who will follow the most thrilling feat with a flourish of unpardonable eccentricity. Yet the comparison is unjust, in so far as it implies the desire to astonish and display. His passion is rather for close felicity of expression. But his sins are subtly different from those of the modern *virtuosos* in language. They, at their best, leave you surprised and admiring rather than thrilled: you feel they lay their imagery cold on the anvil, with whatever mastery they beat it out. But when Crashaw's shaping is most perverse, the metal, it is plain, came red from the forge. His fervour and sincerity are never doubtful when his taste is more than doubtful. And always he is the artist in purpose, though his execution for whole passages may fail. You are moved by something of the same feeling as in the childlike quaintnesses of a Pre-Raphaelite painter. Perhaps there are analogies between Crashaw and Botticelli.

His most wonderful feats with language are in "Music's Duel." They are too wonderful, even when they succeed; too conscious in the closeness of their felicity. The nightingale

> Folds in waved notes with a trembling bill
> The pliant series of her slippery song.

The second line moves with the undulant pliancy of chain-mail in sunlight; the phrasing is miraculously complete. And again:

> Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note
> Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
> A clear unwrinkled song.

The last words are beautiful. Yet you feel that a little of this will go far. It never ceases, and at last becomes too glutinous a sweetness for the most luxurious palate. To see Crashaw's art in a less elaborate mood, however, we need not mutilate by quotation the justly famous "Wishes to a Supposed Mistress." It will suffice to quote part of the lines "On the Death of a Gentleman":

> Now, though the blow that catched him hence
> Stopped the mouth of Eloquence;
> * * * * * *
> Yet if at least she not denies
> The sad language of our eyes,
> We are contented; for than this
> Language none more fluent is.
> Nothing speaks our grief so well
> As to speak nothing. Come then, tell
> Thy mind in tears, whoe'er thou be
> That ow'st a name to misery:
> Eyes are vocal, tears have tongues,
> And there be words not made with lungs,
> Sententious showers, O, let them fall,
> Their cadence is rhetorical.
> Here's a theme will drink th' expense
> Of all thy watery eloquence;
> Weep, then, only be exprest
> Thus much: He's dead; and weep the rest.

A more exquisite phrasing, a more delicate poise of line and couplet, a more adroit yet reticent use of "turn" (as Dryden calls the changes rung upon a word or group of words, like the "turn" upon a note or group of notes in music-, a defter point and sententious sweetness of poetry, could not well be. The versification is as exquisite in its accomplishment as the expression. Crashaw is one of the few masters of the octosyllabic couplet—a so-called "easy" metre, which a mere handful of poets has written finely, though anyone can write it mediocrely. In the art of fine compliment (of which the epitaph is usually a grave form) Crashaw is supreme, along with Dryden and a small number of others—including Donne at his best. The seventeenth century in general had the art of it, as of everything courtly and magnificent in gentlemanliness. The epitaph on Mr. John Ashton, from which Pope borrowed, is another example. And of his exquisite miniature gift, "Love's Horoscope" is an erotic example only inferior to the "Wishes to a Supposed Mistress."

But, of course, the supreme Crashaw is in those ardorous and sensuous religious poems into which he put all his strength—and weakness. There his most extraordinary conceits jostle the most triumphant imagery. And they are both of the one texture—the conceits are the images gone wrong, the images the conceits come right: while the lyric fervour is as sincere in the one case as in the other. Yet the "Nativity" hymn, to a sympathetic taste, is perhaps fine throughout. For once there are no intrusive absurdities. What shall one *not* quote from the ecstatic outburst:

> It was Thy day, Sweet, and did rise,
> Not from the East, but from Thine eyes!

It is an ecologue between two of the Shepherds, with a chorus of the rest—a felicitous scheme:

> I saw the curled drops, soft and slow,
> Come hovering o'er the place's head;
> Offering their whitest sheets of snow
> To furnish the fair Infant's bed:
> "Forbear," said I; "be not too bold,
> Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold."

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I saw the obsequious seraphim
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
For well they now can spare their wing,
Since Heaven itself lies here below.
"Well done," said I; but are you sure
Your down so warm will pass for pure?"

No, no, your King's not yet to seek
Where to repose His royal head;
See, see, how soon, his new-bloom'd cheek
'Twixt Mother's breasts is gone to bed.
"Sweet choice," said we, "no way but so
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow."

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Bright dawn of our eternal day!
We saw Thine eyes break from their East,
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,
We saw Thee by Thine Own sweet light.

It is a triumphant poem. Still more triumphant is the conclusion of the "Flaming Heart"—too well known to quote; while the "Hymn to St. Teresa" is an acknowledged masterpiece:

She never undertook to know
What Death with Love should have to do;
Nor has she e'er yet understood
Why to show love, she should shed blood,
Yet though she cannot tell you why,
She can love, and she can die.

All his own are those sudden tender apostrophes, a kind of divine familiarity which take one by the heart in this, as in other poems:

Farewell house, and farewell home!
She's for the Moors and martyrdom.
Sweet, not so fast!

Not his the fragrant common-sense of Herbert, nor the penetrating remoteness of Vaughan's secret magic. But a luxuriant and flaming fancy, with a loving dexterity of expression, take one by a continual surprise. Even in his most fantastic poem, "The Weeper," you have such things as this:

Sadness all the while
She sits in such a throne as this,
Can do nought but smile,
Nor believes she Sadness is:
Gladness itself would be more glad,
To be made so sweetly sad.

A poet whose very imperfections have the breath of life, the recognition of him steadily grows; and this volume will bring him from the library to the coat-pocket.

A Wonderful Century.

Life and Letters in the Fourth Century. By Terrot Reaveley Glover, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 10s.)

In spite of the late Professor Freeman, the distinction between ancient and modern history persists. The current classical education stops abruptly with the last satire of Juvenal, before Christianity had become visible in literature. For the teacher of classics is apt to look to language rather than life, and in regard to the reading of historians and philosophers of the fourth century holds—as the Bishop said of the New Testament—that it is "very bad for your Greek." Consequently, to most men of good education, as it is called, the crucial centuries in the history of the Western world are a blank. If they are curious they read Gibbon. But Gibbon's magnificent sweep is too vast for the picking up of minute personal details, and from his pages one gets essential outlines and broad effects rather than intimate insight. In this volume Mr. Glover has taken the opposite course, and supplements such works as those of Gibbon and Milman by a series of sketches of the most prominent characters during one particular century—emperors, historians, poets, theologians, and women—for women had a large share in making the pilgrimage fashionable. Moreover, he has chosen a century of extraordinary and little-exploited interest—the century which comprised, with a margin of allowance, the life of Constantine, the Council of Nicæa, the consecration of Constantinople, the Pagan revival of Julian, the bishopric of Augustine, and the capture of Rome by Alaric. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world was a century of such spiritual import, for the nineteenth century was one of material rather than of moral significance. In this century we see Christianity surviving with ease the last great persecution of the Church, rising with strange quietude from the humble to the seats of the mighty, conquering the abodes of learning, and rising to the throne of the Cæsars. And what is still more remarkable is the existence, in reasonable concord, side by side, of the Pagan philosophies and ideals and the Christian faith; the mutual toleration, which contrasts so strangely with the fury of the Reformation; the Christian endeavour to bring Plato, Virgil, and the rest as witnesses of the new religion, the Pagan willingness to admit Christ into the Pantheon. It was a wonderful century, and one may speculate curiously on what would have happened had not the barbaric invasions turned men's minds from speculation to action, and brought a new force, which threw the world into the crucible once more. But by the time the full shock of those invasions was felt the new religion had fastened its spell. Thus Mr. Glover sums the situation:

> It is hard to form a completely unprejudiced judgment, but the conclusion is forced upon me when I survey the fourth century, its interests and its energies, that the Church had absorbed all that was then vital in the civilised world. It had not assimilated all of the beauty and wisdom of the great Classical period, for much of them was lost to that age and was not to be recovered for centuries. The Church of that day had her weaknesses, she made grave mistakes, and she was not without sins that bore bitter fruit; but she rose superior to all the world around her, and to whatever sphere of work and thought we turn—literature, philosophy, administration—we find her marked off from all her environment by one characteristic it had not and she had—life and the promise of life.

Mr. Glover selects his types with judgment, and sketches them with admirable lucidity, and with sufficient references to contemporary authorities to enable one to check his premises if one does not invariably agree with his conclusions. He begins with Ammianus, that extraordinary man, the friend and admirer of Julian named the Apostate, who saw war, rapine and murder, and wrote history as a war correspondent, with none of the Roman jingoism of Livy, but a frankly human sympathy for human life, whether dating from Syria or elsewhere. And here we may find the effect of the mingling of the streams of Paganism and Christianity, the widened area of the Roman citizenship, and the universal brotherhood of Christ. It is not easy to tell which of these influences produced in Ammianus the reflex action of sympathy with the Syrian child who began life as a captive. But Ammianus supplies a typical instance of the genial toleration of the age which saw Constantius try in vain to convert the warring sects of Christianity to a single belief. Constantius had reached that stage of statesmanship which induced the youthful Gladstone to write his essay on Church and State. And Ammianus might have anticipated Macaulay in laughing both efforts out of court.

But the most fascinating figure of the century is Julian. He was not an Apostate, for he was never a Christian but by compulsion; and the "Vicisti Galilæe" myth is but an epigram fitted by posterity, and admirably fitted, since Julian was a foredoomed failure. His attempt to galvanise the Pagan ideal into new life failed for lack of material.

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His Paganism may be compared with that of the Presbyterian boy who is kept too closely at the Shorter Catechism. In his boyhood he knew no Christians who were not murderers, libertines, or gloomy kill-joys. A Christian Emperor slew his brother; a Christian Emperor called him from his studies at Athens to take command against the Germans in Gaul. He loathed the task, but he accomplished it; and Mr. Glover's modesty somewhat spoils his otherwise masterly sketch of Julian's career. His ignorance of military matters forbids a criticism of Julian's five years of successful campaigning in Gaul. Such modesty of ignorance is seldom apparent in these days. But one would welcome some enlightening account of this feat of a youth in his twenties, who died in the earliest thirties, leaving behind an undying reputation for the things of the spirit. For that reputation was gained, with posterity at least, during his two years' fling as sole Emperor. His temperament was religious through and through, and had he been given any real knowledge of the Christian spirit he might have fallen into the line of forgotten Emperors. As it was, his knowledge and appreciation of the Christian documents was about on a level with that of Tom Paine and Mr. Bradlaugh (for the fourth century already asked what language the Serpent talked to Eve!). Yet he was enthusiastically moral, himself pure, and sternly adverse to wine-shops and erotic literature. Was there ever a more pathetically futile attempt than Julian's idea of a sort of Pagan Church—a Holy Catholic Hellenism—in which Neo-Platonism was leavened by the doctrine of the Trinity and the old gods were given newly-furbished faces? Even Judaism was worked into the "my religion" of the reactionary Emperor. But he died before he was half-way through his fourth decade. And apart from that, where was the sanction, where the reward, of his system? No syndicate of Platos could buy up Christ from a clown. And Christianity had found in the next world the lever to move the present one—which Archimedes had missed.

Julian was not quite the hysterical weakling that Mr. Glover presents. Surely his Gallic success is against that assumption. But he was a mystic—a disciple to the core, who might to-day be a Christian Scientist or a Theosophist—and a disciple who for a year or two was master of the world. We have taken him and his historian as typical of the Paganism which was being unconsciously undermined by Christianity. Mr. Glover gives fourteen such sketches. And, taken together, they give a wonderful picture of a wonderful age.

The Enthusiast as Biographer.

Barry Sullivan. By Robert M. Sillard. (Unwin. 21s. net.)

This is the work of an enthusiast. Mr. Sillard dates his preface from Dublin, and it is permissible to suspect that it is for Barry Sullivan the Irishman, as well as for Barry Sullivan the actor, that our author finds his admiration stirred. How else can we account for these two volumes, running altogether to 532 pages? "The English-speaking world," says Mr. Sillard of his hero, "pronounced him the most illustrious Shakespearean actor of the latter half of the nineteenth century." Indeed! When and where did "the English-speaking world" make this remarkable pronouncement? That in his best and even in his latest days Sullivan had multitudinous admirers, may at once be admitted. For thirty years or so he was the idol of the "circle," pit, and gallery, not only in London and the provinces, but in America and the Colonies. And he found many journalists to praise him. His first appearance in London was made in 1852, in his thirty-first year. He opened as Hamlet, and was seen in the same year as Alfred Evelyn in "Money." In 1853 came his Claude Melnotte, his Master Walter, and his Othello. In 1855 he played Jaques, the Stranger, and Petruchio, and 1856 brought with it his Benedick. Four years later he essayed Richelieu, Macbeth, Richard III. In 1866 he enacted Faulconbridge, in 1868 Shylock and Charles Surface, and in 1869 Beverley and Matthew Elmore. He was in London again in 1876 and in 1879. In all these parts he was commended, but the standard of critical opinion in the metropolitan Press between 1852 and 1879 was not high. Sullivan was for a time a Triton among the minnows of "leading men"; Phelps was for that period his only competitor. He was destined to pale his intellectual (they were not wholly ineffectual) fires before the superior brilliancy of Irving's. He was, in a sense, the flower and fruit of the old school. He had a good presence and a good voice, and used both to excellent effect. He was always distinct—a very great matter—always careful, always correct. Of inspiration he had none. His Shakespearean emendations were mostly absurd. He did not bewilder his audiences with subtlety, or even with special intelligence. He followed the traditions, and did so well.

He was unlucky, perhaps, in "flourishing" at an epoch when there was practically no contemporary drama. The new plays in which he figured in London included "A Woman's Heart," "Not so Bad as we Seem," "Elopements in High Life," "The Cruel Kindness," "Presented at Court," Spicer's "Alcestes," Saunders's "Love's Martyrdom," "Wife and No Wife," and Fitzball's "Nitocris," not one of which is in the current repertory. A chance for him arrived when he became the original Valence in "Colombe's Birthday," but it was an opportunity of which he could not fully avail himself. His interpretation did not satisfy the best judges. He had, however, his reward in the plaudits of the unsophisticated, and he was mostly loudly saluted where the audiences had an Irish element. On the whole, he did a very good work, for he kept the banner of Shakespeare and the "legitimate" flying during years when there were few to raise it. He was the last of the old school, and prepared the way for the new one. Virtually, his career in London ended in 1869. Irving's may be said to have begun in 1870. As a manager Sullivan was not a success, nor in his productions at the Holborn Theatre in 1869 did he make any attempt at scenic thoroughness or display. He was a "star" actor pure and simple, and latterly did not condescend to conduct rehearsals when on tour. Mr. Sillard would have proved a truer friend to his hero had he compressed his two volumes into one. The biography is too full of padding. Mr. Sillard certainly entitles it *Barry Sullivan and His Contemporaries*, but the contemporaries might very well have been left alone. As it is, the author's digressions are too numerous and too long. The memoir is a monument of industry as well as of devotion, but it is not impeccable, alas! either in grammar or in statement. It has no literary value whatever. It has not even an index, the absence of which is by no means atoned for by the tables of "contents." Mr. Sillard should not have spoiled his ship for the sake of the extra pennyworth of tar.

The Quiet Man as Autobiographer.

Hand Immemor: Reminiscences of Legal and Social Life in Edinburgh and London, 1850-1900. By Charles Stewart. (Blackwood. 7s. 6d.)

Thousands of men go to and fro in the streets of London every day who, to use Mr. Stewart's expression, have gone through life *in medio tutissimus*, without adventure, without the sort of distinction which brings notoriety, and yet with distinguished connections and memories of great interest. They have stories to tell worth hearing; they have wisdom of their own and of others worth heed-

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ing; and the atmosphere of their lives has been pure and bracing. Give to one of these an easy pen, and you are likely to gain a book of much interest—such a book as this.

Mr. Stewart was born in London in the thirties of last century, and there are many still living—Mr. Henry James is one—who venerate the memory of his mother, Mrs. Duncan Stewart. Her company was sought by men like Disraeli, Thackeray, Dickens, Landseer, Millais, and earlier still by Count d'Orsay, Lady Blessington, and Leigh Hunt. We shall not dwell, however, on Mr. Stewart's pedigree or ancestral history. One of his links with the past, however, deserves mention. He tells us that his grandfather was not only present at the battle of Culloden in '45, but used to tell of his having sat on the knee of an old man named James Taylor who had seen Charles I. passing down Whitehall. At his uncle's house in Dumfriesshire, whither he often went as a boy, Thomas Carlyle was a frequent caller, and Mr. Stewart's reminiscences of the Sage are interesting. One of these dates back only to the last days of Carlyle's life, and it is rather remarkable. Froude one day told Mr. Stewart: "I saw Carlyle this morning, and he said to me, 'Froude, I have just been reading an old book, a book that I read very often long ago, but not lately. I thought I would go back to it and see what I thought of it now, and I may tell you that I am greatly disappointed with it. You ask, what is the book? It is the Bible.'". What Carlyle meant is not recorded, and the reader may either adopt Mr. Stewart's interpretation (p. 19), or find his own. In London the boy heard other good talk. One of his father's guests was Henry Thomas Buckle, who would sometimes discourse for twenty minutes at the dinner-table.

> His thoughts and conversation were always on a high level, and I recollect a saying of his which not only greatly impressed me at the time, but which I have ever since cherished as a test of the mental calibre of friends and acquaintances. Buckle said, in his dogmatic way: "Men and women range themselves into three classes or orders of intelligence; you can tell the lowest class by their habit of always talking about *persons*, the next by the fact that their habit is always to converse about *things*, the highest by their preference for the discussion of ideas."

In his Edinburgh chapters Mr. Stewart recalls the figures prominent in the Scottish Bar forty years ago. It was abundantly worth while to sketch the portrait of the homely and tempestuous Lord Deas, the kindly and humorous Lord Ardmillan, the easily shocked Lord Cowan, and to put on record a few characteristic scenes in the Courts over which they presided. Once Mr. Stewart assisted, as junior counsel for the Crown, in prosecuting a prisoner for the crime of prison-breaking. He was a highly educated man, and had corrupted a warder. A curious scene took place when Lord Justice-Clerk Inglis, after remarking that this was the worst part of his offence, declared that he must pass a severe sentence:

> The man leant eagerly forward, and, motioning his counsel to sit down, said, in a lofty and impassioned tone: "My Lord, I take a different view. Is there any man, guilty or innocent, of pure life like your Lordship's, or a debased life like mine, who would not have done as I did if he had the need and opportunity? I found the warder corruptible, and I corrupted him; the doors were held open to me, and I had only to walk through them to be free. Is there any man who would not do the like?" The scene was an impressive one. The prisoner, of course, got his added months of imprisonment; but I think there were few in Court who had not a latent doubt whether in logic and in the moral sense the criminal in the dock had not mastered the judge upon the Bench. Inglis told me afterwards that even if it had been seemly for him to argue the point with the prisoner, he would have found himself rather at a loss to reply to him.

The following picture of Tennyson has little of the unexpected, but its confirmation of other portraits is rather piquant:

> With Alfred Tennyson in his latter years I had rather frequent opportunities of meeting, both in London and at his country home. Personal intimacy with great authors is a dangerous experiment, and especially with great poets, for their imaginative writings have stimulated one's ideas about their personality till one foolishly half expects to find their genius displaying itself in every word and action of their daily life. Tennyson fulfilled such an unreasonable ideal perhaps as well as any man could; for his personal appearance, with which everyone is familiar, was, of course, magnificent, and his manners and habits of life were dignified, it a little poetically eccentric. But the adulation which he received among his family and friends was somewhat satiating. I have seen Mrs. Greville, a woman herself of the most brilliant talent, actually prostrate herself on the floor before him, just as I have seen ladies of rank and talent literally sitting at the feet of Sir Henry Irving. Tennyson would have been more than human if he had resisted the effect of this hero-worship. A little niece of mine was one day standing beside his chair; he lifted her up and placed her on his knee for half a minute, and then he put her down, saying, "Now you can say you have sat on Tennyson's knee." It was kindly meant, but there was a self-consciousness in the word and in the act which was not infrequently to be observed in the poet.

Mr. Stewart describes himself as "an obscure man, who has no wish to be otherwise than obscure." We like his book all the better because, however much it is a denial of the letter of his statement, it never departs from its spirit.

Annals of a Great Club.

The Oriental Club and Hanover Square. By Alexander F. Baillie. (Longmans. 25s. net.)

Outwardly this is a noble volume. Inwardly it is, besides a history of the Oriental Club, a mine of curious information about the development of the West End of London, Anglo-Indian life, the originals of some of Thackeray's characters, and the art of losing money in Club management, even to the tune of £75 a year on the single item of mutton chops. We should be inclined to accuse Mr. Baillie of casting too wide a net if he did not cast it to such excellent purpose. His sketch of "Our Square" includes a great deal of matter outside of its area: even a disquisition on that old topic, the exact site of Tyburn gallows; but here, as everywhere, the information is well collected and clearly and entertainingly set forth.

The Oriental Club was founded in 1824, the year in which the first pile of new London Bridge was driven, the first stone of the General Post Office was laid, the National Gallery was opened to the public, and Byron died at Missolonghi. It was designed to meet the needs of the ever-growing numbers of returned Indian officers, and it was such an officer—no less a personage than Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B.—who brought the scheme to a head. He was a mighty talker before the Lord, and it may be that he wished, in part, to organise an audience, fit though few. Canning entitled him "Bahauder Jaw," and there is a story of his relating at Lord Wellesley's table, as a notable fact, that he and three of his brothers had once met together in India. "Impossible, Malcolm; quite impossible!" said the Governor-General. Malcolm persisted. "No, no," said Lord Wellesley, "if four Malcolms had met we should have heard the noise all over India." The original quarters of the club were in Lower Grosvenor Street, but the migration to Hanover Square took place in 1826. The premises would now seem small for

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600 members. But as Mr. Baillie explains: "Before the introduction of smoking on a general scale the members would scatter all over the house, and probably in every room find a snuff-box if they had omitted to bring one with them." One of the Committee's first cares was to erect a horse-block outside the entrance in Tenterden Street, and soon it was an ordinary thing for ten or a dozen 'well-groomed cobs and thoroughbreds' to be seen in processional exercise round the Square, while their owners took their ease within in all the glory of Hessian boots, high-rolled collars, brass buttons, and hats of real beaver. Picturing these clubmen of the twenties, Mr. Baillie says: "They jingle their spurs, they strike their boots with their hand-canes, they take snuff, and call for beer, and they swear, ah! how they *do* swear. I have just a faint recollection of two brothers, both of them Colonels in the Company's service, and both of them members of the Club. They were not only on very friendly terms, but between them there was a real affection; and yet they never met, never saluted one another, without a strong expletive—not to say a curse—upon their lips. It meant absolutely nothing, but they followed what had been the fashion in the days of the Regency and of George IV."

To Thackeray the Oriental Club was a nest of character studies. Mr. Baillie points out as a nice point in the chronology of *Vanity Fair* that Mr. Joseph Sedley, on his first return to Europe when the century was in his teens, "drove his horses in the Park; he dined at the fashionable taverns (for the Oriental Club was not as yet invented); he frequented the theatres, and so on;" but when the Collector came home in 1827 "his very first point, of course, was to become a member of the Oriental Club, where he spent his mornings in the company of his brother Indians, where he dined, or whence he brought home men to dine." It is certain that Major-General Charles Montauban Carmichael, Major Henry Carmichael-Smyth, and nearly all the other reputed originals of Colonel Thomas Newcome, C.B., were members of the Oriental Club. Mr. Baillie prints a letter he has received recently from Mr. David Freemantle Carmichael, nephew of the two officers named, stating: "When *The Newcomes* were coming out I said to Thackeray, 'I see where you got your Colonel.' 'To be sure you would,' he replied, 'only I had to *angelicise* the old boys a little.'" Topographical and biographical details of singular interest abound in Mr. Baillie's pages, which will appeal to many students of London social life who have no personal connection with the prosperous and exclusive Club in Tenterden Street. The portraits and topographical views add greatly to the interest of the work.

To What End?

The Thrush: A Book of Original Poems. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

The garden of literature is overgrown with the weed of the amateur. As an occasional product, he is not unwelcome; it would be a surly keeper of the literary grounds (to change the metaphor) who would warn him off altogether. Your amateur of parts has often done better work than your dull professional—nay, than many professionals not dull. He has sometimes been a man of genius. But amateurs in battalions, in armies, in hosts, settling on the land like locusts, and consuming the green leaf of literature! The amateur novelist, of course, forms the main body of the invasion; but next to these comes the monstrous regiment of amateur poets. They mainly help to discredit the already discredited name of poet. In all ages clever men have written verses, without conceiting themselves poets; it was thought a graceful accomplishment, improving even a prose-writer's command of language, and giving an added touch to the cultivation of a gentleman. Quite rightly. Nowadays, with "diffused education"—of sorts, everyone can write verses—of sorts. But we should hesitate to say that the verses they write yield an added cultivation—of any sorts. Formerly, though most clever and cultivated men wrote verses, only a fool or a poet published them. But the day is fast nearing when only a poet will not publish them. It will be the one distinction left him. His "sugared sonnets" he will hand about in MS. to the "private friends" and friends of the Muses (a narrow remainder) who solely and really want them.

Raleigh and Sidney were amateurs—immortal amateurs. But Raleigh did not think of collecting his *Occasional Poems* in a neat little æsthetic volume, and we doubt whether Sidney's poems were collected during his life. Certainly they had no obliging periodical which would house their stray effusions, and send them forth collected in a neat yearly or quarterly volume. Such, for example, as the volume of *The Thrush*, which has prompted these remarks. It is the latest development of the amateur poet that he should have a whole periodical devoted mainly to himself, and the providing for him of a circle of admirers. It does not induce consolatory thoughts. For the periodical, after all, is simply a middleman; it brings supply into touch with demand. We must suppose, therefore, that there is a public, however limited, which delights to read verse mediocre and feebly derivative. For it is the characteristic of this verse that, while it reflects the fashion of the time, it is not marked even in its derivation. You can seldom say: "It is from this or that poet." It is a kind of featureless abstraction from many modern poets; the reduction of all to the lowest common denominator (to adapt the image of an Irish speaker). Some poets who are more than amateurs, a few even of varying eminence, have graced the periodical by their presence, giving it a show of distinction which seems to us no less unfortunate than misleading. Their credentials are carefully proclaimed in the "Contents," as are those of all who have any credentials (that is, published volumes) to their names. For a writer may have published books, yet be essentially an amateur. But even those who are honourably known seem apt to be depressed by the company into which they have strayed. Mr. Henley, Dr. Garnett, the author of "Father O'Flynn," are dispirited and dispiriting. Miss Nora Hopper and Mr. Norman Gale maintain something of their level; while one lady who must be considered, perhaps, an amateur, Lady Margaret Sackville, contributes one of the best poems in the book, *Themistocles*. But for the most part it is a dreary swamp of mediocrity, seldom relieved even by absurdity. The writers are far too unadventurous for that. They know what good literary manners are, and copy them with a fatal drawing-room evenness of respectability. Here is a strictly average specimen of this strictly average verse—*Tolstoy*, by Mr. Tindall-Atkinson:

> The voice of one who cries upon the shore
> Across an ever-widening human sea,
> Whose waves are wistful faces: manfully
> Cries a new teaching, urging evermore
> A love of man to man unthought before,
> A pride of life, a pride of poverty,
> A claim to follow nature's liberty
> And cast behind the slavery of yore.
> The hand of one who 'mid the marching years
> A flag of faith in proud unfurling flings
> About a weary people, till with breath
> New stirring 'neath the shadows of old fears,
> They see a fair young hope with outstretched wings,
> A spirit rising from the dust of death.

It would be simply tedious to quote further verse where careful uninspired utterance meets conscientious uninspired thought. This, in little, is the volume at large. The few better poems we have spoken of are nowise typical,

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and therefore we do not quote them as specimens of the book; while their authors may be better studied in their own books. And the whole question is: "Why?" What elevation of public taste can be accomplished by loosing on it this periodical wave of mediocrity? What authors here find utterance who have not found their own utterance; or, not having found it, had not better been silent? To love no poetry is merely a loss; to love poetry like this, an evil.

Other New Books.

Christmas at the Mermaid. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. Flamus of Parnassus XI. (Lane. 1s.)

Every artist, whether of the active or passive type, must feel that hymn-tunes and Christmas cards in England are constantly vulgar. Themes which in other countries have given, and give, creative genius its first inspiration seem here especially reserved for the illiterate composer and the anonymous scribbler of mean verses for intolerable designs. Many a mind—naturally religious in a mystic sense—has been driven to an aversion for all ecclesiastical ceremonies by an early confusion of the praise of God with the hideous drone of a popular "church melody." The music halls would reject the base and tedious whines which are considered entirely appropriate for the Church. So it is with Christmas greetings, which are mostly quite ignominious or insipid. With satisfaction, then, we notice that Mr. John Lane has published a small shilling edition—in charming style — of *Christmas at the Mermaid*, by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton. This cantata, which for breadth, as Mr. Swinburne has said, is the biggest thing that has been written for many years, has so much variety that it should interest every class of reader. For those who like a bold narrative there is David Gwynn's *Story of the Golden Skeleton:* for patriots, there is Raleigh's impetuous rhetoric: the temporarily disheartened may read Ben Jonson's encouragement:

> The bard whose song the Thebans might not follow,
> Because he sang of more than Theban things,
> Was he whose music, struck from Nature's strings,
> Builded the walls of Ilion—great Apollo!

Others, who prefer gentler thoughts at this season of the year, will find the delicate, beautiful sketch, by "Shakespeare's friend" of the poet's home and early courtship:

> Walking beneath the trees, where drops of rain,
> Wove crowns of sunlit opal to decoy
> Young love from home; and one, the happy boy,
> Knew all the thoughts of birds in every strain—
> Knew why the cushat breaks his fond refrain
> By sudden silence, "lest his plaint should cloy"—
> Knew when the skylark's changing note of joy
> Saith, "Now will I return to earth again"—
> Knew every warning of the blackbird's shriek,
> And every promise of his joyful song—
> Knew what the magpie's chuckle fain would speak;
> And, when a silent cuckoo flew along,
> Bearing an egg in her felonious beak,
> Knew every nest threatened with grievous wrong.

The Madonna. Translated from the Italian of Adolfo Venturi, with an Introduction by Alice Meynell. (Burns & Oates. 31s. 6d.)

The object of Signor Venturi's book, here translated, is to tell the story of the Virgin's life and death, as portrayed by the great painters and sculptors of Christendom. It is, in fact, a kind of pictorial life of the Madonna, the "illustrations" provided by Giotto, Raphael, and their kin. Over five hundred of them have been drawn upon to furnish the pictures in this volume. It is a deeply interesting collection of reproductions. The text is minute and learned, and the massing of reference and description managed with much skill. The book has, further, the advantage of an introduction by Mrs. Meynell, to which many will turn with more avidity than is usually excited by Introductions. It cannot be said to show Mrs. Meynell at her finest, nor would it be fair to expect "the flower of the mind" in such a performance. But something worth saying and well said will be found here, as in her least work:

> There is no more wonderful unanimity. . . than this which made the young Woman and the young Child paramount so long. . . . Mankind has counted its sufferings from wars of religion, its terrors from superstitions. But who shall number the mercies, the pardons, the generosities, brought to pass by the sight of Mother and Child, presented to the eyes of onlookers throughout the bookless ages? . . . There is no other group, assuredly, that has so made for chivalry.

The book, however, is itself wine that needs no bush.

Ghost-Bereft. With Other Stories and Studies in Verse. By Jane Barlow. (Smith, Elder.)

For the "scene" in dramatic form which gives its name (*Ghost-Bereft*) to Miss Jane Barlow's latest collection of verse we do not care much. One Widow Brennan is made to talk blank verse of a kind not usual, we fancy, even with Irish readers; and the incongruity is accentuated by the realistic touches of dialect and so forth. It is perilous to follow Mr. Yeats and *The Land of Heart's Delight* without a like art and power. Miss Barlow, in fact, is best in frank dialect-sketches, and worst when she endeavours after literate poetry. *Terence Macran* shows her happier style:

> It's herself is the great little rogue. But I waited for 'fraid comin' out,
> Left alone be herself wid the childher all bawlin' and bangin' about,
> She'd be scared. Not that Katty's too aisily frighted, the sorra a bit:
> There's most nothin' she puts me in mind of so much as a wee blue-capped tit,
> That hops undher your feet lettin' on it consaits it's no littler than you,
> And'll fluff itself out like an aigle at a thrush that could snap it in two.

That is excellent. But even so good a sketch suffers when Miss Barlow puts into the mouth of her peasant the conventional descriptive touches and cheap poetry:

> The sun in the dew flashin' sparkles like rainbows turned stars all around.

Such may be the language of an Irish peasant—but we hope not!

Tolstoy and His Problems. By Aylmer Maude.
The Life and Teaching of Leo Tolstoy. By G. H. Perris. (Richards. 6s. each.)

Four of the nine essays in Mr. Maude's book have received the sanction and approval of Tolstoy himself. The principal one of these four is "Tolstoy's Theory of Art," a remarkably able and lucid exposition of a subject both intricate and confused. Tolstoy's attitude towards Art, sometimes formidable, as in his impressive criticism of de Maupassant, and sometimes merely incomprehensible, as in his remarks on opera, is very well summed up in a phrase which he used in conversation with Mr. Maude.

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The latter had asked Tolstoy how he explained Shakespeare's supreme rank among authors in Russia and elsewhere. The prophet replied: "Shakespeare owes his great reputation to the fact that he is an artist of great and varied abilities; but he owes it yet more to the fact that he shares with his admirers this great weakness—that he has not found the answer to the question, What are we alive for?" Mr. Maude's book includes chapters on Russia after the Coronation, and on the Doukhobórs.

Mr. Perris's book is a comprehensive selection of extracts from Tolstoy's writings, designed to show forth his beliefs and opinions. It deals with society, "the great commandments," science, art, education, and religion, and well deserves to be called the royal road to Tolstoy. Since Tolstoy has written fifty complete books, not to mention "innumerable fragments," it may be admitted that such a volume meets a felt want. Mr. Perris has done his business with credit; and his exhaustive introduction has its picturesque moments, as when he says: "With ear close to earth and the popular heart. . . . was this gospel of real life set down." At times Mr. Perris displays the unreasoning irritability of the enthusiast. He remarks: "A century hence Tolstoy will be known as Milton and Bunyan and Dickens, perhaps even as Isaiah and Paul, Augustine and Shakespeare are known. The column of newspaper twaddle in such a case is unusually futile. An English publisher, in a jocular mood one supposes, affixed to *Resurrection* a couple of pages of 'press notices.' They show that Mr. So-and-So, an intelligent reader, regards this as Tolstoy's 'greatest work.' Perhaps so. . . ."

Leaving the point whether even Tolstoy combines the abilities of Milton and Dickens, why "newspaper twaddle" in one line and "intelligent reader" in the next? Is an intelligent person one who writes twaddle? And why the horrid sarcasm of that "Mr. So-and-So"? The *critiques* of Ste. Beuve and of Hazlett were once merely the newspaper twaddle of a Mr. So-and-So.

We have received the first volume of Messrs. Hutchinson's popular serial, *The Living Animals of the World*, completing the Mammals. Besides thirteen coloured plates the volume contains 567 illustrations from photographs. The text has been written by the editor, Mr. C. J. Cornish, and a band of able contributors that includes Mr. F. C. Selous, Sir Harry Johnston, Mr. F. G. Aflalo, and other well-known writers. The reliance on photography for the illustrations is admirably justified by the results. As a popular encyclopædia and portrait gallery of animal life this work, judging by its first volume, need fear no rival.

We have seen no better gift-book this season than Mr. Michael Myers Shoemaker's *Palaces, Prisons, and Resting-Places of Mary Queen of Scots* (Virtue. 42s. net). Mr. Shoemaker does not attempt to add to the histories of the hapless Queen, his pages being more concerned with places than people. "The pilgrimage follows in the footsteps of Queen Mary from her birth at Linlithgow, to Stirling and the Island of Rest, to Dumbarton and the shores of sunny France, to the quaint city of Paris in the days of the Valois, and Villers Cotterets, where the honeymoon with Francis was spent. The châteaux of fair Touraine, Orleans, and the Port of Calais then pass in review, and are followed by the scenes of her stormy life in Scotland, and of all those weary eighteen years in England, when palaces disappear and prisons alone come into view; until Mary, done to death at Fotheringay, is left at rest under the solemn arches of Westminster Abbey." The opportunities for illustration here presented are, of course, taken, and in Messrs. Virtue's hands they prosper exceedingly. Eight of the numerous full-page illustrations are in photogravure.

In his expository lectures on Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Watts, Holman Hunt, and Wagner, entitled *Religion in Recent Art* (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. net), Mr. P. T. Forsyth disclaims scientific aims or value for his work. His method is the familiar one of very discursive and enterprising exposition. Indeed, Mr. Forsyth maintains openly that "we must feel ourselves free to find in a picture any suggestion which is really and reasonably congruous with its central idea, whether deliberately meant by the artist or no." Those who can accept this standpoint, or are untroubled by others, will find their food in these pages. "Is there beyond the grave a living love and a passion of patient pity, a sweet remembrance of old affections, and a wonder-smitten waiting for the knitting up of severed hearts? Who does not find it easier to believe that after looking at the picture of the Blessed Damozel?" Mr. Forsyth's style and note are there. The illustrations are few, but good.

Messrs. Dawbarn and Ward send us a second edition of their beautifully illustrated *Shakespeare's Town and Times* (10s. 6d. net).

In their "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture" series Messrs. Bell give us *Rembrand Van Rijn*. This volume is an abridgment of Mr. Malcolm Bell's larger work published in 1899, and as a hand-book it has much merit.

To the "Oxford India Paper Dickens" (Frowde and Chapman and Hall, each 2s. 6d. net) are added *Dombey and Son* and *Great Expectations*.

Fiction.

Unequally Yoked.

The Proving of Priscilla. By Louie Bennett. (Harpers. 6s.)

Concerning Some Fools and Their Folly. By Newton Sandars. (Sands. 6s.)

We would like to take these novels, scatter them to bits, and remould them "nearer to the heart's desire." For if one took their four principal characters, a heroine and a hero from either, and rearranged the weddings, we would guarantee happiness all round, and these books never need have been written at all. There are two kinds of good people in the world, on a rough division. There are people who are religiously good, and people who are good but not religious. They do not mix well. And that is all the moral or interest to be obtained from these two stories. Priscilla is an Irish girl, daughter of Dean Lovell, who has a cathedral in the West of Ireland. She has a godly brother named Cyril, who baptises her, as a childish freak, in a well, and a dissipated brother, Harry, who gets miraculously drunk on the half-share of a bottle of champagne. "I wonder why God does not like circuses," writes Priscilla, in her childish diary. So she marries Lennox, a man of the world, who takes her, as a nice husband should, with a party to the theatre. Before the end of the first act Priscilla rises. "John, I should like to go home," she said. And she went. Moreover, she came down and protested against her husband's playing cards after twelve on Saturday night with his friends. "What's the use of bothering about one's soul constantly?" asks Galbraith. And if Lennox flirted with Mrs. Seton, it must be admitted that Priscilla went a long way—after the manner of Sunday Schools—with Galbraith. In a moment of rare enlightenment she asks, "Am I a prig?" She is. Of course, Lennox should have married Kitty Crofton, whom Mr. Newton Sandars, in *Concerning Some Fools and Their Folly*, sends down to the country to enchant the Reverend Peter Winch; for Kitty was an actress, and Lennox—of *The Proving of Priscilla*—liked that sort of girl.

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Kitty heard—from outside the church—Peter preaching. She was dressed "in some kind of pink fluffiness" and a hat. Peter, going home to Sunday dinner with his mother, rescued the hat from the stream, and made ready for a more serious plunge; but reminiscences of Samson tied his tongue when he carved the joint before his mother. He doubted Kitty's "spiritual fitness for so exalted a position" as the wife of a country curate. Nevertheless, he married her, with the natural consequence that Kitty kicked at teaching in the Sunday School, and—some way before the end—bolted. There you have the mere crude motive of these two plots, and our desire to reconstruct them is no illegitimate one. For people do not marry who are absolutely at variance on every point of dress, manners, modes, and morals. These differences are instantly apparent when first acquaintanceship is made, and neither the smug Winch nor the priggish Priscilla bears the least indication of the passion which leaps such obstacles and carries the rider down into an abyss of folly. Winch is even surprised when his wife of weeks sits on the arm of his chair and kisses him. For the Reverend Peter Winch we prescribe Priscilla; they would be perfectly happy. And for Lennox, Kitty Crofton, a delightful girl of her theatrical-touring kind, with no vices, but requiring a light hand. If only the two authors had collaborated they would have been spared the labour of writing; they would have spared a reviewer the toil of reading. For there is nothing in the manipulation to redeem the crudity of the material. Perhaps a Clearing House for characters might be established, to save a deal of wasted effort.

The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

With this book Mr. Connor steps into the assured position of a thoroughly "practised hand," who has found his public and gauged its taste to a nicety. His two previous novels were very successful, and *The Man from Glengarry* attained success before the day of publication. You may guess accurately at this new book from the preface. It is about the forests of Western Canada, and Mr. Connor says: "The men are worth remembering. They carried the marks of their blood in their fierce passions, their courage, their loyalty; and of the forest in their patience, their resourcefulness, their self-reliance. But deeper than all, the mask that reached down to their hearts' core was that of their faith, for in them dwelt the fear of God. Their religion . . . was the biggest thing in them . . . In the Canada beyond the Lakes, where men are making empire . . . such men are needed. For not wealth, not enterprise, not energy can build a nation into sure greatness, but . . ." etc., etc. All which is no doubt perfectly true. We begin with a fight between rival gangs of lumbermen. "Black Hugh had a temper fierce and quick, and when in full flame he was a man to avoid, for from neither man nor devil would he turn. The only man who could hold him was his brother, Macdonald Bhain, for, strong man as he was, Black Hugh knew well that his brother could with a single swift grip bring him to his knees." The warfare is Titanic for many pages, and then we arrive at a pleasantly contrasting chapter, entitled "The Manse in the Bush." "Eight years ago the minister had brought his wife from a home of gentle culture . . . to this home in the forest. There, isolated . . . deprived . . . she gave herself without stint to her husband's people, with never a thought of self-pity or self-praise. By day and night she laboured . . ." Then again we are amid perils, and witness a "ride for life." "For answer there came from behind them the long, mournful hunting-cry of the wolf." So the tale runs till we come to a chapter entitled "Her Clinging Arms." "The treacherous moss slipped under Mainie's feet, and with a piercing shriek . . . Like a flash Ronald. . . . with a trick learned as a boy in the Glengarry woods, swung himself clear over the edge. . . ." Nevertheless, it was another girl that Ronald married, an admirable creature named Kate. On the last page but one Ronald thought Kate loved another, but on the last page Kate corrected this misapprehension. The book is workmanlike; it has a sure and self-confident touch. It does not in the least belong to literature, but one is glad to see a popular novel with some shapeliness and craftsmanship to its credit.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

The New Americans. By Alfred Hodder.

An American, analytical novel, something after the manner of Mr. Howells, but neither so precise in observation, nor so finished in style, with love scenes enough to satisfy the most exacting library subscriber. "There are grave ancestors still alive in Virginia who remember Bettie Preston in her teens and young Cecil Widnet's mad infatuation with her when he first returned from abroad. There was not an atom of nonsense about her [Bettie]; she guided her dainty steps by a lucid, frank, discriminating intelligence." (Macmillan. 6s.)

My Own Death. By "Limbo."

Wild! It needs more skill than "Limbo" possesses to do this sort of thing convincingly. In Chapter viii. he dies: in Chapter ix. he is launched into space. Thus: "One terrible spasm, as something within me is torn asunder, then peace! Peace! An absolute cessation of pain! A sense of exaltation, of freedom, of pleasure such as I had never hoped to experience. But where am I? This place is strange—is unknown to me! Always beneath my feet I have been accustomed to feel the solid ground; but here there is no ground!—always have my lungs needed to inhale the revivifying air; but now my breast moves not, nor do I feel the beating of my heart!"

The Romance of an Emergency. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney.

A rambling story, including an account of a Moody and Sankey meeting. When Mr. Moody began to speak "Guy sat and listened as one to whom God Himself was speaking." After the address (which is printed)—"'Well, goodbye, God bless you and make you a blessing to others,' said the evangelist, taking the young man's hand in a warm grasp, and bringing up his left hand over the right with a prolonged shaking." (Drane. 6s.)

Lloyd of the Mill. By John Thomas.

A Welsh novel. The sub-title is "The First shall be Last and the Last First." Facing the title-page, this useful information is given: "In these pages the Welsh reader will recognise the popular Welsh novel, 'Arthur Llwyd y Felin,' by John Thomas, D.D., of Liverpool, done into English, with some additions, by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Owen Thomas."

We are always learning something. (Elliot Stock. 6s.)

A Parish Scandal. By Mrs. Charles Marshall.

"A Tale of Modern Manners" is the sub-title. "The Rev. James Pennington looked cosy enough seated before a blazing fire in his comfortable study, but his handsome face was puckered up into anything but an amiable expression. He was considering with anxiety that, although the parish was full to overflowing with people, the church remained comparatively empty, and the offertory seemed to dwindle with each service, until he doubted whether, another Sunday, it would be worth while to send round the bag." (Elliot Stock.)

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The Prose of Poets.

Sir Philip Sidney.

AMONG prose-writers a peculiar interest attaches to the poets who have written prose, who can both soar and walk. For to this case the image will not apply: of the eagle overbalanced in walking by the weight of his great wings. Nay, far from the poets being astray in prose-writing, it might plausibly be contended that English prose, as an art, is but a secondary stream of the Pierian fount, and owes its very origin to the poets. The first writer one remembers with whom prose became an art was Sir Philip Sidney. And Sidney was a poet.

If Chaucer, as has been said, is Spring, it is a modern, premature Spring, followed by an interval of doubtful weather. Sidney is the very Spring—the later May. And in prose he is the authentic, only Spring. It is a prose full of young joy, and young power, and young inexperience, and young melancholy, which is the wilfulness of joy; full of young fertility, wantoning in its own excess. Every nerve of it is steeped in deliciousness, which one might confuse with the softness of a decadent and effeminate age like our own, so much do the extremes of the literary cycle meet. But there is all the difference between the pliancy of youthful growth and the languor of decay. This martial and fiery progeny of a martial and fiery age is merely relaxing himself to the full in the interval of his strenuous life's campaign, indulging the blissful dreams of budding manhood—a virile Keats, one might say. You feel these martial spirits revelling in the whole fibre of his style. It is, indeed, the writing of a child; or, perhaps, of an exceptional boy, who still retains the roaming, luxuriant sweetness of a child's fancy; who has broken into the store-closet of literary conserves, and cloyed himself in delicious contempt of law and ignorance of satiety, tasting all capricious dainties as they come. The *Arcadia* runs honey; with a leisurely deliberation of relish, epicureanly savoured to the full, all alien to our hurried and tormented age.

Sidney's prose is treasurable, not only for its absolute merits, but as the bud from which English prose, that gorgeous and varied flower, has unfolded. It is in every way the reverse of modern prose. Our conditions of hurry carry to excess the *style coupée*, the abrupt style, resolved into its ultimate elements of short and single sentences. Sidney revels in the periodic style—long sentences, holding in suspension many clauses, which are shepherded to a full and sonorous close. But with him this style is inchoate: it is not yet logically compacted, the clauses do not follow inevitably, are not gradually evolved and expanded like the blossom from the seed. The sentences are loose, often inartificial and tyro-like, tacked together by a profuse employment of relatives and present participles. At times the grammar becomes confused, and falls to pieces.

"Even as a child is often brought to take most wholesome things," etc.; "which if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarbum they should receive, would"—and so forth. Either Sidney should have written "children" instead of "a child," or "if one should tell it," and so throughout the remainder of the sentence. This is a mild specimen of the reckless grammar into which he often lapses. The piling up of relatives and present participles we need not exemplify: it will be sufficiently seen in the quotations we make to exhibit his general style. But this looseness has a characteristic effect: it conduces to the general quality of Sidney's style. Here, truly, the style is the man. The long, fluctuant sentences, impetuously agglomerated rather than organic growths, have a copious and dissolving melody, quite harmonious with the subject-matter and the nature of the man. Jeremy Taylor, too, mounds his magnificent sentences rather than constructs them: but the effect is different and more masculine; nay, they are structural compared with Sidney's—so far had prose travelled during the interim.

The *Arcadia* is tedious to us in its unvarying chivalrous fantasy and unremittent lusciousness long drawn-out. Yet it has at moments a certain primitive tenderness, natural and captivating in no slight degree. No modern romancer could show us a passage like this, so palpitating in its poured-out feminine compassion. The hero has attempted suicide by his mistress's couch:

> Therefore, getting with speed her weak, though well-accorded limbs out of her sweetened bed, as when jewels are hastily pulled out of some rich coffer, she spared not the nakedness of her tender feet, but, I think, borne as fast with desire as fear carried *Daphne*, she came running to *Pyrocles*, and finding his spirits something troubled with the fall, she put by the bar that lay close to him, and straining him in her well-beloved embracements; "My comfort, my joy, my life," said she "what haste have you to kill your *Philoclea* with the most cruel torment that ever lady suffered?"

What a delightful chivalry of heart there is in it all! How exquisitely felt that phrase, "her sweetened bed"! How charmingly fancied the image which follows it; and how beautiful—"she spared not the nakedness of her tender feet"! How womanly Philoclea's outburst, and the tender eagerness of the whole picture! In other passages Sidney shows his power over that pastoral depiction dear to the Elizabethans—artificial, if you will, refined and courtly, yet simple as the lisp of babes.

> Thyrsis not with many painted words nor falsified promises had won the consent of his beloved Kala, but with a true and simple making her know he loved her, not forcing himself beyond his reach to buy her affection, but giving her such pretty presents as neither could weary him with the giving nor shame her for the taking. Thus, the first strawberries he could find were ever, in a clean-washed dish, sent to Kala; the posies of the spring-flowers were wrapt up in a little green silk, and dedicated to Kala's breasts; thus sometimes his sweetest cream, sometimes the best cakebread his mother made, were reserved for Kala's taste.

Naturally, his youthful efflorescence spreads itself in description when the chance comes his way: for the Elizabethans had not our monomania for description *per se*:

> There were hills which garnished their proud heights with trees; humble valleys, whose bare estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so, too, by a cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security; while the lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dam's comfort. Here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work and her hands kept time to her voice-music.

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Sidney is not without that artificial balance and antithesis which, in its most excessive form, we know as euphuism. This, and the other features of his style, appear where we should least expect them; for his style has not the flexibility which can adjust itself to varying themes. How shall an age accustomed to the direct battle-music of Kipling and Stevens admit such torturous narratives of conflict as this?

> Both being thus already allied by blood, yet did strive for a more strict affinity: wounds, in regard of their frequency, being no more respected than blows were before. Though they met in divers colours, now both were clad in one livery, as most suitable to their present estate: being servants to one master, and rivals in preferment. Neither could showers of blood quench the winds of their wrath, which did blow it forth in great abundance, till faintness would have fain persuaded both that they were mortal, and though neither of them by another, yet both overcomable by death. Then despair came to reinforce the fight, joining with courage, not as a companion but as a servant: for courage never grew desperate, but despair grew courageous; both being resolved, if not conquering, none of them should survive the other's conquest nor owe trophy but to death.

Assuredly Sidney might have learned much from the forthright old Northern sagas, if he had known them, in the art of warlike narrative. But his best prose is, after all, to be found, not in the romantic *Arcadia*, but in the *Defence of Poesy*. There he has had a set purpose of conviction, of attack and defence before him, and is not constantly concerned with artistic writing. The result is more truly artistic for having less explicit design of art. We get not only melodiously-woven sentences, but also touches of true fire and vigour: he is even homely on occasion. It is from the *Defence of Poesy* that critics mostly choose their "Sidneian showers of sweet discourse."

Here is one well-known passage:

> Now, therein, of all sciences (I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit) is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect unto the way as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of the taste, you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations and load the mind with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you—with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue, even as a child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste, which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarbum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than their mouth. So is it in men—most of whom are childish in the best things till they be cradled in their graves. Glad they will be to hear the tales of Achilles, Hercules, Cyrus, Aeneas; and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice; which, if they had been barely—that is to say, philosophically—set out, they would swear they be brought to school again.

Very plainly Sidney was no believer in that modern fanaticism—art for art's sake. But from his own standpoint, which is the eternal standpoint, no finer apology for poetry has ever been penned. The reader will note passages which have become almost proverbial. One ought to be proverbial: "Most of whom are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves." The construction has not the perfection of subsequent prose—of Raleigh at his best, or Browne. The sentences do not always stop at their climax, but are weakened by a tagged-on continuation. A modern writer would have made a period after "wickedness to virtue," and greatly strengthened the effect. But, for all the partial inexpertness, it is splendid writing, with already the suggestion of the arresting phrase and stately cadences presently to be in English prose. He is specially felicitous in those sayings of direct and homely phrase which have become household words: "A tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner," or that other well-known saying that Chevy-Chase moved him "like the sound of a trumpet." It was a great and original genius, perhaps in prose (where he had no models) even more than in poetry, which was cut short on the field of Zutphen; even as the Spanish Garcilaso, also young, noble, and a pastoral poet, fell in the breach of a northern town.

Things Seen.

The Landowner.

All day I had sat in the little shop and discoursed of the wonders of London, while Dick stitched and hammered at shabby old saddlery, or sold oil, lamp-shades, and other useful articles to those who called for them. It was a busy day, for the market was being held in the town which lies three miles to the east, and many of those who dwelt in the wild and lonely region that lies west of the village would stop at the shop and leave something to be repaired. At last, however, it seemed to Dick—and to his wife—that the shop might be closed. "Will 'ee come for a walk, old friend?" He changed his coat, and chose a stick which is frequently shown to customers as one of the curiosities of nature, for has it not been, though not in his hands, "on the top of the Great Pyramid of Egypt that we do read about in the Bible"? We set forth up the street of little two-storey houses that lies between the most fertile of hillsides and the sea, and constitutes the village, which is a famous place in its way, and had a Mayor until an interfering Government abolished him. It was not yet nine, but many of the houses were still and dark. One or two people hailed my companion, who had grown suddenly gay and youthful as the shop was left behind. "I've got something I do want to show to you," he said, and we walked on after that almost in silence. We mounted a little hill, opened a gate, and stood under the stars looking out at the sea. Away to the west were the lights of the market-town. For a moment we did not move, nor did I exactly gather where I was. Then, "Come over here," said Dick, and he took me to a corner of the walled-in plot. "That is where I'm going to lie when I do die," he said. "Pretty little place, edn' it?"

And he turned and looked out at the sea and away to the lights of the town across the bay.

The Usurer.

He looked like a child of five, but he was really nine. He sat in a little wooden arm-chair, his left hand tightly clenched, his right lying open on his knee; no smile on his wasted face, but with a look of expectation in his brown eyes. I took a sponge-cake from my basket, and offered it to him. He stretched out his hand for it, and laid it on a stool beside him.

"Say thank you," prompted his mother. He just whispered the word—his voice was gone. He looked at me, and in his eyes was still the look of expectation. I opened my purse, took out a threepenny piece, and laid it on the stool. His eyes gleamed, and he smiled.

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"Eh," said his mother, "he *is* rich. He's got more than four shillin' of his own beside this. He's saved from a baby. Our banker, I call him. He often lends me some of his money if I run short before Saturday, and when his dad brings home the wages, we pay Tommy back, and he charges a halfpenny interest. He'll get it this week. He'll soon be rich."

Tommy opened his left hand, and showed me his money: two shillings and a penny. The rest was lent. He added the threepence to it, and closed his hand again. He shut his eyes. He was satisfied.

The days were warm, and he still lived. I visited him often, taking him little things which I thought might please him. These I found were generally given to a stout younger brother in petticoats, but the pennies I gave from time to time he added to his hoard.

At last a day came when he was too ill to sit in the little chair. He lay in bed with his eyes closed. I stood with his mother at the bedside. He opened his eyes and looked at me. He moved a little. His left hand lay palm upward on the blanket. With great difficulty he raised his right hand and moved the first finger round and round on the palm of the left.

"What is it? What does he want?" I asked. His eyes were beseeching, and he still moved his finger feebly round and round. Then I guessed what he meant.

"Do you want some money, Tommy?" I asked. He smiled, and in another minute sixpence lay in his hand.

He died that night. His younger brother attended his funeral, dressed for the occasion in a new blue sailor-suit with brass buttons.

Paris Letter.

(*From our French Correspondent.*)

Victor Hugo's *Post-Scriptum de ma Vie* interests as the detached scribblings of departed genius, whether sympathetic or antipathetic, always will interest. But one asks wistfully, Is it to these few valueless cinders that has burnt down the glorious flame of wild, bombastical youth of "twenty golden years ago"? What Hugo then was to us and has since become! I own these fragmentary reflections of the French pontiff are thin and superficial enough. Sometimes he utters a wise word, sometimes even a subtle one, but he often utters nonsense with an intolerable air of profundity and intellectual discovery. When he soars into metaphysics and indulges in capitals one would like to pull his coat sleeve, with latter-day disrespect, and cry out: "Hold! keep to solid earth; all the rest with you is only waste of words." Here is a good word, and worth remembering. Lamartine attacked *Les Miserables*, and Hugo writes: "A swan's attempt to bite." Of Shakespeare he writes in the high-faluting romantic way he would like posterity to write of himself. It is easy to see that the three great geniuses of the world for him are: Æschylus, Shakespeare, and Hugo. But he says some wise and true things about Horace and Molière. The qualities which assist the Man of Genius are necessarily female to this most French of writers: "Intelligence is the wife, imagination is the mistress, memory is the maid-servant." But nothing in the history of humanity justifies his wild theory that art is the spiritual power of humanity: to appreciate art, he maintains, is to be incapable of crime. The tale of mediæval Italy is there to give him the lie direct. Here is his brief and witty summary of militarism. "You see that wall there?" "Yes, General." "What colour is it?" "White, General." "I tell you it is black. What colour is it?" "Black, General." "You are a good soldier." But the best story is called "The Atheist." Anatole Leray went to see the poet in exile at Brussels. They talked, and Hugo was profoundly shocked at Leray's turn of mind. He was a bold atheist. He denied the duties of man to man, except, in the abstract, as man to humanity. The man who sacrificed his life to another was but a dupe, etc. Briefly, Anatole Leray depicts himself as a cold-blooded, heartless "intellectual," incapable of a kindly sentiment or impulse. Hugo, who was in the habit of painting himself in exactly opposite colours, and crying out his virtues from the housetops, dismissed Leray in contempt and horror. Shortly afterwards the vessel which carried Leray to Australia was wrecked; Leray reached land in safety, but far out on the wild waves was a little boat with three despairing women clinging to its rocking sides. Leray plunged back into the sea, and swam shoreward with first one woman, though the waves were so dreadful that the very sailors and fishermen refused to try the rescue. He returned again, blinded and heated, and swam back with the second woman; and then, the blood streaming from his exhausted frame, plunged a third time into the sea, in spite of the prayers of all around him, and this time went down, unable to buffet against the tumultuous waters. We may question if Hugo, with all his grandiloquent talk of goodness, love, and unselfishness, could have reached the sublime and simple grandeur of the death of the atheist, whose boast of cold-blooded selfishness had so shocked him.

Arvède Barine's *Jeunesse de la Grande Mademoiselle* is something more than a deeply interesting historical study. Arvède Barine has two great qualities that always make her studies extraordinarily modern and pleasant: wit and common sense. Her style is supple, clear, slightly ironical, suggestively humorous; and such faculties as hers turned upon that somewhat dense, theatrical, self-confident, and vainglorious figure, La Grande Mademoiselle, produce not only a valuable profile in itself, but a wonderfully effective, vivid, and intelligent picture of the times, personages, and events she moved among. The irony and good sense of the historian charm us and keep us in good humour, in spite of all that is lamentable and irritating contained in the history of those days. I know nothing more calculated to reconcile us, living in France to-day, to all the obvious limitations and drawbacks of Republican government than the tale of any period of France before the Revolution. Happily Richelieu was there to alleviate the horrors Monsieur, the head of the Orleans branch of the House of France, strove to accomplish for his own pleasure and the misfortune of his country. It was part of Mademoiselle's incredible denseness, with her intense instinct of quite Cornelian honour, to be almost insensible of her father's moral obliquity and total lack of honour. She had a weakness for the genus *cad*, since the two men she most profoundly loved, Monsieur, her father, and Lauzun, her lover, were excellent types of it. The present study ends with the end of the infamous Fronde, and with her we leave Mademoiselle weeping the bitter tears she deserved to weep for the ill she had striven to accomplish in the interest of a royal rascal and a princely traitor. We look forward to the continuation in a delightful volume of good prose, good sense, and good history.

M. Jacques Vincent's *Trois Amoureuses* is exactly the reverse of Arvède Barine's *Jeunesse de la Grande Mademoiselle*. This is history as it ought not to be treated. It is a romantic and perfectly contemptible account of the *mésalliances* of the daughter, granddaughter, and great-granddaughter of William the Silent. These three figures of women are selected by M. Vincent for no other reason than that they chose to forget themselves, their dignity, and the traditions of their rank for the most vulgar and uninteresting love. The granddaughter, Maria Belgia, as here depicted, is above all unutterably low. Solemnly

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engaged to a prince and a thorough gentleman, she jilts him because a common adventurer has kissed her as if she were a servant maid.

M. André Theuriet has written a new novel: *L'Amie de Noël Trémont*. This old favourite continues prodigiously prolific, with next to nothing to say and little that is fresh or interesting to describe. However, he has here forsaken the pleasant woods and rustic scenes he has delighted in hitherto, often with a certain grace and charm and rural quaintness. Never a strong or original writer, that was just his note, flowing water among rustling trees, and a pair of sentimental lovers with the usual complications. But the hour is vexed and political, and so the lover of Miss Rhoda Broughton and Marie Bashkirsteff plunges into memory for the benefit of his troubled kind. From its well he brings up, if not exactly palpitating truth, a somewhat colourless account of the days that preceded Louis Napoleon's iniquitous *Coup d'Etat*. Noël Trémont is the high-principled son of a high-minded and austere Conventional. He dreams of a lofty and impeccable Republic, a mingling of Greek literature and art and Roman virtue. He loves, and is beloved of a little dressmaker, whom, alas! he does not begin by marrying. But this also is tradition, like Roman virtue and Greek art. He is elected by popular vote, against his will, and goes to Paris to speak with fervour in the interests of Alsatia and France. Here, of course, he discovers the bitter deceptions and corruptions of politics; and a young girl of society, in her hunt for a husband, meanly compromises him in the usual way of the perverse and too knowing flirt. He is extricated from marriage by the *Coup d'Etat*, which of course he abhors, and becomes thereby a suspect and a proscribed, and in exile discovers the pricelessness of the little dressmaker's disinterested love, and marries her. There is nothing here enthralling, new, or epoch-making, but it makes tolerable reading on a dull afternoon.

With what pleasure one turns from all these faded and dreary pictures of romance to the delicious, bubbling, old-fashioned wit and humour of Meilhac and Halévy's *Théâtre*, with all the well-known *mots*, the inexhaustible fun, the nearly defunct Parisian spirit, the genial good humour, and the dear, underlying, imperceptible sentimentality of days when Paris itself was younger and fresher, and took its sins and virtues, as it took its politics and deceptions, as part of the nonsense of life. *Le Mari de la Débutante*, *La Vie Parisienne*, *La Périchole*, *Toto chez Tata*, etc.—who is not the better for dipping once more into this gay and harmlessly cynical drama after the blighted horrors of modern observation and speculation, which confront us with *Les Remplaçantes*, *Les Avariés*, or other such gruesome and implacable pieces? H. L.

Correspondence.

Rights in Gravitation.

SIR,—I have never heard of Mr. Cromie nor of the book he attempts to advertise by insinuations of plagiarism on my part.—Yours, &c.,

Spade House, Sandgate. H. G. WELLS.

F. W. Robinson.

SIR,—Will you, of your courtesy, spare me a little space? I should dearly like to say a word or two of one just snatched away whose memory must long flourish in the hearts of those who knew him. The late F. W. Robinson's claim to lasting acknowledgment extends beyond his own work, for no man stretched a stronger hand to the rising generation of his day; no man living was more generous of his advice and his experience. So far as I know, this has not been enough declared. He indeed never shouted, or even whispered, about it; he never claimed mastership of anybody; he never "discovered" a writer; but he simply stood as a big brother, ahead of newcomers by the accident of a few terms in the school of life and literature. Always generous and always quick to see if a junior had that within to justify perseverance, he none the less held high the dignity of letters and never encouraged the slovenly or the idle. His judgment was remarkable, and in the "eighties" you shall find that the magazine he edited held numerous contributions from men unknown, who since have won to the front by virtue of ability. These would grant with one voice that Robinson's counsel was always valuable and his censure invariably just. Kind to a fault he always was, and infinitely patient. His abounding humour and enthusiasm bore him through the tribulations such a man must have suffered under so many earnest young egoists "commencing author."

Gladly and courageously he gave his time and grudged no moment of it to the next generation. He never left a letter to answer itself; he never turned upon fervid and illogical youth the shower-bath of silence, for the man was too much in love with art and with human nature to hurt even a vain boy if he could set him right painlessly. How good it was to puzzle over his letters—so hard to read, so comforting and sympathetic as the caligraphy yielded its secrets. And if a manuscript came back—as often it did—what balm his letter brought! how it soothed vanity and strengthened courage and righted faulty perspective!

On June 5, 1891, a handful of the host that loved Robinson invited him to dinner "as a slight acknowledgment of his never-failing kindness as a man and his genius as a writer." There were present Robert Barr, W. Balestier, J. M. Barrie, G. B. Burgin, F. Archer, Herbert Clarke, Coulson Kernahan, F. Wyville Home, Addison Bright, Moy Thomas, J. K. Jerome, C. N. Williamson, I. Zangwill, and others. Such was the man's modesty that this ordinary expression of regard moved him to admiration and even a sense of obligation; whereas that emotion sat by right upon all present save himself. Not one there but owed him a debt, if it was no more than a debt of gratitude for hours of pleasure. I think, however, that the greater number had actually written for *Home Chimes*, and so learnt something of their business from a master of it.

At the Vagabonds' Club also—that social gathering upon which the institution of the New Vagabonds was founded—Robinson might be met. He, the senior man of the assembly, had always an attentive ear for the novice, advice for the beginner, encouragement for the daunted. He was the most approachable of men, and for many he represented the golden tradition, because one could speak to him without fear and without arousing any obvious impatience. He never hurt the feelings; he laughed at small troubles and taught the first vital lesson every artist must learn—that work is its own reward. If a man's nature does not grow bigger, wiser, better by his own achievement, then is that achievement vain; if the writing of fiction does not teach some of the higher lessons of existence, the significance of the world's awards, the imperishable privilege of power to create, then a man had better abandon it and turn to lower planes of living. The artist has food to eat he knows not of.

To competent critics must be left adequate appraisement of Robinson's work—to them and the final arbitrament of time. Speaking only as I feel, his stories seem full of live men and women, who can weep and laugh and make us do the same. His knowledge of human nature was close and keenly sympathetic. He had the genuine humour that usually goes with that knowledge. I think he better loved comedy from his natural bent towards all that was fair and of good repute, but he never shirked the grey and sordid side of life, and did not hesitate to tell the tragic truth that met him right and left of his own pilgrimage.

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He was, no doubt, a pupil high in the school of Dickens—one who followed that master, yet imparted to his work the strength and distinction of an original mind.

May the earth lie softly upon him and his sleep be sweet; for he won his rest worthily, and now has passed, leaving a grateful memory to many, a noble example of fortitude and charity to all.—Yours, &c.,

Eltham, Torquay, EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

"More Letters of Edward FitzGerald."

SIR,—You justly say that all FitzGerald's Letters are of the friendly human kind, and I do not think that Mr. Aldis Wright, in making this qualification, meant to imply that the former series was of a different brand from those contained in the new volume. But the "note" of FitzGerald is that, while not abstaining from criticism in a candid-friendly way, he is intensely human in his treatment of his old associates, thus differing from the candid-friendly inhuman kind, which, Iago-wise, puts on the trappings of affection in order to stab its friends more surely in the back. FitzGerald kept his causticity—and he could be caustic at times—for those he didn't love.

Will you permit me to make one or two annotations on the new publication? On p. 160 FitzGerald says: "There once lived near here (Woodbridge) a Squire Archdeckne (father of poor "Archy," lately dead), who, my father used to say, was the image of Pitt." Poor Archy has faded from the memories of the present generation, but he was once well known about town as Andrew Archdeckne. He was a Cambridge contemporary of FitzGerald and Thackeray, and the latter drew his portrait as Harry Foker in *Pendennis*. The picture of "Mr. Foker Preparing to Conquer" conveyed Thackeray's idea of Archy, and the latter not unnaturally felt some resentment. Thackeray was the touchiest of men, and it was not difficult to take revenge. On meeting Thackeray after the novelist had delivered the first of his lectures on "The Humourists," Archy went up to him and said, "Well, Thack; went to hear you lecture last night. Dull, d——d dull. I say, Thack, you should have a piano!" Archy was a member of several clubs, and seconded the nomination of Edmund Yates to the Garrick when the latter sought a membership which ended in disaster. Yates, in his *Recollections and Experiences*, i. 236, has preserved a song by Albert Smith, which touched off all the members of the Fielding, and of which the first stanza ran as follows:

There was high festival that night within Saint Offley's Hall
(For so they term a place where sons of night hold festival);
There was Sir Armytage of race, and Archy on the go
(He never stays long anywhere), and Albert of "the Show."

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Offley's was a rather shady establishment in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and was eventually taken up by the long-extinct Fielding. Few of the members celebrated in the song survive. Among those still living are Sir Henry de Bathe, Sir William Howard Russell, and Sir James O'Dowd, still an honoured *habitué* of the Garrick. Sir George Armytage, of Kirklees Park, Yorkshire, who is mentioned in the stanza I have quoted, died only a few years ago.

On p. 171 FitzGerald writes to Prof. Cowell: "Oh! a Mr. Furness—an American author or editor—tells Mrs. Kemble of some notice of 'E. F. G.,' put into some American magazine by a Mr. Fitz-Edward Hall, of Suffolk! Your Marlesford man?" The late Mr. Fitzedward Hall (this spelling is correct) informed me some time ago that the article in question, which was the first attempt at a bibliography of FitzGerald's books, appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* for (he thought) February, 1875. After this date Mr. Hall became a frequent correspondent of FitzGerald, and one of the latter's letters to Hall is published in the former series of the *Letters*. Shortly before his lamented death Mr. Hall sent me a paper recording his impressions of this correspondence, to which his intercourse with FitzGerald was entirely confined. Though living in the same county they never met. Mr. Hall gave me permission to publish this paper if I saw fit to do so, and it may one day see the light.

It is pleasant to read on p. 217 the appreciative remarks of FitzGerald on the late Mrs. Cadell's suggestive article on "The True Omar Khayam," in *Fraser's Magazine* for May, 1879.—Yours, &c.,

W. F. Prideaux.

1, West Cliff Terrace, Ramsgate.

Campbell or Burns?

Sir,—Your readers, I fancy, will search in vain the works of Thomas Campbell for the quotation fathered on that neglected but respectable bard in a note on "the pretty gift book" in your issue of this week. "One moment white, then gone for ever," quotes the writer of the note. Was he not thinking of some familiar lines from a greater poem than Campbell—honest soul!—ever wrote, "Tam o' Shanter"?

> But pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed:
> Or like the snow falls in the river,
> A moment white—then melts for ever.

Talking of the river on which Campbell's snowflake is alleged to have fallen, may I recall an anecdote of the poet and ask its source? He was supping with some congenial spirits, and had occasion to go upstairs. Two minutes later there was a crash, followed by a series of bumps, and the guests rushed out to see the portly form of their host descending the staircase in a manner rather expeditious than dignified. "We thought it was an earthquake, Mr. Campbell," said one. "You see your mistake," replied the poet; "'twas I, sir, rolling rapidly."

True or not, the story reminds one that the author of "The Pleasures of Hope" was author also of that lively "Epistle from Algiers," with its *cri du cœur* for British beer:

> Yes, my soul sentimentally craves
> British beer. Hail, Britannia, hail!
> To thy flag on the foam of the waves,
> And the foam on thy flagons of ale.

—Yours, &c., William G. Hutchison.

London.

[We have received similar communications from Mr. Joseph Knight and Mr. James W. Kyle.]

"Stabbed in the Dark."

Sir,—Under the title of "The Gaff," in last week's "Things Seen," appears a sentence which may by chance hold the solution to a small mystery which I encountered in the writing of Mrs. Lynn Linton's *Life*.

The sentence runs: "A yellow placard . . . informed me that a celebrated London company was that night giving two performances of the great tragedy, "Stabbed in the Dark."

Now, in the year 1885, Mrs. Linton published a short novel of Italian intrigue and revenge bearing this title. In going through her correspondence, I found that leave had been asked, and given, to dramatise it, but all attempts to discover whether or no it was ever staged have been in vain.

Now comes the possibility that the author of "The Gaff" may have chancewise stumbled upon it. Of course, it is conceivable that the name of the play is in this case fictitious. If not, I shall esteem it a great kindness if the writer will give me any further clue. Perhaps, even more, some reader of the Academy learned in matters of the theatre could tell me where a copy may be obtained.—Yours, &c.,

G. S. Layard.

South Cottage, Felixstowe.

Stevenson and Mr. Henley.

Sir,—After Mr. Henley's article on Stevenson, one did not expect that any greater surprise could be in store for us—when lo! the letter of "X." in defence of Mr. Henley's attack, appears in your columns. But is not the moral of the whole affair summed up in the quaint couplet of old:

> De mortuis nil nisi malum.
> They can't hit back—*so let's assail 'em*!

—Yours, &c. A. A.

The Athenæum, Pall Mall.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 117 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best verses for a New Year's Greeting to a Soldier in South Africa. We award it to Mr. R. W. Macgoun, 69, Morningside Road, Edinburgh, for the following:—

> High as e'er in days of yore
> Burns the pride of England yet;
> Stout as when the crest she wore
> Of the fell Plantagenet,
> And her bowmen, tier on tier,
> Drew the clothyard shaft to ear.
>
> Brother, you whose task to-day
> Might have made our fathers quail,
> England knows that come what may,
> Being hers, you cannot fail:—
> This the word she sends to thee
> For the year that is to be.

We have received seventeen other "greetings," each of which has been carefully considered, but we regret that lack of space prevents us from printing a selection.

Competition No. 118 (New Series).

Next week answers must reach us by first post Tuesday morning to be in time for consideration. We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best three quotations descriptive of Lord Rosebery.

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The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1547. Established 1869. 28 December, 1901. Price Threepence
[*Registered as a Newspaper*]

The Literary Week.

In common, we suppose, with most weekly papers, we go to press on Christmas Eve, with a view to publication three days later. Should any literary event of moment happen in the interval, should it be announced that Lord Rosebery is the author of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*, or that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet" after all, our readers must depend on the daily papers for the intelligence. We wish our readers immunity from all such alarms, and a very pleasant Christmas.

We are glad to hear that Mr. John Morley has asked Mr. G. K. Chesterton to write the volume on Browning for the "English Men of Letters" series. The "field" now stands as follows:

Richardson, by Mr. Austin Dobson.
Crabbe, by Canon Ainger.
Jane Austen, by Prof. Beeching.
Hazlitt, by Mr. Birrell.
Tennyson, by Sir Alfred Lyall.
George Eliot, by Mr. Leslie Stephen.
Matthew Arnold, by Mr. Herbert Paul.
Robert Browning, by Mr. Chesterton.

America is stated to have bought 20,000 copies of *Sir Richard Calmady*.

The literary gossiper of the *British Weekly* understands that Mr. George Gissing has written a book entitled *An Author at Grass*, a happy title, we think, for a book of light reflections such as it indicates.

The world's literature is flowing steadily into the schoolroom. We have received from Messrs. Blackie, as an addition to their "Little French Classics," *Selections from Gargantua*.

A Literary *chronique* gives particulars of Count Tolstoy's writing engagements, which might lead one to think that he is infected by the mystery-work of recent authorship. We are told: "Tolstoy is at present engaged on a work the nature of which he refuses to impart to anyone. He considers it inexpedient and unlikely to serve any good purpose to acquaint the reading public with the work, and gives the conviction of this as his reason why he preserves such profound secrecy in regard to it. Some months ago it was noised abroad that the work on which Count Tolstoy was engaged just before his illness, entitled *The Corpse*, would shortly appear in print, and an outline of the main features of the work was published in certain quarters. It is not stated, however, that *The Corpse* has not yet been finished, and that certain circumstances render it probable that it will not be published for some time, if at all."

We clip this morsel from the "Editorial Chat" of *The Lady's Companion*. Unfortunately, we cannot recall Aunt Blanche's Eva's little poem, but we wish her every success:

> Anticipation.—I will see about the papers on the training of children presently; but you know we had a long series some years ago which dealt very ably with the subject. I am glad to hear yet another evidence of the popularity of "Lady Jane." I am pleased you take an interest in my little brood, but they are a little too old now for the repetition of their queer sayings, though to me they appear as original as ever. A merry Christmas to you. By "Eva," I suppose your girlies meant Gladys. Aunt Blanche's Eva has now quitted school life, and is a graceful, beautiful maiden—so her photograph tells me—who bids fair to follow in her mother's footsteps, and has recently had a little poem accepted by the Academy. My Gladys is at St. Leonards at present, but I hope to have her home permanently after Christmas. My best wishes to dear Hazel for her birthday, though they will arrive late.

The *Critic* (New York) publishes the following "Explanation":

> The *Critic* has been called to account for publishing in its August number what purported to be an extract from a letter written by Dr. Georg Brandes to a friend in this city. The letter was dated Christiania, June 24, 1901, and gave an elaborate description of the so-called deathbed of Ibsen. The material was furnished by Mr. Eugene Limedorfer, who had in his hand what seemed to be a letter from Dr. Brandes in an envelope bearing the Christiania postmark. Mr. Limedorfer claimed intimate friendship with Dr. Brandes, with whom he said he had been in correspondence during the past few months. Dr. Brandes has denied that he ever wrote such a letter, and we have called upon Mr. Limedorfer to show us the original document, and to make some explanation. He has done neither.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett, the well-known American critic, gives the readers of the *Era* a gloomy picture of the present state of poetry in England. "Poetry," he says, "is to-day the literal bugbear of English publishers. If you meet a new book of poems in London, the chances are one out of five hundred that its expenses of issue have been wholly paid by the author. If its sale reaches two hundred copies, this author is in rare luck. Forty copies are by no means an unusual taking, nor are twenty, nor even ten." We are not sure whether it is the poets or the publishers that Mr. Fawcett blames. He considers that Mr. F. B. Money-Coutts surpasses Mr. Stephen Phillips in poetic gift. "Mr. Money-Coutts has written one poem, entitled "An Essay in a Brief Model," which for diction and thought stands almost unmatched." How various are opinion and selection!

In the January (the January!) *Macmillan* there is a good article by F. E. H. on Walter Pater's philosophy of life. Taking *Marius the Epicurean* and *Gaston de Latour*

as the most self-revealing of Pater's books, the writer proceeds to read in these "two brothers" the character of the father. The metaphor is justified by the apt quotation of Bacon's passage about "childless men who have sought to express the images of their minds where those of their bodies have failed." Marius, like Gaston, stands for Pater, and of Marius F. E. H. says, among other things, this:

> Beyond the acquisition of knowledge Marius never did any work, and for neglecting a law of Nature he paid the penalty in a starved emotional life and the incapacity for other than tepid sensations. He never attained even to the unconscious, impulsive action of the healthy man. He well illustrates the extreme academic attitude, which is a paralysing one. While perhaps the average healthy man thinks too little, Marius proves that there is such a thing as thinking too much, and that there exist certain speculative *cul-de-sacs* which in the world of thought occupy much the same position that perpetual motion and flying-machines have hitherto held in the world of matter. The intellectual life must justify itself by at least some measure of practice; otherwise we have but one-sided development; there are but drones in the hive. The self-conscious are not those upon whom we can depend for our best work, and what a sad prospect for the race if we had many Mariuses among us!
>
> But we must not forget that he, like us all, was the victim of circumstance. It was his misfortune never to be forced into contact with the realities of life. Had he travelled, had he married, or, above all, had it been necessary for him to earn his bread, he would have been a thousand times the gainer, and his ripe scholarship and richer artistic nature might have blossomed and borne fruit.

We must not forget, too, that what F. E. H. calls "Pater's Philosophy of Life" is Pater's philosophy of Pater's life—not of life in general. The moral is not "While ye may, go marry"; for doubtless Marius would have made a mighty poor husband. Pater was Pater, as FitzGerald was FitzGerald, or Amiel Amiel; and beyond this all is guessing and twiddling of thumbs.

Reverting to old tradition, the *Cornhill* starts the year with two new novels in serial form—*The Intrusions of Peggy*, by Anthony Hope, and *The Four Feathers*, by A. E. W. Mason—and fiction is further represented by a short story from the pen of A. T. Quiller Couch. General Wilson's very detailed reminiscences of Thackeray in the United States are continued in the same magazine, and they take the form of a budget of letters, memoranda, and sketches which only those well versed in Thackerayana can properly appreciate. The following lines were inscribed by Thackeray in a copy of *The Virginians* which he presented to his friend, William Duer Robinson, of Cincinnati:

> In the U. States and in the Queen's dominions
> All people have a right to their opinions,
> And many people don't much relish "The Virginians."
> Peruse my book, dear R., and if you find it
> A little to your taste, I hope you'll bind it.

The following passage from Mr. Hope's new story, named above, is appetising and pleasantly literary:

> Some men maintained that it was not the quantity nor the quality, nor the colour of Peggy Ryle's hair that did the mischief, but simply and solely the way it grew. Perhaps (for the opinion of men in such matters is eminently and consciously fallible) it did not grow that way at all, but was arranged. The result to the eye was the same, a peculiar harmony between the waves of the hair, the turn of the neck, and the set of the head. So notable and individual a thing was this agreement that Arthur Kane and Miles Childwick, poet and critic, were substantially at one about it. Kane described it as "the artistry of accident," Childwick lauded its "meditated spontaneity." Neither gentleman was ill-pleased with his phrase, and each professed a polite admiration of the other's effort—these civilities are necessary in literary circles. Other young men painted or drew the hair, and the neck, and the head, till Peggy complained that her other features were neglected most disdainfully. Other young men again, not endowed with the gift of expression by tongue or by hand, contented themselves with swelling Peggy's court. She did not mind how much they swelled it. She had a fine versatility, and could be flirted with in rhyme, in polished periods, in modern slang, or in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet; the heart is, of course, the thing in such a matter, various forms of expression no more than its interpreters.

In this week's *Sketch* O. O. quotes a letter, hitherto unpublished, which Charles Dickens wrote to a young writer. It was worth printing:

> Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent;
> Tuesday, Aug. 16, 1859.
>
> Dear Sir,—I return you herewith the proofs of the opening of your story.
>
> I think the story evinces a great deal of promise and a great deal of power. If I may venture to take the liberty of offering you two pieces of advice, they are these—
>
> 1. Never to be afraid of being pathetic when any tenderness naturally arises in you out of the situation, and never to regard it as a kind of weakness that needs to be jested away or otherwise atoned for.
>
> 2. Not too pettingly and perseveringly to urge to the utmost any humorous little extravagance. I think the dog should not open his mouth so very wide in barking as to show the whole of his internal mechanism, and the same kind of objection strikes me in reference to the spelling of some of the noises made, both by men and beasts.
>
> These are slight remarks, and they in no way affect my honest opinion that you begin exceedingly well—with force, with interest, and with character.—Faithfully yours,
>
> Charles Dickens.

They are certainly "slight remarks." The odd and instructive thing about them is that Dickens urges restraint where he was most successful—in humour, and pleads for unrestraint where he was most apt to be tiresome—in pathos.

Referring to some French versions of Jane Austen's *Northanger Abbey*, Mr. E. V. Lucas, in his introduction to *Northanger Abbey* (The Little Library: Methuen), after mentioning the *Revue Blanche* version called *Catherine Morland*, gives these amusing particulars of another translation:

> In 1824 appeared *L'Abbaye de Northanger*, par Jeanne Austen, translated by Madame Hyacinthe de F. . ., together with a memoir based upon that which was prefixed to the first English edition of the novel. Therein Miss Austen is said to have been born at Steveton in the Comté de Hantz, and to be buried at Windschester. John Thorpe's friend, the Christ Church man, comes out as "*un ecclésiastique de mes amis.*"

In his interesting book of reminiscences, *Haud Immemor* (Longmans), which we reviewed last week, Mr. Charles Stewart quotes the shrewd advice which Mr. William Spottiswoode, scientific man, Queen's Printer, and President of the Royal Society, used to give to young men on the choice of a profession. Its bearing on the literary profession is forcible, though not directly intended:

> Stick to the shop; serve it, and it will serve you. If you have no special aptitude, or no inclination for any particular profession, stick to the trade where you can make money, not for the sake of the money, but for the sake of the opportunities that a good income will give you. Remember that of the twenty-four hours of the day everyone must spend, say, eight hours in sleep, eight hours in work, and the remaining eight hours in some *parergon*, relaxation of one kind or another. For the eight hours of sleep, it is no matter at all what your profession or trade or calling may be; all you want is a comfortable

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bed. For the eight hours of work, it matters very little what particular kind of work you are employed on; work is work, and not pleasure; and whether it be scientific investigation, or reading law papers, or making brass buttons, the real object of it, besides being of some use to the world, is to provide yourself with the means of spending the eight hours of leisure agreeably and usefully. The eight hours of leisure and the way of spending it, the *parergon*, is the thing that really matters. In the learned professions you may have to work ten or twelve hours a day without earning much money, and so you will have little time and perhaps little money for your leisure hours; so I advise you to take up any money-making business where you have good opportunities, stick to it, and put your best work into it; and you will find, not only that your University education will tell, but that you will have money in your pocket to follow your private tastes and inclinations, whatever they be.

In the matter of street-naming Mr. Max Beerbohm feels nothing but "placid indifference." He would call the new street which is to connect Holborn with the Strand "Broadway," and be done with it. And Mr. Beerbohm proceeds to deliver himself (in the *Pall Mall Magazine*) of some pleasingly iconoclastic views about the suggestiveness of names in general. He contends that no one word really sounds well or ill of itself. "Badger" is as pretty as "Lavender," and if we could get rid of association "Nettle" and "Envy" would be as pretty as "Rose" and "Faith" as names for girls:

> A sentence can be musical or unmusical. But in detachment words are no more preferable one to another in their sound than are single notes of music. What you take to be beauty or ugliness of sound is indeed nothing but beauty or ugliness of meaning. You are pleased by the sound of such words as *gondola*, *vestments*, *chancel*, *ermine*, *manor-house*. They seem to be fraught with a subtle onomatopœia, severally suggesting by their sounds the grace or sanctity or solid comfort of the things which they connote. You murmur them luxuriously, dreamily. Prepare for a slight shock. *Scrofula*, *investments*, *cancer*, *vermin*, *warehouse*. Horrible words are they not? But say *gondola—scrofula*, *vestments—investments*, and so on; and then lay your hand on your heart, and declare that the words in the first list are in mere sound nicer than the words in the second. Of course, they are not. If gondola were a disease, and if scrofula were a beautiful boat peculiar to a beautiful city, the effect of each word would be exactly the reverse of what it is.

If any of our readers imagine that there is something personal and appropriate in literary names, let them hear "Max":

> "Gore" is quite as taurine as "Buller," and yet does it not seem to us the right name for the author of *Lux Mundi*? In connection with him, who is struck by its taurinity? What hint of ovinity would there be for us if Sir Redvers' surname had happened to be that of him who wrote the *Essays of Elia*? Conversely, "Charles Buller" seems to us now an impossible *nom de vie* for Elia; yet it would have done just as well, really. Even "Redvers Buller" would have done just as well. "Walter Pater" means for us—how perfectly!—the author of *Marius the Epicurean*, whilst the author of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* is summed up for us, not less absolutely, in "Walter Besant." And yet, if the surnames of these two opposite Walters had been changed at birth, what difference would have been made? "Walter Besant" would have signified a prose-style sensuous in its severity, an exquisitely patient scholarship, an exquisitely sympathetic way of criticism. "Walter Pater" would have signified no style, but an unslakable thirst for information and a bustling human sympathy and power of carrying things through. Or take two names often found in conjunction—Johnson and Boswell. Had the dear great oracle been named Boswell, and had the sitter-at-his-feet been named Johnson, would the two names seem to us less appropriate than they do? Should we have suffered any greater loss than if Salmon were Gluckstein and Gluckstein Salmon? Finally, take a case in which the same name was borne by two very different characters. What name could seem more descriptive of the late Archbishop of Westminster than "Manning"? It seems the very epitome of saintly astuteness. But for "Cardinal" substitute "Mrs." as its prefix, and, presto! it is equally descriptive of that dreadful medio-Victorian murderess who in the dock of the Old Bailey wore a black satin gown, and thereby created against black satin a prejudice which has but lately died.

There are times in the lives of all of us when we are driven from our ordinary groove of correspondence and sit with pen poised in doubt and inertia. People who go on a visit to the King as novices in Court manners are carefully coached in deportment. Suppose you have to write to the King. The directness of the late Duke of Argyll in writing to Queen Victoria is scarcely for humble folk, who would hesitate to put "The King" abruptly upon the envelope. Perhaps it is here that the secret drawer containing the polite letter-writer comes in with its information that you must address the envelope to "The King's Most Excellent Majesty." Even Dowager Countesses and Archdeacons are problems which occasionally front one, and make one wish that some common form of commencement could be devised—such as "I say!" There is the case, too, of the rural dean. Is the recorded exordium of the Kentish farmer—Reverend and Rural Sir—to be imitated? Such questions puzzle most of us sometimes, and the answers form the useful matter of the polite letter-writer. And yet turning to the latest book of models [*How Shall I Word It?* By One of the Aristocracy. (Pearson.)] we wonder at the implied incapacity of the educated classes. A gentleman wants to engage a groom. Possibly the groom might find a difficulty in setting out his accomplishments; but would the gentleman be unable without help to tell the groom to come and groom? It is not easy to imagine the lady of Laurel Villa, Croydon (these models are most realistic), hesitating over an order for butter and eggs when she had decided on her needs, and her tradesman. But the lady is enjoined to write thus:

> Mrs. Smale will be obliged if Messrs. Daintree will send her three pounds of dairy butter and two dozen fresh eggs by first delivery to-morrow.

The eggs were, we hope, for cooking, otherwise Mrs. Smale was wrong. And when the daughter of Marian Marks was taken ill in the night, would Mrs. Marks run to the secret drawer and look up the right kind of letter to send to Dr. Hensley, asking him to come as soon as possible? If these things are so, our respect for the self-control and correctitude of women is immensely increased.

Love looms large in this, as in all polite letter-writers, and that is as it should be, since lovers put a lot of life history and a lot of letter-writing into a small space of time. But do lovers consult the contents of the secret drawer? Evidence is difficult of access. But there is nothing here of the Englishwoman's love-letters, nothing of those of the breach of promise case. They are most correct; even the lover "urging short engagement" writes, "I hope I shall not shock you by my demands." The lover is guided through all the intricacies of courtship. So realistic are these letters that we can trace the growth of affection even before it springs to light. There is, for example, a model letter from Mr. Lawrence (widower) to Mrs. Lavinia G. Barret (clergyman's widow), who wishes to become his housekeeper. "I must have someone, too, whom I can trust fully," writes Mr. Lawrence. "I should take the greatest pleasure in looking after your interests" replies Mrs. Barret. And from these two sentences, discreetly dropped into a mass of details about children and moving in good society, one foresees developments, in

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spite of Mr. Lawrence's cautious letter. You can see, too, what Mark Rousby is about when he writes:

> Dear Miss Nugent,
> I am venturing to send you a new song which I heard sung a night or two ago. I thought at once that it would suit your voice very well, and that perhaps you would like it.

Can this be the same young man who, as Lawrence Costar, proposes to Dorothy from the Cape? It is a very nice proposal, and many girls should get it, precisely in this form, from the same quarter. "Will you, dear? I need you very, very much. . . . Cable to me, do, and put me out of my suspense." That is not all, of course, only the pith. We would like to see the cable—or the cables. For Dorothy is given two models for her answer, since, being Dorothy, she cannot be foreseen.

These, however, should be fairly easy letters to write, and certainly Dorothy, if she wanted to marry Lawrence, would not wait to consult the secret drawer before sending her cable. But there are many awkward letters which call to our invention from the blank sheet. You want, with Mr. Walter Rassendyl, to refuse to sing at a concert in the country. That is quite natural. But we cannot recommend Mr. Rassendyl's way of getting out of it:

> Dear Mrs. Vincent,
> I am extremely sorry that I cannot give you any assistance at your concert in December, but I am engaged for every evening during the month.

We don't believe it, nor would Mrs. Vincent. But our member of the aristocracy is more successful with the "letter from a gentleman reproaching his *fiancée* with being a flirt." All gentlemen with *fiancées* have that literary problem to face, and this gentleman—Arthur—was so successful that Helen came to heel at once with another model letter asking "Can you forgive me, dear?" Of letters which ought never to be written we have an excellent example. Claude Tracy—let celebrities mark the name and address—writes from Bath Place, Derby:

> Dear Sir,
> I have long been a most sincere admirer of your work, and I have long had a great desire to possess your autograph, but dread of becoming the nuisance autograph-hunters often are has hitherto made me refrain from writing to you. . . .

That is exactly the way to write a letter which ought not to be written.

Bibliographical.

That Mr. Gissing should have undertaken to condense Forster's *Life of Dickens* is good news; even better news, perhaps, lies in the fact that he should have been invited to condense it. The process, once begun, might be extended to many of the "standard biographies" which languish on the top shelves of our libraries. I do not say these biographies should never have existed; they contain a good deal which must always be curious to the few if not interesting to the many. But big biographies, unless they have the very exceptional value which attaches to Johnson's by Boswell, are obviously mistakes in these overcrowded days, and even the "standard" works of this kind may be the better for the use of the blue pencil—may have the wider vogue and the larger influence. Some of the standard diaries of the past, such as those of Moore and Raikes and H. Crabb Robinson, might well and usefully be subjected to the same compression. It is a pity that so many tasty and nourishing plums should remain unconsumed because embedded in the midst of so much literary dough. The Walpole and the Berry Correspondence, again, are obviously works of a kind which would benefit, and be benefited by, intelligent curtailment. They would still remain intact in the older editions for the pleasure and profit of the student. The latest edition of Boswell's *Johnson*, by the way, is that of 1899, in two volumes.

Admirers of the work of Miss Jane Barlow may be glad to know (if they do not know it already) that she is the subject of a chapter in Mr. Clifton Johnson's new volume, *The Isle of the Shamrock*, entitled "An Irish Writer and her Home." Miss Barlow is famous for her portrayal of life and character in the Connemara district of the West Coast of Ireland. She lives, however, at Raheny, a suburb of Dublin, and her personal acquaintance with Connemara and the Connemarese would appear to be somewhat slight. "It seems," says Mr. Johnson, "that the family took a house one season and lived for a summer on the Connemara coast, and it was then that Miss Barlow absorbed the impressions of local colour and character which she uses in her stories with such fidelity. One would suppose she must have been very intimate with the people themselves, she gives such full reports of their work, their homes, and their speech; yet this was not the case. What she knows she has gained mostly from outside observation, and the rest is imagination."

An enterprising lady proposes to tell us *All About Christmas*. This is plucky of her. Still more plucky would be the scribe who should essay to compile the bibliography of Christmas, even as regards this country only. Even within the past decade there have been something like two dozen new books dealing with various phases or associations of the Christmas season. We have had *Xmas in Song* and *Xmas Rhymes* (1890), *A Xmas Book* (1891), *A Xmas Chronicle*, *Xmas Day* (sermons), and *Xmas Evening Day* (1892), *Xmas Eves*, *Xmas Hirelings*, and *A Xmas Tale* (1894), *Xmas Cards*, *Xmas Poems*, *A Xmas Present*, and *Xmas Verse* (1895), *Xmas Carols*, *Xmas Dreams*, *A Xmas Posy*, and *A Xmas Story* (1896), *A Xmas Fairy* (1897), *A Xmas Accident*, *Xmas Bells*, *A Xmas Child*, *A Xmas Tree*, *A Xmas Rose*, and *Christmas in Cornwall* (1898), and *Xmas Eve* and *Xmas in French Canada* (1900).

The "Idyll of Aylwin Hall," by Mr. Watts-Dunton, which made so appropriate and welcome a supplement to last week's *Saturday Review*, is, I understand, the penultimate idyll of a group which is to form part of the author's forthcoming volume of poems. Between *Aylwin* and *The Coming of Love*, wrote Mr. Watts-Dunton in an introduction to the latter, "another story intervenes." This idyll, I believe, embodies that story. The two preceding idylls of the group, I may mention, have their scene laid upon Snowdon, the chief actors in them being Sinfi Lovell and Rhona Boswell. The period covered by the action of the idylls is that of the expedition for the relief of Gordon, and the poem contains some elaborate pictures of Egypt and the Desert. All this tends to whet one's curiosity concerning the new volume.

I note the announcement of a volume of *Lays of the True North*, written by a lady. I presume that the Lays are of Canada, and that the author took her title from the passage in Tennyson's lines "To the Queen," which form the epilogue to the *Idylls of the King*:

> And that true North whereof we lately heard
> A strain to shame us "Keep you to yourselves,
> So loyal is too costly!"

If Tennyson could but have lived to read the story of the Canadian Contingent!

With reference to my paragraph last week anent the available editions of *The Mill on the Floss*, Messrs. Blackwood kindly remind me that in addition to the issue at three-and-sixpence to which I referred, there is another at two-shillings (cloth), another at one shilling (in paper cover), and another at sixpence—which are surely sufficient for all conceivable purposes. There is no excuse, it is clear, for being minus a copy of *The Mill on the Floss*.

The Bookworm.

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Reviews.

An Impressionist Poet.

Poems by Arthur Symons. Two Vols. (Heinemann. 10s. net.)

THESE two volumes contain all the poems which Mr. Arthur Symons has thought to retain from his previously published volumes, together with a new series, "The Loom of Dreams," written "during the last three years."

Mr. Symons's own succinct account of his selections. "From *Days and Nights*," runs: "I have retained only a few pieces; the other books are reprinted from their latest editions, though with numerous alterations. Six pieces have been omitted from *Silhouettes*, and one piece has been added; five pieces have been omitted from *London Nights*, and seven added; both volumes have been revised. *Amoris Victima* and *Images of Good and Evil* are reprinted almost without alteration. The translations scattered throughout three of these books have been put together at the end of the first volume." The first volume, we may further add, has for frontispiece a portrait of the author.

Now that we can survey the Poems in perspective, it becomes possible fully to appraise the singular narrowness and delicacy of the gift which Mr. Symons has so unswervingly developed. Seeing that he is not yet of venerable years, it seems premature to have this collected edition of his work; but such is the fashion with poets nowadays. Certainly one result is an impression of great monotony. Another is that Mr. Symons appears scarce to have developed at all, in the fuller sense. His *technique* he has doubtless perfected, but otherwise the poet of the later volumes is essentially the poet of *Days and Nights*.

Mr. Symons is an experimenter in life; and, according to the burden of his song, experimentation has brought satiety. His aim has been the impressionistic aim of a certain school of French poets, and especially of Verlaine, who has so strongly influenced some of our younger writers. The art of capturing an impression—emotional or visual, or both—and fixing it in a few words as evanescently delicate as the impression itself, is the art pursued by Mr. Symons.

It is the art of the transitory, of the flying minute—at the opposite pole from the massive art of the past. A good deal of his first book, *Days and Nights*, was given, it is true, to impressions of a more deliberate order, not unlike Mr. Henley's *London Types*. Such, for instance, as "The Opium Smoker":

> I am engulfed, and drown deliciously.
> Soft music like a perfume, and sweet light
> Golden with audible colours exquisite,
> Swathe me with cerements for eternity.
> Time is no more. I pause and yet I flee,
> A million ages wrap me round with night,
> I drain a million ages of delight,
> I hold the future in my memory,
>
> Also I have this garret which I rent,
> This bed of straw, and this that was a chair,
> This worn-out body like a tattered tent,
> This crust, of which the rats have eaten part,
> This pipe of opium; rage, remorse, despair;
> This soul at pawn and this delirious heart.

Good though this be in its kind, it is all too positive to represent the author's characteristic work. But in "Night and Wind," from the same early book, you have that work clearly foreshadowed:

> The night is light and chill,
> Stars are awake in the sky,
> There's a cloud over the moon;
> Round the house on the hill
> The wind creeps with its cry
> Between a wail and a croon.
>
> I hear the voice of the wind,
> The voice of the wind in the night,
> Cry and sob and weep,
> As the voice of one that hath sinned
> Moaning aloud in its might
> In the night when he cannot sleep.
>
> Sleep? no sleep is about.
> What remembering sin
> Wakes and watches apart?
> The wind wails without,
> And my heart is wailing within,
> And the wind is the voice of my heart.

There you have already the delicate suggestion of Mr. Symons's best work; and already, too, the note of wailing melancholy which becomes an obsession in the later verse. In *Silhouettes*, his next book, this has become obvious, and his "line" unmistakably struck out. He has not done much better than some of the poems in this, such as "Rain on the Down":

> Night, and the down by the sea,
> And the veil of rain on the down;
> And she came through the mist and the rain to me
> From the safe warm lights of the town.
>
> The rain shone in her hair,
> And her face gleamed in the rain;
> And only the night and the rain were there
> As she came to me out of the rain.

Such is the frail and remote sigh of emotion after which Mr. Symons endeavours—not always with such success. "At Dawn" again exemplifies it:

> She only knew the birth and death
> Of days, when each that died
> Was still at morn a hope, at night
> A hope unsatisfied.
>
> The dark trees shivered to behold
> Another day begin;
> She, being hopeless, did not weep
> As the grey dawn came in.

That has a certain quiet perfection of hopelessness which is undeniably subtle and touching in *technique*. On the side of visual impressionism we may quote "Before the Squall":

> The wind is rising on the sea,
> The windy white foam-dancers leap;
> And the sea moans uneasily,
> And turns to sleep, and cannot sleep.
>
> Ridge after rocky ridge uplifts
> Wild hands, and hammers at the land,
> Scatters in liquid dust and drifts
> To death among the dusty sand.
>
> On the horizon's nearing line,
> Where the sky rests, a visible wall,
> Grey in the offing, I divine
> The sails that fly before the squall.

This also is very dainty and finished in its kind. Nor should we neglect that artificial side of Mr. Symons, which

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is cleverly shown in "Maquillage," and makes no small portion of his verse:

> The charm of rouge on fragile cheeks,
> Pearl-powder, and, about the eyes,
> The dark and lustrous Eastern dyes;
> A voice of violets that speaks
> Of perfumed hours of day, and doubtful night
> Of alcoves curtained close against the light.
>
> Gracile and creamy white and rose,
> Complexioned like the flower of dawn,
> Her fleeting colours are as those
> That, from an April sky withdrawn,
> Fade in a fragrant mist of tears away,
> When weeping noon leads on the altered day.

Already, however, we can discern something of Mr. Symons's limitations. His emotion is almost entirely the emotion of melancholy, the pathos of tears; and that pathos confined to a weary sense of the unsatisfactoriness of things in general. It is, in fact, the pathos of disillusion. Now, in song it is much easier to weep than to rejoice. Scores of modern poets can strike the pathetic note; but how many can give us such a hymn of joy as Spenser's *Epithalamion*? Supreme joy is the most difficult achievement in literature. Of all forms of pathos that which soonest palls on us is the pathos of disillusionment. And Mr. Symons riots in it. Nor is it the dark pessimism of Leopardi. It is the disillusionment not so much of the disappointed as of the sated man. It is a kind of dyspepsia of the feelings, and suggests early outrages on the emotional digestion. One recalls Hippias Feverell, and the scant sympathy which Mr. Meredith tells us he encountered. Perhaps it is some kindred feeling which makes us presently become impatient with Mr. Symons's world-weariness. Perhaps, again, one doubts whether it be perfectly sincere; how much is merely an echo of French disillusionment in general, and Verlaine's in particular. It comes on so early. The most resolved sinner (and Mr. Symons is careful to tell us he has sinned "all round") should have a fair space of youth in which his sin is still "hot i' the mouth." In Mr. Symons's later work this note of melancholy weariness becomes overpowering:

> I am weary of living, and I long to rest
> From the sorrowful and immense fatigue of love;
> I have lived and loved with a seeking, passionate zest,
> And weariness and defeat are the end thereof.
>
> I have lived in vain, I have loved in vain, I have lost
> In the game of Fate, and silently I retire;
> I watch the moon rise over the sea, a ghost
> Of burning noontides, pallid with spent desire.

Mr. Symons, in fact, more and more sighs over the tragedy—actual or conventional—of prematurely *blasé* and emotionally bankrupt youth. In the days of youth he has said: "They please me not." One in the last and previously unpublished section of these Poems explicitly sums up his attitude. It is "The Sick Heart":

> O sick heart, be at rest!
> Is there nothing that I can do
> To quiet your crying in my breast?
> Will nothing comfort you?
>
> I am sick of a malady
> There is but one thing can assuage:
> Cure me of youth, and, see,
> I will be wise in age!

If men weary of the moanings of a valetudinarian body, they weary still more of the moanings of a valetudinarian heart. And all this is a pity, because it mars and limits needlessly a gift in itself not wide or varied, but a true gift none the less. Too much sicklied o'er with the pale cast of books, more artificial than is healthful for a Muse, this Muse of Mr. Symons is yet sensitive, accomplished, with a fine feeling for form, restraint, and the subtler gradations of colour. At its best he does achieve the art at which he aims, and which is not too common among men of Anglo-Saxon race. He shows signs, sometimes, of more impersonal and humanly sympathetic qualities, as in this among his later poems, "The Price":

> Pity all faithless women who have loved: none knows
> How much it hurts a woman to do wrong to love.
> The mother who has felt the child within her move,
> Shall she forget her child, and those ecstatic throes?
>
> Then pity faithless women who have loved: these have
> Murdered within them something borne out of their pain.
> These mothers of the child whom they have loved and slain
> May not so much as lay the child within a grave.

Such things as this suggest that Mr. Symons has possibilities which may carry him beyond the covers of these two volumes—perhaps into a healthier, and therefore more fertile, art. For whatever he does he will do as an artist, that is certain. Indeed, that he is too specifically and circumscribedly the artist is part of the malady of his verse.

The Beginnings of Ibsen.

Henrik Ibsen: A Critical Biography. By Henrik Jæger. Translated by William Morton Payne. (McClurg. $1.50 net.)

This book, which, we believe, has not yet been issued in England, was written by Henrik Jæger, the Norwegian critic, for Ibsen's sixtieth birthday. It was translated by Mr. Payne, and first published in Chicago eleven years ago. The present is a new edition, with a concluding chapter by the translator, the author being now dead. The difference between the somewhat timid tone of the translator's preface to the first edition and the assurance of his preface to the second shows plainly the advance of Ibsen's reputation, even during the nineties. *Apropos* of translations, he says in the first preface that Ibsen's "two master works—'Brand' and 'Peer Gynt'—are impossible of adequate translation—almost impossible of translation at all." In the second preface he handsomely admits that, in regard to "Brand" at any rate, Professor C. H. Herford has demonstrated that he was entirely in the wrong. We are glad to note this appreciation of the extraordinary merits of Professor Herford's version of "Brand," and also Mr. Payne's generous praise of the same writer's critical study of the play. There can be little doubt that Professor Herford is the first of all Ibsen's critics in England, perhaps in Europe.

The biography is chiefly valuable for its careful account of Ibsen's childhood and artistic beginnings. We know a good deal of Ibsen from "The Feast at Solhang" onwards, but very little of his "apprenticeship." This book supplies the deficiency of our information. The author starts out with the somewhat surprising announcement that in the veins of Ibsen, who has been characterised as "peculiarly Norse," there runs no Norse blood. The Ibsen stock is Danish and nautical, and in the four preceding generations it had been mixed respectively with German, Scotch, German, and German. Jæger reasonably suggests that this ancestry may help to explain the dramatist's isolation and cosmopolitanism, but the notion that Ibsen's idealism comes from Scotland seems to us rather far-fetched. Ibsen was born at Skien, a lumber village-port of three thousand inhabitants, a spot with absolutely no intellectual life of

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its own, but formerly famous for an excessive pietism. He wrote specially for Jæger a detailed account of his boyish recollections of Skien. Of the church, Ibsen says:

> Even more than by the white angel in the church, my thoughts were occupied by the black poodle who lived at the top of the tower, where the watchman called out the hours of the night. It had glowing red eyes, but was not often seen; in fact, it appeared, as far as I know, upon one occasion only. It was a New Year's night, and the watchman had just called "One" from the window in the front of the tower. Just then the black poodle came up the tower steps behind him, stood for a moment, and glared at him with the fiery eyes—that was all, but the watchman at once fell head-foremost out of the tower window down into the market-place, where he was seen lying dead next morning by all the pious folk who went to the early New Year's service. Since that night no watchman has ever called out "One" from *that* window in the tower of Skien church. This incident of the watchman and the poodle occurred long before my time, and I have since heard of such things having happened in various Norwegian churches, in the days of old. But the tower window in question has stood prominently in my memory since I was a child, because from it I got my first deep and lasting impression.

Ibsen, unlike so many uncommon men, was an uncommon child. At an early age he was noted for his seriousness. He did not play like other children, and when his four younger brothers and sisters amused themselves in the yard, he would retire to a little room, "and fasten the door with a hasp." He sat there in all weathers. His sister wrote in a letter: "For us, he was not a comfortable boy to get along with, and we used to bother him regularly . . . and when he could not stand our siege any longer, he would rush out and after us; but he was not skilful at any sort of sport . . . and when he had chased us far enough off he went back into his closet." He spent most of his time in reading, at haphazard; but he also "painted a little." Out-of-doors, the author of *The Master Builder* would do nothing but build forts and things of that sort. At the age of sixteen he left Skien for Grimstad, a place even smaller and duller, and was apprenticed to the apothecary.

> What had he received from life there at home in his native town? It had laid a burden upon his mind. It had aroused in him a feeling of repugnance for all those instruments of coercion that society brings to bear upon those who, by their own fault, or by the force of circumstances, come into conflict with the general order of things. The prison, the madhouse, the pillory, and public opinion had impressed themselves as so many threats upon his consciousness. The contrast between poverty and affluence had been made one of his first experiences [through a reverse in his father's fortunes]. . . . All this had developed that reserve to which he had inherited a tendency.

Ibsen quickly got himself into trouble with the correctness of Grimstad. War existed between Germany and Denmark, and the miserable apprentice dared to write a series of sonnets entitled "Scandinavians, Awake! An Appeal [on behalf of Denmark] to the Norwegian and Swedish Brothers." This was too unusual, too audacious. In his own words, he found himself "on a war-footing with the little community to which I was bound by circumstances." He wrote "Catilina," which was refused by the theatres and ingloriously printed at the expense of a friend; he wrote also a number of poems dealing with moonlight and kindred effects. A citizeness of Grimstad picturesquely relates that "he went about like an enigma secured with seven seals." A brief reminiscence of his sister is worth mentioning here. Once when they were walking together be explained to her that he wished to attain to "the utmost possible clearness of vision and fulness of power."

> "And when you have attained to it, what then?" she asked.
> "Then I wish to die," he answered.

He was too crudely young then to realise that decline is just as proper a part of life as growth.

In 1850 he went up to Christiania to finish reading for his examinations and to "sit." In the same year he wrote his second play, a one-act piece called "The Warrior's Tomb." Of "Catilina," which was written in the Shakespearean convention, though Ibsen had not read Shakespeare, thirty copies were sold. The bulk of the remainder of the edition was disposed of to a huckster as wrapping-paper, and "for a few days following we lacked none of the necessaries of life." "Catilina" was, of course, a play of revolt. "The Warrior's Tomb," an episode of the Viking age, was the same, and a little more realistic than the dramas of Ochlenschlæger, under whose influence it had been composed. It was performed at the Christiania Theatre three times (quite a success in those days), the critics received it favourably, and Ibsen settled down as a "man of letters." In 1851 he was editing a little paper resoundingly styled *The Man*, which fought both the Government and the Opposition, never had a hundred subscribers together, and expired in less than a year. Shortly afterwards Bergen built a municipal theatre, and made Ibsen its "theatre-poet," and in 1852 the authorities had the extraordinary common sense to send their poet travelling for three months to study foreign theatres, on the understanding that when he returned he should assume the stage-managership for a period of five years. Ibsen was the kind of man who can learn a great deal in three months. He came back, and managed theatres for ten years, producing about a hundred pieces. Hence, without doubt, his prodigious and unrivalled technique.

Yet his next play, "St. John's Night," was a failure, and probably deserved to be a failure. It was not until "Free Inger of Oestract" (1857) that the greatest of modern theatrical craftsmen began to show his powers. In this piece the old convention was dropped, the unities of time and place were preserved as strictly as in "Ghosts," and a psychological vitality was infused into the dry bones of history. Within the same year Ibsen counteracted the extreme gloominess of "Free Inger" with the gaiety and brightness of "The Feast at Solhang," perhaps the sole play of his that can be fairly termed cheerful. "The Feast at Solhang" was an unequivocal success. Author and actors were called before the curtain by a crowded house, and afterwards the orchestra went so far as to serenade the happy author. Ibsen had "arrived." He was summoned to a higher post in Christiania, and in 1858 he married. We must quote the last three stanzas of a charming little poem entitled "Thanks," which in later years he addressed to his wife:

> Of her race are the figures
> Marching along
> With banners all waving
> Seen in my song.
>
> It was she that kindled
> My soul to glow;
> And all that I owe her
> None may know.
>
> And although she awaited
> No thanks for pay,
> I have sung and printed
> This grateful lay.

At this point, for reason already given, we will stop.

As Mr. Payne rightly observes, Jæger's biography appeals first to a Scandinavian public. It was, neverthe-

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less, quite worthy to be translated, and the translator's notes and additions give it all necessary completeness. There is a fine portrait of Ibsen by way of frontispiece, but the topographical illustrations leave something to be desired.

Professor Gardner's Testament.

A Historic View of the New Testament. By Percy Gardner, Litt.D. (Adam & Charles Black. 6s.)

THE New Testament has been much criticised of late, not so much by its professed opponents as by those whom we had thought to be specially retained to defend it, and now Professor Gardner comes forward to suggest a "middle way" or view of the New Testament which shall not be inconsistent with what he calls "modern educated thought." This view is, according to him, the view of historic science, and he further defines science as meaning "ordered knowledge," although qualified by the proviso that the knowledge must be based on observation or evidence. But, lest the reader should be daunted with this parade of learning, we hasten to say that Prof. Gardner's method consists entirely in accepting some part of the narrative of the New Testament as true and rejecting the rest. He nowhere, so far as we can see, gives us any reason for this acceptance or rejection; but as he repeatedly mentions the names of German scholars, particularly those of the Ritschlian school, with much commendation, we can only suppose that he considers the arguments of German criticism conclusive as to which parts of the Bible we should believe and which not.

Thus supported, Prof. Gardner's system seems to work out as follows: He rejects the Virgin-birth, and points out, with much cogency, that the belief that the Founder of Christianity was the son of Joseph, and only received the Divine nature at His baptism, was not only the rival, but the older theory in the Primitive Church. He thinks the Flight into Egypt and the Massacre of the Innocents did not occur, but form part of the legends which afterwards grew up round the history of Jesus as round the histories of Buddha and Mahomet. Most of the miracles he considers, for the same reason, incredible, but those of healing he treats as authentic, some of them being explained by the theory that Jesus was a faith-healer, while others he gets over by the suggestion that nervous diseases may not, after all, have a "merely physical origin." On the Resurrection he shrinks from any pronouncement, saying that "the wisest plan by far is to regard the spiritual presence of Christ in His Church as the essential fact, and the tales of the corporeal Resurrection as results of the spiritual experience of Christians." With regard to the sayings of Jesus, he thinks that they are more correctly reported than His acts, because "the teaching which fell from His lips was generally of such a character that it could not be easily imitated or altered beyond a certain point"; but he will not say that Jesus ever thought Himself divine, and admits that "occasionally in our day well-educated people have slightly to transpose some of His sayings." As to the authorship of most of the New Testament books he speaks out plainly. Mark he considers the oldest narrative, and probably inspired by Peter. Matthew and Luke represent the Judaising party in the Church, and the Gospel of John is probably by John the Elder, and was written at Ephesus, although it may contain some fragments of tradition collected from John the son of Zebedee. The Apocalypse he treats as almost entirely non-Christian, and, at the most, "covered only with a thin veneer of Christianity." The Pauline Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, and Galatians he considers substantially genuine, and those to Timothy and Titus as "containing passages which are from Paul's hand, though worked up with matter of a later date."

Mr. Gardner is *un peu universitaire*—a qualification inadequately translated by "donnish"—and, until he gets warmed up by his subject, proses abominably. As we have said, he gives us little hint of the facts on which he founds his theory, and must, therefore, excuse us from discussing his conclusions. The book was originally delivered in the form of lectures to the Passmore Edwards Settlement in London under the foundation known as the "Jowett Lectures," and may be taken as typical of the belief in Christianity of a particular type of modern "educated man." Yet it omits to deal with the greatest problem on the subject. We do not mean by this the existence of evil, somewhat airily dismissed here as unimportant "to practical ethics and working religion." But, if the New Testament has for some eighteen centuries been held to mean something so different from what Prof. Gardner and a few educated men—the phrase is repeated in this book with such irritating frequency as to make one doubt whether Prof. Gardner thinks uneducated men have souls at all—now say that it means, would it not have been better for it never to have been written?

Silly Autobiography.

From Stage to Cross. By F. C. Vernon-Harcourt. (Partridge. 2s. 6d.)

FROM a literary point of view this work is impossible of criticism. Tracts have their use in the world, perhaps, and the awful example gibbetted and decked out with texts may help to frighten the wicked into the paths of goodness. And Mr. Vernon-Harcourt's work is in the nature of a tract. But the binder bound it, if we may parody Portia, and therefore let it pass for a book, and be judged by the canons of good taste, since as literature it may not be regarded. When we hear—at about eight-thirty on Sunday evenings—the street-corner amateur preacher bellowing of his horrible past and accusing himself with the fierce joy of a Central Criminal Court Advocate of the most outrageous conduct, contrasting his former degradation with his present elevation to an intimacy with the counsels of the Most High, we think him lacking in taste. It is just the lack of taste that impels the self-made man to swell his waistcoat over the edge of a duke's dinner-table and slam upon the cloth the half-crown with which he entered London. There is nothing more interesting than a frank autobiography—it would fascinate you if it were written, as it cannot be written, by an uninteresting man. Rousseau's *Confessions*, though you despise him all the time, fascinate; for they ring like the true admissions of a false man. Mr. Vernon-Harcourt bears a famous name; by his own account he has travelled and fought all over the world, has studied the sceptical philosophies of the ages, has been prominent as an actor (he publishes his own photograph in costume as an awful example) and has earned the gratitude of politicians. Yet his autobiography is that of the illiterate street-corner preacher who is as conceited about his past vices as about his present virtues. He sniggers over his unregenerate fisticuffs with "Bloater" on board the *Circassia:*

> "Bloater" was not a general favourite, and the whole affair had occurred so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that scarcely anyone knew that a ring had been hastily formed—till it was formed, and that the youngest hand on board was operating in a delightfully scientific manner on the flabby features of the senior ordinary seaman.

That is very well. "Bloater" deserved his bashing. But why, after describing full-blooded exploits, drop in such comments as "Oh, those swiftly passing but utterly mis-

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spent years"? Of the theatre Mr. Vernon-Harcourt (having prefaced his book with himself as the hero of his own wicked play) writes:

> The theatre, under the most favourable of conditions, is an institution established and maintained for the amusement of the world. It is a place where God is not, and where He cannot be, glorified.

One might write the same of the *Punch* office or the office of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. This is not the place to speak of Mr. Vernon-Harcourt's "conversion"—of which he writes unabashed—or to note that his Christianity is as unreasoning as his scepticism. The praying for a piano, the arrival of a piano (with an extra sovereign for expert selection, and a lady with two daughters to ask terms for teaching)—these things are the stand-by of the tract, and we can see the wheels go round. But

> Several Christian friends dropped in, and the rest of the evening was passed in singing and praising that loving Father who "doeth all things well." My wife got quite a number of pupils after that, and she was blessed to the saving of several souls among them.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to indicate our belief that this is one of the unnecessary, misplaced books. If it must be published at all, it should be in the form of a tract. But this may be the mistake of the binder.

A New Theory.

Intuitive Suggestion: A New Theory of the Evolution of Mind. By J. W. Thomas. (Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is a favourite retort in the mouth of those charged with teaching materialism that their opponents take too low a view of matter, and regard it as something dead. Mr. Thomas has taken the authors of such a retort at their word, and writes as if he saw everywhere throughout inorganic nature the counterparts of forces commonly associated with the ideas of life and mind.

The facts that Mr. Thomas marshals have already been appealed to by Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann to bear witness to a different theory. Schopenhauer suggested that the original Will appeared as gravity in matter and desire in conscious being. Mr. Thomas is less concerned to establish one principle behind all phenomena, but he speaks as if there were a mysterious affinity between mental and cosmic processes. There is nothing in the Timaeus more fanciful than the suggestion that the First Cause suggested to a planet to go in a certain orbit, and that the constant repetition of this one movement is done in virtue of a certain memory. Let us, then, leave these floating speculations as to the inwardness of natural laws, uncertain as we are how far they are meant to be taken seriously, and confine ourselves to the mental faculties, which are affirmed to manifest themselves in living creatures without passing through the sense organs. Mr. Thomas begins with the minute beings that have no nervous system, and reminds us that even they show every sign of purposive action.

Ascending the scale of creation he finds that though creatures acquire knowledge in a new way, through the senses, as their nervous systems become more developed, they do not altogether lose their primitive intuitive knowledge. Thus, the social organisation of the ant, the geometrical knowledge of the bee do not rest on sense experience preserved in a memory that works through nerves. In like manner the "homing" instincts of birds and dogs, the "awareness" of distant presences possessed by many an animal, are forms of "immediate" knowledge. We think, by-the-way, that Mr. Thomas has a right to his distinction between "intuition" and "instinct," as the former is a way of knowledge, the latter of action—directed towards an end of which the agent is unconscious—as it has been defined. Even among men, the knowledge that comes through sense experience, that moves painfully from step to step, rests side by side with knowledge of another order.

There is about the work of the genius something of the certainty, immediacy, simplicity that distinguishes the divine. The memory of a Pascal, the mathematical faculty of a Gauss have something in common with the power by which the bee builds its cell and the spider spins its web. The well-attested gift of second sight, the new wonders of telepathy are alike pressed into our author's service; but by this time the reader will have suspected that Mr. Thomas has a thesis to maintain. He has, and it is an old one—none other than a rival theory to current materialism. His results are those of speculative thought, his materials those of scientific research; his work is slight and often fanciful, but we are sure that his hints will not fall to the ground, and that his facts can only be disregarded by those who are too indolent to reshape their little fragment of truth.

The Smiling Muse.

An Anthology of Humorous Verse. By Theodore Andrea Cook. (Virtue. 2s. net.)

In reviewing Mr. Anthony C. Deane's *Little Book of Light Verse* a week or so ago, we found fault with it on account of the indecision of its editor. Sometimes it was light verse, sometimes it was humorous verse. Mr. Cook has made up his mind to more purpose, and has given us a collection almost wholly of purely humorous verse which, although every one will miss some favourite (as they always must in every anthology), is really representative, and good, and, in the aggregate, satisfying. There are certain inclusions to which we demur critically, apart from personal predilections; but altogether we have found the book an excellent companion.

Such journalistic numbers as Mr. Pigott's and Mr. Seaman's ridicule of the German Emperor, for example, are out of place. Mr. Seaman's dexterity in this particular poem has always seemed to us something nigh the miraculous; but the cumulative effect of the verses is not humorous. The thing is too critical, too caustic, too self-complacent. As a matter of fact, Mr. Seaman does not shine in a humorous anthology. His gifts are otherwise. We should describe him as a serious satirist relieved by wit, rather than as a humorist. Mr. Pigott's verses are not good enough, apart from their journalistic character.

We doubt if there is enough humour in several other of Mr. Cook's selections, in "The Story of Prince Agib," for example, and in the ode "To the Terrestrial Globe" (to which Mr. Deane is also devoted) by Mr. Gilbert; in Stevenson's "Not I"; in Clark Maxwell's "Rigid Body Sings"; in Mr. Graves' "Father O' Flynn" (which is something better than humorous); in Cunningham's "There Dwelt a Man," and certain other of the Scotch pieces; in Peacock's "War-Song of Dinas Vawr," (which again is better than humour); in "The Hundred Best Books," by Mr. Pigott, which is merely rhyme. Mr. Cook, we think, ought to have answered the question "Is this really humorous?" more searchingly than we consider he can always have done.

But he has given us so much that is agreeable that we do not really grumble at all. Particularly we are pleased to find again the late A. C. Hilton's "Vulture and the Husbandman," and Mr. Barry Pain's "Poets at Tea," although we miss the author's explanatory gloss. We are a little surprised, since Mr. Cook is so fond of political verse, that he has disregarded Mr. C. L. Graves' *Hawarden Horace.*

The book's *format* is rather too pretty for our taste: it suggests too little the permanent friend, but that is one of the penalties of belonging to a dainty series.

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Other New Books.

The Epistles of Erasmus. English Translations by Francis Morgan Nichols. (Longmans. 18s. net.)

THE correspondence of Desiderius Erasmus is one of the most important of authorities for the history of the Renaissance and of the Reformation, but it still needs its critical editor. Mr. Nichols has done his best to facilitate his task by reducing to chronological order the seven hundred known epistles which appear to have been written between the dates of 1480, or thereabouts, and 1517. Of these he says:

> As they are published in the various collections, some of the epistles are fully, some partially, dated, others not dated at all. Those belonging to the first thirty years of Erasmus's life are generally without dates, and with respect to these the utmost that can be done is to conjecture from their contents and from a comparison of one letter with another, their approximate period, probable order, and the place where they appear to have been written.

To this task Mr. Nichols has applied himself with great industry and minuteness, and very successful results. His work will be of great value to historians, and it is much to be hoped that he will be able to continue it over the remaining years of Erasmus's life, up to his death in 1536. He has appended, for the benefit of English students, translations in whole or part of most of the letters. These, however, only go for the present to 1509, although the chronological register is carried as far as 1517. They cover the periods of Erasmus's two early visits to England in 1499 and 1505, and we append, as a sample of Mr. Nichols's style of translation, the famous description of the English kisses. It occurs in a letter to one Faustus Andrelinus, Laureate Poet.

> "Did you but know the blessings of Britain you would clap wings to your feet and run hither; and if the gout stopped you, would wish yourself a Dædalus. To take one attraction out of many, there are nymphs here with divine features, so gentle and kind that you may well prefer them to your Camenae. Besides, there is a fashion which cannot be commended enough. Wherever you go you are received on all hands with kisses; when you take leave, you are dismissed with kisses. If you go back, your salutes are returned to you. When a visit is paid, the first act of hospitality is a kiss, and when guests depart, the same entertainment is repeated; whenever a meeting takes place there is kissing in abundance; in fact, whatever way you turn you are never without it. Oh, Faustus, if you had once tasted how sweet and fragrant those kisses are, you would indeed wish to be a traveller, not for ten years, like Solon, but for your whole life, in England."

Mr. Nichols deserves all credit for an unassuming, but laborious and useful, bit of scholarship.

Hall Caine: The Man and the Novelist. By C. Fred Kenyon. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

MR. KENYON desires it to be known that Mr. Hall Caine has not "revised" this biography, as the *causeurs* of Fleet Street have had it, except in the matter of statements concerning the novelist's friends. Mr. Hall Caine cannot, therefore, be held responsible for any errors in the work. We regret to say that we have found several. On page 121 Mr. Kenyon says that every literary celebrity in London was at the Princess's Theatre on May 14, 1888. We can assure him that this was not the case. Several literary celebrities of no small importance contrived to keep away from Oxford Street on that historic evening. A page or two afterwards Mr. Kenyon falls into a vein of exactitude, as where he remarks that as "contributions to dramatic literature" Mr. Hall Caine's plays "cannot be seriously considered." Unhappily, in the very next sentence he again wanders on to ground which is at least debatable, for he adds: "Mr. Caine himself would, I feel sure, be the first to agree with me in all this." Again, Mr. Kenyon says: "It is certain that no novelist—of this or past generations—has so profoundly stirred the masses of England and America as Hall Caine has done." Now, is it certain? Is it quite certain that *The Sorrows of Satan* and *The Master Christian* have not as profoundly stirred the masses as *The Christian* and *The Eternal City*? And Mr. Kenyon forgets Mrs. Henry Wood. Also he under-estimates the profoundly-stirring qualities once possessed by *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Further, Mr. Kenyon is, no doubt unconsciously, something of a plagiarist. He says: "The last great novel of Hall Caine's is not a picture of Life; it *is* Life." Precisely this phrase was long since used by a famous critic of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. And, anyhow, it is demonstrably untrue, both of *The Eternal City* and *War and Peace*. Mr. Kenyon, together with a detailed appreciation of the novelist's work, gives sundry specimens of his verse, and some personal details of the man, as that he rises at five a.m., "gives up the best of his life to his art," does not work so well when digesting food, and prepares for each novel "as a student prepares for a difficult examination." He also labours like Emile Zola, and the keynote of his character is sincerity. The portrait of Mr. Caine which serves for frontispiece gives one the impression that he was snapped in the act of unsuccessfully trying to make up his mind as to what would be the effect of this monograph.

The West Indies and the Empire. By H. De R. Walker. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

"GOVERN yourselves; if you make mistakes it will be your own fault," is what England has been accustomed to say to her self-governing Colonies; but we have no right to say that to the West Indies, where we are face to face with a negro problem of our own. The English Parliamentary elector has no responsibility for the progress of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, but the same cannot be said of the West Indies. There we have the descendants of the negroes who were carried to the islands against their will, under a system legalised by the British Government, and also 200,000 or more East Indians, British subjects even before their transportation, whom we have encouraged to migrate, and for whose just treatment during indenture Imperial officers are held to account. The sugar industry in the West Indies had a long period of high prices and great prosperity, but even before the emancipation of the slaves complaints were rife that a progressive diminution in the price of sugar was gradually undermining the position of the planters. The Emancipation Act was followed by a scarcity of labour; then the Imperial Government abandoned the differential duty against slave-grown sugar, and thus increased the competition encountered by the planters in England. Finally, when several European countries gave bounties upon the output and exportation of sugar grown from the beet, the planters found themselves confronted in the English market, on which they had naturally depended, with a form of competition by which they were unfairly handicapped. If they are making some headway, foreign nations can, as in 1896, increase the bounties and nullify all their efforts. The only compensation which we have given the unfortunate Colonists is a series of Royal Commissions, and we have consistently placed the consumer in the United Kingdom before the interests of the West Indies. Mr. Walker holds that we should impose upon Continental sugar a duty exactly equal in amount to the bounty paid upon its exportation, which

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duty would, of course, be limited in its duration to the time that the bounty continued to be paid. Otherwise a measure of mere justice to our Colonies would be transformed into a differential duty in their favour. We have our own negro problem on a small scale in the West Indies, and we have shut our eyes to it, with disastrous results to the islands. It is the object of Mr. Walker's book to explain how we may act with justice and common-sense, even at this eleventh hour.

Modern Billiards. By John Roberts and Others. (Pearson. 6s.)

A STORY used to be current to the effect that a Cambridge Don, who was quite a respectable hand at billiards, once met a professional player—some versions say John Roberts himself—at a country inn, and challenged him to a game. The stranger beat the Don every time, giving him 99 up, whereupon the Don, laying down his cue, remarked, "To play billiards as I play is a gentlemanly recreation; to play billiards, Sir, as you play, is evidence of a mis-spent life." This volume, which is the handiwork of John Roberts and other skilful players, is, as Mr. F. M. Hotine, its editor, justly claims, absolutely unique. It appeals to the eye, which it is so necessary to train at billiards, by the wealth of its diagrams and illustrations of every possible stroke. Even the positions which should be avoided are figured, and there is subtle irony in the implied suggestion that the average amateur can possibly prevent the balls from assuming any position on the table that they will. Actual breaks by John Roberts, W. Spiller, W. Mitchell, Charles Dawson, and others are given, every stroke being illustrated by a diagram which shows the positions of the balls, and furnished with instructions how the stroke should properly be played. With this book the student is fully equipped either to take up billiards as a gentlemanly recreation, or to indulge in a mis-spent life over the table. He has only to take his choice.

To their "Edinburgh" edition of the Waverley Novels Messrs. Jack add *Ivanhoe*, in two volumes. The frontispieces are photogravures of Chantrey's bust of Sir Walter, and the same sculptor's drawing, made April 19, 1820.

Books about Scottish cathedrals, castles, and abbeys tend to multiply. One of the best that we have seen is Mr. M. E. Leicester Addis's *Scottish Cathedrals and Abbeys: Their History and Associations*, issued by Mr. Elliot Stock. Mr. Addis is happy in his chapter-heading quotations, as in this for Old Aberdeen:

> I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
> With the memorials and the things of fame
> That do renown this city.

The book is well illustrated by photography, and is a thoroughly interesting survey of its subject.

We have received the following new editions: In the handy "New Century Library" (Nelson. 1s. each), *The Fair Maid of Perth* and *Anne of Geierstein*. In Mr. Dent's "Temple Classics for Young People," Perrault's *Tales of Past Times* (1s. 6d.), a pretty book, with illustrations by Mr. Charles Robinson. Messrs. Greening have issued a second edition of Mr. Charles Downing's (Clelia) *God in Shakespeare*, a work which has been variously described as "sound criticism," &c., and "clotted nonsense," &c. This edition contains "a correspondence between the author and the late M. Renan on the subject of the personality of Shakespeare"; but M. Renan's share in it seems to be limited to a note of four lines, written by his secretary.

Fiction.

The Velvet Glove. By Henry Seton Merriman. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

MR. MERRIMAN, as he has shown us before, knows how to conduct a story with decision and force, and in *The Velvet Glove* these qualities have not failed him. The scene is modern Spain, the actors are Spaniards, and the whole atmosphere is Spanish. From the murder in the first chapter to the pretty love matter in the last, the interest is artistically and naturally sustained, and we have no quarrel of any kind with the story. Nor have we, perhaps, anything amounting to a quarrel with the characters, although they by no means wholly satisfy us. The Jesuit and Carlist, Evasio Mon, he of the velvet glove, is never quite alive to our fancy; neither are the Sarrions, father and son. Of these latter we are continually being told by Mr. Merriman that they were quiet, strong men, the younger being wholly a man of action. This assurance is thrust upon us so continually that we begin to feel that the author suspects his power to prove his assertion. And to some extent he does fail to prove it, for though Marcos de Sarrion is always brilliantly successful against the arch-plotter, Evasio Mon, his success hardly moves us as human achievement. Marcos, in short, is too immaculate and remote. Juanita, on the other hand—a girl in her teens, who is the object of all the plotting—is always charmingly natural; she, unquestionably, is the success of the book.

As to the manner of *The Velvet Glove*, we confess that it often annoys us. The narrative is bespattered with sententiousness—a sententiousness which frequently takes the form of obvious and dull epigram. The reader feels that Mr. Merriman would like to preach at him, and rather resents the indirect method employed; not that the preaching is of a kind to touch the consciences of any but the most inexperienced of readers.

The Fall of Lord Paddockslea. By Lionel Langton. (Heinemann.)

POLITICIANS, it has to be confessed, are rather dull persons as a rule, convincingly proved by its exceptions; and wise diners-out in a London season, who find wit the best sauce, hunger failing, do well to stay at home on Wednesdays. If this book was written to show how dull a successful statesman can be in social life, we might congratulate Mr. Langton on his success. But his own writing is all of a piece, and we begin by suspecting and end by knowing that he finds his characters quite amusing. To call Lord Rosebery by the name of Lord Paddockslea, or Sir William Harcourt by the name of D'Altamont, or Mr. Labouchere by the name of Lewison, is not in itself enough to make merriment. Yet there is not much more to these names. "It's only the Tory party that can make a gentleman" is a specimen epigram; but we hardly meet with a specimen Tory gentleman in these pages. This is how the "thinly-disguised" Lord Rosebery is made to speak of his retirement: "I have tried for twelve months to lead the ragged crew of Home Rulers, Welsh Disestablishers, and teetotal fanatics. I have submitted to the dictation of little Smirk; I was even prepared to put down my stable and make a public renunciation of the Turf at a Nonconformist tabernacle. I have made County Councillors my boon companions," and so on, down to an allusion to Lewison as "that venomous little Caliban, only vicious because he did not get his bone." After much search we have discovered another of the book's bright things: "The Jews, like the poor, are always with us."

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Spindle and Plough. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (Heinemann.)

THE discriminating novel-reader will always welcome a new book by the author of *Folly Corner*. There will be stuff in it. And there will be writing, vigorous and individual, if at times a little flamboyant. These qualities are not lacking in *Spindle and Plough*. Yet we do not find Mrs. Dudeney quite at her best. There is a garden—and she understands gardens; but the garden of *Spindle and Plough* has not quite that touch of magical personality which characterised the garden of *The Third Floor*. Of the human *dramatis personæ*, Shalisha Pilgrim, the heroine, is distinctly good. The story tells how this red-haired daughter of Artemis went forth to labour in the garden of Bramble Tye, and how love met and vanquished her there. But we do not, frankly, think any of the minor people quite up to Mrs. Dudeney's mark. One of Shalisha's lovers is uninteresting, the other unconvincing. We cannot be sure that Felix Rut was really sound, and that a second prosperity would not bring out the bad streak in him once more. As for Shalisha's dressy and painted mother and her vulgarism of a second husband, they are a little crudely out of the picture. They belong properly to farce. But certainly they provide a foil to Shalisha and her clean garden.

Sons of the Sword: A Romance of the Peninsular War. By Margaret L. Woods. (Heinemann. 6s.)

MRS. WOODS is a writer who obviously works with great care. That care is even more apparent in *Sons of the Sword* than in any previous work of hers which we can recall; it is, indeed, so apparent that we are chilled by it. Here is detail piled upon detail, fact neatly laid upon fact, but to what end? Certainly the purposes of true romance are not served by such accumulations of the unessential. It almost looks as though Mrs. Woods had made a study of the Peninsular War for purposes other than those of fiction, and had been struck by the dramatic possibilities of Napoleon's chase of Sir John Moore. Those possibilities she uses with considerable effect, and we have vivid scenes in both armies, between which Angela Dillon was tossed about in a manner too apparently designed for convenience. The story itself is slight, and barely serves to hold the book together: nor can we quite bring ourselves to believe in the reformation of Colonel Hector Vidal, though his end is all that could be desired. Sir John Moore is admirably sketched; in handling his character Mrs. Woods is dealing with sympathetic material. The study of Napoleon is much fuller, but less successful; here and there only does Mrs. Woods manage to suggest the terrific force and masterfulness of the man. She has chosen rather to present his weaker side, and particularly his less honourable relations with women. Those relations, though doubtless unscrupulous enough, hardly make enlivening material for fiction, and there is one scene of which we question the good taste. The book, however, is worth reading, if only for its careful and polished manner and a few detached scenes. But as romance we cannot count it a success.

Lepidus the Centurion. By Edwin Lester Arnold. (Cassell. 6s.)

WE are not quite sure whether Mr. Arnold means to make our flesh creep, or merely to make us laugh over this story, which deals with the doctrine of reincarnation. There are people who believe that they have lived before on earth, and are fated to live again. Now, "Louis Allanby, Squire and J.P., young, healthy, in full possession of all those faculties," &c., finds a forgotten cavern on his estate, and in that cavern is a *thing*—italics and all. That *thing* is really Lepidus, a Roman centurion, who has been there for about sixteen hundred years, and is wakened into life by the "Squire and J.P.," because he is really the previous incarnation of this Squire and J.P. Here we have a situation which might develop either horror or laughter. But either effect implies skill in the narrator, for belief—temporary belief—must be compelled. Mr. Arnold fails all round. Italicised things have ceased to inspire horror, and the scene in the cavern when the centurion awakes would not turn a baby pale. When Lepidus mingles with a country-house party, however, there is material for farce. But here again Mr. Arnold misses his chances. The situation of a Roman centurion projected into an English country house might move laughter if only the writer had the skill to conceal the impossibilities. But Lepidus would have had difficulties with his dress-clothes: he would have had troubles with the language, and could scarcely have called Allanby "Britisher." Yet within a few hours of his reincarnation he can pun villainously in English:

> I sat, as Lepidus said afterwards, "like Narcissus absorbed in his own reflections"—not so bad a pun, considering the Roman's recent knowledge of our vernacular.

Mr. Arnold obviously has neither the knowledge nor the imagination to link the ages through the unseen world. He calls Lepidus "the great centurion." You might as well talk of a "great major." And we should like to know more of the Roman "game, something like billiards," which enabled Lepidus to play Allanby a hundred up.

Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

LUKE DELMEGE. BY THE REV. P. A. SHEEHAN.

This novel was born in the pages of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. It is immensely long, and we should say that it will provide a good square meal for those who like religion in fiction. We shall do no harm by quoting the last sentences, about Luke's Latin epitaph: "It is Father Martin's composition. I should have liked to add another word, but I couldn't find the Latin for it; and, in any case, Father Martin wouldn't allow it; for he would never admit that Luke was perplexed about anything. Poor Luke! It's all the same now! He has long since found in the vast mirrors of the Infinite the solution of the Great Enigma." (Longmans. 6s.)

THE MISSION OF MARGARET. BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

"To be a happy wife and mother—was not this, after all, the worthiest mission of Margaret?" Seeing this at the end of the first chapter, we concluded that the novel of normal married life had come at last. But no; we were at the end of a short story unannounced by the title-page, with eight others to follow. (John Long. 6s.)

THE CUTTING OF THE WEIR. BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Irish, and interesting. Land-hunger and heart-hunger, a drowning fatality, and some phrases as good as this: "The true dark continent will always be the human heart." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

UNDER THE SWORD. BY THE COUNTESS DE SULMALLA.

"'And I have done something for you, Maggie,' said Bertha. 'It came to me in my sleep—words and music—a dream-song. I remembered it this morning, and wrote it out for you. Come and listen to it. I will sing it to you.' Margaret listened to the dream-song, and the pathetic beauty of it filled her soul with sweet sadness and dimmed her eyes with tears." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

A BID FOR EMPIRE. BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

A story of love and adventure in modern Egypt, by the popular author of *The Rome Express*. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

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The Over-Praise of Reading.

To be outdone in praise is to be silenced. A man will be dumb before a picture, a poem, or the memory of a dead friend, if the just and generous praise which he wishes to utter is forestalled by a tintimar of rash eulogy. His modest word must now be uttered elsewhere, and meanwhile he is deprived of it. This feeling has beset us in reading a little volume of essays called *The World Beautiful in Books* (Gay & Bird), written by Miss Lilian Whiting. Miss Whiting says such fine things about reading that we —who have always been happy among our books—are not only silenced, but are tempted to play the devil's advocate and argue that reading is no such sacrament as she makes it out to be. Perhaps our contrariness is roused as much by the direction as by the degree of Miss Whiting's praise of reading. She belongs, if we mistake not, to that sect of Boston writers which is laudably concerned with the spiritual man, with character-building, with psychic states, auto-suggestion, telepathy, and as much of Buddha as will squeeze through the door of a church on the one hand and the door of a lecture-room on the other. There is a beautiful indeterminateness about the cult that charms us; it never asserts the hearthrug. It borrows its terms smilingly from the Right and Left of current thought, and talks in one breath, as Miss Whiting does, of the transubstantiation of energy and of the liberation of energy—blending the terms of the altar and the laboratory. Such being their humours, these Boston "Souls," as we may call them, are none the less very sound and enlightened people who look for an expansion of man's psychic nature and, in the meanwhile, are set on whatsoever things are true and lovely and of good report. Miss Whiting's earlier book of essays, *The World Beautiful*, we remember, expressed these ideals with considerable charm. But her *World Beautiful in Books*, though all right at the core, moves us to some irreverent mirth. These psychicultural Bostonians should be slow to use their very airy theories as a test or ingredient in criticism. Frankly, we cannot keep pace with Miss Whiting's sumptuous chatter about literature considered as "The Rose of Morning," the "Chariot of the Soul," and what not. Her talk about potency and inflorescence and transubstantiation of energy, and her assertion that Mr. Ralph Meeker "is one of the writers whose pen is dipped in poetic fire and whose symphonic beauty of phrasing is music and magic," leave us limp. Her mere thanks to publishers —in respect of her quotations—are conveyed in these terms: "To the writer whose work has been enriched by selection and quotation from 'the best that is known and thought in the world,' it is a special pleasure to return the grateful acknowledgments due to the publishers of the choice literature over whose Elysian fields he has ranged. 'The noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness,' says Matthew Arnold; and he who constantly refreshes and renews his spiritual energy from the great poets realises the deep significance of these words. To Mr. John Lane. . . ." Now, the carnal, rude, but we fear inevitable comment on such stuff is—"Stow it!"

It is characteristic of Miss Whiting that she begins her first chapter with a flight of irresponsible drawing-room dogma. "Literature and life are so absolutely interpenetrated that they can only be regarded in the light of a series of cause and effect, each reacting upon the other in determining influence. By the magic of some spiritual alchemy, reading is transmuted into the qualities that build up character, and these qualities, in turn, determine the further choice of books, so that selection and result perpetuate themselves, forming an unceasing contribution to social influence." This posing of literature as something not less original, powerful, and significant than life is rather like putting a man and his umbrella on the same level of being, with the advantage, of course, of interchangeable skeletons. Literature is but a circumstance of life. At the most it is the human diary, and, like other diaries, it may be said to be badly kept and seldom consulted, if we take all sorts and conditions of men into view. Vast numbers of healthy-minded men and women, who are not fools or blind, do not read at all in Miss Whiting's sense—no, not from year's end to year's end. Yet the uncorrected impression left by Miss Whiting's book is that reading is as necessary to spiritual life as air to physical life—reading, moreover, not of one or two books, but of many; not of Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare only, but of such masters of the elusive, the impassioned, the subtle, the subtly suggestive, the witching, the intense, and the magical, as Lilla Cabot Perry, Richard Henry and Elizabeth Stoddard ("the married poets"), William Wetmore Story, Rose Terry Cooke, and Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, of whom we read that she "dons her singing robes gracefully, and among her poems is one that is unique in all the literature of poetry, entitled simply 'Brontë.'" The compositions which Miss Whiting finds unique in all poetry, or unsurpassed in all literature, are past our counting. She tells us that it is no longer a matter of discussion (no longer a matter of discussion!) as to whether Mr. Stephen Phillips is the coming poet. "He has arrived. The answer comes with incredible swiftness and force in one of the most impressive poems ever written by any poet in any age." This is Mr. Phillips's poem called "Midnight, 1900." In "Marpessa," we read presently, Mr. Phillips has "touched a note unsurpassed in all the literature of poetry." What this means we have not the faintest idea. But we judge that on the whole he is several blocks ahead of the married poets. Of Landor we are told that his work "is as supreme in the realm of poetry and criticism as is Balzac's in romance." These words cannot be endowed with a meaning. We have fugues of criticism like the following: "Who but the poets shall best inspire the spiritual energies with their food for life? Dante, first and greatest; Shakespeare and Goethe and Browning hardly less; and akin to Shakespeare in transcendent greatness and in the most intimately spiritual relation to every individual life, stands Emerson." Yet Matthew Arnold has shown her how to praise Emerson. Although Tennyson is excluded from this band of spiritual mentors, Miss Whiting makes him handsome amends elsewhere. "The perfect beauty of Tennyson, the golden melody, the exquisite art of phrasing, the transcendent loveliness of his vision, render his poems the richest resource for all the moods and needs of life." We wonder that Miss Whiting's masters in criticism, who are many, have not taught her restraint. As it is, she treads on stepping-stones of ecstasy to an indeterminate goal. Sometimes, in sheer exhaustion, she gives praise breathlessly, and then, as like as not, it sounds like abuse, as when she remarks of Coleridge that he is "another of the authors who sweep one away into starry spaces." Poor Lakey-poet Wordsworth, who is on one page numbered among "poets who speak to the spirit," is on another reproved for writing, "At length the man perceives it die away, And fade

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into the light of common day." This is "false and pernicious teaching." Why? Because, don't you know, "the glory and the freshness of the dream increases in splendour and ever-renewing exaltation to him who lives aright." This has been the experience of the ages, or, at any rate, is going to be when certain arrangements now being made in Boston are ripe. The defect of Matthew Arnold's poetry lies in "the doubting notes"—in his "absence of immortal trust and glad assurance." Remove this defect and it would, doubtless, rival the work of the married poets. As it is, familiarity with Arnold's work is desirable "more as a matter of literary information rather than for any stimulus to nobler life that they have power to impart." Miss Whiting constructs no *index expurgatorius*, though she is obviously under some natural temptation to do so, and she dwells in a city where the *index expurgatorius* has recently been brought to a surprising pitch of perfection by members of her own sex. She permits us to read Matthew Arnold's poetry for literary information, and who shall measure the tact of condemnation and charity in the dry remark on Thackeray: that he "produced fiction with which familiarity is essential." It is, however, among her own people that Miss Whiting's patience is best seen. There is a dead lift, a sublimity of mechanical championship, in the following appreciation of Max Müller that we cannot but admire. For, note with what loyalty of blindness the critic shuts her eyes to the most questioned and questionable results of Müller's labours: "In literature that is in any degree the chariot of the soul, Max Müller has high place, and in his *Science of Language* will be found, presented in a better and more accessible form than by any other author, the grand results of comparative philology." If Miss Whiting thinks this is Müller's assured position, she may well be persuaded that Professor Drummond's pamphlet, *The Greatest Thing in the World*, "has penetrated to every hearthstone; is the daily mentor to almost every life."

This is hardly the way, is it, to write about books and reading? In truth, Miss Whiting is better than her printed page. She has an eager and exploring eye for the beautiful in books, but she is more given to heaping her jewels with a generous hand than arranging them with curious care for their relative values. And is hers a true account of reading? Miss Whiting represents it as a cistern from which we must be hourly drinking and sipping, or we perish spiritually. To read much is good, but we think so highly of books as to believe that a little reading goes a long way. The ministry of books, it seems to us, is not so much to uplift us above ourselves as to restore us to ourselves; not so much to "endow us with wings" as to plant our feet more firmly on the ground. Men become sad and perplexed because in the stress of life there is always a leakage of sanity. Their thoughts are not clear, their voices grow loud, their nerves twitch, jealousy lifts its unholy eyes, and the sun is forgotten. Now, to open a good book, and find one large and beautiful thought—it hardly matters what thought, if it be only large and beautiful—is at once to recapture the order of the universe, the sincerity and haplessness of men, the balance of good, and the rules of this sempiternal game of Being. But, oh, for the fever of life prescribe not a fever of literature!

Things Seen.

Mackerel.

The June days were hot and cloudless and still. Only once was there any rain, and the winds were always of the lightest. Thus, when the boats set out for the mackerel grounds they remained in sight for a long time, hardly appearing to move. Sometimes the men lost all hope of getting to the grounds, and put back, and lounged about the harbour, praying for winds which they well knew were not yet to be expected. The *Godsend* had been particularly unlucky, and so there came a Monday when she kept on her way, and at last disappeared "around the land." On Wednesday there were not many mackerel landed, and the faces of the men as they put off in punts and brought their catch to the sands of the little harbour grew bright as they heard the prices that were ruling. The *Godsend* did not come into sight till late, and then it seemed that she would never reach the land. The only train by which the fish that she brought could be conveyed by the next morning to Billingsgate went out by the cutting in the cliff. The men on the *Godsend* ("s.s. 471") must have seen the smoke. At last they were just off the harbour, almost within hail, and one expected that the fish would be landed. But the men on the *Godsend* had seen the train go out, and they knew that ice was scarce and very dear. They began to throw the mackerel overboard, attracting all the gulls that haunt the harbour at this season, on the look-out for such events. When they had landed, Billy Baragwanath told me that they had caught seven thousand mackerel. Going out a little later after pollack, which were plentiful just then around the rock called Hevra, I looked down through the exquisitely clear water, and saw on the white sand of the bottom the great reef of silver—the seven thousand mackerel it was not worth the while of their captors to bring to the shore.

The Dome.

As the 'bus bore me up Ludgate Hill in the fog of night my eye explored the enlarging and enshrouded Dome. We passed beneath it, and in Cannon Street it was a memory. It was not always thus. In my bed in a northern city twenty years ago, London hailed me in dreams as I hailed her in my waking hours. (I am of those who came to London for London's sake). And because I had then no clear image on which to feed, my dream was always of an express train speeding, speeding, up to London in the night. A vast gloom picked out with lights, and one black Dome climbing to the stars, was my vision of the city of cities. And onward, onward into the gloom of houses and nearer to the gloom of the Dome, always speeding, but vainly striving with monstrous metropolitan distances, the train pounded on and on—defeated. The lights twinkled, the Dome swelled, but the train never brought me to that core of London. There were leagues of gloom under the very eaves of the Temple. On, on!

The dream was true. It is my pride and hobby to know my London. But—never.

Sully Prudhomme.

If the award of the Nobel prize for literature to Sully Prudomme has given satisfaction to his friends, it has dissatisfied and left even indignant a large section of the lettered class here. How, we ask ourselves in wonder and dismay, was Tolstoy passed over? For, after all, the prize was intended as the acknowledgment of genius endorsed by all Europe. It was also intended to reward a sustained strife after the ideal. And who to-day answers to the description of European, of mighty genius, and of sustained ideal aim but Tolstoy? Ah, but in all things we must reckon with human cowardice, with political interests, with the terrors of the little of the angers of the great, and with intrigue. Sweden could not afford to offend the Czar, and Tolstoy is not a figure of delight to the Imperial gaze. However, since it was not Tolstoy we have the lesser gratification of knowing that the prize has been awarded, if not to a colossal genius, at least to real genius,

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instead of to a trumpery Rostand or a cheap Echegaray, which might have happened. For Sully Prudhomme is a poet of delicate and exquisite genius. His aim is consistently towards the ideal. He is never likely to reach the ear of the multitudes, even in his own country, for the tones of his lyre are too deep and intimate; of a tenderness too unfathomable and too opposed to the fragility and coarseness of common human sentiment. He is too spiritual, too lofty, too remote from the average meannesses of mankind, and the essential quality of his poetry is the profound and absolute expression of the inexpressible, of the intangible, of the unuttered intimacies of the heart. What, for instance, in all the range of modern poetry can match the perfection, the incomparable, subduing charm of that most lovely little poem, *Au bord de l'eau!* That the readers of the ACADEMY may be in a position to judge of its rhythmic beauty, as well as of its sentimental exquisiteness, I will cite it in full. Let anyone with a decent French accent read it aloud (in default, get a friend who can read French to do so), and he will tell himself that French verse can go no further in penetrating sweetness and charm.

S'assesoir tous deux au bord d'un flôt qui passe,
Le voir passer ;
Tous deux, s'il glisse un nuage en l'espace,
Le voir glisser ;
A l'horizon, s'il fume un toit de chaume,
Le voir fumer ;
Aux alentours si quelque fleur embaume,
S'en embaumer ;
Si quelque fruit, où les abeilles goûtent,
Tente, y goûter ;
Si quelque ôiseau dans les bois qui l'écoutent,
Chante, écouter ;
Entendre au pied du saule où l'eau murmure
L'eau murmurer ;
Ne pas sentir tant que le rêve dure,
Le temps durer ;
Mais n'apportant de passion profonde
Qu' à s'adorer,
Sans nul souci des querelles du monde
Les ignorer ;
Et seuls heureux devant tout ce qui lasse,
Sans se lasser,
Sentir l'amour, devant tout ce qui passe,
Ne point passer.

Such incomparable finish as this poem displays was not evident in Sully Prudhomme's earlier verse. But he had fallen temporarily among the Parnassians, and under the influence of their president, the cold and impeccable Leconte de Lisle, and from them he took their best and with it wrought his own best, which leaves all they have done behind. The Parnassians were a little circle of poets who met chiefly to protest against the slovenliness, the imperfect and personal poetry of Alfred de Musset. French verse had lost its decorum, its restraint, its academic form, and the Parnassians were resolved upon reform. Leconte de Lisle proclaimed the drastic law of complete impassibility, the rigid suppression of the poet's personality, and an impeccability of form. Matter was of less importance than manner. Hugo was accepted at his best, but much of him was rejected. Banville, the lord of rhymers, was applauded, and the Parnassian school reached its note of sheer perfection in Hérédia. Sully Prudhomme only took of the school its rigid attention to form, but put himself and all his deep and delicate sensibilities, his sufferings, moral crises and religion into his poetry. We know how he suffered in childhood:

Ces enfants n'auraient pas dû nâitre :
L'enfance est trop dure pour eux.
.
Tout leur est terreur et martyre.

We assist at the sentimental catastrophe of his youth, and its sad and beautiful *dénouement*, which leaves upon all his work an ineffaceable stamp. The young girl h loved and was engaged to jilted him, and this is how he addresses his successful rival:

Ecoutez-moi sans jalousie,
Car l'aile de sa fantaisie
N'a fait hélas! que m'effleurer
Ne la faites jamais pleurer.

And ends:—

Je pourrais vivre avec l' idée
Qu'elle est chérie et possédée
Non par moi, mais selon mon cœur.
Méchante enfant qui m'abandonnes
Vois le chagrin que tu me donnes,
Je ne peux rien pour ton bonheur.

For almost superhuman magnanimity and sweetness of sentiment, it would be difficult to match these lines anywhere. The man who wrote them in the first wild sorrow of youth is old to-day, having been born in 1839. But nothing in his life has belied this high ideal of conduct. The friend and admirer of those days, M. Gaston Paris, is still the friend and admirer of to-day He it was who obtained from Sainte-Beuve a notice of René Prudhomme's (for Sully is a kind of pet-name added to alleviate the comic reputation of the unfortunate name of Prudhomme) first volume, *Stances et poèmes*, published in 1865, and he it was who recently helped to procure the Nobel prize for his old friend, and who, visiting him the day the news reached us of the election, found the sick poet in bed with around him enough begging letters to cover far more than the prize if responded to.

Sully Prudhomme started with an intellectual passion not common to poets, and gave himself feverishly up to science. Then the Lyonnese strain of mysticism which is in him bade him turn from this road to material thought, and finally philosophy claimed him. All his work which is not sentimental is deeply philosophical, and in *Justice* he attains a loftiness and splendour of moral judgment by which he may lay claim to have helped humanity along the road of the ideal. The failure of *Bonheur* I think, too, may be regarded as a benefit. Here he strives to paint us a Paradise, and failed where Dante himself did not succeed. For the very essence of Paradise is the undreamed of, the intangible, the inconceivable. Conceive Paradise, and it at once ceases to be Paradise. The perfect felicity of these lovers in a heaven whence necessarily are banished sin, suffering and hope, depicted upon lines of human happiness without those essential elements which lend interest to it, is heavily monotonous and miserably dull. We are filled with compassion for these unfortunate Happy Ones in their pallid blisses of unwavering eternal love in a Paradise which is merely a reflection of our terrestial valley of tears, with the tears, the sunshine, the storm and rain left out. We have no desire to go to that heaven in order to drink divine water and eat unearthly fruits, when oranges here below, with the cheerful prospect of change, seem quite nice enough. It is impossible not to believe that the lovers must have tired of each other even before they were well in on the confines of Eternity. It is better to go back to science than condemn us to make love for all eternity, and walk hand-in-hand among Elysian fields.

L'âme, vêtue ici d'une chair éthérée,
Sœur des lèvres, s'y pose, en paix désaltérée,
Et gôute une caresse où, né sans déshonneur,
Le plaisir s'attendrit pour se fondre en bonheur.

Beautiful lines undoubtedly, but they leave us cold. We sympathise with Faustus when, hearing the voice of human men, he feels his felicity a weight, the poet tells us, *because he has not deserved it*, but it is much more probable because of the dulness of it. He exclaims:

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Je me rappelle cet enfer
Et cependant je l'aime encore,
Pour ses fragiles fleurs dont l'éclat en était cher
Pour tes sœurs dont le front en passant le décore.

And so the lovers drop down to our planet to find it empty, and Faustus admits that human destiny is preferable to celestial bliss. This is not the lesson the poet intended to convey, but it is the inevitable result of all human effort to paint Paradise.

But the most charming part of Sully Prudhomme's work is not contained in those lofty or intellectual flights which constitute his greatest achievement, but in his delicate and lovely little songs, and his perfect sonnets. The tone, the note are always mournful, but a rare sweetness runs through the sadness, and the form is singularly captivating. What dreamers like himself want in marriage is worded:

Il leur faut pour témoin dans les heures d'étude
Une âme qu'autour d'eux ils sentent se poser,
Il leur faut une solitude
Où voltige un baiser.

Could anything be more charmingly expressed? And is it not just the picture of marriage to be expected from the poet whose old heart still wears mourning for a first young love? The famous *Vase Brisé*, his most popular poem, copied piously in every young girl's album, is a dainty little gem. It suggested an amusing witticism on the award of the Nobel prize. "*Tiens!*" cried a boulevardier, "Sully has wherewithal to replace his broken vase."

Although Sully Prudhomme's poetry is distinctively and most exquisitely personal, it is only in the very discreetest way autobiographical. What he seeks to express are the sufferings and joys common to us all: "*Chers passants*," he addresses his unknown friends, "*ne prenez de moi même qu'un peu. Le peu qui vous a plu parcequ'il vous ressemble.*" Never was poet less noisily sentimental, more suggestively intimate, and never was a French poet more chaste, more innocently romantic. His sole conception of love is marriage; it is the young girl he hymnes, and only sees in her the wife and the mother. All other kinds of love, adulterous or venal, inspire an invincible repugnance. He speaks of the fall of woman and the fall of man in the same tone of compassionate disapproval. With a sort of aloof sweetness he accepts the imperfections of man, and now and then only is driven by some unwonted and vulgar spectacle of them, such as the Opera Masked Ball, to an outburst of harsher sentiment in its regard. And so he tells us that man is the only creature in animal creation who can lift his sole to the level of his brain, referring, I suppose, to the *can-can*, and the only one who has invented veils in order to enjoy nudity. But in general his studies of nature lie along more hidden ways, in the life of the heart. If there were space in a short article one would like to quote nearly at length such a wonderful little poem as the *Rendezvous*, which begins:

Dans ce nid furtif où nous sommes,
O ma chère âme, seuls tous deux,
Qu'il est bon d'oublier les hommes,
Si près d'eux!

.

Sans même lever la paupière
Imitons le chaste repos
De ces vieux châtelains de pierre
Aux yeux clos.

.

Dans une alliance plus haute
Que les terrestes reunions
Gravement comme eux, côte à côte,
Sommeillons.

.

Ne me fais plus jurer que j'aime
Ne me fais plus dire comment:
Goûtons la félicité même
Sans serment.

.

Les choses de la vie ancienne
Ont fin ma mémoire à jamais,
Mais du plus loin qu'il me souvienne
Je t'aimais.

But I must resist temptation. These five verses, taken at hazard amongst many of a like tender and beautiful melancholy, give, along with the other quotations from love poetry, the note of Sully Prudhomme's sentimentality; a warm and exquisite purity, a moral splendour graciously tarnished to win our sympathy, by a moral ache after terrestial happiness which has eluded him. His is a heart overflowing with tenderness, a shelter for all the frail and threatened flowers of feeling, fragrant with the essences of intimate sensation, and at the same time ever saddened with the unwavering conviction of the fragility and the fugacity of love and friendship and happiness.

"*Ici bas tous les hommes pleurent leurs amitiés ou leurs amours*," he dolefully sang in his first volume of poems, and this idea is ever present to him throughout the rest. His philosophy may said to be an unquiet pessimism, his religion an anxious hope. Action he rejects, because of a passive temperament, to glide.

Vers Dieu, vers l'infini, vers l'oubli de la mort.

Lassitude is his dominant mood, lassitude stung into reflection by an intense scrupulousness. The lesson of life he holds to be disenchantment and discouragement, and our only sustainment lies in the excercise of thought, of strife towards the ideal, strife after virtue, lofty moral ethics, in the intangible joys of the mind and the soul. For as well as being a poet of deep and almost morbid sensibility, Sully Prudhomme is a thinker of intellectual value. In this domain he has naturally won his renown, and many of his admirers have not the courage to follow him. He has written a volume in prose, I own I have not had the courage to read:—*Que sais-je?* The theme, however freshly treated, is worn, the path too drearily familiar. For me he remains the exquisite and delicate poet of *Stances et poèmes*, of *Vaines Tendresses*, of *Les Epreuves*, of *Solitude*, the gentlest, sweetest, purest of French singers.

H. L.

Correspondence.

Mr. Miall and Maeterlinck.

Sir,—Distance from England has kept me from making the acquaintance of your issue of three weeks since, and of the review therein published of my version of M. Maeterlinck's plays, until a day or two ago. Having read that review, I should be grateful if you would allow me space for a few comments thereon.

Firstly, I am thankful to your reviewer for calling my attention to as vociferous a "howler" as ever led to the rapping of knuckles, and, shall remedy the matter if ever I have opportunity. But the error was not due to my ignorance of Paolo and Francesca, nor yet to my lack of French. It was due purely to a misreading of a somewhat difficult caligraphy. I *think* the original line in the MS. ran: "*Un jour on m'a parlé de Paul et de Françoise.*" This I misread as "*Un jour on en a parlé à Paul et à François.*" I cannot at this distance of time, swear to the letter; but the passage, like many others, puzzled me by reason of an unfamiliar handwriting, and in it, as in many others, I had more or less to jump at the truth, and my leap here miscarried. It was not, however, that I did not look before I leaped. I read my Francis as masculine, it is true, and had no doubt that he and Paul were worthy relatives of Beatrice, or friends of her childhood; but even had any doubt assailed me, I think the fact that the legend of Beat-

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rice was at least anterior to 1236, while the killing of Paolo and Francesca took place almost exactly fifty years later, would quickly have silenced it. I do not blame M. Maeterlinck for altering the date of a legend; I would only suggest that the immortal lovers could hardly have been in my thoughts, and that my François struck me as indubitably masculine. The rest was innocent error.

Of the other grammatical errors which your critic finds in the first speech of Sister Beatrice, I will say only this: that my translation was made from a manuscript which I have seen, and which your critic probably has not; also that I was given a perfectly free hand by M. Maeterlinck, and in no way bound down to sterile literalness.

Now, if I may, I will speak in turn of an error into which your critic has fallen—an error that I cannot at all understand. He says "the originals are not in alexandrines at all, rhymed or unrhymed, but almost wholly in prose."

I open the text of *Sœur Béatrice* at random, and take these lines:

> Qu'attendez-vous, mes frères, et qu'est-il arrivé?
> Hâtez-vous, hâtez-vous: déjà le soleil monte;
> C'est l'heure de la prière et mes sœurs vont passer;
> La porte sera close et l'aumône ajournée . . .
> Venez tous, il est temps, hâtez-vous, venez tous.

If these lines are not French verses of twelve syllables, what are they? And there is page after page of the same rhythm; indeed, the first play is almost entirely written in this rhythm, while the second is in varied rhythm, and only rarely in prose. If your critic will remember that all is not prose that is printed as such, and will look at the French text once more, I think he will be forced to admit that M. Maeterlinck wrote these plays in verse, and that in verse they remain. If he has any further doubt he may be interested to know that it is the firm opinion of M. Maeterlinck himself that they are verse. So that the deliberate choice of blank verse for the translation was not impossible, nor improbable; it was made with the full approval of the author.

It is true that the plays have been to some extent rewritten since I saw the manuscript; at least, this is true of "Ardiane," and in "Sister Beatrice" a few revisions were made. Nearly all these revisions were sent me separately before the plays were in proof; after they were set up I had access to the printed text. From that I made such further revisions as seemed essential, ignoring a few trivial details, as I was free to do, if they demanded the re-writing and re-setting of pages of revised proof. Substantially my translations are literal English versions; they do not profess to be "cribs." As for the alteration of Ariane into Ardiane, that alteration was made by the author after the publication of the printed version of the original, and at his request the change was duly recorded in the translation.

Apologies for such trespass on your space.—Yours, &c.,

BERNARD MIALL.

A Note on Biography.

SIR,—A. A. has read my letter very carelessly. Its purport—clearly enough expressed, I thought—was the contention that if to know all is to forgive all, the old catchphrase *Nil nisi bonum*, behind which amiable, but often slovenly, biographers so often take shelter, need no longer be resorted to. In other words, it is better to show the part played by faults in making up the character which, by its merit, has raised it to be the subject of a biography, than to slur them over or affect that they did not exist. That was all. But it serves to show how difficult a task is in store for any one who attempts a really human biography, when a reader such as A. A. can find in my letter nothing but malice and backbiting.—Yours, &c.,

X.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 118 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best set of three quotations applicable to Lord Rosebery. Many quotations sent in, taken singly, are very happy. For the best set of three we award the prize to Mr. T. Hamilton, Market Street, Ely.

Mr. Hamilton's quotations are these:—

Before Chesterfield.

"Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads."
—*Hamlet*, Act i., Scene iii.

At Chesterfield.

None higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat and public care."
—*Paradise Lost*, Book ii., 300 pp.

After.

"You'll now behold him as he truly is,
One of a cold and of a constant mind,
Not quickened into ardent action soon,
Nor prompt for petty enterprise; yet bold,
Fierce when need is, and capable of all things."
—*Philip Van Artevelde*, Part i., Act iii., Scene ii.

From twenty-three other sets sent to us we take the following:—

"And all this tract that fronts the falling sun,
A noble peer of mickle trust and power,
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms."
—Milton, *Comus*.

His practice was, in every station
To serve the King, and please the nation.
* * * * *

His enemies, for want of charity,
Said he affected popularity.
—Swift, *The Beast's Confession*.

"He was no Whig, he was no Tory.
* * * * *

He got so subtle that to be
Nothing was all his glory."
—Shelley, *Peter Bell the Third*.

"But can the noble mind for ever brood
The willing victim of a weary mood."
—Campbell.

"He made
His answers with a very graceful bow,
As if born for the ministerial trade.
Though modest, on his unembarassed brow
Nature had written 'gentleman.' . . .
. . . And his manner
Flung hovering graces o'er him like a banner."
—Byron.

"Thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot as much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry."
—*As You Like It*, Act ii., Scene iii.

"What hand and brain went ever paired?
What heart alike conceived and dared?
What act proved all its thought had been?
What will but felt the fleshly screen.
—Browning, *The Last Ride Together*.

"You cannot wield great agencies without lending yourself to them, and, when it happens that the spirit of the Earl meets his rank and duties, we have the best examples of behaviour."
—Emerson, English Traits—*Aristocracy*.

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